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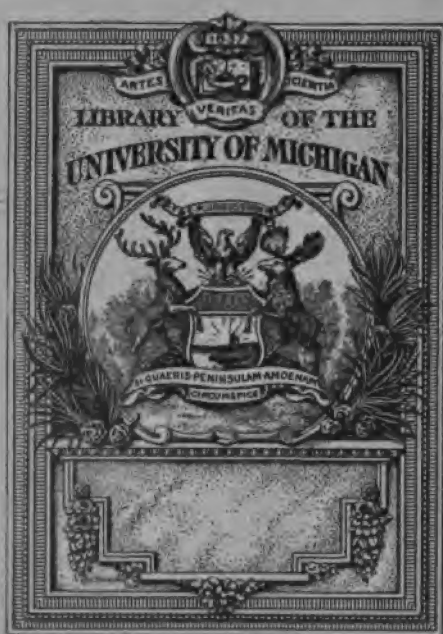
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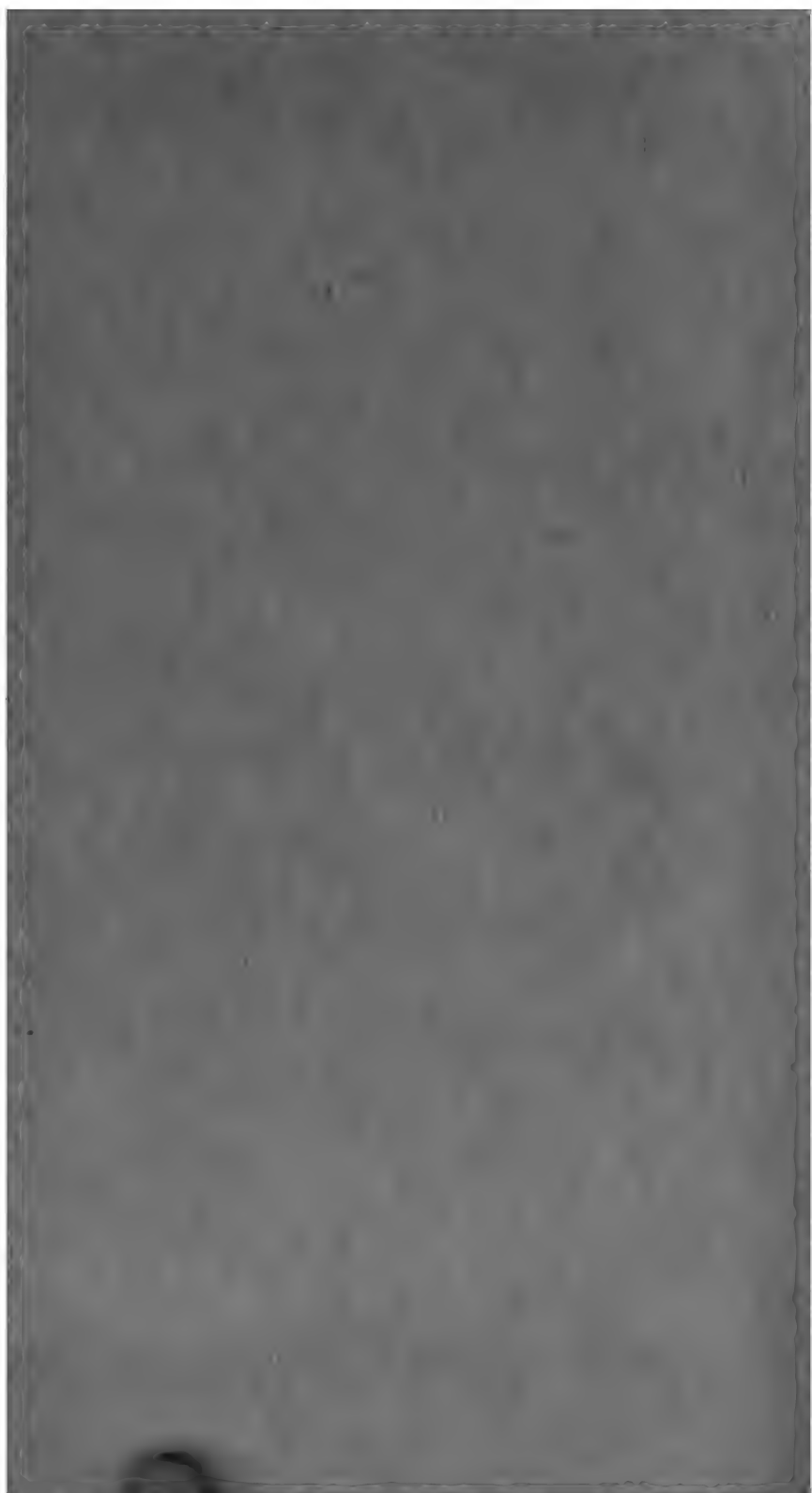
No. 1.

DESCRIPTIVE POETRY.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

WHATEVER the poets may say, it is incontrovertible that the great majority of men look upon the beauties and glories of Nature that surround them with almost entire indifference. We shall not inquire whether this is the result of a natural incapacity to perceive and admire the beautiful and sublime, or whether it is that their impressions are so deadened by familiarity as to be passed by unnoticed. Probably the former is the case with the greater number; although we cannot believe with some writers, that all our ideas of beauty are but the results of association, or of our perceptions of the proportion, or fitness, or utility of things. When we say that some things are naturally agreeable, and others naturally disagreeable, we have said all that we know about the matter; and this amounts to nothing more than a confession of our ignorance. Yet, if we admit in all men the existence of a natural sense of beauty, daily observation shows us that the pleasure arising from it is in most cases very feeble and evanescent. How many live in the midst of the most magnificent natural scenery, and never perceive its beauties until they are pointed out to them by some intelligent traveller! And often if admiration be professed, it is of that vague, undistinguishing kind, which indicates little knowledge of the causes why they admire. Even among men of cultivated tastes, there is much more of affected than real enthusiasm.

If what we have said be true, it is a curious subject of inquiry why descriptive poetry has been so popular. How happens it that so many who have looked upon Nature herself with great indifference, have been so much delighted with the reflection of her image in the pages of the poets? We suspect, indeed, that a part of the popularity of this class of writers is factitious. THOMSON, the most popular, is we suspect oftener purchased than read; and his 'Seasons' are not unfrequently spoken of with admiration by those who know little of them but the episodes. The chief interest of the 'Task' is to be sought for in other



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sources than its descriptions, notwithstanding the *curiosa felicitas* of Cowper's diction.

The pleasure which we feel in reading descriptive poetry may perhaps in all cases be traced to one of the three following sources: the conception in our own minds of objects corresponding in a greater or less degree to those which exist in the mind of the poet; the train of associations which his language awakens; or the moral interest with which he invests what he describes. In the case first mentioned, the emotions we feel are similar to those which the sight of the objects themselves would produce; if beautiful, of pleasure; if terrible, of awe. A painting, which is an accurate representation of nature, regarded irrespective of the skill of the artist, would affect us in the same way. But the effects resulting from this cause are too inconsiderable to require particular mention. The picture which words are able to present is so indistinct and vague as rarely to produce any strong emotion. If the objects themselves are generally looked upon with indifference, much less can a verbal description of them afford us any great degree of pleasure.

The language which the poet uses often suggests to the mind of the reader trains of thought and imagery which were never present to his own mind. Hence many expressions which are in themselves eminently poetic, will arouse associations, oftentimes, that entirely spoil the passage. On the other hand, an expression low and vulgar may be ennobled by its associations, and give dignity and force to the composition. We not unfrequently meet phrases which have great beauty in the eyes of one man, which seem flat and insipid in the eyes of another. Every writer who has attempted dignified or pathetic composition, has felt how difficult it is to avoid those words which will suggest ideas that are unworthy of the subject. If, however, the poet is sometimes a loser, he is also sometimes a gainer from this cause. The reader often finds in his own associations, sources of pleasure independent of the poet. The light that illumines the page is but the reflected radiance of his own thoughts, and is unseen by all save himself.

But it is in the moral interest with which the poet invests the objects he describes, that the chief source of our pleasure is to be found. The poet paints Nature, not as she is, but as she seems. He adorns her with beauty not her own, and presents her thus adorned to men, to admire and to love. It is by interweaving human sympathies and feelings with the objects of the material world, that they lose their character of 'mute insensate things,' and acquire the power to charm and to soothe us, amidst all the cares and anxieties of our life. The intellectual process which here takes place is so interesting and important that we shall make no apology for treating the subject at some length.

It is sufficiently obvious that an accurate description of nature, or a beautiful work of art, is not poetical. On the other hand, in proportion as the minuteness of the description is increased, the poetry vanishes. The traveller who should give us the exact dimensions of the pyramids, the precise height of the terraces, the width and height of the inner passages, would give us much more definite ideas of those structures than he who should paint to us the effects produced on his own mind by

their vastness, their antiquity, and the solitude that surrounds them. So in descriptions of natural scenery, the geographer who gives us the measurement of mountains, and rivers, and plains, is much more accurate than he who describes them solely from the picture that exists in his fancy. We wish to be rightly understood. We do not mean that vagueness and generality are essential to poetical description. As on the one hand, mathematical accuracy, by allowing no play to the imagination, produces a feeble impression, so on the other the indistinctness arising from indefinite expressions is equally unfavorable. But in neither is the poetry of the description dependent on the greater or less degree of minuteness with which particular objects are spoken of. When Whitbread described the Phenix, according to Sheridan's version, 'like a poulterer; it was green, and red, and yellow, and blue; he did not let us off for a single feather,' he did not fail more egregiously than Thomson in the following lines, in which, by the force of language, a flock of geese are made highly poetical objects:

'Hushed in short suspense
The plummy people streak their wings with oil,
To throw the lucid moisture trickling off,
And wait the approaching sign to strike at once
Into the general choir.'

The poet indeed must give us a lively and definite image of the scene or object which he undertakes to describe. But how shall this be done? Simply by telling us how it appeared to him; introducing those circumstances which had the greatest effect on his own imagination. He looks on nature neither as a gardener, a geographer, an astronomer, nor a geologist, but as a man, susceptible of strong impressions, and able to describe clearly to others the objects which affected himself. This he will do in the style which the emotion raised within him naturally dictates. His imagery, his illustrations, his whole language, will take the hue of his own feelings. It is in describing accurately the effect, not the cause, the emotion, not the object which produced it, that the poet's fidelity to nature consists. Let us illustrate our meaning by two or three examples. In Thomson we find the following description of a thunder-storm:

'A boding silence reigns
Dread through the dun expanse; save the dull sound
That from the mountain, previous to the storm,
Rolls o'er the muttering earth, disturbs the flood,
And shakes the forest leaf without a breath.
Prone to the lowest vale, the ærial tribes
Descend: the tempest-loving raven scarce
Dares wing the dubious dusk. In rueful gaze
The cattle stand, and on the scowling heavens
Cast a deploring eye, by man forsook,
Who to the crowded cottage hies him fast,
Or seeks the shelter of the downward cave.
'Tis listening fear, and dumb amazement all,
When to the startled eye the sudden glance
Appears far south, eruptive through the cloud
And following slower in explosion vast,
The thunder raises his tremendous voice.
At first heard solemn o'er the verge of heaven
The tempest growls; but as it nearer comes
And rolls its awful burthen on the wind,
The lightnings flash a larger curve, and more
The noise astounds; till over head a sheet

Of livid flame discloses wide; then shuts
 And opens wider; shuts, and opens still
 Expansive, wrapping ether in a blaze.
 Follows the loosened, aggravated roar,
 Enlarging, deepening, mingling; peal on peal
 Crushed horrible, convulsing heaven and earth.'

Mr. IRVING describes a similar scene in the following terms: 'It was the latter part of a calm sultry day, that they floated quietly with the tide between these stern mountains. There was that perfect quiet which prevails over nature in the languor of summer heat; the turning of a plank, or the accidental falling of an oar on deck, was echoed from the mountain side, and reverberated along the shores. To the left the Dunderberg reared its woody precipices, height over height, forest over forest, away into the deep summer sky. To the right strutted forth the bold promontory of Antony's nose, with a solitary eagle wheeling about it; while beyond, mountain succeeded to mountain, until they seemed to lock their arms together, and confine this mighty river in their embraces. In the midst of his admiration, Dolph remarked a pile of bright snowy clouds peering above the western heights. It was succeeded by another and another, each seemingly pushing onward its predecessor, and towering with dazzling brilliancy in the deep blue atmosphere; and now muttering peals of thunder were faintly heard rolling behind the mountains. The river, hitherto still and glassy, reflecting pictures of the sky and land, now showed a dark ripple at a distance, as the breeze came creeping up it. The fish-hawks wheeled and screamed, and sought their nests on the high dry trees; the crows flew clamorously to the crevices of the rocks, and all nature seemed conscious of the approaching thunder gust. The clouds now rolled in volumes over the mountain tops; their summits still bright and snowy, but the lower parts of an inky blackness. The rain began to patter down in broad and scattered drops; the winds freshened, and curled up the waves; at length it seemed as if the bellying clouds were torn open by the mountain tops, and complete torrents of rain came rattling down. The lightning leaped from cloud to cloud, and streamed quivering against the rocks, splitting and rending the stoutest forest trees; the thunder burst in tremendous explosions; the peals were echoed from mountain to mountain; they clashed upon Dunderberg, and then rolled up the long defile of the Highlands, each headland waking a new echo, until old Bull Hill seemed to bellow back the storm.'

We think that no one who attentively reads the foregoing extracts can fail to see the infinite superiority of the latter over the former, in every thing that pertains to a faithful representation of nature. Irving has given us the scene just as he saw it, unmixed with any hue or coloring with which the mood of his own mind might have invested it. We see the objects themselves, disconnected from the associations of the spectator. Had there been a thousand persons looking on, each would have heard the same sounds, and seen the same sights. There is nothing that is extraneous. He has given us an exact copy of his original, and nothing more. Thomson, on the contrary, has not described a thunder-storm as he saw it, but according to the effect that it produced on his own mind. His epithets are rarely descriptive of the qualities that exist in

the objects to which they are applied. They have reference rather to the emotions which their presence produces in himself. Thus, in the first line, 'boding' is not a quality that can be predicated of silence. To the feeling that the silence preceding a storm is wont to excite, the epithet is properly enough applied. So with the expression 'dubious dusk.'

In connection with these extracts, we will look at one taken from Scott's description of the scenery around Loch Katrine :

'Boon nature scattered free and wild,
Each plant, or flower, the mountain's child;
Here eglantine embalmed the air,
Hawthorn and hazel mingled there;
The primrose pale, and violet flower,
Found in each cleft a narrow bower;
Foxglove and night-shade, side by side
Emblems of punishment and pride,
Grouped their dark hues with every stain
The weather-beaten crags retain;
With boughs that quaked at every breath,
Gray-birch and aspen wept beneath;
Aloft the ash and warrior oak
Cast anchor in the rifted rock;
And higher yet the pine tree hung
His scattered trunk, and frequent flung
Where seemed the cliffs to meet on high
His boughs athwart the narrowed sky.
Highest of all, where white peaks glanced,
Where glistening streamers waved and danced,
The wanderer's eye could barely view
The summer heaven's delicious blue.'

The same remarks which we applied to Irving are applicable with some little restriction here. With one or two exceptions, the epithets mark attributes that exist in the subjects. Every one can see at a glance the appropriateness of such terms as *pale* primrose, *gray* birch, and *narrow* bower. They are not dependant for their effect upon any fanciful train of associations which their names may excite.

If we compare the above extracts together, we arrive at certain results which we shall briefly state. We will throw out of view for a moment any pleasure which the rhythm may give us, as foreign to our present purpose. Each of these writers is describing a scene from nature. Each of them has the same object, to interest others by a representation of those sights and sounds that interested themselves. Scott accomplishes his purpose by presenting as exact a picture of nature as it is possible perhaps for words to give. He does not tell us how he is affected by what he sees, and looks upon neither directly nor indirectly. He does not search for any resemblances that are not palpable, and founded in the nature of things. All similes and metaphors which serve to express his own emotions are carefully avoided. The whole is picturesque and life-like in the highest degree, yet every circumstance is mentioned in the cool, unimpassioned way in which we mention any common occurrence.

Thomson accomplishes his purpose by portraying his own feelings; not indeed in so many words, but by the use of those expressions, and by those transitions of thought, which mark a state of emotion. The epithet 'boding,' to which we have referred, is an example. It is an indirect disclosure of the mood of his own mind. At another time it is not im-

probable that an epithet of a directly opposite meaning would have been selected. The reader is affected by it, because by a law of sympathy, we are affected by whatever reveals the presence of passion in another. It influence us precisely as the tones of the voice of a person in distress influence us. Both are expressive of emotion, and we cannot remain unaffected by them.

This is the main source of the pleasure we feel in reading Thomson's description. It conveys to us but a very indistinct idea of the subject matter. Different readers, according to their mental peculiarities, will be differently affected by it. He does not paint to the bodily eye, but to the eye of the mind; and he will feel most pleasure who puts himself in the same position as the poet, and sees with his eyes and hears with his ears. Unless he can do this, he will derive but little gratification from the perusal.

Less minute than Irving, and more picturesque than Thomson, Scott will probably to most readers give more pleasure than either of them. In conveying lively impressions of natural objects he is unsurpassed, but he is scarcely less successful in inspiring the mind of the reader with the same emotions that fill his own breast. There is ever between the thought and its expression a perfect harmony. It is only when agitated by passion that he uses the *language* of passion. Hence we never find that timid phraseology which so often disgusts us in Thomson; *vix et præterea nihil*. No one delights more in the use of figurative language, nor employs metaphors that more appropriately convey the sentiment that pervades his mind. In the passage we have quoted are the following lines:

'Aloft the ash and warrior oak
Cast anchor in the rifted rock.'

The poet looking up at the trees firmly rooted in the rifts of the rock, defying the tempest and storm, felt an emotion of pleasure which the sight of their lofty position, and the apparent danger of their being hurled headlong at the first blast of wind, contrasted with the sense of their real security, produced. To express this pleasurable emotion, he fastens upon the resemblance between a root of the tree and an anchor; a resemblance not between the things themselves, but between their uses. Neglecting all the points of difference, and confining his attention to this single point of similarity, he presents an image which all admit to be highly forcible and poetical.

The great merit of all descriptive poetry consists in the unity of feeling which pervades it. Unlike the epic, or the drama, it has none of the interest which arises from a connected narrative, or the development of individual character in reference to a certain end. The poet confines himself to the expression of those feelings which are awakened by the sight of the beauty and sublimity of nature. Passing, as he necessarily must, from one object to another, each fitted to excite in his bosom conflicting emotions, his attention is so much diverted, that none of them produces upon him its legitimate effect. There is wanting some central object of interest to which all others are subordinate. Hence is explained the listlessness of which every one is conscious in

the continuous perusal of the Seasons. We find the greatest pleasure by reading a page here and a page there, according to the state of our feelings.

It is never in short poems that the descriptive poets succeed best. L'Allegro and Le Penseroso are gems; but all Milton's genius could not have made the *Paradise Lost* readable, were it deprived of its unity as an epic, and broken up into a series of detached pictures. The *Deserted Village* of Goldsmith is the longest poem of this class that we now remember, having all its parts so pervaded by a common spirit that a succession of new objects does not impair the designed effect. Sweet Auburn as it was in its palmy days, and as it is in its desolation, presents two distinct pictures, yet so closely connected that each heightens the effect of the other by the contrast. Nothing can exceed the exquisite art with which Goldsmith has seized upon those circumstances that tend to make the desired impression, and rejected all others. How perfect are each of the following descriptions, and how much would their beauty be marred by the transfer of a single circumstance from one to the other :

'How often have I paused on every charm,
The sheltered cot, the cultivated farm;
The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
The decent church that topped the neighb'ring hill;
The hawthorn-bush with seats beneath the shade,
For talking age and whispering lovers made.

'The dancing pair that simply sought renown,
By holding out to tire each other down;
The swain mistrustless of his smutted face,
While secret laughter tittered round the place;
The bashful virgin's sidelong looks of love,
The matron's glance, that would those looks reprove.

'No more thy glassy brook reflects the day,
But choked with sedges works its weedy way;
Along thy glade, a solitary guest,
The hollow-sounding bittern guards its nest;
Amidst thy desert walks the lapwing flies,
And tires the echoes with unvaried cries;
Sunk are thy bowers, in shapeless ruin all,
And the long grass o'ertops the mouldering wall.'

It is by the selection of such objects as have in themselves no common bond of union, but which combine to raise a certain emotion, that the essential distinction is to be found between the descriptions of the poet and the prose-writer. The latter joins objects together as they are joined in nature, following a principle of association which is simple and obvious. His resemblances are usually such as are cognizable by the senses; a likeness in the sensible qualities of things. The poet's principle of association is in the effect produced on his imagination. Things which have not in themselves a single point of similarity, are connected together, because they produce the same emotions of pleasure, or pain, or hope, or melancholy. A beautiful illustration of this is found in the opening stanzas of Gray's *Elegy* :

'The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds.'

A summer evening in the country is associated in most minds with images of mirth and joy. Thus Goldsmith has described it :

'Sweet was the sound, when oft at evening's close,
Up yonder hill the village murmur rose ;
There as I passed with careless steps, and slow,
The mingling notes came softened from below ;
The swain responsive as the milk-maid sung ;
The sober herd that lowed to meet their young ;
The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,
The playful children just let loose from school,
The watch-dog's voice, that bayed the whist'ring wind,
And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind.'

With what consummate skill, if indeed it be not rather the instinct of the poet, has Gray avoided all mention of those objects which might awaken associations discordant with the mood of his own mind ! Each epithet is full of a plaintive melancholy. There is not one that does not contribute something to the effect ; not one that can be omitted ; not one that can be altered for the better. Yet there is scarcely one that is descriptive of any quality actually existing in its subject. The fitness of each is to be felt rather than seen.

In the selection of those circumstances and objects which Gray has enumerated, he was governed by the effect which each had upon his own feelings. He looked upon nature in the reflected light of his own heart. He was mournful in view of the destiny of man ; and wandering amidst the graves of the lowly and obscure, he saw all the external world colored with the hue of his own sad thoughts. The melancholy spirit within him transformed all things without into its own likeness. His imagination, darting hither and thither, and governed in its flight by laws too subtle and delicate to be analyzed, reposed itself for a moment amidst the gloom of the historical associations that cluster around the curfew, hovered over the lowing herd, and followed the ploughman as he homeward plods his weary way. Goldsmith, recalling the scenes where he had spent many happy hours, looks upon nature under a far different aspect. Every thing to him is gay and joyous. He hears not the hollow tones of the curfew, nor the drowsy tinklings that lull the distant folds. He sees not the wearied ploughman, caring for nought but to forget his toils in the sweet oblivion of sleep. He hears but the song of the milk-maid, and the soft response of her rustic lover ; the watch-dog's voice, and the loud laugh of the happy idlers. He sees but the children just escaped from school, running and leaping, and romping in their innocent glee. Happy himself, he fastens upon whatever in nature around him seems to sympathise with him, and dwelling fondly upon it, casts away from his thoughts every thing that can obstruct the full, free flow of his joyous emotions.

We may remark in passing, what has probably been before remarked by the attentive reader, that both Gray and Goldsmith, excited as they are by different passions, refer to the 'lowing herd' as raising on the one hand a cheerful, and on the other a melancholy feeling. To our thought, the associations connected with the return of the herds from the fields at sunset are best fitted to awaken that quiet, reflective state of mind which is most congenial to the mood of the elegiac poet. To another, these associations may be of such a character as to produce a directly opposite effect.

The writer of prose who should describe scenes like these, would aim to give us a distinct and accurate picture by presenting all their prominent features, omitting nothing, and grouping them as Nature herself had grouped them. Such descriptions we daily see in all books of voyages and travels. Or if the descriptions be of scenes wholly imaginary, their essential character is not changed. Although they cease to be real, they do not become poetical. The extract which we have made from Irving is not poetical. Accurate, vivid, life-like, it is. We cannot read it without a feeling of pleasure. We admire the genius of the writer; we wonder at the magnificence of the spectacle which, by a few masterly touches, he has raised up before us. But there is no more poetry in it than in his description of Herr Van Tassel's supper table, covered with all the luxuries of Dutch housewifery. It is true, there may be more of beauty and sublimity in the scenery of the Hudson, in the gathering clouds and muttering thunder, than in the sight of dough-nuts and crullers, sweet-cakes and short-cakes, peach pies and pumpkin pies, slices of ham and slices of smoked beef; yet the spirit of poetry exists no more in the one than in the other. Poetry has its abode in the *heart* of man; not in the winds, in the clouds, in the mountains, or in the vales. It does not derive its power from the outward world, but breathes into it its own breath of life, investing the earth with a beauty which has no existence but in the human soul, and filling the air with sweet harmonies, which are unheard save by the inspired ear of the poet.

We have now, we think, sufficiently answered the question, why so many who read descriptive poetry with pleasure, look with indifference upon what is beautiful or sublime in nature. The poet is to them like one who gives sight to the blind. The landscape which formerly lay before their eyes unregarded, almost unseen, is now 'beautiful exceedingly.' Nature has not changed; they themselves have not changed; yet there is a change. There is a glory unseen before, cast over the earth. It is, as it were, transfigured before them, and made radiant with celestial light. This is the poet's work. With a keener perception of the beautiful and sublime than other men; with a greater facility of association, and with the power to give to language the hue and intensity of his own feelings, he clothes lifeless nature with the attributes of humanity, making it instinct with human sentiment and passion. Like Burns, he pours forth his lament over the mountain-daisy cut down in its bloom, in a few simple words that find a response in the hearts of all men; and henceforth it is embalmed in our memories, and shall be as immortal as the star that shines in the far depths of the heavens. Like Wordsworth, he wanders upon the banks of his native lakes, and mingles his song with the noise of their waters, until the faintest whisper of the rippling waves seems but the echo of his voice. Wherever he goes fruits, flowers, and herbage spring up in his footsteps. A divine Presence goes with him; Nature speaks to him with her thousand voices, and he hears, and answers, making sweet music in the joy of his heart. Nothing is so inconsiderable as to be without the pale of his sympathy; nothing too humble to stir the fountains of love in his breast. The solitary flower that blossoms by the way-side, the rivulet far away amid the

hills, is but the starting point of that wondrous chain of thick-coming fancies, that fill his eyes with light, and his ear with harmony ; as if multitudes of angels were hovering around, and he heard on every side the rustling of their wings.

Such are the gifts of the poet. They are God's gifts, and are indeed 'wonderful in our eyes.'

V I C I S S I T U D E S .

Hast thou not been where wild winds, freshly blowing,
Brought odorous gladness on each passing gale ;
Hast thou not been where the pure streamlet flowing,
In each soft murmur told a gentle tale :

As the bright flashing of its gushing water,
Glad as the tones of merriment and glee
That joyous burst from children in their laughter,
Swift dashes onward to the boundless sea ?

Hast thou not been where the enamelled mead
Its beauty gave to the enraptured sense,
And the crushed lily, from the elastic tread,
Yielded its life in breath of sweets intense ?

Hast thou not been in spring-time's early hours,
Where the lone bird its short sweet carol gave
To the young bursting leaves and budding flowers,
Beside some wildly-rushing mountain wave ?

Not such the lay it sings in summer hours,
When love beats high within its little breast,
And its exulting song it joyous pours,
Where thick embowering leaves conceal its nest.

Hast thou not marked, when autumn's gorgeous glory
Fled in the rushing of the hurrying blast,
The deep'ning pathos of the moral story
Sighed in each cadence, as it onward passed.

Hast thou not heard the ancient forests, bending
To the far sweeping of the mighty wind,
Send forth a solemn sound, as though responding
To voices deep that secret powers unbind ?

Hast thou not stood where ocean madly raging,
Rolled onward as with overmastering shock ;
'Till lushed the storm, the chafed surge assuaging,
It gently laved the firm-opposing rock ?

Hast thou not gleaned a lesson to thy reason
From winter's fostering power and spring's awakening reign ;
Summer's brief heat, autumn's maturing season,
And learned vicissitudes are not in vain ?

But from the varied page outspread before thee,
Garner'd of wisdom for thy fleeting days,
Whether the sunshine or the storm be o'er thee,
Forward to look with hope, and trust, and praise ?

THE IDLEBERG PAPERS.

A CHRISTMAS TARN.

At Christmas every body is or should be happy. The genial influence of the season lightens alike the lofty hall and the lowly cottage. It is the same at home or abroad, on the land or the billow, in royal purple or in ragged poverty; here and every where, to one and to all, it is always 'merrie Christmas.' At such a time there is an obligation due from every man to society, to be happy, and the more cheerfully it is paid, the better. The man who would be found scowling and glowering like a thunder-cloud, cherishing his private griefs or animosities at a time when every other countenance is glowing with light, and hope, and sunshine, should be denied all the charities of humanity, and exiled to Kamschatka, or some other inhospitable clime, to growl and fret with the wild beasts, or the wilder elements.

How dear is the light of home when glowing with the fires of Christmas! What though the elements be wild without, or Jack Frost blow his whistling pipe at the door, or fierce winds rumble down the chimney, and tell of sweeping gusts and howling storms abroad, if within and around that charmed circle is breathed the spirit of kindness and affection! Should the titled stranger or the ragged beggar knock, throw wide open the doors of thy hospitality; and while prattling infants recount the joys of the season, and school-boy striplings pursue their holiday sports, and gray-haired men who have traversed the wide world over, tell how in all their wanderings they have never passed a Christmas from home; he will turn his thoughts with a melancholy pleasure to the distant fire-side beyond the sea, and to the friends who are gathered there, and wonder where the wanderer is spending his Christmas.

With all respect for the ancient and honorable class of 'old bachelors,' whose sympathy and good fellowship we most earnestly desire, be it said, that if to any it is allowed to be miserable at Christmas, it surely is to them. We would not for the world say aught to heighten the sad picture of their social desolation, by dwelling on the thousand tender endearments of home, the ten thousand cords of love, of which they know nothing. Certain it is, that to many of them 'merrie Christmas' brings only pangs of remorse; and we have known more than one crusty member of the fraternity, who on such occasions would rush incontinently from the scene and the sound of merriment, and shut themselves under lock and key, until the storm was passed, and people have recovered their lost senses.

Such an one, however, we are proud to say, was *not* TOM HARDESTY, though bachelor he was, in the superlative degree. Every body wondered how he managed to preserve his good-humor and vivacity under the frosts of three-score winters. At the period of this authentic history, Tom was the village grocer; a station he had filled to his own profit and the town's convenience until he had become a piece of village furni-

ture, necessary to its existence as a corporation. His little store, with its great variety of commodities, adapted to every human want, was in itself a perfect 'curiosity-shop.' Odd-looking boxes, kegs, chests, casks, barrels and hogsheads, contained his groceries, drugs and dye-stuffs. A few remnants of domestic prints and muslins, together with stray fragments of broadcloth, constituted his stock of dry-goods. Then there was a modicum of hardware and cutlery; a few spelling-books and new testaments for a book store; and sundry jars and bottles filled with fancy-colored powders and liquids, for an apothecary shop. His remaining list of commodities was made up of hats, caps and bonnets, boots and shoes, tin-pans and looking-glasses, slate-pencils and sifters; and as his standing advertisement in the village newspaper duly notified the public, 'other articles too numerous to mention — call and see for yourselves.' If any body desired an article nobody ever heard of before, he could find a large lot thereof at Tom Hardesty's; and if any lucky or ingenious wight had found or made any thing that nobody else would have as a gracious gift, let him call on Mr. Hardesty, and it was the very thing he wanted. In a word, his shop was a grand dépôt for every article the ingenuity of man could devise, or his necessities require.

What a blessed convenience was Tom Hardesty! How could we have gotten along without him? How honest and affable! What long ells and heavy pounds he gave! And then his tea! how it inspired the village gossip on long winter nights in a chimney corner! All the matrons of the village were quite in love with Tom, or his tea; and many an old crone, as she sat inhaling cup after cup of the divine beverage, has been known to pause in the midst of her inspirations, and exclaim with uplifted hands, 'God bless Tom Hardesty!'

And yet Tom Hardesty was a bachelor, and kept 'bachelor's hall.' The only members of his mess were an orphan boy of his adoption, who waited in the store, and a brindle cat which the master had honored with his own name. This point, however, is still wrapt in obscurity, for Tom and 'Tom' were both so venerable that nobody could swear whether the cat had been named after the master, or the master after the cat. It had been rumored by those who should know, that Mr. Hardesty should not be held strictly accountable for this sin of celibacy, since he had offered his hand, his heart, and a partnership in his worldly goods, to more than one village beauty, each of whom had found it impossible to 'love for antiquity's sake,' and rejected his matrimonial offers accordingly. Still Tom never repined. His daily experience behind the counter had taught him the useful lesson, that each applicant does not necessarily always drive a trade, and the commodity which one rejects may be eagerly sought by another; and acting on the faith of this philosophy, he lived cheerfully on, cherishing the hope that even yet some fond heart would beat responsive to his own, and promise before the competent authority, to 'love, honor and obey' him, Tom Hardesty.

On a memorable Christmas-eve we enter his little counting-room. A cheerful fire blazes on the hearth; and at the moment grimalkin is purring on the rug, Master John, the adopted, is poring over a picture-

book, probably an early edition of Peter Parley's Travels, and Mr. Hardesty is standing before a broken fragment of looking-glass, diligently brushing his scanty locks.

'John!' said Mr. Hardesty, turning from the mirror, and looking full at the boy, 'do I look very old to-night?'

The boy turned up his innocent face, gazed steadily on his master from top to toe, and answered, 'Sir!'

'Do I look very *old* to-night, John?'

John scratched his head. 'Not much older than you did this time last night, Sir.'

'Humph!' said Mr. Hardesty, appealing to the glass, and renewing his efforts with the brush, while John resumed his reading.

'But, John,' resumed Mr. Hardesty, seating himself beside the boy, 'do you really think that a middle-aged lady, of right comfortable property, would have, *could* have, any rational objection to be called Mrs. Hardesty?'

'I think not, Sir,' replied John, taking up the cat; 'I'm sure you have been very kind to me and old Tom here, and I know you would be so to her.'

'Very true, John,' said Mr. Hardesty, whose feelings were touched by this expression of the boy's gratitude; 'but I wish to extend the sphere of my usefulness; and I may venture to hope—but do n't mention it—that in the course of three or four years, or may-be a little longer, there'll be a little boy at our house for you to play with; and if it's a girl, John, you shall marry her when you get old enough. Eh, John! how would you like *that*? ' And the old gentleman chuckled himself into a fit of coughing that seemed to threaten his longevity, and prevented John's reply to a suggestion that had never occurred to him as being within the bounds of the most remote possibility.

Having amused himself sufficiently with these flights of his fancy, Mr. Hardesty rose from his seat, gave John eighteen-pence for Christmas-money, stroked his namesake's back, put on his cloak and cap, and after bidding John be a good boy, and not to mention it, and to take care of the fire till he came back, left the house on his errand of love.

Christmas eve! Surely the village streets were never so gay before! You may know there is a moon, for though the sky is darkened with clouds, and the snow is falling as it never fell before, there is a glow of light above and around, that would burst on the eye like dim revealings of fairy-land, but for the mist that floats through the dim upper air, and seems striving to bind the earth as with a mantle.

What a merry, merry Christmas! Gust after gust comes whirling on, full-freighted with the virgin snow. There are shouts of revelry that rise and fall with the sound of the blast. There are hurried footsteps that glide over the crackling snow. There are merry hearts within those bounding sleighs, and hands that clasp the hands they love, though wrapped in countless furs and muffs. Gay steeds dash on with steaming nostrils, as if their toil were sport; and their bells, as they ring cheerily out in the sombre night, give promise of marriage-bells to come.

Through all this busy scene Tom Hardesty pressed on, turning neither

to the right nor left, except when he turned a corner. As the wind dashed the driving snow in his face, he drew his cloak more closely around him, and, shivering, passed on with cheerful thoughts of love and matrimony. Sometimes the boys pelted him with their snowy artillery, or old acquaintances inquired after his health, but he glided on like a dim shadow, heedless alike of all. By degrees the holiday din of the village waxed faint in his ears, and as he approached the suburbs, his heart beat fast while his steps were slow with indecision, for he was approaching the end of his pilgrimage—the dwelling of Miss Peggy Sidebottom.

While Mr. Hardesty is pausing at the door, stamping the snow from his feet, and making the accustomed use of his pocket-handkerchief, we will take advantage of his delay to state, briefly, that Miss Sidebottom, beside being sole proprietress of the cottage-like mansion aforesaid, claimed also among her chattels sundry shares in bank, and certain notes of hand, yielding her sufficient income, without calculating the value of her personal charms, to make her hand and heart two very desirable items of furniture in a bachelor's apartments. Her household consisted of herself, and a nephew and niece, christened Dick and Belinda, orphan children of a deceased brother. Dick was a wild, rattling scape-grace, as ever robbed hen-roost or melon-patch; Belinda was nothing, particularly, except a little, quiet, blue-eyed girl, the pride of her aunt, and a pattern of propriety to all little girls. That Miss Sidebottom was kind and motherly to the two orphans, there is no question; but it was rumored that in consideration thereof she enjoyed a comfortable legacy. It is only necessary to premise, farther, that Miss Sidebottom had been younger by some two-score years than she was that night; that she was one of Mr. Hardesty's best customers; and that after long worshipping her across the counter, he had suddenly determined to declare his passion with all the eloquence he possessed; which was not inconsiderable, as many can bear witness.

Mr. Hardesty knocks and is admitted to the hall. Another door is opened, and there, in the snuggest corner, and by the snuggest fire conceivable, sits Miss Sidebottom. The opposite end of the hearth is decorated by Belinda, while a cat is sleeping on the rug between them. It was a picture of quiet happiness that touched Mr. Hardesty's heart; and advancing into the room, he bows with all the elegance of a Beau Brummel.

Miss Sidebottom turned her eyes upon the new-comer, and as they fell on the familiar and smiling countenance of the grocer, she sprang to her feet, and exclaimed: 'Why, Mr. Hardesty! I am so glad to see you! Let me have your cloak and cap, Sir. Come, be seated; draw near the fire.'

Mr. Hardesty kept bowing all this time with as much nobility as was displayed by the famous stick that was too crooked to lie still; and after grasping Belinda's hand very affectionately, he seated himself, and drew near the fire.

'Dear me! what a night!' said Miss Sidebottom; 'ain't it cold out, Mr. Hardesty?'

Mr. Hardesty replied by shivering palpably, and said he had seen

colder, and he had seen warmer, but it would do. Having said thus much, he produced his snuff-box, which he extended to the ladies, and then helped himself.

‘I am truly glad, Miss Peggy,’ continued Tom, ‘to see you situated so comfortably—I am.’ And he smiled tenderly and shifted his chair; but in doing so, he infringed on the cat’s tail, and the animal, as cats are wont to do, squalled vehemently. Mr. Hardesty bounded from his seat.

‘Dear me!’ exclaimed Miss Sidebottom, ‘do n’t do that!’

‘Positively, Madam,’ said Tom, ‘I am very sorry, indeed—I am!’

‘Poor thing!’ said Belinda, taking the injured quadruped in her arms; ‘poor thing!—did he hurt its tail?’

‘Deed, Madam,’ said Mr. Hardesty, stroking the animal’s back, ‘I would n’t have done that for forty ordinary cats. I may say, Madam, speaking metaphorically, that your cat is of the short-horn Durham stock, and was n’t made to be trod on.’

‘Lor’, Sir,’ replied Miss Sidebottom, adjusting her cap, ‘cats is cats, and cattle is cattle—that’s my sentiments; but as I was going to say, Mr. Hardesty, I was telling Mrs. Jenkins to-night, not an hour ago, that I felt a kind of nervous kind of feeling that somebody was coming; and sure enough, here comes you. You see, Mrs. Jenkins was here to take tea with me to-night, and beside the baby, why her little Jack and Sally and Bill and Susan *would* come, because, they said, pap was n’t at home, and they would starve if they staid there. And here, sure enough, come they did, before Mrs. Jenkins had fairly pulled off her bonnet; and stay they would, though she boxed ’em well; but they did n’t mind that, and I told her Christmas come but once a year, and as it turned out, the poor things *were* hungry, in yearnest. And you never see children eat so; I do believe they had n’t had a good meal for a fortnight. Well, we had n’t got fairly seated after supper, when rap! rap! at the door, and there was Jake Crow had come for Mrs. Jenkins; for Jenkins had got into a drunken row, and had his head cut with a stick. And you never hearn sich a fuss; and Mrs. Jenkins and the little brats went home crying all the way; and here me and Belinda have been by ourselves ever since. But poor Mrs. Jenkins! I wonder men will get drunk and leave their wives and children to starve. *You* never get drunk, Mr. Hardesty, do you?’

‘Drunk! Madam, drunk!’ said Mr. Hardesty, placing his hand over his heart, and shaking his head emphatically. ‘No, Madam; I only get what you may call intoxicated, and not with liquor neither; and I feel it coming on me now—I do indeed!’

‘Well, well!’ replies Mrs. Sidebottom, holding up her hands in utter astonishment, ‘I never heard tell of the like of that before. P’raps its the cold, Mr. Hardesty.’

‘No, Madam,’ persisted the old gentleman; ‘it’s the heat.’

‘Dear me! Mr. Hardesty; then I’ll open the door.’ And Miss Peggy started to her feet.

‘No, my dear Madam, do n’t, if you please. It ain’t this here fire in the hearth, but,’ striking his breast passionately, ‘it’s *here*, Madam.’

‘That’s just where Mrs. Jenkins is affected sometimes, and she says

Madeira's the best thing for it; and she has drank nearly all that last quart I got of you, Mr. Hardesty, and I do n't see as she gets any better.

'Madeira, indeed!' said old Tom, scornfully. 'Madeira, madam, instead of squenching, would only add fuel to the flame that is consuming me. There *are* men as takes to the bottle for it when they despair; but bless your soul!' he continued, dropping his voice to a whisper, 'I have n't despaired.'

At this eloquent appeal, Mrs. Sidebottom looked at the fire and said nothing, until an audible snore from Belinda, who had fallen asleep in her chair, aroused her.

'Bless me!' exclaimed Miss Peggy, bouncing to her feet; 'look at the child there! Belinda dear, wake up. Poor dear thing! you had better go up stairs to bed.' And rubbing her eyes, the child took up a lighted candle, bowed politely to Mr. Hardesty, and disappeared behind the stair-door.

Miss Sidebottom resumed her seat and looked again at the fire, and Mr. Hardesty looked at Miss Sidebottom. Presently, that amiable lady turned her gaze, lighted as it was by an equivocal smile, full upon Tom. In the space of about fifteen seconds, after trying in vain to interpret that smile to his own satisfaction, Mr. Hardesty quailed, while his heart commenced vibrating against his ribs, as though it would burst their feeble barrier, and take refuge in his waistcoat-pocket. Miss Sidebottom, however, showed no such symptoms of alarm, and her courage rose as Tom's fell. By the way, composure in such delicate epochs is like see-sawing; one ascends as the other descends, until perchance the weaker party fails to recover his equilibrium, and tumbles off the fence. Diffident young courtiers should remember this.

Mr. Hardesty was bewildered beyond endurance. How could a man speak more plainly? And yet he would try once more.

'Let me tell you, my dear Miss Sidebottom, once for all, I'm——'

There was a noise of some one opening the front door, and as Mr. Hardesty turned his head, Dick entered the room.

'Why, Dicky, where have you been this cold night?' asked his aunt.

Dicky replied that he had been snow-balling, of which there were sufficient marks on his person. His countenance was flushed and heated, and he proceeded to say that he was tired, and wanted to go to bed.

At this Mr. Hardesty rose deliberately from his seat, saying it was time to go.

'But, Mr. Hardesty,' urged Miss Peggy, 'it's cold and snowing; stay all night there with Dicky,' pointing to a comfortable bed in one corner. 'I know you are delicate, and it's snowing hard. I'll go and see. Here Dicky,' and she left the room followed by Dick. Mr. Hardesty looked around at the comfortable quarters offered him, and determined to remain. Scarcely had he come to this decision, when the affectionate aunt and nephew returned, the former telling him not to think of going out on such a night, and the latter assuring him it was snowing 'like sixty.'

'I'll stay, Madam, and thank'ee too,' said Mr. Hardesty, re-seating himself. Miss Peggy bade her guest a very good night, and, threatening to catch him for a Christmas gift next morning, disappeared up the stairs

and locked the door after her. Tom watched her retreating figure until she disappeared, and then addressed himself to the boy.

'Been snow-balling to-night, eh, Dicky? Fine sport, Dicky; fine sport.'

'I should say it was, Sir, when your side toes the mark and don't run,' said Dick, placing his damp shoes on the hearth. 'Them shoes 'll never run away with *my* feet in 'em, certain.'

'Well, Dicky,' continued Mr. Hardesty, stirring the fire, 'you're a brave boy.'

'Yes, Sir,' said Dick, 'braver than you think for. Catch me napping when there's work to do, and I am to get a pie for it in the bargain, will you?' The bare suggestion amused Dick, and as he divested himself of his damp clothes, he laughed heartily.

'That's just what I was saying, Dicky, and was going on to add, that snow-balling and such like ain't for me now, but the time was when none was better at them than I.'

'P'raps not,' said Dick, 'but as I'm rather tired, and don't mind the cold, I'll get in and warm the bed, and you can come along when you like;' and the light-hearted boy sprang into his nest, and in less than five minutes was snoring audibly.

Mr. Hardesty stirred the fire, and as the myriad sparks flew up the chimney, he wished he had just so many dollars; he would give them all if *she* would but love him. Growing weary of this delusive sport, he looked at his watch, compared it with Miss Sidebottom's yankee clock, and finding his own time-piece was just five minutes the faster, concluded that both were wrong just two minutes and a half, and he would split the difference. He might be mistaken, but if he was he would consult the town clock to-morrow.

Mr. Hardesty resumed the poker and stirred the fire until its bright blaze threw a broad glare over the chamber; and out of the glowing coals he built strange towers and castles, and saw them change by turns into ashes, and grow dim like his own recent dreams of love. This being a melancholy contemplation, he lent his ear to a solitary cricket that was cheerily singing its household song, though the winds were wild without. Presently the cricket ceased its chirrup, and Mr. Hardesty growing tired of sitting, yawned, stretched himself, and walked to the window.

Outside, the ground was covered with a wild waste of snow, and the heavy flakes were still falling. Suddenly it occurred to him that somebody might accidentally pass that way and recognize him; so he let fall the curtain and walked across the room. Here, lifting his eyes from the floor, a looking-glass stared him in the face, and he started back. He turned again and walked to the bed-side where Dick was sleeping. The boy, he thought, might one day be his nephew, and he revolved in his mind a thousand schemes for advancing him in the world and making him a clever fellow.

Mr. Hardesty left the bed-side and looked up at the ceiling. Beyond that, he thought, was the adored Miss Sidebottom. What a narrow space sundered them! He walked to the fire-place and looked on the mantel for a book. He selected an old copy of Burns, and opened at

the pathetic ballad of 'John Anderson.' Mr. Hardesty sat down and read it once aloud. Then he read it to himself over and over again, until he had gotten it by heart. And then by degrees the room swam dizzily before him, the fire glowed like a pale meteor, his eyes closed heavily, the open book fell from his hand, and Mr. Hardesty was asleep.

He slept and dreamed. Smiles like those of sleeping infancy stole over his venerable features. In one short moment he was the happiest man alive; his love had been crowned with success; and putting forth his hand to grasp the dear shadow, he lost his balance and fell from his chair.

Mr. Hardesty looked around him, wondering. He resumed his seat and rubbed his eyes. The fire had almost gone out. The wick was long and dim. He looked at the clock; it wanted just twenty minutes of midnight.

Mr. Hardesty snuffed the candle and commenced divesting himself of his apparel; placed his boots beside Dicky's shoes on the hearth; threw his upper garments on the back of a chair, and his nether ditto on the seat thereof. But his extremities were cold, he thought, and placing a chair bottom upward on the floor, he put his feet to the fire.

For some minutes Mr. Hardesty stared steadily at the ceiling, beyond which Miss Sidebottom was sleeping in virgin security; and whether from the magnetic effect of his constant gaze, or the slumbrous air that pervaded the room, his eyelids soon closed, and he was again soundly asleep. The candle burned dimly on; coal after coal was turned to ashes; at last both went out, and still Mr. Hardesty slept.

Presently there was a stir in the bed occupied by Dick. The boy rose on his pillow and looked cautiously around him. He called Mr. Hardesty, but there was no answer. At this Dick put one leg out of bed, and then the other, and stood firmly on the floor. Gliding cautiously over the carpet, he stooped over the sleeper, whose deep breathing assured him that all was safe. Then stepping softly to the chair on which Mr. Hardesty's clothes were lying, he selected that gentleman's nether garment, then went to the hearth and lifted the boots, and slipping on his own shoes, glided cautiously out of the room with his booty. Returning in a few minutes he again stooped over the sleeper, and then stole to bed, where, after laughing immoderately yet quietly, he was soon as fast asleep as Mr. Hardesty himself.

When Mr. Hardesty awoke he found himself still reclining on the back of the chair. Not a little vexed with himself for lying there all night, he rose to his feet, and looking around, found that Dick had risen before him, and the bed was empty. 'Why did n't he wake me, I wonder?' said Mr. Hardesty.

Mr. Hardesty walked to the window, lifted the curtain, and looked out. The mists and clouds had cleared away, and left the sky all bright and blue. The sun had just risen, and was shedding his early splendor on the myriad snow-drops as brightly as if to atone for the darkness and gloom of yesterday. It was a cheerful and beautiful view; but Mr. Hardesty heard the sound of shuffling footsteps overhead; so he turned shivering from the window to dress himself for the day. 'It'll never do to be caught in this fix,' said Mr. Hardesty.

His first search was for his boots, but these had been taken out, as he supposed, to be polished. He would put on his breeches and wait for his boots. He cast his eye on the pile of clothes, but the breeches were not there. Then he looked on the floor, and in all the corners of the room, and then on the bed and under the bed — but in vain. ‘What the d — l has become of my breeches!’ said Mr. Hardesty.

It occurred to him at length that by some mysterious power of locomotion the garment had gotten into the drawer of a bureau that stood in one corner. He pulled at this drawer most lustily, but it was locked, and Miss Sidebottom had the key. To add to his discomfiture, he again heard the sound of footsteps overhead. He had but a moment to spare, and looking around for a place of retreat, his eye fell on a closet-door that opened beneath the stairs. Putting on hastily the remnant of his apparel, he presented altogether an appearance the like of which the writer has never seen, and will not attempt to describe, and managed to effect his retreat into the closet just as Miss Sidebottom and Belinda entered the room from above.

Mr. Hardesty applied his eye to the key-hole, but saw nothing save the form of either lady as it flitted from time to time across the limited range of his vision. Presently a conversation began between the two, of which, however, he could hear nothing except a confused murmur, and occasionally a most uproarious fit of laughter. Before long the merry tones of the elder lady were changed to those of anger. Miss Sidebottom was evidently scolding one of the servants, and then came reiterated sounds of castigation, interspersed with tongue-lashings, by far the most terrible of the two. Mr. Hardesty resigned himself to his fate, and was willing to endure a confinement that revealed to him the evil spirit that reigned within a form of so much loveliness.

After a while came the indescribable sounds of breakfast; the rattling of knives and forks, and cups and saucers, suggestive to Mr. Hardesty’s mind of coffee, hot biscuits, and butter. Presently the table was cleared away, and he caught a glimpse through his key-hole of the two ladies, dressed in their cloaks and bonnets. In a moment they departed, leaving Mr. Hardesty sole proprietor.

Each moment of this time was one of intense agony to Mr. Hardesty. Exposed to hunger and thirst, and cold and insult, what had he done to deserve such misfortunes? And that was Christmas, too; what a merry day to all the world without; and in what a contemptible plight was he! What would little Master John think of his absence; and how much would be sold at his little store before night? These reflections only enhanced the agony of his imprisonment; so wrapping himself tightly in the folds of his cloak, he crouched down in a corner of the closet, and soon fell fast asleep.

Mr. Hardesty slept on until night-fall. So soon as he realized his situation, he determined to be a prisoner no longer, but to emerge from his confinement, whatever might be the danger of an exposure. Fortunately for him, the room was deserted. The ladies had not yet returned from their visit. Mr. Hardesty approached the window and found it quite dark without. He had little time left for deliberation, for he heard the sound of a key turning in the street-door lock, and recog-

nized the well-known voice of Miss Sidebottom ; so hoisting the window, he crawled rapidly through it, and leaped on the ground.

Mr. Hardesty breathed once more like a freeman ; and muttering deep anathemas against the inhospitable house and all its inmates, he stole quietly along, with his bootless feet buried at each step in the snow. Leaving the more frequented streets, and worming his way through by-paths and dark alleys ; now turning a corner, under the direful apprehension of meeting some acquaintance, and now darting this way or that to avoid a random snow-ball, he pursued his painful way until he reached home, where he knocked and was admitted by Master John.

The grocer bolted in, rushed into his counting-room, and throwing off his cloak, stared wildly at the bewildered boy. ‘What do you think of that, John?’ pointing to his denuded extremities. ‘How does that become your old master, Sir?’

Master John, frightened partly at the anomalous appearance of the grocer, and partly at the sternness of his voice and manner, started back to the remotest corner of the room, but said nothing.

‘What’s the matter now, you little fool?’ said his master. ‘Are you afraid of old Tom Hardesty? If you are, you need n’t be ; nobody need be afraid of such an old coward as I am—darned if they need!’ And feeling that he was growing melancholy, he determined to subdue the propensity, and to that end commenced cutting the complicated figure entitled a pigeon-wing. This exhilarating sport soon restored the grocer’s good humor, and he laughed heartily and made such a racket altogether, that the boy gradually approached him to inquire what it all meant, how he had spent his Christmas, what had become of his breeches, and all about it.

‘Here, John,’ said Mr. Hardesty, seating himself by the fire, ‘sit here and I’ll tell you all about it. But what an old fool I am! Here’s twenty-four blessed hours gone, and the d—l a bit or a drop have I had since last night at supper. Is this my house or not, John? for I’ve forgot every thing except one, and would n’t swear I ain’t dreaming, and have n’t been all day.’

The boy gave him every assurance that he was at home.

‘Well, John,’ pursued the master, ‘I think the last time I was here—it may be a year, or it may be more—I’ll be hanged if I know—but I rather think there was a lot of prime cheese, and a few barrels of crackers. You have n’t sold ’em all, John?’

John smiled, and answered negatively.

‘I rather think, too, there were several casks of best three-year-old whiskey, prime lot ; any of *that* left, John?’

John pointed, in reply, to a row of casks in one corner that answered the description.

‘No! stop, Sir!’ said Mr. Hardesty, soliloquizing ; ‘I think she said Maderia was good for it. Yes, John, I’ll take a little of the Maderia, if you’ve any on hand.’

John opened a cupboard door, and producing a black quart-bottle, assured Mr. Hardesty it was nearly full.

‘That’ll do, Sir,’ said the grocer. ‘Set the table ; never mind the

cloth. Crackers and cheese and old Maderia, and 'away with melancholy.'

In a few minutes the table was spread according to directions, after which Mr. Hardesty seated himself near it and did ample justice to the simple fare.

'You see, John,' said the old gentleman, when his appetite was somewhat assuaged, 'it's all on account of that old, ugly, and infernal Peggy Sidebottom. Here's hoping she may—may never drown her sorrows in the flowing bowl!'

The grocer drank this toast with infinite gusto and replenished his glass.

'Well, Sir, as I was about saying, I went there last night to spend an hour in a little sociable chat, and was about taking leave——' At this point the speaker was interrupted by several violent raps at the door.

'Who's that?' inquired Mr. Hardesty, draining his glass.

'It's me,' said a voice from without.

'What do you want?' said Mr. Hardesty.

'Nothin'; what do *you* want?'

'Who the d—l are you?' said the grocer, in a voice of thunder.

'Dick!' replied the voice.

'Dick what?'

'Dick Sidebottom!'

'What do you want here?' said the grocer, rising and pacing the floor. 'John, where's my cow-hide? Clear yourself, you little rascal, or I'll——'

'But I've got your breeches and your boots, Sir,' said Dick.

'Oh! you *have*, have you?'—and Mr. Hardesty threw aside the cow-hide, and opened the door. Dick marched boldly in, deposited his plunder on a chair, and then looked Mr. Hardesty full in the face with a glance of perfect innocence. The owner of the recovered booty picked them up, examined them closely to satisfy himself of their identity, and without saying a word, put them on in their appropriate places. This done, he surveyed himself with a smile of approbation, and felt that he was indeed Mr. Hardesty once more. After helping Dick to a highly sweetened draught from the contents of the black bottle, he begged of him a detailed account of the affair of the lost boots and breeches. This Dick proceeded to give; by telling, in his peculiar and highly figurative manner, how his aunt had first suggested the feat to him; how he had risen while Mr. Hardesty was asleep, secured the booty, and hid it in an adjoining hay-loft; how his aunt had promised him a Christmas pie, and though often requested thereto, had failed to comply; how she had inflicted personal chastisement on him for some trivial offence; and how, on reflecting what a kind-hearted old gentleman Mr. Hardesty was, and what a crabbed old thing Aunt Peggy was, he had repented of his theft, and determined to make restitution at the earliest opportunity; 'and there they are on you,' said Dick, in conclusion, 'and that's all about it.'

Mr. Hardesty listened with due attention to this detail, and then sat for some time in silence.

'And you can swear to all this in a court of justice, can you?'

'Certainly, Sir.'

‘And you ’ll do it when called on?’

Dick bowed his head in assent.

‘Good!’ said Mr. Hardesty, grasping the boy’s hand. ‘Take a little more of this,’ he continued, filling Dick’s glass. ‘Your aunt shall suffer for this yet, if there’s any law or justice in the land.’

‘Ain’t there no law,’ inquired Dick, pausing in his draught, ‘for suing an old lady for ’sault and batterhim?’

‘No, Dicky, I fear not in your case; but if I get any damages, I ’ll give you half.’

Dick drained the contents of his glass, and shaking hands most cordially with Mr. Hardesty and Master John, bade them good night. It is scarcely necessary to add, that the last surviving male heir of the Sidebottoms was gloriously drunk in less than an hour, and made such a demonstration of that fact to his sober and discreet aunt, that she caused his head to be soused repeatedly in cold water, and then flogged him into sobriety.

It is not to be supposed that the disappearance of the village grocer from his usual post for a whole day together, and particularly on Christmas, that busiest of all days, failed to excite a degree of general curiosity and inquisitiveness as to the cause of his absence; but to the many inquiries of his friends touching that subject, he only replied by shaking his head and saying that time would show. Enough had leaked out, however, to satisfy the public that the affair was shrouded in a mystery that was worth the trouble of penetrating; so that when on the morning of the first of January immediately succeeding the year that had just closed, Mr. Thomas Hardesty and Miss Margaret Sidebottom were summoned each by three lusty cheers from the town-crier to appear before his worship the police judge of Idleberg, the populace rushed to the scene of judicial conflict, until the humble and contracted audience-chamber was crowded to overflowing.

The witnesses summoned in the case were Mrs. Jenkins, Jake Crow, and Master Dick Sidebottom. In due time the defendant came into court, leaning on the arm of her next friend and privy counsellor, Mrs. Jenkins, who as usual was attended by a bevy of young Jenkinsons. Before embarking in this trying embassy, the ladies, by the way, had gone to the Maderia bottle; the one complaining of a pain in the breast, and the other of general nervousness. Mr. Hardesty was unattended, and so were his remaining witnesses.

The warrant gravely charged the defendant with stealing or causing to be stolen from the plaintiff, on the night of the twenty-fourth of December last past, a pair of boots and a pair of breeches, whose respective values were duly set forth. The reading of this document created quite a sensation throughout the court-room. Mrs. Jenkins was called and sworn. She deposed that on the night specified in the warrant, she had taken tea at the defendant’s house; that she was suddenly called home, missing thereby a great deal of anticipated pleasure; that the defendant passed the next day, being Christmas-day, at her (witness’s) house; and witness did not at any time see defendant steal or cause to be stolen from plaintiff the said boots and breeches, nor did she believe Miss Sidebottom to be capable of such an act; ‘and particular,’ she

said in conclusion, 'from such a pitiful old scamp as Tom Hardesty ;' and glancing around triumphantly at the audience, and scornfully at the plaintiff, she waited for the court's cross-questions.

'Is that all you know about the case, Madam ?' inquired his worship, smiling.

That was all.

'You can retire. Call Jake Crow.'

Mr. Crow stood in no need of being called, as he marched up to the judge immediately, and deposed that on the last Christmas-eve night, he had called at defendant's house for Mrs. Jenkins, as old Jenkins had been knocked on the head and carried home drunk. (At this Mrs. Jenkins looked like a carnation pink, and commenced fanning herself violently with her pocket-handkerchief.) Witness, however, did not enter the house, and knew nothing whatever of the matter in dispute.'

'You can retire, Mr. Crow. Call Richard Sidebottom.'

Dick had managed, with his usual restlessness, to retire some time before this from the crowded room, and was breathing the pure air and playing his boyish pranks in a distant part of the town. The officer who was despatched for the young gentlemen returned presently, lugging him by the coat-collar. After being introduced to the court by the usual solemnities, Dick proceeded to give in detail the events of the memorable night, as already known to the reader. He also gave an interesting account of the defendant's oft-repeated cruelties to himself personally ; how on Christmas night he had restored the stolen articles to plaintiff, and how the rightful proprietor was wearing the same in court.

A general hurrah and stamping of feet succeeded the delivery of this testimony ; at which the judge frowned, and the constable cried 'Order !' with all his lungs.

'Mr. Hardesty,' said the judge, when order was restored, 'do you feel disposed to prosecute this suit ? I fear I must dismiss the warrant, on the ground that the court can furnish no relief in the case. What say you ?'

Mr. Hardesty arose. 'May it please your worship, the time was, and I care not who knows it, when I entertained for the defendant in this cause feelings of the most profound respect and admiration. And I had been led to hope that my passion was not altogether disregarded ; that Miss Sidebottom would one day become Mrs. Hardesty. And this, Sir, as detailed to you by the last witness, her own nephew, is the treatment I have received !' The speaker paused and applied his pocket handkerchief to his eyes. The audience was touched. 'It ain't the temporary loss of my breeches ; it ain't the long weary hours I spent shivering in that closet ; it ain't the wading home bare-footed in the snow ; it ain't the finger of scorn some gentlemen may p'int at me now, that wounds my heart ; but it's feeling and knowing that the woman I loved better than my own life ; the woman I would have lived for, or died for, to make her happy ; that that very woman ——' He could say no more ; his feelings overpowered him, and he sat down.

Miss Sidebottom's sympathies were evidently touched throughout this harangue. Until now, she had been rocking to and fro in her seat, and

when Mr. Hardesty concluded, she rushed through the crowd, threw herself on his neck, and kissed him passionately.

‘Clear the room!’ bawled his worship, starting to his feet. ‘Clerk,’ he continued, addressing that official personage, who was standing near, ‘write me a license to unite Thomas Hardesty and Margaret Sidebottom in the holy bands of matrimony. I know they are of age, and do n’t need any guardeens.’

The judge sat down, convulsed by his own wit, while the clerk proceeded to his task. The loving pair looked up and smiled through their tears. ‘I loved you, Tom, all the time; I did indeed. It was all in fun, dear man — indeed it was!’ Tom Hardesty threw his arms around her neck, and pressed her head to his bosom.

‘Come!’ said his worship, after reading the license, ‘none of your hysterics here, but stand up and be married.’ And married they were; and the bride, in consideration of her cruelty, paid the costs of the suit and the marriage fees; and off they marched homeward, amid the deafening huzzas of the multitude that was gathered in the street.

Happy New-Year! that sealed Tom Hardesty’s happiness! Many a changing season has come and gone since then, and nobody knows but they are the happiest couple in Idleberg. Mr. Hardesty’s first domestic advice to his bride was to decline Mrs. Jenkins’s farther acquaintance, which she did most readily. The old gentleman has long since despaired of having an heir direct, but has promised John, who is prospering behind his old master’s counter, that he and Belinda shall marry before long. Mr. Richard Sidebottom is one of the ‘reformed drunkards,’ and eschews Madeira especially. He is now an attorney, *in embryo*, and gives ample promise of carrying into his profession all the acuteness and cunning which distinguished his exploits on the memorable night that opened this chapter in the biography of Mr. Tom Hardesty.

W I N T E R E V E N I N G .

THE fire is burning cheerly bright, the room is snug and warm,
We keep afar the wintry night, and drive away the storm;
And when without the wanderer pines, and all is dark and chill,
We sit securely by the fire, and sparkling glasses fill.

And ever as the hollow wind howls through the moaning trees,
Strange feelings on the boding heart with sudden chillness seize:
But brightly blazes then the hearth, and freely flows the wine;
And laugh of glee, and song of mirth, then wreath their merry twine.

We think not how the dashing sleet beats on the crusted pane,
We care not though the drifting snow whirls o’er the heath amain;
But haply, while our hearts are bright, far struggling through the waste,
Some traveller seeks our window’s light, with long and fruitless haste.

Hark his halloo! we leave the fire, and hurry forth to save:
A short half hour, and he had found beneath the snow a grave.
Pile on the wood! — feed high the flame! — bring out our choicest store!
The traveller’s heart grows warm again; his spirit droops no more. J. G. P.

SONG OF THE NEW YEAR.

BY MRS. A. S. NICHOLS.

I HAVE come, I have come from a shadowy clime,
 An heir of the monarch Earth's children call TIME;
 With years yet unborn, I have stood in the hall
 That was reared by our sire, awaiting his call:
 Last eve, as I lay on his bosom at rest,
 I saw slowly rise a white cloud in the west;
 Now through the blue ether, through regions of space,
 It floated up softly, with fairy-like grace,
 And paused 'neath the light of the white-shining stars,
 Whose rays pierced its centre, like clear silver bars;
 The winds revelled round it, unchecked in their mirth,
 As it hung, like a banner, 'mid heaven and earth.

The soft fleecy folds of the clouds swept aside,
 The winds ceased their revels, and mournfully sighed;
 A car slowly rolled down the pathway of Time,
 A bell slowly tolled a funereal chime:
 A sound in the air, and a wail on the breeze,
 Swift as wave follows wave on tempest-tossed seas;
 Thin shadows swept by in that funeral train,
 As glide o'er old battle-grounds ghosts of the slain.
 I saw the dim spectres of long-buried years —
 The Seasons close followed, in mourning and tears.

Arrayed in his armor, death-darts in his hand,
 The grim King of Terrors strode on with the band,
 While cold, stark and ghastly, there lay on his bier
 The death-stricken form of the hoary OLD YEAR!
 How bent was his figure, how furrowed his brow,
 How weary he looked from his pilgrimage now!
 The phantoms of Passion, of Hope and Despair,
 With dark, waving plumage, encircled him there;
 The Months stood around, and the bright dancing Hours
 On spirit-wings floated, like birds among flowers.

A voice sweet as music now smote on my ear:
 'Go forth in thy beauty, thou unspotted Year!
 The old Year hath died 'mid rejoicings and mirth,
 That rocked the stern heart of the rugged old Earth!
 The midnight is passing; away to thy car!
 Thou 'lt sail by the lustre of morning's bright star;
 Away!' And I rose from the bosom of Time,
 And fled through the gates of that shadowy clime;
 My car sped along on the wings of the wind,
 While Winter, old man! tottered slowly behind.

The sky's eastern portals impeded my flight,
 When Morning rose up from the arms of the Night;
 The dawn faintly glowed, and I saw the old Earth,
 And sailed in my kingdom, a monarch at birth!
 'Then give me wild music, the dance and the song,
 For ever!' I shouted, while whirling along:
 'I have come, I have come from a shadowy clime,
 A breath of the monarch Earth's children call TIME!'

O N C O L O U R .

FULL angel-like the birdie sang their hours *
 Within their curtains green, within their bowers
 Apparell'd with white and red, with bloomys sweet.
 Enamell'd was the field with all colours:
 The pearlit drops shook as in silver showers,
 While all in balm did branche and leavis fleet. †
 Depart fra' Phœbus did Aurora greit;
 Her chrystal tears I saw hing on the flowers
 Which he, for love, all drank up with his heat.

DUNBAR.

1. The LORD is my shepherd; I shall not want.
 2. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; He leadeth me beside the still waters; He restoreth my soul.

A PSALM OF DAVID.

As I walk over the surface of this fair Earth, an erring and a wayward being, at times dejected by the trials of a solitary and an almost abortive life, or sustained or elevated by its prosperous incidents; I sometimes think that no one other blessing of existence hath ever comforted my heart and restored my soul so much, as the pleasures and delights of COLOUR. It is my wealth, my joy, my faculty, my fountain!

The recreative pleasure that others find in Music, although this is not denied is less to me than to them, a restorative and a balm. Music excites, arouses me; melts me into weakness, or animates me into passionate exertion; but it is in the green pasture and beside the still waters, in bowers apparell'd with white and red; it is in the tints with which autumn is bedecked, and Day expires; that I feel I shall not want, and that God restoreth my soul! And it is among huge and solitary mountain masses of grey castellated rock, in the crevices of which the stunted pine, and the cedar with its brown and tattered trunk, struggle out a hard and scanty existence and are yet covered with never-fading verdure — mountains to which the Saviour of mankind might have retired to meditate and pray — that I feel that the Lord is my Shepherd, and shall bring me to the green pastures, and lead me beside the still waters; my Rock! my fortress! and my high tower!

Sometimes my heart takes a fancy altogether for *brown* hues; and as you cannot at all times command these in the country, I seat myself down quietly in front of a precious Cuyp with which God hath endowed me, and that (except the sky and water) is composed entirely of them in every gradation and shade; and when I rise up from the contemplation of it, I feel that it is in brown hues that God restoreth my soul.

Sometimes I dwell upon the silvery trunk of the birch-tree, or upon the darker hue of the beech. Sometimes my soul drinks the full beauties of the umbrageous chestnut; or revels in the golden berries, and the graceful branches that seem overlaid with them, of the mountain-ash. As I grow old I wave often in the grey pendulous mosses of the South, or stand in thought under the gigantick branches of the live oak, with all its leaves of laurel, and its heroick gesture. Good God! I say,

* Heures, prayers.

† Float.

when I think that we might all have been born, ate, drank, smoked, grown up, built, propagated, and died, as thoroughly and effectually as we now do, and all these precious objects of our sight and joy been made for us — out of the one desolate colour of an old pipe!

And WATER — that element of Life, that upon the plaitain-leaf looks so like a molten mass of diamond that you can hardly persuade yourself it is aught else, might as well have been created of a mere drab quaker-colour; or not even as bright as a bit of Quartz Rock! and yet have satisfied our thirst as well as if it had gushed forth from the limpid sources of the Croton; or been drawn from the transparent body of Lake George; or from those mountain streams of sparkling chrystal that, in alternate shade and gleams of light of tropical brilliancy, bound and gush and dance their way downward from rock to rock to the sound of their own musick, and make themselves into rivers of joy as they descend along the *Grand Etang* of the Island of Grenada!

And WINE, that God hath sent to make glad the heart of man, and hath blessed it in the cup; and which might perhaps have had the same hilarious effect, though it were of the dingy colour of the ashes of the grate by which I sit; but which, for our more perfect happiness, He hath made to outvie the Topaz and the Ruby, in its lustre and its varied hue!

There are many of us who have this one quality, the love of colour, in common with the magnificent DAVID, whose precious inspiration I have quoted at the head of my Essay, and who in a thousand passages interweaves it like a golden thread amid his works; but as in the minds of many others, it may be a blessing only half appreciated, I have thought that a few words upon this subject might fall not unfruitfully upon the heart, perchance of some one young Reader of this article, just opening to the knowledge of this peculiar work of the great Master of mankind, COLOUR.

Even Music, although itself an occupation revealed to us as of the Angels of Light, is, except perhaps as they enjoy it — with whom poetry and modulated sound adapted to the thought are inseparably one — even music is less refined, less gentle, perfect, unobtrusive. For the enjoyment of Colour involves no possible interruption of another's tastes; no outbreak upon the quiet stillness of the day; no intrusion on 'the ear of night;' nor yet any expression, that by pouring abroad the sensations, might diminish the deep earnestness of the soul; which, all sight, all ear, becomes the Recipient. The enjoyment of colour is the Spirit within us listening to the language of God! to the mute expression of His unspeakable Love! COLOUR — the conception He hath chosen for His bow of promise in the Heavens! by which He decorates the Earth, and tells of Himself in the ocean, and in the sky, and by which He restoreth the Soul of man!

And in that state of celestial existence which attends the redeemed Soul disenthralled from 'the body of this death,' is it to be doubted, that among the joys that 'the eye hath never seen, nor the heart conceived,' there exist colours beautiful beyond all earthly wealth of imagination; beyond the poet's fancy and the painter's dream? There where the pure gold of which the city is constructed, is transparent as glass, and each gate is one pearl, and the very foundations of the walls are of

jasper, and chalcedony, sapphire, emerald, ruby, amethyst and topaz ; and the glory of God is the light that lightens it !

But it is not to another world that the joys of colour are postponed, nor even to another climate that we need look for the precious satisfaction that they impart. We have not the carpets of flowers of rainbow tints, that spread themselves over whole prairies of Texas and Mexico, but what a gem upon the bosom of Earth when it is unexpectedly found among us is the blue campanula ! And the small white lily of the valley, sheltered and concealed in its green leaves like a hidden tear of Joy, and almost as rare ! And the bright and graceful lobelia cardinalis that loves the neighbourhood of the still waters. And the fringed gentian of a tint so cerulean that our true poet derives it from the firmament ; as his own spirit, if left to approach its kindred element, might claim affinity with the overshadowing expanse of celestial life ! *

I speak not to thee of the gorgeous sunsets and of those piles of massy clouds of living and ever-varying colours on which the Day pillows himself to rest in a luxurious repose ; but open thine heart upon the Eastern bank of the Hudson at the grey of morning, and look with the Sun upon the opposite shore ; and as the mists arise and are dispelled from before thee, there shall come change after change of colour neutral and calm and slowly warming into beauty, until a violet haze shall rest upon the hill-tops and the cliffs that might outvie the golden haze of Italy, and that shall raise thy thoughts in silent thankfulness, and educate thee to enjoy the untold treasures of colour that glow in upper Heaven ; and hope shall spring forth renewed within thee ; and sorrow shall fade from thy widowed, or thy childless heart ; the peace which passeth understanding shall come over thee ; and God even thine own God shall bless thee ; and to thine eyes, now opened to the wonders of His goodness, all the ends of the Earth shall *shew forth* His praise !

JOHN WATERS.

* THIS allusion is to BYRANT's lines 'To the Fringed Gentian,' a poem so replete with truth and beauty, that we cannot resist the inclination to quote it here.

ED. KNICKERBOCKER.

THOU blossom bright with autumn dew,
And coloured with the heaven's own blue,
That openest, when the quiet light
Succeeds the keen and frosty night.

Thou comest not when violets lean
O'er wandering brooks and springs unseen,
Or columbines, in purple dressed,
Nod o'er the ground-bird's hidden nest,

Thou waitest late, and com'st alone,
When woods are bare and birds are flown,
And frosts and shortening days portend
The aged year is near his end.

Then doth thy sweet and quiet eye
Look through its fringes to the sky,
Blue — blue — as if that sky let fall
A flower from its cerulean wall.

I would that thus, when I shall see
The hour of death draw near to me,
Hope, blossoming within my heart,
May look to heaven as I depart.

S T A N Z A S

SUGGESTED BY GLIDDON'S LECTURES ON THE ANTIQUITIES OF EGYPT.

BY MISS H. J. WOODMAN.

SUBLIME hath been thy conquest o'er the past,
 Stemming Oblivion's torrent by thy might,
 Reading symbolic records long o'er-cast
 By the deep shadows of unbroken night;
 Tracing with reverent finger names of kings
 That long had slumbered with forgotten things.

The mists that deeply veiled historic rays,
 Thou art dispelling with resistless hand;
 And dynasties that flourished ere the days
 When ABRAHAM forsook the promised land,
 No longer noteless, nameless, boldly claim
 Their lofty tablet in the arch of fame.

Thy curious finger with a magic key
 Unlocked the store of ages, and the light,
 Flooding the pass of time, sublime and free,
 Decks ruined temples in its vesture bright:
 These are the relics of thy grandeur flown,
 Land of the Pharaohs and their prostrate throne.

Ere the white stranger's land had trodden been
 By foot of pilgrim, Egypt sat supreme,
 Queen of the nations, and her realm within
 Wealth, learning, power convened — a full, deep stream!
 The bulwarks of her throne were safely reared
 In hearts by which her greatness was revered.

And now, with Science for his trusty guide,
 The stranger comes to read her mystic lore,
 Tread her deserted cities, stand beside
 Her sculptured temples, eloquent once more;
 Not with man's voice, but with the nobler speech
 Of days beyond our spirit's utmost reach.

And those proud monuments of youthful time,
 The pyramids, whose lofty sides have borne
 The storms of centuries in that fierce clime,
 And seeming still to smile in speechless scorn,
 When bow the everlasting hills with age,
 Then shall they vanish from the world's bright page.

A mournful ruin to thy utmost bound,
 A type of glory long since passed away,
 The statue voiceless whence the thrilling sound
 Of gushing music hailed the rising day;
 Thus art thou now, oh Egypt! but the flame
 Of new-born Science gilds thine ancient name.

And from the dust shalt thou arise once more,
 Not by thine own degenerate sons upreared,
 But strangers who have sought thy verdant shore
 Shall hail thy fallen greatness, still revered;
 Until among the kingdoms of the earth
 Thou shalt appear renewed — a second birth!

THE QUOD CORRESPONDENCE.

Harry Harson.

CHAPTER NINETEENTH.

NOTWITHSTANDING his having made what most persons would have considered a hearty meal at Harry Harson's, Mr. Kornicker had nevertheless such perfect reliance on his own peculiar gastronomic abilities, that he did not in the least shrink from again testing them. Leaving Michael Rust's presence with an alacrity which bordered upon haste, he descended into the refectory with somewhat of a jaunty air, humming a tune, and keeping time to it by an occasional flourish of the fingers. Having seated himself, his first act was to shut his eyes, thrust his feet at full length under the table; plunge both hands to the very bottom of his breeches-pockets, where they grasped spasmodically two cents and a small key, and laugh silently for more than a minute, occasionally breaking in upon his merriment to gossip to himself in the most profound and mysterious manner.

'A queer dog! a very queer dog! d—d queer, old Michael is! Well, that 's *his* business, not mine.'

As soon as this idea had fully impressed itself upon him, he sat up, became grave, and looked about in search of the waiter. In doing so, he encountered the eyes of a short fat man at a table near him, who at the first glance seemed to be reading a newspaper, but at the second, seemed to be reconnoitering him over it. Mr. Kornicker observing this, not only returned his glance, but added a wink to it by way of interest. The man thereupon laid down his paper, and nodded.

Mr. Kornicker nodded in reply; and said he hoped he was well, and that his wife and small children were equally fortunate.

The face of the stranger was a round, jolly face, with two little eyes that twinkled and glistened between their fat lids, as if they were very devils for fun; and his whole appearance was cozy and comfortable. His chin was double; his stomach round and plump, with an air of respectability; and he occasionally passed his hand over it, as if to say: 'Ah ha! beat that who can!' But notwithstanding his merry look, at this last remark his face grew long; and with a melancholy shake of his head, he pointed to his hat which hung on a peg above him, and was swathed in a broad band of crape, terminating in two stiff skirts projecting from it like a rudder, and giving it the appearance of a corpulent butterfly in mourning, at roost on the wall.

'Ah!' said Mr. Kornicker, looking at the hat, 'that 's it?'

'Yes,' replied the stranger, with a deep sigh, 'that 's it.'

'Father?' inquired Mr. Kornicker, nodding significantly toward the hat.

‘No—wife,’ replied the other.

‘Dead?’ inquired Mr. Kornicker.

‘Dead as a hammer.’

‘Was it long or short? consumption or fits?’ asked Mr. Kornicker, drawing up his feet and turning so as to face the stranger, by way of evincing the interest which he felt in his melancholy situation.

The man shook his head, and was so affected that he was troubled with a temporary cold in his head; which, having alleviated by the aid of his handkerchief, he said: ‘Poor woman! She undertook to present me with a fine boy, last week, and it proved too much for her. It exhausted her animal nature,’ and she decamped on a sudden. She was a very fine woman—a very fine woman. I always *said* she was.’

‘And the child?’ inquired Kornicker; ‘I hope it’s well.’

‘Quite well, I thank you. It went along with her. They are both better off; saints in heaven, both of ’em; out of this wale of tears.’

Mr. Kornicker told him to cheer up. He said that every man had a crook in his lot. Some men had big crooks, and some men had little crooks; and although this crook made rather a bad elbow in his lot, that perhaps all the rest was square and straight, and he could build on it to advantage, especially if it was twenty-five feet by a hundred, which was the ordinary width and length of ‘lots in general.’

Having delivered himself of this rather confused allegory, Mr. Kornicker, by way of farther consolation, drew out his snuff-box, and stretching out as far as was possible without falling from his chair, tendered it to the stranger, who in return leaning so far forward as slightly to raise his person from the chair, gently inserted his fingers in the box, and helped himself to a pinch, at the same time remarking, that it ‘was a great comfort, in his trying situation, to find friends who sympathized with his misfortunes. That he *had* found it so; and that Mr. Kornicker was a man whose feelings did credit to human nature.’

Kornicker disclaimed being any thing above the ordinary run of men, or that his feelings were more than every other man possessed, or ought to possess. But the stranger was vehement in his assertions to the contrary; so much so, that he rose from his seat, and drawing a chair to the opposite side of Kornicker’s table, proposed that they should breakfast together.

Kornicker shook his head:

‘It’s against the agreement,’ said he; ‘it can’t be done.’

‘But it *can*, Sir—it *shall*, Sir! A man of your sympathies is not to be met with every day, and must be breakfasted with, whether he will or not—agreement or no agreement. Do n’t agreement me!’ said the stranger, lifting up his chair and setting it down opposite Kornicker, with great emphasis. ‘What’s the nature of this agreement?’

Mr. Kornicker assumed a very grave and legal expression of countenance, and without replying, asked:

‘What’s your name?’

‘Ezra Scrake.’

‘I, Edward Kornicker, forbid you, Ezra Scrake, from breakfasting with me, telling you that it is contrary to a certain agreement, referred to but not set forth; and I now repeat the request, that you forthwith

retire to another table, and that I be permitted to take my meal by myself.' He threw himself back in his chair, and looked Mr. Scrake full in the face.

'And I, Ezra Scrake, say that I *won't* leave this table, and that I *will* breakfast with a fellow whose benevolence might warm the vitals of a tiger.'

'Very well, Sir,' said Kornicker, relaxing from his former severe expression; 'I've done my duty. Old Rust can't blame me. The breach of contract is not on my part. I'm acting under compulsion. Just recollect that I desired you to leave me, in case it gets me into hot water, and that you refused; that's all. Now old fellow, what'll you take? Only recollect, that each man rides his own pony.'

The stranger nodded, and said that of course he would 'foot his own bill.'

These preliminaries being settled, the boy, who had been standing at their elbow in a state of ecstatic delight at the proceedings of Mr. Kornicker, with whom he had become familiar, and whom he regarded as a gentleman of great legal acumen, and in all other respects as rather a 'tall boy,' was desired by the stranger to hand him the bill of fare, and not to keep him waiting all day. Having been gratified in this respect, Mr. Scrake commenced at the top and deliberately whispered his way to the bottom of the list.

'Beef-steak; shall I say for two?' asked he, looking up at Kornicker.

'Yes, but always under protest, as to our breakfasting together,' said Mr. Kornicker, winking at him. 'Don't forget that.'

'Of course. Now, my son, what trimmings have you got?' said he to the boy.

'Taters.'

'Are they kidneys, blue-noses, or fox?—and will they bu'st open white and mealy?'

'They'm prime,' replied the boy.

'Bring one for me; or, stop—are they extra?'

'We throws them in with the steak, gratis.'

'Then bring a dishful, with coffee, bread, and whatever else adds to the breakfast, without adding to the bill.'

The boy, having no other interest in the establishment than that of securing his own wages and meals, was highly delighted at this considerate order of Mr. Scrake, and forthwith disappeared to obey it.

In the meanwhile Mr. Scrake, after having deliberately re-perused the bill of fare, and not observing any thing else which could be got for nothing, laid it down, and looking at Mr. Kornicker, who was gazing abstractedly at the table-cloth, said that he hoped he (Mr. Scrake) was not going to be impertinent; and as Mr. Kornicker made no other reply than that of looking at him, as if he considered it a matter of some doubt whether he was or was not, he elucidated the meaning of his remark, by inquiring who Michael Rust was.

'The old gentlemen that caters for me,' replied Kornicker, carelessly.

'And does he make you eat alone?'

'If I dine double, he'll stop the prog, that's all.'

'A sing'lar bargain — quite sing'lar; very sing'lar, in fact. Does he keep a tight eye over you?'

Mr. Kornicker did not exactly know what kind of an eye a tight eye was, but he replied: 'Sometimes he does, sometimes he do n't. He's nigh enough to do it. His office is overhead.'

'Lawyer, I suppose? — *must* be,' said Mr. Scrake, drumming carelessly on the table.

'You're out, old fellow. I'm with him, and should know something of him; and he is n't.'

'Ah!' said the stranger, leaning back and yawning, and then sharpening his knife on the fork. 'What is he then?'

Mr. Kornicker raised his finger gently to his nose, winked so violently at Mr. Scrake that he caused that gentleman to stop short in his performance to look at him; after which he shut both eyes, and gave vent to a violent inward convulsion of laughter.

'What is he?' repeated Kornicker, in a tone of high surprise; then sinking his voice, and leaning over the table, he whispered confidentially in Mr. Scrake's ear: 'He's hell.'

'No! he is n't though, is he?' said Mr. Scrake, dropping his knife and fork, and sinking back in his chair.

'Yes he is,' repeated Mr. Kornicker; 'and if you was a certain gentleman that I know, you'd find it out. *He* will some day, I rather think.'

'Are *you* that individual?' inquired Mr. Scrake, with an air of deep interest.

'No, I ain't, but I suspect some one else is. But come,' said he, 'there's the breakfast, so let's be at it, and drop all other discussion.'

This remark found an answering echo in the stomach of Mr. Scrake, who resumed the sharpening of his knife, as the breakfast entered the room, and did not desist until the steak was on the table, when he immediately assaulted it.

'Shall I help you? What part will you take?'

'Any part,' replied Kornicker, carelessly.

'Well, it's sing'lar; I never could carve. I'll help you as I would help myself,' said Mr. Scrake, in his ignorance depositing on Mr. Kornicker's plate an exceedingly tough piece of dry meat, and upon his own a cut which was remarkably tender and juicy.

'Do you always help yourself as you have helped me?' said Mr. Kornicker, snuffing with great deliberation, and eyeing his portion with no very contented eye.

'Always, always.'

'Then you do yourself d — d great injustice.'

'Ha! ha! good — very good; sheer ignorance on my part, upon my soul. But you were telling me about this man, this Rust,' said Mr. Scrake, mashing his potatoes, and entombing a lump of butter in the heart of a small pyramid of them. 'You said he was hell, or the devil, or something of that sort. What then? Eh?'

Kornicker, though not at all pleased with the ignorance of his companion, in the particular branch in which it had just displayed itself, was not of a sulky disposition, and was easily won into a com-

municative mood, particularly as Mr. Scrake begged him, with tears in his eyes, to tell him which was the best part of a beef-steak, so that he might avoid in future the mortification of being guilty of a similar error.

As the coffee went down, and the beef-steak followed, Mr. Scrake seemed to relax, and to forget that his hat hung over his head, commemorative of the recent retirement of Mrs. Scrake from this 'wale of tears,' and became quite jocular on the subject of the fair sex, congratulating Kornicker upon his looks; calling him a lucky dog, and telling him that if he were him, he'd 'make up to some charming young woman with a fortune, and be off with her.' He then went into a detail of his own juvenile indiscretions, relating many incidents of his life; some of which were amusing, some ridiculous, some tragic, some pathetic, and not a few quite indecent. It was wonderful what a devil that fat-cheeked, little-eyed, round-stomached fellow had been. Who could resist the influence of such a man? Not poor Kornicker; it gradually had its effect upon him, for he in turn grew communicative; talked freely of Rust, and of every man, woman and child of his acquaintance. He grew merry over the rare doings which had taken place in Rust's den. He then descanted upon the peculiarities of the old man; his fierce fits of passion, his cold, shrewd, caustic manners, his coming in, and his going out; how long he was absent; how profoundly secret he kept himself, his doings, his whereabouts, and his mode of life. 'And,' said he, in conclusion, 'I know nothing of him. He's a queer dog, a wonderfully queer one. It would take a long time to fathom him, I can tell you. I've been with him for a long time; and am his confidential adviser, his lawyer, and all that sort of thing; and yet I've never done but two things for him.'

'You do n't say so!' exclaimed Mr. Scrake, laying down his knife and fork; and looking at him with his mouth open; 'and pray what were those things?'

'I sued one man,' (being a lawyer you know,) said he, nodding in an explanatory way at Mr. Scrake, 'and carried a letter to another.'

'Ah! and who were those fortunate individuals?'

'Poh! I suppose there's no secret about it. The man sued, was one Enoch Grosket. The other was one Henry Harson; a jolly old boy he was too. I breakfasted with him; a prime fellow; keeps a d—d ugly cur, though.'

'Enoch Grosket, Henry Harson!' said the stranger, musing; 'I've heard of them, I think. Who are they?'

'It is more than I can tell,' replied Kornicker. 'That's the mystery of my situation. I know nothing about any thing I'm doing, or of him, or his acquaintances.'

'Why, you must know what you sued the man for,' said Mr. Scrake, earnestly; 'you must know *that*, surely.'

'Yes, but it's a height of knowledge which do n't carry much information with it,' replied Mr. Kornicker. 'I sued him on a promissory note. What he made it for, or how Rust got it, or any thing more about him, or it, or Harson, or Rust, I know as little as you.'

The stranger drew himself up, and looking at him gravely, said in a

serious and even stern tone : ‘ Do you mean to say that you are entirely ignorant of every thing respecting this Rust ; his family, his business, his acquaintances, his associates, his habits, his plans and operations ? ’ — in short, that you know nothing more than you have mentioned to me ? ’

The other nodded.

‘ Waiter, my bill,’ said he in a peremptory tone.

The boy brought him a slip of paper, on which was written the amount.

He paid it without a word ; walked across the room, took down his hat, put it on his head, and turning to Kornicker, said in a tone of solemn earnestness : ‘ Young man, you’re in a bad way, a *very* bad way. Had I known with what people you were in the habit of associating before I sat down at that table, Ezra Scrake’s legs and yours would never have been under the same mahogany. A man in the employ of another and know nothing of him ! It’s enormous ! He might be a murderer, a thief ; a man-slaughterer ; a *Burker*, an arsoner, or any thing that is bad. Young man, in spite of the injury you’ve done me, I pity you ; nay, I forgive you.’

Mr. Kornicker, was merely waiting for an opportunity to suggest to him that his company had not only been unsought, but actually forced upon him, and even under his solemn protest. But before he could do so, Mr. Scrake was in the street ; whereupon, on ascertaining that he was out of the hearing of Mr. Kornicker, he muttered to himself : ‘ It was no go. Waited for him two hours ; then spent an hour in pumping a dry well. Enoch Grosket, has sent me on a fool’s errand. Michael Rust knows too much to trust that addle-headed fool.’

Having given vent to these observations, he deliberately buttoned up his coat, and walked off.

CHAPTER TWENTIETH.

IN a dark room into which even in the day-time the light struggled in such scanty streams that a kind of twilight was the nearest approach that it ever made to broad day, but which was now only lighted by a single candle, that flared and dripped in the currents of air, as they eddied and whirled about, seeking an escape, sat Tim Craig, and his comrade Bill Jones, the men with Rust’s interview with whom the reader is already acquainted. They were sitting cheek by jowl on two wooden benches in front of a fire, which they from time to time nourished with sticks from a heap of wood on the hearth. The fire however would not burn, but kept smouldering and smoking, now and then springing up into a fitful blaze, which threw a spectral air over the room, peopling its dim recesses with all sorts of fantastic forms, and then expired, leaving it more gloomy than ever. The appearance of the men, their subdued, whispering voices and startled looks, showed that at that particular time they were not altogether in a frame of mind to resist the gloomy influence of the place. The dark, lonely room, with its large shadowy corners and gaping seams, through which the wind

sighed and wailed, and the pattering of the rain as it swept heavily against the side of the house and on the roof, all tended to add to the melancholy and sombre tone of their feelings. Bill drew his bench to the fire, looked suspiciously about him, and then, as if half ashamed of having done so, said :

‘It’s a h—ll of a night ! I do n’t know how it is, but I’m not in trim to-night. Blow me, if the sight of that old fellow do n’t make one’s blood cold. I can’t get warm ; and this bloody fire keeps sputtering and smoking, as if to spite one.’

Tim Craig, to whom this remark was addressed, turned and looked him steadily in the face, without speaking ; and then his eyes wandered about the room, as if he were fearful of being watched or overheard, in what he was going to say.

‘Bill,’ said he in a low voice, his thin lips quivering ; but whether from anger or any other emotion, was a matter of much doubt ; ‘d—d if I know which way to leap ! Enoch pulls one way and Rust another. Either of them could send us to kingdom come. Ugh ! how cold it is ! Something comes over me to-night — I can’t tell what. I do n’t half like the job. Bill,’ continued he after a pause, drawing nearer his comrade and lowering his voice, ‘I’m haunted to-night. You know that fellow, the man up town, the cartman——’ He hesitated, and leaned his mouth close to the ear of the other, while in the dim light his face seemed ghastly ; ‘the — the man, last year——’

Jones looked at him significantly ; and then drew his finger across his throat. ‘Do you mean that fellow ?’

‘Yes,’ replied Craig in a husky tone, and scarcely able to articulate, for the choking in his throat. ‘He’s been *here* to night. Three times I’ve caught him looking over my shoulder ! God ! There he is again ! Light ! light ! light !’ shouted he, springing up ; ‘make the fire burn, I say — make it burn ! Heap on wood ! heap it on ! Do *any thing* — but keep him off !’

‘Why, Tim, you seem to be took bad,’ exclaimed his companion, at the same time getting on his knees, and setting assiduously to work to blow the fire. ‘Come, this is worse than ever. We’ve got to work to-night ; and it wont do to go into your fantasies.’

He paused in his remarks to apply his breath to the fire, and with such success, that in a few minutes a bright blaze was dancing up the chimney, lighting the whole room, and dispelling at once that shadowy appearance which its great size and dilapidated state had tended to give it.

‘There now, that’s as comfortable a fire as you can want ; and arter all, what you was just talking of was all fancy,’ said he, resuming his seat. ‘Dead men stay where you put ’em.’

Craig had been pacing furiously up and down the room, as if to outwalk some demon that *would* keep at his side ; but he stopped short, and going up to his comrade, placed his hand on his shoulder and said : ‘Bill Jones, that’s a lie ! Whoever says so, lies ! Dead men *do n’t* stay where you put ’em. I’ve had that man walking with me for hours together. I’ve had him at the same table with me, when I ate ; I’ve had him in bed with me — ay, all night long ; and to-night he’s been

here with his face almost touching mine. Blast him! if I could but get him by the throat, I'd throttle him!

'Come, come, Tom, none of this,' said Jones, with more gentleness than his appearance indicated. 'I'm sorry for you; you must feel bad enough, or you would n't go on so. I've know'd you since we were boys together; and I know it's not a little matter that works you up, like you are now. Come, sit down.' He led him to a seat, and kneeling at his feet, took his hand in both of his. 'Do n't give in so, my old feller. Do n't you know, when we were boys, how we all looked up to you; and although I could have doubled you up, with my big limbs, yet you always had the mastery over me. Ha! ha! Tim, don't you remember the old schoolmaster, too? Hallo! what now?'

Craig leaned his head upon Jones' shoulder and sobbed aloud. Do n't talk of those days, Bill; it'll drive me mad. Oh! if I was a boy again! But no, no; I'm a fool,' exclaimed he, springing up, apparently swallowing his emotion at one fierce gulp, and in an instant becoming as hardened as ever. 'Am I crazy, to-night, or *what* ails me, that I've become as white-livered as a girl? Where's the grog? Give us a sup; and we'll see what's to be done.'

'There, now you talk right,' said Jones, putting his hand in his coat-pocket and drawing out a small bottle, cased in leather; 'that'll wake you up; and now to business. You hav' n't told me what's to be did, and who you'll go with, Grosket, or Rust.'

'Rust,' said Craig, abruptly; 'he's our man. He can bleed; Enoch can't. *He* never fails in what he wants to do; Enoch *does*; but they are both devils incarnate. I'd rather fight against ten other men than either of them; but rather against Enoch than Mike Rust.'

'Well, what is it? He told you all about it. I could n't hear what he said.'

'He's been on the prowl for two days: God knows what he's arter; but he wants us to break in a house and steal a girl.'

'The profligate villain!' exclaimed Mr. Jones, with an air of great horror; 'I'll tell his father of him!'

'It's only a child.'

'Oh! that alters the case,' said Mr. Jones, 'Then I'll tell his wife. Well?'

'We are to go to the house, get the girl at all hazards, rob the house if we choose, and bring *her* here. What he wants of her, who she is, is more than I know. 'You are to get her, and ask no questions,' that's what he said.'

'Who's in the house?'

'Only an old man and a woman.'

'The man?—is he used up, or what?'

'He's a bull-dog,' was the laconic reply.

'We'll want *them* then,' said Jones, pointing to a closet which was partly open, showing several pairs of pistols on a shelf.

'I suppose so. Bring 'em out, and look at the locks; not the flint-locks—it's a wet night; get the others. We must have no trifling.'

Jones made no other reply than to take out a pair of pistols, which he carried to the light, and examined their locks.

‘Are they loaded?’ inquired Craig.

Jones nodded: ‘Two bullets in each! Suppose they twig us? — are we to fight or run?’

‘You had better die than fail. He said that,’ replied Craig, in a low tone; ‘and when I saw his look I thought so too. D—n him! I’m afraid of him. It’ll be no baby-work if they discover us.’

The other robber made no reply, but continued to examine the pistols, carefully rubbing the barrels, to remove any trace of rust, and working the hammers backward and forward; after which he put two fresh caps on the cones. ‘All right! I’m ready as soon as it’s time. When do you go?’

‘Not till an hour after midnight. That’s the time when folks sleep soundest. You could cut a man’s throat then without waking him. Don’t let the fire get down,’ said he, turning an apprehensive eye toward the fire-place. ‘It’s cold, and we’ve three hours to be here yet.’

Jones, with the same good-natured alacrity which he had before displayed, threw several sticks on the fire, and then turning to his comrade, said:

‘Suppose we rattle the dice till midnight?’

Craig shook his head.

‘What say you to the paste-board?’

‘No cards for me,’ replied the other, seating himself and leaning his cheeks between his hands, with his elbows on his knees, and his eyes fastened on the fire. ‘I want to be on the move. God! How I wish it was time! This cursed room is enough to suffocate one. Curse me, but it smells of coffins and dead men, and is as cold as a church-vault. It goes to ‘a fellow’s very bones.’

There was something so unusual in the mood of his comrade, that Jones at last started up and said:

‘Blast me, Tim, but you must stop this. You’re making me as wild and frightened as yourself. Talk of your beaks, and courts, and prisons, and bullets, and pistols, as much as you like; but d—n it, leave your dead men, and coffins, and vaults, and all them ’ere to themselves, will you! Curse me, if you ain’t enough to make a sneak of any man. So just stop, will you? If you can’t talk of something better, don’t talk at all.’

Craig took him at his word; and drawing his bench closer to the fire, maintained his position, without moving or speaking for more than an hour.

Jones, in the mean while, for want of employment, again examined the pistols; drew out the loads, and reloaded them; then going to the closet, he brought out two very dangerous-looking knives, and after trying the points on his finger, proceeded to oil them. This over, he betook himself to whistling, at the same time, keeping time to his music by drumming his heel heavily on the floor. This, however, could not last forever; and finally, wrapping a heavy coat around his shoulders, he stretched himself at full length in front of the fire, and was soon sound asleep.

Not so his companion. In silence, without stirring, and scarcely

breathing, yet wide awake, with ears alive to every sound, and distorting every sigh of the wind into the voice of a human being, he sat with white lips and a shaking hand until the faint chime of a clock, which reached him even above the noise of the storm, told him that the hour was come.

'Wake up!' said he, touching Jones with his foot. 'It's time to be off.'

Jones, with instinctive quickness, obeyed the call by springing to his feet, apparently as wide awake as if he had not closed his eyes during the night.

'All right!' said he, looking hastily about the room. 'Hey! but what's all this noise?'

'It's a horrible night; all hell seems abroad,' said Craig. 'But come; get ready, and let's be off.'

'Will we want any of *them*?' asked Jones, pointing to an upper shelf in the closet, on which was lying a number of uncouth-looking instruments, the nature of which was best known to themselves.

'Take the small crow; we may want *that*, but nothing more.'

'The bag, too?' inquired Bill.

'No; it's a girl we've to steal; d — n it, I wish it was n't!'

While he was speaking, he had thrust his arms into a shaggy great-coat, and was tying a thick woollen wrapper over his mouth, so that the last remark was nearly lost in it. He then put on an oil-skin cap, not unlike what is called by sailors a 'sou'-wester,' and stood watching the proceedings of his comrade, which were by no means as expeditious as his own; for that gentleman proceeded very leisurely to encase his feet in a pair of thick woollen stockings, and a pair of shoes more capable of resisting the wet than those which he then wore. After this, he put an oil-cloth jacket over his other one, and surmounted the whole by a coat similar to that worn by Craig.

'One would suppose you was a baby, from your tenderness to yourself,' said Craig, impatiently. 'You ain't sugar, are you? Do you expect the rain to melt you?'

'I'm a sweet fellow, I know that,' replied the other, carefully buttoning his coat to the chin. 'I may be sugar for all I know, should n't be surprised if I was. I've been told so afore this; let me tell you *that*, my old feller. You ain't in kidney to-night. Take another pull at little Job,' said he, handing him the bottle, 'and we'll be off.'

Whatever Craig's contempt of the rain might be, it did not seem to extend to other liquids; for he took the bottle, and applying it to his lips, did not remove it until the bottom of it was not a little inclined toward the ceiling; perhaps its elevation might even have increased, had not Jones reminded him that it being late at night, the vessel could not be replenished, and that there was a 'small child' to be helped after him, who hated above all things sucking at the neck of a dry bottle.

Craig permitted the bottle to be taken from his hand, and stood with his eyes fixed on the floor in deep thought; nor did he arouse himself until Jones took him by the arm, and said:

'Come on; all's ready.'

Craig started at the words. 'The pistols and the glim?'

‘I’ve got ’em.’

‘And the crow-bar?’

‘All snug *here*,’ said Jones, touching the pocket of his great-coat.

‘Good! Follow me.’ Craig strode across the room, and went out.

It was a dreadful night. The rain spouted furiously from the water-conductors, and sped boiling and foaming through the streets. The wind too caught it up as it fell, and swept it in long sheets through the streets; and as the two men battled their way along, it seemed actually to hiss around them, like the long lash of a whip. The tempest had a rare frolic that night, and right merrily did it howl over the house-tops, and through the narrow streets; and fast and furiously did the water bubble and boil, as it dashed on like mad to the deep river, to take refuge in her bosom from its tormentor the hurricane.

Not a thing was stirring; not a beast. Not a man, except the two felons. A right glorious night it was for rapine and midnight murder. The house-dog had slunk in his straw, and the watchman was dozing away, under some shed, or stoop, or in some dark door-way. There was nothing to stand in the way of these enterprising men, save the fierce storm, and what cared they for that? It was the very night for them. If it came to blows, or if a life was to be taken, the death-cry would be lost in the howling of the wind; it was the night of all nights for *them*; and so thought Craig and his comrade, as they toiled along, with their heads bent down to keep the rain out of their faces.

‘Is it far?’ at last inquired Jones; ‘we’ve come a mile.’

‘Half a mile more,’ replied Craig; and that was all that passed between them, until they stood in front of Harson’s house.

‘This is it,’ said Craig.

He lifted the latch of the gate opening into the door-yard, and approached the house.

‘Where are we to begin?’ inquired Jones.

Craig pointed to a small window on a level with, or rather sunk somewhat below, the surface of the ground, with a kind of area around it. ‘*There*; there are iron gratings, but they are set in the wood, which is all rotten. Quick! try them with the crow-bar; they’ll give.’

Jones, with an alacrity and adroitness which showed a long experience in such matters, after feeling his way to the place, and passing his hand over the bars to discover their exact situation, inserted his crow-bar between the stone-work and the wood, and at the very first application forced the whole out. A wooden shutter which opened from within, being merely secured by a wooden button, gave way before a strong pressure of his hand, and left the entrance open.

‘Go in quick!—don’t keep a fellow in the rain all night,’ said Craig, in a sharp whisper. ‘It’s only three feet to the floor. Get in, will you?’

‘Shut up! Cuss ye!’ exclaimed Jones, savagely; ‘let me take my own way.’

As he spoke, he inserted his feet, and gradually let himself down until he touched the floor. In a moment Craig was at his side, and closed the shutter.

‘Now, quick! a light!’ whispered he. In another minute, the dark

lantern was lighted, and Craig, taking it up and throwing back the slide, turned it carefully around the place. It was a cellar, filled with empty barrels and boxes; and seemed to be a sort of receptacle for rubbish of all descriptions. At one end was a door leading to the upper part of the house. It was partly open. Without a word, Craig went to it and ascended the stairs, which were shut off from the kitchen by another door.

Craig opened this, and crossed the room with a quick yet stealthy step, but with the air of one perfectly familiar with the precincts. Passing through the entry, he went into Harson's sitting-room; from there into the outer room, communicating with the street.

'We'll open the street door, Bill,' said he, 'in case we have to bolt quick. There,' said he, as he drew back two bolts, and turned the key, don't forget the road. Leave all the doors open. That'll do. We'll get the girl first, and then we'll see what's to be done. First door at the head of the stairs. Quiet, quiet; there's a dog in the next room.'

Stealing up the stairs, they opened the door, and the full light of the lamp fell in the child's room. They could hear her low, regular breathing as she slept. Craig handed the light to his companion.

'I'll take her,' whispered he. 'Bring the light so that I can see. There, that will do.' He bent over her. As he did so, he accidentally stirred the bed-clothes, and the child opened her eyes; and before he could prevent it, a single wild cry escaped her as she caught sight of the wild faces which were bending over her.

'Christ! how she yelps!' exclaimed Craig, in a fierce whisper. He clapped his hand over her mouth. 'By G—d! there goes the dog too! we must be off. My chicken,' said he, in a low tone, 'if you understand plain English, you know what I mean when I say if you whisper loud enough to wake a cat, you'll get a bullet through your head. Hist! Bill, was that a door creaking? I can't hear for the d—d dog!' Both stopped and listened.

'It was only the door below,' said Jones. 'Quick! quick!'

Craig caught the child out of bed, wrapped a blanket about her to stifle her cries, in case she should make any, and moved to the door.

'Turn the light on the door; I can't see. There, that will do. Now then, it's open, and the game's ours.'

'*Not quite!*' said a stern voice; and the next instant Craig received a blow from a fist which sent him reeling back into the room.

'Watch! watch! murder! thieves!' bellowed Harson from without, while from the din, at least forty pug-dogs seemed to be barking in all parts of the entry.

'Shoot him! shoot him down!' shouted Craig, springing to the door. 'By G—d! the door's shut, and he's holding it from the outside!' exclaimed he, pulling it with all his force. 'He's as strong as a bull. Quick! shoot through the panel! He must stand behind the knob. Fire!'

Instead of obeying him, Bill Jones seized the child. 'Hark ye, old fellow,' said he; 'shut up, or I'll dash this girl's brains out. If I don't, d—n me!'

This appeal was heard, and operated upon Harson ; but in a different manner from what they expected, for he relaxed his hold of the door so suddenly, that Craig fell backward, and bursting into the room, with a single blow prostrated the burglar, who was bending over the child, and dashed the light to the ground. His advantage was only momentary ; for in a minute Craig flung himself upon him. But the old man's blood was up. In his young days he had been a powerful wrestler ; and even now the robber found him no easy conquest, for he said, in a husky tone : ' This wo n't do, Bill. Drop the girl and come here. This blasted old fool will keep us all night.'

Instead of obeying him, Jones stole to the head of the stairs and listened. In an instant he sprang back.

' We must be off, Tim ! Some one is coming. Quick ! Let loose the man.'

But there were two to that bargain ; for Harson had heard the words as well as the robber, and he held him with a grip like a vice.

' Let go your hold and we 'll be off,' said Craig, in a husky voice.

' Never ! You shall taste what you are so ready to give !' said Harson, fiercely.

' Bill, there 's no time to lose !' exclaimed Craig, in a stern tone. ' Shoot him, and have done with it ! There, now ; I 'll hold him.'

The report of a pistol followed ; but as it did so, a deep groan came from Craig. ' You 've done for me, Bill. The old fellow dodged. Run ! run ! — my rope 's out.'

' Can 't I help you, Tim ?' exclaimed Jones.'

' No, no ; go ! Get off ; I 'll not blow on you.'

Thus adjured, the robber paused no longer. But escape was now no easy matter ; for at the door he was saluted by a loud voice :

' Hallo ! Harry ; is this you ?'

' No, no, a thief ! Grab him, Frank !'

The next instant Jones was in the grip of a powerful man, but he was a giant himself, and desperate. He flung himself with all his force upon his adversary, and both went to the floor together ; Jones' hand on the other's throat.

There is something fearful in the grapple of a desperate man, even when feeble in frame ; and in the case of Jones, who knew that every thing depended on his efforts, and whose fierce spirit was backed by muscles of iron, the conflict was one of such fury that the very walls of the old house shook. From step to step, from the landing to the hall, they fought ; tugging and tearing at each other like two dogs, while Harry Harson in vain hung about them ; the darkness and the rapidity of their motions preventing him from distinguishing friend from foe.

' By G — d ! he 's an ox for strength,' at last said Frank ; ' if you 'd do any thing, Harry, go to the door and sing out for the watch. I 'll hold him.'

It might be that in order to utter these words the Doctor relaxed his grip, or it might be that the knowledge of the increased risk that he would run gave additional strength to the robber, for he made a single desperate effort, tore himself from the iron grasp that held him down, rose to his knee, and striking the Doctor a blow in the face that for a mo-

ment bewildered him, sprang to his feet, dashed Harson from the door, bounded across the room between the hall and the street-door, and darted into the street at full speed.

'D—n me, Harry, he's off!' said the Doctor, assuming a sitting posture on the floor. 'He deserves to escape, for he fought like a devil for it. D—n him, he's a brave fellow! There's no use in chasing him, I suppose; you and I aint cut out for running. If that last crack had hit me on the nose, it would have smashed it. Come, let's see after the other fellow; perhaps he's playing possum, and may be off. If you do n't stop the barking of that d—d dog of yours, I'll kill him.' Gropping their way back to the upper floor, from which they caught sight of Spite, rapidly retreating as they advanced, they found the house-keeper standing in the room which they had just left, arrayed in a particularly large white night-gown and wearing a particularly high cap, with a particularly fierce white ribbon on the top of it, and bearing in her hand a dim rush-light.

'Quick! Martha; more lights, and some brandy!' said Harson, pushing past her. 'Thank God! *you're* not hurt, Annie! Come, Doctor, this poor devil is human,' said he, pointing to Craig, who lay on the floor apparently dead. 'Look to him; he breathes. I hear him.'

It needed no second appeal; for before he had finished, the Doctor had turned the robber over, opened his vest, and displayed a wound in his breast. He thrust his finger in it, and then looking up at Harry, shook his head.

'He's a case; *must* go!'

'Poor fellow! God only knows what may have driven him to this. Help me to put him on the bed.'

Taking him in their arms, they placed him on the bed; and there they sat and watched him until the dawn of day. The bright sunshine came cheerily in at the window; the storm had passed, and the sky looked clear and blue, as if it had never been unruffled. And at that hour, and in that room, with the golden sunbeams streaming in, lay Tim Craig, his head pressed heavily back upon the pillow, bound round with a cloth dabbled in blood. His face was blackened and bruised, and his shirt and the bed-clothes stained with blood. His breath was short and heavy, and at times, gasping; his mouth half open, and his dull eye fixed with a heavy leaden stare at the ceiling. His race was nearly run. He seemed utterly unconscious of the presence of any one, until the door opened, and Harson, who had gone out, came in.

He went to the bed, and leaned over the burglar. As he did so, his shadow falling across the man's face, attracted his attention, and he turned his heavy eye, and asked, in a husky voice:

'Will I go? What does he say?'

Harson shook his head. 'It's almost over with you, my poor fellow; God help you!'

The man turned his head away and looked at the wall.

'Do you understand me?' said Harson, anxiously bending over him.

'Yes, yes,' replied the man in the same mumbling tone; 'yes, I'm come for; my time's up. I was a strong man yesterday; and now! now ——! It's very strange! very strange!' He muttered a few in-

articulate words, and then resumed his old position, looking at the wall, with no sound escaping him except the low panting of his breath. Suddenly he said, in a louder tone :

‘It’s all very strange *here*.’ He pointed to his head. ‘Were you ever at sea? Yes; well, well — did you ever see a ship toss and swing to and fro — to and fro — to and fro, and yet keep straight on? Well, my brain reels and swims in that way. There are dim strange things; men, beasts, birds, and ghosts hovering about it; but I see straight on, and they are on all sides of the path; yes, I see it straight, straight, straight and plain. I’m going on it. They can’t make me swerve; but it’s awful to have such company about me on such a journey. Come close to me!’

Harrison drew his chair close to the bed and sat down. ‘I’ve sent for a clergyman,’ said he, in a low tone; ‘He’ll be here presently. You must endeavor to chase away these thoughts; they are only dreams.’

Craig’s thin lips contracted into a smile which was horrible, as without moving his eyes from their fixed position, he whispered: ‘No, no; he won’t do it — he’ll not do it. No; I won’t blow on you, Bill. Ha! how hot that bullet was! Lift me up! *He’s* there! Yes, lift me up, so that I may be above him; up! up! Ha! ha! that’ll do. Bill, do you recollect the old school-master? There! Up! up!’

Harrison put his arm under him, and raised him. As he did so, Craig’s head fell against his shoulder, dabbling it with blood. The next instant he stretched himself out at full length, gave a shudder; a long rattling breath followed; and he fell back on the pillow — dead.

L I N E S T O D E A T H .

How vain is human strength to flee,
Thou mighty One! from thee!

Thou hid’st the scenes that lie the grave beyond —
Thou hast the secrets of the world unseen;
Where the loved ones, the beautiful, the fond,
And all who tossed on life’s wild sea have been,
Have gone in silence at thy dreadful call,
Great conqueror of all!

Empires are crumbled at thy dread command,
And nations rise and flourish but to fall;
Even earth is thine; and thou e’er long shalt stand,
And mark its wealth, and power, and beauty, all
Fade and depart as sunbeams in the heaven
Vanish and die at even!

The midnight storm, the tempest raging high,
The sweeping pestilence, and fell disease,
Rude winter’s blast, and balmy summer’s sigh,
Earth, and the sea whose murmurs never cease,
All are but agents of thy sovereign will,
Thy bidding to fulfil.

Couldst thou to man's earth-fettered soul reveal
 The bliss thou bringest to the pure in heart,
 Would sudden horror o'er his spirit steal,
 When called at last with low-born joys to part?
 Would he not rather sigh for that bless'd shore,
 Where death is known no more?

Stern Power! though others shudder at thy tread,
 And vainly seek thy arrow to evade,
 Before thy stroke I fain would bow my head,
 Nor grieve to see my transient pleasures fade:
 In thy embrace my sorrows all shall cease,
 For in the grave is peace!

H. C.

S K E T C H E S O F E A S T - F L O R I D A .

N U M B E R F O U R .

S T . A U G U S T I N E : T H E L A S T L O O K .

OUR schooner was 'up' for Charleston by the first fair wind; but the captain was fastidious, and the only fair wind was directly aft. A point or two off would not do, unless it had been blowing for a day or two and was likely to continue till the captain could land his passengers in Charleston. Running in on the Georgia coast was always very delightful to the passengers, but not at all so to Captain S——. We had taken berths in the schooner about the middle of April, and when the first week in May had passed by, we began to think it would be difficult to find the precise article of air which the captain desired. During this time it seemed to have become coquettish, giving us all kinds of northerly, all varieties of east, and a preponderance of westerly wind, finishing off with a sirocco from the south-west, ('a Boston east wind boiled,' and the only unpleasant summer wind on the coast,) after which it stopped short; the sand and the orange blossoms settled again, and every thing hung perpendicular. The next morning a puff came up from the south in a very blustering manner, as though it had an immense capital to back it, but proved very short-winded. Our little craft thinking to beat us, shook its sails out right and left, and dashed out of the harbor, rounding the point in a handsome manner; but before reaching the bar it slackened away, till 'small by degrees and beautifully less,' it came to a dead stand; and the same evening we dashed back again with a no'th-east-by-east behind us, to the great delight of promenaders on the sea-wall and the public in general. Ladies rode through the streets at a hard-gallop; little niggers crept under balconies; and an individual whoshall be nameless performed a feat with a certain Di. Vernon of that ilk, which resulted in a bill the next morning of some odd dollars for extra motion, and a severe lesson upon the moralities of fast-riding. The mid-day weather at this time was decidedly summerish, the temperature having the *feel* of about seventy in our latitude, but ranging there from eighty to ninety degrees.

We were beginning the summer custom of gathering every morning to meet the 'doctor' (sea-breeze) on the square, only a short walk below, which I prolonged on the sea-wall to the little schooner, examined the labels on the berths, crushed an orange at the corner shop, and lounged up to the nine-pin alley to close up the 'unfinished business.' After bowling, if it was too warm to invent any thing that would not be forgotten before dinner, the old routine was the order of the day; and back-gammon or flirtation had it, according as we were nearer the Florida House or the one 'round the corner.' The thirty or forty others who had helped make the winter pleasant, had been gone for weeks, and our little parties for bathing or riding, or any other trifling matter which might be better than a cigar on the piazza, had that snug kind of personality which is so much more pleasant than safe, that I half-wished the thirty or forty had gone much sooner than they did.

I was sitting on the piazza one morning with a number of unappropriated blank hours before me, a little embarrassed whether to tease the big bear in the yard or lean over and give up to it, with the old dog who was snapping at flies on the floor, when it struck me as something very fresh, that as the wind was still two points off, I could make one more sally into the country. Before the thought had time to cool, my horse was brought to the door, and looking about for a companion, I asked Miss H——, who hesitated and declined; but I found one in Lieut. T——, who was that morning going over to Picolata. The distance is eighteen miles, through an unbroken pine-barren, (one opening only, at Fort Searle, twelve miles out,) and an under-growth of palmettos of just sufficient height for Indians to hide in. For a long time the travel over all that portion of the territory lying south of a line fifty miles north of us, was with an escort of fifteen or twenty men, who moved at a slow rate, a hundred yards apart, so as not to present to the Indians more than one or two shots at a time from any one point.

Notwithstanding the precaution of a strong escort every day, out or in, on the Picolata road, there had been more downright murdering there than in any other part of the territory, some having been shot down almost in sight of Augustine. This was not escort-day, but if it had been, our horses were not disposed to be six hours in the sun, in going so short a distance. The little grey steed that I had been using for some weeks was not by any means a lady's article, but he had been alongside of them in many a ride on the beach, and so learned the trick of combining the playful and gallant in a very pretty manner. His ambition was to be always up to the mark, and a head more if his companion would allow it; but at the least indication of rivalry his head went down, and nothing less than iron muscles could keep him from his twelve-mile gait. If not well-matched it was his delight to dash ahead for a hundred yards, and then stop and look back, or perhaps return, make a short sweep around his companion, jog on sociably for a little, and then repeat the manœuvre; and in doing this my arms were only sufficient to guide him a little in case he attempted the barren, and keep him clear of the saw-palmetto. T——'s animal belonged at Picolata. The quarter-master at the barracks had sent him up to be taken over, and as we mounted at the Florida House, I could not help smiling as I

recognized the same fellow that the quarter-master had politely sent me for a similar purpose some time previous. He was long-bodied and very long-limbed, and having been brought up in camp, his motion had all the stiffness of the marching step. His point, any two points being given, was to make the straight line between them in the shortest possible time, in an unbroken trot; but there was no danger of his breaking it; he was not capable of a gallop; his limbs could n't be brought to it.

We passed out of town at an easy pace, talking over the last night's ball; and while crossing the bridge the lieutenant called my attention to his saddle, a cast-iron frame thinly covered with leather, leaving large rib-spaces on the back, which he commended as being delightfully cool. 'But, my dear fellow,' said I, 'why did n't you get a blanket?' He replied that after getting accustomed to it, it was much easier than the padded saddle. 'Do you know,' said I, 'that that horse is a trotter?' 'I'm used to trotters,' said he. 'You ease up a little in the stirrups?' 'No; contrary to rules.'

We now entered the barren, and the moment the horses dipped their hoofs in the sand, the old 'forker,' seeing the problem to be solved, took the bit in his teeth and started for Picolata. At the first dash the forker went ahead. He had laid his course, as they say at sea, and no up-helm or down-helm had the slightest effect upon him. His mind was made up; no wavering, no playfulness, no scarishness, no looking to the right or left. Picolata was the point; 'no two ways' to Picolata; he was on the right way, and he was the horse to do it in double-quick time. The little grey had evidently thought it was too hot for any thing in his line; but as soon as he noticed any thing like game in his companion, his head went down as usual; and after a little hard running, we brushed by the old fellow, made the requisite heading, wheeled, passing the forker on the larboard quarter, and made the circuit, to his great satisfaction. 'Here we go!' said I, as we passed him again; and this time the grey kept 'head on' for some miles, till at length I succeeded in stopping him, and looked back. The forker was coming in a bee-line, T—— bobbing up and down 'with a short uneasy motion,' endeavoring to make a seat of his jacket which he had stripped off; and as he came nearer I noticed that he was trying to look very cool and comfortable. We waited till they came up, but there was no stopping; the forker went by without winking or noticing the grey in the slightest manner.

Easing up on the reins till we came abreast, 'How are you now?' said I. 'Oh, this is nothing' said T——, turning round a very little with a highly-charged expression of face; 'a little rough; yes, a little—little rough; but you observe my seat, Sir—West Point?' 'O yes,' said I; 'very fine—and cool, I suspect.' But there was not much chance of intelligible conversation. T—— kept on talking, but his remarks, meant for the quarter-master, were so barbarously broken, that I could only guess occasionally at some exclamations, which for point and emphasis were highly military. Our rate of travel was not, you observe, from five to ten, or from eight to twelve miles an hour, but exactly ten. That was the forker's motion, from which there was no deviation. If he was struck, his heels went up suddenly and very high, but it was no impedi-

ment. He evidently took the blow as a military order for a rear motion ; nothing more, and no occasion for malice. Now, if any body wishes to know about the face of the country ; how bounded, what products, etc., between Augustine and Picolata, I am unable to give the slightest information from any notes taken that morning. My perceptions were all *in medias res* ; and I only remember seeing a wild turkey that we scared up, and an alligator that made for the water while we were a quarter of a mile distant, and splashed in in a great fright some time after we had passed him.

In little more than an hour we entered the opening at Fort Searle so suddenly, that I heard the orderly report, as he marched up to the commanding officer : 'Two gentlemen from Augustine, Sir.' 'Very well,' said the officer ; and he turned to receive the lieutenant, but T — was past all dignities. Stretching himself on a bench he ordered brandy-and-water, and as that was not quite the thing, added a little cherry bounce, and finished with old Jamaica, and presently went round a corner with a tumbler of the latter ; but whether for external or internal application, I am unable to say. Without stopping long enough to get stiff, we mounted again, and after a few closing flourishes from the little grey entered the city of Picolata, consisting of one house, and were greeted with the chattering of ten thousand black-birds all in full chorus. A boat coming up very opportunely, we took passage in her that night, and next morning were at Pilatka.

A few miles south of that place, there is a small plantation on the river that had been deserted and the house burned down by the Indians during the first winter of the war. Some weeks previous, while at Pilatka, Colonel — had politely offered me a sergeant and nine men to visit the place, but shortly after reaching it they complained of the musquitoes and rode back to the camp, leaving me with the guide and Gen. W — to finish the survey. I now found a young physician who was waiting an escort for Tampa Bay, and we went out alone ; and after studying trails for a long time, and taking directions by the compass, we came in sight of the hammock when some miles distant, and entering by a winding road that was arched over so as to be almost dark as night, we emerged, after a quarter of a mile, in a little round spot in the wilderness, which for quiet beauty was beyond any thing I had ever before seen. There were some forty acres in the circle, and yet it looked not unlike a dollar in a tumbler, so high and dense was the forest. The magnolias, a hundred feet in air, were in full blossom, their white tops making an unbroken wreath over the area, while the lower branches of the live-oaks were loaded with the long moss, hanging like curtains, motionless in the bright light, and not a single bird on the tree-tops to break the perfect charm of the place. Beautiful, very beautiful ! but how strangely still ! A squirrel chattering, or the rat-tat of a wood-pecker, would have been something ; but there was not a single voice out ; not so much as the hum of a musquito, though it was the hottest of summer days.

Why did n't the oaks speak, or the magnolias ? If they had, shaken their white heads, and raising their trailing garments, had all burst out in some grand anthem, I should only have thought it quite in

character; and if personally addressed, it would have seemed entirely a matter of course. I should have replied civilly, begged pardon for intruding in so informal a manner, and backed out as soon as possible; and perhaps the click of a rifle would have produced the same effect. We rode around the little gem, and found the charred timbers where the house stood, and a few orange trees that the Indians had left; but the cool spring was so hid in the high grass, that we were forced back with parched lips to the flat water at Pilatka, which place we reached in time for a late dinner; and just as the evening set in I took passage again for Picolata.

All the boats running on the river were in the government service, and ours at this time was loaded fore and aft with a company of dragoons, bound to Black Creek. As we left the dock, another large boat came out in a pompous manner, and gave us chase; and as the day had been intensely hot, a large line of clouds rolled over the bluff at the same time, probably from the gulf *en route* to the Atlantic, and moving slowly across the river, gathered their black folds around the pine-tops, shutting all up, river and forest, every thing but our chimneys, in utter darkness. And now began a scene which combined little and great in a manner quite fantastic. Boatmen swearing and yelling to each other as the boats came near collision, and that infernal scream sounding off through the pine barrens like some spirit newly damned; horses prancing and threshing on the bows; men growling at cards, and over head thunder and lightning leading off the storm in a very brilliant and point-blank manner; all which was quite rousing and melo-dramatic. While I was noticing the pilot's manner of steering by flashes, a gentleman came up, whom I recognised as a resident of St. Augustine; and as he had a horse at Picolata, we agreed to go over together that night, as the darkness was rather favorable, and the road being sandy, we could ride rapidly without being heard.

It was late in the evening when we reached Picolata; and with a good deal of uproar, men shouting, steam puffing, and half a dozen blacks gesticulating on shore, we each made a fortunate leap to the dock; and walking up to the camp in a blaze of pitch-pine, we ordered our horses, and at eleven o'clock entered the pine woods for St. Augustine. 'I would n't go over to-night,' said the man as he brought up my horse; 'the rascals have been seen about here within a day or two; for God's sake, Sir, *do n't* go over to-night!' But this only gave a keener zest to the ride. I had carried with me every where a double-barrelled gun, but I had found it an awkward companion, and having been all day in the saddle I concluded to leave it to be sent over, and mean time trust to my friend's pistols.

The rain had ceased, and the wind had gone down, but the night was still so dark that we could only guess at the road by the strip of light over head, and now and then a flash, which would light up the avenue for a long distance ahead, and then leave it still darker than before. As we entered the barren at an easy trot, I was pleased to notice that the darkness or the storm had tamed my little grey into a very sober humor, and his companion also was in a very moralizing way. There was no starting at the lightning, no attempt at running, but with a noise.

less tread they stepped daintily in the sand, pointing their ears hither and yon, and as it seemed to me, affecting a little scarishness, though what they could hear when the forest was so breathless, it was difficult to imagine ; but every little while they would both leap some fifteen feet across the road, (which could n't be affectation) shiver a little, and then pick their way carefully as before. We could see nothing, hear nothing ; but horses are keen snuffers, and they might smell when we could n't ; but what was singular, the vaulting was done from the same side of the road.

We were still keeping up a little small-talk, when some miles in the forest, both horses, without any jump or start of any kind, stopped suddenly ; and looking ahead, we saw something moving stealthily toward us. My companion cocked a pistol and challenged ; but we only heard a little grumbling, and I counted him a dead man ; but before we had time to guess about it, something brushed by, and by a flash of light we saw a glitter of buttons, and a man on horseback. Whoever or whatever he was, we saw him but a moment, and he was soon out of hearing. With a remark or two upon the fool-hardiness of the man, we quickened our pace, and went on at a dashing rate, abreast and Indian fashion, just as it happened ; now one leading and now the other, according to the wind of our horses ; and in this manner we were passing the most dangerous part of the road, when there was a sudden whizzing about our ears, and the report of half a dozen rifles. The little grey reared and plunged and I landed—where, I don't know ; but the next that I remember, I was standing alone in the pine barren. I had been running for a long time ; how far I could n't tell, being conscious only of dodging often from one tree to another. On looking about I remarked that the clouds had opened a little, and that there was nothing to be seen or heard in any direction. Presently I heard a yell, and looking around, a strapping Indian, with his rifle drawn to his eye, fired as I faced him, and the ball parted a lock of my hair in a manner very embarrassing. I levelled upon the rascal, but missed fire ; the rain had wet the powder in the tube. The fellow took no pains to hide himself, but was very coolly loading again, and had got his ball ready, when I once more started off at full speed.

It was a sharp race, and a warm one. After running a mile or more, there was a small stream to be crossed ; and with a few well-balanced steps on a half-decayed log that lay at the edge of the water, I reached the opposite bank just as my pursuer stepped on at the other end. Hearing a strange kind of shock, I turned and saw the big six-footed animal astride the log, twisting and writhing about in great agony. He had slipped and fallen in such a manner as to pain him almost beyond endurance. I stood on the bank and laughed at him ; and—shall I confess it ?—I tried half a dozen more caps at the fellow, with a most savage deliberateness ; to all which he paid not the slightest attention ; but as his strength came gradually back, I took to my heels again, and fortunately reached the highway.

The last ten miles of our ride that night were passed over in a very headlong manner : we stopped only once, as we heard the cry of some hounds on the south side, and then on again, keeping our horses just

within their speed, till at the worst place on the road, we gave up the reins and let them go. In less than two hours from Picolata, we snuffed the salt air again; and reaching the open country, walked our horses leisurely into St. Augustine.

As we entered the city my companion left me; and as I drew rein on the square, I noticed that the schooner was still at the dock, and all about the city was quiet and undisturbed. The storm had gone by, its skirts hanging on the eastern horizon, and forming a back-ground to the light of the light-house, while the city and bay were bright in the star-light; and if stars shine any brighter in the small hours, they were doing their best then. All looked pleasant and quite at home, even to the sentry at the corner; and there was nothing, you would say, to make one sad; but as I turned the corner I drew a breath of such yawning profundity that the old dog at the Florida House started up and growled impromptu. That dog had held a stout nigger all night in the yard, not long before; but fortunately he knew me, and after smelling, to make sure that all was right, he followed me into an out-house, when I rolled Bob out of a cradle, and giving a general order in a low voice for a warm bath in the morning, found my quarters and went to bed.

At sunrise the next morning I was half awake, grasping at the skirts of a pleasant dream, when Bob came in, blew about the room for awhile, and cried out 'Massa, did you order um wom bath?' 'No; clear out! Eh? warm bath? Yes; warm bath, to be sure.' And Bob went out, and came in directly with two wenches and a warm bath. 'How's the wind Bob?' 'De wind?' 'Yes; where's the wind?' 'Dun know, Sah.' 'Well, go out in the balcony and see where it comes from.' Bob shouted through the open window, 'De wind come from de Souf.'

I shuddered but one spring, and the blacks vanished. Going below, I found the house in commotion. The schooner was to sail at nine o'clock, and the signal would be the report of a two-pounder which the captain carried on his quarter-deck. At eight o'clock I had been all over town from the fort to the powder house; looked in at the church, where were some fifteen or twenty kneeling, silent and devotional; and was seated at breakfast, when we heard the captain's gun, an hour before the time. 'My God!' said I, 'I can't go without seeing Mrs. J — and kind Mrs. G —; and then there's the pretty Di. Vernon!' (I had bade them good-by a dozen times.) I rushed into the street, and seeing half-a-dozen ladies not far off, gave them a touch-and-go shake; rushed up a wrong street, then back again, and finally came out on the square and saw the little schooner's sails bellied out full; passengers waving their handkerchiefs, and the people all around crying out to me to hurry, or I should lose my chance. But I *did n't* hurry. The idea of hurry, after we had waited six weeks! That captain too, had he been asleep all this time, and just awaked? No; I did not hurry, but walked leisurely across the square, looking over my shoulder occasionally to see if — was any where in sight, for she had promised to be at the dock; and passing over the long wharf in the same stubborn way, I stepped on board the schooner with a stiffer upper lip than I ever remember to have had in that climate. The moment that my feet touched the deck,

the ropes slipped and away flew the schooner; but in all this 'heat, haste and hunger,' from a half-swallowed breakfast, and consignments of pacquets and kind wishes that were left behind, the sentiment of my last look was burnt to a cinder.

THOUGHTS FROM BULWER.

BY MRS. M. T. W. CHANDLER.

I.

It cannot be that earth was given for our abiding place,
Or that for nought we 're darkly doomed the storms of life to face;
It cannot be our being 's cast from 'neath the ocean wave
Of vast Eternity, to sink *again* within its grave.
Else tell me why the aspiring thoughts, the glorious hopes of man,
Which spring up from his 'heart of hearts,' brook not earth's narrow span;
Oh! tell me why unsatisfied forever here they roam,
And seem to claim in higher spheres a refuge and a home.

II.

Why is it that the rainbow and the tints of evening clouds
Dispel the mists in which the world our spirits still enshrouds?
The chord they strike! — oh, tell me not that it can be of earth —
The golden heart-string that they touch is *not* of mortal birth:
The very buds and blossoms, and the balmy summer air,
Awake within us shadows vague of things more bright and fair;
'Tis almost like *remembrance* — oh! would that I could tell
The meaning of that hidden charm my spirit knows so well!

III.

A simple tone can rouse it; a smile, or even a sigh
Can make the ghost-like shadows flit before my dreaming eye;
'Tis one of life's deep mysteries; in vain we seek to trace
The hidden spell's dark origin that chains our feeble race:
But, oh! may we not fancy, may we not sweetly think,
'Tis between us and another world a dim mysterious link?
May we not hope that secret chord from God to man was given,
To shadow forth within his soul pure images of heaven?

IV.

The very stars which pierce the veil far o'er this world of sin,
And seem to give faint visions of a paradise within,
In all their hallowed loveliness, their vague and mystic lore,
Oh! do they not seem beckoning to a purer, holier shore?
And tell me why the well-loved eyes which here upon us beam
Gleam radiantly o'er our path, then vanish like a dream;
My MOTHER! oh! my Mother! shall they find belief in me,
Who tell me there 's no happy land where I shall meet with thee?

V.

I *know* there is a heaven which is peopled not with shades,
Where the buds and flowers ne'er wither, and the rainbow never fades;
Where the mourners cease from mourning, and in smiles of joy are drest,
Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest:
Oh! there is gladness in the thought; 'tis deep, deep joy to me
To feel that those I love so well I there again shall see;
To know that though around them now my very heart-strings twine,
They 'll be forever with me there — forever more be mine!

SONNET: TO THE OLD YEAR.

Good-by, Old Year! we wait to greet the New,
 And hope within its circling hours to see
 More of content and less of misery.
 Yet, haply, all life's toilsome journey through,
 No happier scenes than thine will meet our view;
 If so, we humbly bow to Heaven's decree,
 With hearts, though wounded, still as firm and true
 As when we first knelt to the DEITY.
 Many will weep, Old Year! while thou dost lay
 Thine aged head within the voiceless tomb.
 We weep, yet on the clouds of grief doth play
 The bow of promise, lighting up their gloom.
 Not so with many hearts that crushed and bleeding lie,
 Whose only thought of gladness is like thee to die!

Brooklyn, Dec., 1843.

HANS VON SPIEGEL.

THE MAIL ROBBER.

NUMBER SIX.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR FROM HIS ENGLISH CORRESPONDENT.

SIR: My friends abroad complain that my last letter reached them in small type, most pernicious to English eyes, and half hidden among the rubbish of your editorial remarks, literary notices, and chit-chat with your million butterfly correspondents. Unless I am better served in future, I shall be compelled to transfer my patronage to the post-office, dangerous as it is, and liable to the occasional interference of American citizens. I have conferred with an attorney, who tells me that there is just ground for an action for breach of trust, in the unfaithful performance of the duty you have undertaken. It remains with yourself to avert any such consequence, by attending more strictly in future to the proper conveyance of my correspondence.

During the last week I have received a note from the gentleman who stole the letters. This I enclose to you; and as I do not know where to address him, I will simply reply to him, through the Magazine, that although I have the highest respect for his talents, I would see him several miles on his way to the devil, before I would comply with his polite request.

Truly yours, etc.,

THE MAIL ROBBER'S NOTE.

MY DEAR FRIEND: You will be surprised that I have found out your address, and indeed it required some sagacity. But now that I have, you will pardon me for broaching a matter in which we are mutually

concerned. You must be aware how horribly I have been used by the Editor of the *KNICKERBOCKER*, and all through the share I have unfortunately had in your troublesome correspondence. He still persists in refusing to pay me a proper remuneration for my services, for which hitherto, I am sorry to say, I have received only insult and vexation. I have been advised by my lawyer to institute a suit at law against the miscreant, and matters are now in progress toward that desirable result.

In the mean time I have thought proper to apply to your sense of justice for a partial compensation of the trouble you have caused me. My character has been assailed, my tranquillity disturbed, and my valuable time taken up, without a penny of remuneration. Now, Sir, if you think fit to transmit to the address of 'M. R.,' through the post-office, a hundred dollars (\$100), I will overlook what is past, and resign solely to yourself what interest I possess in your epistolary intercourse through the pages of that infamous Magazine. With sentiments of esteem,

Yours, as before,

M. R.

'So shaken as we are, so wan with care,' we begin to wish that we had never undertaken the publication of these letters. Between two impending law-suits how shall we muster courage to keep on the even tenor of our way? Even our staunch friend, the anonymous Public, torments us with frequent accusatory epistles, charging us with dulness, impiety, and irreverence for American institutions. All these we must lay on the back of our Englishman, whose compatriots we confess are apt to assume a latitude of style hardly tolerated among us. In the mean time, gentle Public, respected Cockney, and worthy Mail-Robber, we cry you mercy all round!

ED. KNICKERBOCKER.

LETTER SIXTH.

TO CHARLES KEMBLE, ESQUIRE, LONDON.

Good Cassio, Charles, Mercutio, Benedick,
(Of all your names I scarce know which to pick,) Colossal relic of the nobler time
When great JOHN PHILIP trod the scene sublime;
Ay, true Colossus, for like that which strode
From shore to shore, while seas beneath him flowed,
You seem to stand between two generations,
High o'er the tide of Time and its mutations;
Be not alarmed; this comes not from a dun,
Nor any scheming, transatlantic BUNN,
Tempting with golden hopes your waning years,
Like 'certain stars shot madly from their spheres,'
Like MATHEWS or old DOWTON, to expose
The shank all shrunken from its youthful hose;
So boldly read, howe'er it make you sigh,
Nor manager nor creditor am I;
Yet in some sort you are indeed my debtor,
And owe me for my pains at least a letter.

Not long ago, conversing at the Club
Which Londoners with 'GARRICK's' tide dub,

We both confessed, and each with equal grief,
 That poor Melpomene was past relief;
 So many symptoms of her dotage shows,
 This nineteenth century of steam and prose.
 Nor in herself, said you, entirely lies
 Th' incurable complaint whereof she dies;
 'Tis not alone that play-wrights are too poor
 For gods or men or columns to endure;^{*}
 Nor that all players in a mould are cast,
 Every new Roscius aping still the last;
 Nor yet that Taste's too delicate excess
 Demands perfection and despises less;
 But mere indifference, that worst disease,
 From bard and actor take all power to please.
 How strive to please! when all their friends that were,
 To empty benches empty sounds prefer;
 And seek, like bees attracted by a gong,
 The fairy-land of tip-toe and of song;
 Whether a voice of more than earthly strain
 Be newly sent by Danube or the Seine,
 Or some aerial, thistle-downy thing
 Float from La Scala on a zephyr's wing.
 Say, might a SIDDONS, conjured from the tomb,
 Again the scene of her renown illumine?
 Could her high art, (ay, even at half price,)
 The crowd from 'La Sonnambula' entice?
 No; dance and song, the Drama's deadly plagues,
 RUBINI's notes, and ELLISLER's heav'nly legs,
 Would nightly still bring amateurs in flocks,
 To watch the bravos of the royal box.

While thus, between our filberts and our wine,
 We mourned with sighs your mistress's decline,
 You half indulged the fond imagination,
 That what seemed death was but her *emigration*.
 Perhaps, quoth you, and 'twas a bold 'perhaps,'
 Ere many years of exile shall elapse,
 The wand'ring maid may find in foreign lands
 More loving hearts and hospitable hands.
 Perchance her feet, with furry buskins graced,
 May shuddering walk the cold Canadian waste,
 And rest contented with a bleak repose
 In shrubless climes of never-thawing snows.
 Yes, in those woods that gird the northern lakes,
 Pathless as yet, and wild with shaggy brakes,
 Or in the rank savannahs of the south,
 Or sea-like prairies near Missouri's mouth,
 Fate may conduct her to some sacred spot,
 Where to resume her sceptre and to—squat.
 Some happier settlement and simpler race,
 Where, though her worship lack its ancient grace,
 New days may dawn, like those of royal Brass,
 And every stream a Stratford shall possess;
 Where, though in marshes resonant with frogs,
 And rudely housed in temples built of logs,
 The nymph, regenerate in her classic robe,
 May see revived the 'Fortune' and the 'Globe.'

Such was the dream your fancy dared to mould
 Of what yourself had witnessed here of old;
 When with your twins—your FANNY and your fame—
 Among our cousins of the west you came;
 But you mistook a momentary fashion
 For a deep-seated and enduring passion:
 Now to your own a friend's experience add,
 And judge what grounds your glorious vision had.

^{*} By the word 'columns,' HORACE (though SENECA knew it not) evidently meant the columns of the Roman newspapers.

Beyond that Cape which mortals christen Cod,
 Where drifted sand-heaps choke the scanty sod,
 Round the rough shore a crooked city clings,
 Sworn foe to queens, it seems, as well as kings.
 On three steep hills it soars, as Rome on seven,
 To claim a near relationship with heaven.
 Fit home for saints! the very name it bears
 A kind of sacred origin declares;
 Ta'en, as I find by hunting records o'er,
 From one BOTOLFO, canonized of yore,*
 Whom bards have left nor epitaph nor verse on,
 Though in his day, sans doubt, a decent person:
 This town, in olden times of stake and flame,
 A famous nest of Puritans became;
 Sad, rigid souls, who hated as they ought
 The carnal arms wherewith the Devil fought;
 Dancing and dicing, music, and what'er
 Spreads for humanity the hell-born snare.
 Stage-plays especially their hearts abhorred,
 Holding the Muses hateful to the Lord,
 Save when old STERNHOLD and his brother bard
 Oped their hoarse throats and strained an anthem hard.

From that angelic race of perfect men,
 (Sure seraphs never trod the world 'till then,)
 Descends the race to whom the sway is given
 Of the world's morals by confiding Heaven.
 These of each virtue know the market price,
 And shrewdly count the cost of every vice;
 So, to their prudent adage faithful still,
 Are honest more from policy than will,
 As if with heaven a bargain they had made
 To practise goodness and to be well paid.
 They too, devoutly as their fathers did,
 Sin, sack, and sugar equally forbid;
 Holding each hour unpardonably spent
 Which on the ledger leaves no monument;
 While oft they read, with small but pious wit,
 Th' inscription o'er the play-house portals writ,
 In a bad sense — '*The entrance to the Pit.*'

Among this godly tribe it was my fate
 To view a triumph they enjoyed of late,
 Which, lest the chroniclers who come hereafter
 Omit, and cheat our children of their laughter,
 I, a DAGUERRE-like sketcher of the time,
 Will faintly shadow as I can in rhyme.

Once these Botolphians, when their boards you trod,
 Received you almost as a demi-god;
 Rushed to the teeming rows in frantic swarms,
 And rained applauses not in showers but storms.
 But should you now their fickle welcome ask,
 Faint shouts would greet the veteran of the mask;
 And ah! what anguish would it be to search
 For your old play-house in a bastard church!
 To find the dome wherein your hour you strutted,
 Altered and maimed and circumcised and gutted;
 Become in truth, all metaphor to drop,
 A mongrel thing — half chapel and half shop.
 Long had the augur and the priest foretold
 The sad reverse they doomed it to behold;
 Long had the school-boy, as he passed it by,
 And maiden viewed it with presaging eye;

* The name of Boston, in Lincolnshire, is said to be derived from St. BOTOLPH — quasi BOTOLPH's town.

Oft had the wealthy deacon with a frown
 Glared on the pile he longed to batter down,
 And reckoned oft, with sanctimonious air,
 What rents 't would fetch if purified with prayer ; *
 While through the green-room whispered rumors went,
 That heaven and earth were on its ruin bent.

Too just a fear ! The vision long foreseen
 Has come at last ; behold the fallen queen !
 The queen of passion, stripped of all her pride,
 Discrowned, indignant from her temple glide.
 With dragging robe, slipshod, her buskin loose,
 She flies a barren people's cold abuse ;
 Summons her sister, who forbears to smile,
 And leaves to rats the desecrated pile,
 Which dogs and nags already had begun,
 Unless by blows and hunger driv'n, to shun :
 For well-bred curs and steeds genteel condemn
 A stage which Taste had sunk too low for them ;
 Whereon the town had seen, without remorse,
 A herd of bisons and a hairless horse !

Behind the two chief mourners of the band
 A sad procession followed, hand in hand ;
 Heroes un-heroed, most unknighly knights,
 Wand-broken fairies, disenchanted sprites ;
 Dukes no more ducal, even on the bill,
 Milk-livered murd'ers too ill-fed to kill ;
 Mild-looking demons that a babe might daunt,
 Witches and ghosts most naturally gaunt ;
 Lovers made pale by keener pangs than love's,
 Unspangled princesses with greasy gloves ;
 Wits very witless—grave comedians mute,
 And silent sons of violin and flute.

After these down-look'd leaders of the show,
 Who creep like Trajan's Dacians, wan and slow,
 Comes a long train of underlings that bear
 Imperial robes that kings no more may wear ;
 With truncheons, helmets, thunder-bolts and casks
 Of snow and lightning—bucklers, foils and masks.
 As tow'rd the steep of Capitolian Jove
 When chiefs victorious through the rabble strove,
 With all their conquests in their trophies told,
 And every battle mark'd with plundered gold ;
 When the whole glory of the war rolled by,
 And gaping Rome seemed all one mighty eye,
 Behind the living captives came the dead,
 Poor noseless gods, and some without a head,
 With pictures, ivory images and plumes,
 And priceless tapestry from palace-looms ;
 Ev'n such, although Night's alchymy no more
 The crinkling tinsel turns to precious ore,
 Appears the pomp of this discarded race,
 As heaped with spoil they quit their ancient place,
 Bearing their Lares with them as they go—
 Two dusty statues and a bust or so ;
 With mail which once a Harry Fifth had on,
 Triumphal cars with all the triumph gone ;
 Goblets of tin mixed up with Yorick's bones,
 Bags made of togas—barrows formed of thrones,
 Whereon the majesty of Denmark sat ;
 Fie ! Juliet's petticoats in Wolsey's hat !

* At the late opening of the ' Tremont Temple ' in Boston, the new proprietors chanted what they called a ' Purification Hymn,' of which we give one stanza :

' SATAN has here held empire long—
 A blighting curse, a cruel reign ;
 By mimic scenes, and mirth and song,
 Alluring souls to endless pain !'

Swords hacked at Bosworth, fasces, guns and spears
Rusted with blood before, and now with tears.

Enough of this: kind prompter, touch the bell!
Children of mirth and midnight, fare ye well!
The vision melts away, the motley crowd
Is veiled by Prospero in a passing cloud;
Like his dissolving pageantry they fade,
The vap'ry stuff whereof our dreams are made;
No more malignant winter to beguile,
Nor start the virgin's tear, the judge's smile;
Save when some annalist, like me, recalls
The ancient fame of those degraded walls;
Or till an age less hateful to the Muse
To their old shape restore the anxious pews.

T. W. F.

LETTER FROM JAMES JESSAMINE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE KNICKERBOCKER.

SIR: It has not been until after much reflection on my own part, and I must say, very civil encouragement on that of my friend Mr. JOHN WATERS, whose acquaintance I have chanced upon some months back, that I have determined to venture, either in the form of an advertisement extra, or possibly by your very polite admission of this self-introductory letter into your fashionable pages, to submit to the view of the more refined and intellectual part of the society of the Atlantic cities and particularly to that of New York, the peculiar claim that I conceive myself to possess upon their consideration and regard.

I have been hitherto deterred from taking this decisive step, as well by the very disturbed and almost turbulent state, which, since my arrival in this country, appears to have characterized its monetary concerns — alas! my dear Sir, those horrid yet necessary evils and grievances of life! — as by some expectations I had cause to entertain soon after I set foot upon your hospitable shores, of the immediate death of a maiden aunt in Cornwall, upon which incident, and her continued celibacy, depend very much all my present reversionary hopes.

The health of the old lady being however at my latest intelligence unexpectedly reinstated; the cotton crops coming forward as I understand to good markets, and the wonderful discovery having been made of converting western pork into salad oil; the Tories being put down, and the banks having entered into what some time ago seemed the *paulo post futurum* of specie payments; I desire to share in the general tide of prosperity; I launch myself upon it at its flood, discard all reserve, and shall descend at once without farther preface into the midst of what I have to say.

I came out then some time ago *ostensibly* to kill a trout or two in some of your delicious streams; and indeed I may without presumption say en passant that few professors of the Rod excel me either in the niceties of my throw, the cool self-possession with which I take my fish, or the indomitable perseverance and perfect tact with which I drown

and then land him with a single hair. I say *ostensibly*, for I have now no desire to conceal from you the ulterior objects that I had in view of either making a book to replenish my purse, or of establishing myself for life in this your rising land of freedom and big crops.

I have had 'good luck to your fishing' sung to me more than once by most sweet voices, and have realized it to my heart's content in the way of trout; but this is all. Since I arrived in America there have been no less than three travelling historians upon the ground, with whose energy of conception, art of fabrication, facility of combination, capacity of bitterness and established name, I could not enter the lists. And as for matrimonial projects, foreigners seem to me to have no longer any hope of success in consequence of the entire pre-occupation of this walk of life by a regularly drilled and educated corps of young Americans, bred up avowedly with no other pursuit; who talk, think, dream of nothing else than fortune by marriage; and with a shrewdness and intelligence of calculation that entirely distance the foreigner, (but which seem wonderfully after the nuptials to forsake them *in stocks of another description*,) know at a glance the value, expectations, hopes, and dependencies of each young marriageable lady even before she comes out; so that instead of being able to accomplish a purpose of this kind, I find it quite as much as I can do to avoid falling in love beyond repeal with the refinement, gentleness, grace, and untold sweetness that distinguish the portionless beauties of New-York.

Indeed this class to which I have adverted of licensed fortune-hunters is so numerous; the fortunes themselves except to the initiated are so uncertain; and the entire want of that most useful profession, *les courtiers de mariage*, is so grievous to all incidental visitors, that I have often thought how admirable the arrangement would be, if the young ladies were at once to adopt as a fashionable decoration some tasteful head ornament, on which should be inscribed, in distinct but graceful characters, some one of such legends as the following, which should indicate the incontestible possessions of the wearer:

\$30,000 State of New-York Fives.

My face is my fortune.

\$200,000 Indiana State Bonds.

2 lots on Broadway, 4 in the Bowery and 1 on Union-Square.

Nothing but truth, discretion, intelligence and grace.

\$60,000 Alabama Sterling Bonds.

The Tongues, and what you see.

\$27,000 on indefeasible Bond and Mortgage.

A House and Shop in *Maiden-lane* with fixtures, and a careful tenant at 1400 a year on lease three years unexpired.

Musick — four pianos done up since this time last year.

30,000 Pine trees and three saw-mills in Saint Lawrence county: N. B., well situated!

A large Manufacturing Establishment with unbounded Water-privileges, in Ulster.

Life and Trust — 40 shares daily recovering.

The young gentlemen might wear appended to the third button-hole

of the left breast, epigrammatical notices of 'THE EXPECTATIONS' in which they so generally abound, as follows:

Uncle Asa has the phthisick, I am his heir.

As I STAND, less my tailor's bill of \$1800.

Plenty of LOTS, covered partly with water, partly with parchment.

In full and successful business, owing only four times our capital, due us five times, chiefly in Mississippi. Expect to retire in two years and enjoy life.

Two-and-six-pence in my pocket, with great but indefinable hopes.

A *promising* young member of the Bar. Three suits;—☞ one of them in court. Grant me my fourth!

A young lady, whose nice tact and discriminating judgment are only rivalled by her sweetness of disposition and exquisite personal attractions, has divided the world of beaux into three generick classes:

1. The Rich who are afraid of us;
2. The Poor whom we are afraid of;
3. The Detrimentalists.

The plan I propose would aid manifestly in the due classification of all assistants at a ball. It is not to be thought that the sex is governed by any mercenary motive; but in the present organization of society a certain degree of attention to the mode in which matrimonial establishments are to be sustained is absolutely imperative.

Conceive then Mr. Editor how this explicit course would remove the ordinary impediments on both sides. One single *tour de Valse* and the whole affair might be adjusted! The gentleman forsakes the lady's eyes and fixes his own upon her tiara; she hers upon his eloquent button-hole. During the slow movement they have deciphered the mottoes, have ascertained, (no small desideratum in a crowded ball-room!) each the exact value of his or her partner; they have arrived in thought, as far as mere expediency goes, each at a decision; and are ready for question and answer at the close of the accelerated step.

By the way, as the waltz is now conducted, the employment of the eyes during the slow sentimental movement seems frequently to the lady a matter of some degree of embarrassment; and the method I propose would effectually remove any thing of the sort. There could be no want of an object on which to rest them; no looking with a fixed gaze over the partner's shoulder; no consulting of the cornice; no care-fraught expression; no reluctant or displeased look, as if the lady would have fain declined; no indeterminate thoughts, no indefinite sensations; no languishment; and above all never more the portentous, the ominous look which often in that entrancing dance exhibits to us the mysticism of the Sybil, without one ray of her inspiration.

No; then would the lady look, read, decide, and dance the while. 'This might do!'—then would she sparkle. 'Ah this would never do!'—then would she become placid, tranquil, and complete her tour with contentment; for as I think some one else has before me wisely observed, *the end of doubt is the beginning of repose*. Then would the faces of the ladies generally become vastly more attractive than at present during the enjoyment of the waltz; for singular as may seem the remark, although I have assisted at several New-York balls, I have

met two countenances only throughout the whole galaxy of beauty that, in dancing the Waltz, have indicated either joy or undisturbed gratification: the one, is that of a little sylph-like beam of pleasure, who might well carry upon her beautiful hair, 'uncumbered lots,' as her wedding-portion; who gains our hearts while she laughs at us; and who, because I chance to be within half a score of her father's years, threatens to call me her *vieux chéri*—while the name of the other, if I dared write it, would recall the most tasteful and fashionable costumes of France, with the sweetest poetry of Scotland.

But alas my master! I have gone prattling on without saying a word of my own pretensions until my letter has gained such a length that I am forced to defer them to another number, while I subscribe myself, dear Mr. Editor of the KNICKERBOCKER,

Your most faithful servant,

JAMES JESSAMINE.

L O V E ' S E L Y S I U M .

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF MATTHISSON BY WILLIAM PITT PALMER.

GROVE! embathed in peace celestial,
As in dew the rose's bowers,
Where Hesperis's golden frutige
Ripens amid silver flowers;
Where a rosy-colored ether
Ever cloudless bends above,
Through whose calm abysses never
Breathed the sigh of slighted love.

PSYCHE, with a strange emotion,
Half enraptured, half dismayed,
Just escaped her earthly vesture,
Trembling greets thy glimmering shade:
Where, O joy! no misty mantle
Veils her primal purity;
And her immaterial pinions,
Like an angel's, wander free.

Ha! e'en now o'er paths of roses,
Glorious shape of light, she sweeps,
Tow'rd the shadow-peopled valley
Where the sacred Lethe sleeps;
Thither drawn by magic suasion,
As by gentle spirits led,
Fain she sees the silver billows,
And their flowery shores outspread.

Kneeling low with sweet foreboding
Grief's oblivious draught to taste,
Softly shines her trembling image
In that faithful mirror traced;
As from ocean's tranquil waters
Fair the cloudless moon outbeams,
Or from crystal stream reflected
Hesper's golden cresset gleams.

Not in vain she quaffs of Lethe;
For, anon, within the stream
Sinks the night-part of her being,
Like the phantom of a dream;
And from out the vale of shadows
Bright she soars on fearless wing,
To the hills whose golden blossoms
Smile in everlasting spring.

What an awe-inspiring silence!
Softer calm than zephyr breathes
Murmurs in the laurel foliage
And the amaranthine wreaths:
Thus in sacred stillness rested
Air and wave—in such repose
Slumbered nature, when from ocean
ANADYOMENE rose.

What an unaccustomed glory!
Earth! though fair Aurora be,
Never from her vernal features
Shone such magic light for thee:
Lo! the ivy's glossy tendrils
Bathed in purple lustre gleam,
And the flowers that crown each fountain
With a starry splendor beam!

Thus in silvan wilds the dawning,
When the modest Cynthia spied
From the skies her sleeping lover,
And descended to his side;
While the fields were bathed in brightness,
And in magic tones expressed,
Heavenly greetings murmured sweetly—
Hail, ENDYMION the blest!

GANGUERNET: OR, 'A CAPITAL JOKE.'

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH BY JOHN HUNTER.

MINE is called Ganguernet: I say mine, for you have all had yours; every one, at least once in his life-time, has met with one of those little fat, ruddy, burly men, with straight close-cropped hair, low forehead, grey eyes, broad nose, puffed-up cheeks, the neck between the shoulders, the shoulders in the stomach, the stomach upon the legs; a sort of a Punch figure, rolling, bawling, laughing, hallooing; one of those fellows who come stealthily behind you, clap their hands on your head, and cry out suddenly: 'Who's this?' Who pull away your chair at the moment you are going to sit down; who snatch from you your handkerchief just when you wish to use it; and who, on these occasions, when you look at them with an angry air, answer you with a broad grin, and a stare of imperturbable assurance: '*A capital joke!*'

You have had yours; and mine is named Ganguernet. My first acquaintance with him was at Rheims. He was a complete adept in his profession, and as a regular joke-player, master of all the tricks of his trade. Well skilled was he in the art of attaching a piece of meat to the bell-rope of a porter's lodge, so that all the wandering dogs about town would snap at the tempting bait, and awaken the mystified domestics ten times a night. Very expert was he also at cutting tradesmen's signs in two pieces, and substituting one for another. On one occasion he took the sign of a hair-dresser, cut it in two, and added the latter part to that of one of my neighbours; so that it read as follows: *Monsieur Roblot lets out carriages and false toupées, after the Paris fashion.*

But if M. Ganguernet was not the most agreeable companion in the city, still less so was he in the country, where indeed his presence, to me at least, was always a perfect nuisance. He knew how to scatter the hair, adroitly clipped from a brush, between the sheets of a friend, so that the victim, before he had been a quarter of an hour in bed, would become furious with the itching. He would pierce the partition between two sleeping apartments, so as to pass through it a piece of twine which he had cunningly fastened to your bed-clothes, and then, when he found that you were asleep, he would gently pull the string, until the covering was all drawn down to your feet. You awake half-frozen, for Ganguernet always chooses a cold damp night for this trick, draw up the covering, wrap yourself carefully up, and very innocently resume your slumbers; then Ganguernet, gently pulling his cord, again strips you naked; again you are benumbed with cold; and when you begin to utter imprecations in the dark, his detestable voice is heard bawling through the hole: 'What a capital joke!'

Did Ganguernet chance to fall in with one of those simple-minded individuals, whose countenances invite mystification, he would steal from him during his sleep his coat and pantaloons, whose dimensions with

needle and thread he would contrive greatly to diminish. He would then awaken his victim, begging him to dress himself as soon as possible, and join a hunting-party. The unsuspecting subject of the joke, thus suddenly roused, would try to put on his pantaloons, but could not get into them. 'Good Heavens!' exclaims Ganguernet, with affected astonishment; 'why, what is the matter, my dear Sir?—you are terribly swollen!' 'Am I?' 'You are indeed, prodigiously!' 'Do you really mean it?' 'I may be mistaken, but come dress yourself, and let us go down, and see what the others say.'

'But I cannot get on my clothes.'

'Ah! that's it, you are so puffed up. It must be a thundering attack of the dropsy!'

And this would continue, the poor fellow, pale and trembling, in vain endeavoring to get on his clothes, until the tormentor, with a hideous chuckle, would come out with his famous sentence: 'Ha! ha! a capital joke!'

There was one of his tricks which appeared to me to be truly abominable. He played it upon a person reputed to be a brave man, but who was nevertheless horribly frightened. One night, after getting snugly into bed, this gentleman felt something cold and slimy along side of him, he touched it with his foot; it seemed a round elongated body; he placed his hand upon it; it was a serpent coiled upon itself! In an ecstasy of terror, he leaped from the bed with a cry of disgust and horror, when Ganguernet made his appearance, shaking his fat sides and roaring out: 'What a capital joke!' It was an eel-skin filled with water, that had caused the panic. The enraged gentleman would have broken the head of the joker, but Ganguernet throwing a pitcher of water over the sans-culotte sufferer, made his escape, yelling out at the top of his voice: 'A capital joke!—a capital joke!' The master of the house and his guests came running in at the outcry, and with much difficulty succeeded in pacifying the mystified individual; assuring him that Ganguernet, though fond of fun, was in the main a charming good fellow, a pleasant boon companion, and one without whom, especially in the country, it was impossible to drive away ennui.

Our readers may perhaps think with us, that, on the contrary, this man was one of those insufferable beings who are constantly intruding upon the pleasures and comforts of others; like a dog in a game of nine-pins, overturning with his paws all the arrangements of your joys and sorrows; more insupportable, and more difficult to get rid of than the dog, they lie in ambush to pounce upon you, and disconcert by a word or a trick the feelings you may enjoy, or the projects you intend.

Among characters of this description, there are some whom their common-place attempts at wit consign to contempt. These performers confine themselves to vulgar and stale jokes. To thrust the head through the paper window-pane of a cobbler, and ask him the address of a minister of finances, or an archbishop; to stretch a cord across a staircase, so as to cause those who descend to take, in the words of a punster, a *voyage sur la rein*, or 'a voyage upon the Rhine;' to wake up a notary in the middle of the night, and send him in great haste to draw up a will for a client, whom he finds in good health; these and a thousand

other silly pranks of the same nature, are the stock in trade of a jester ; and no one knew them better than did Ganguernet.

He had, moreover, invented some original tricks, which had given him a colossal reputation among the admirers of this branch of the fine arts. The only truly witty one I ever knew him to perpetrate, took place at a country-house where a large party of us were assembled. Among the guests, Ganguernet had singled out a lady of some thirty years, rather fantastic in her manners and appearance, who was doatingly fond of Parisian elegance, and who preferred the pale face of a well-looking youth of rather shallow intellect, to the coarse, purple visage of Ganguernet. Our humourist endeavored in vain to render this youth ridiculous in the eyes of the lady, who regarded his simplicity as a poetical absence of mind, and his credulity as an indication of sincerity and honest good faith. One evening, after a brisk defence of the pale-faced youth on the part of the lady, which was listened to by Ganguernet with a patience and a peculiar expression of the eye which boded no good, we had all retired to our apartments. In about half an hour, the house resounded with loud outcries of 'fire ! fire !' which seemed to proceed from the hall upon the ground-floor. Every one hastened thither, men and women half-dressed, or half-undressed, which ever you please. They entered pell-mell, candlestick in hand, and there found Ganguernet stretched upon a sofa. To the reiterated questions that were put him as to the cause of the clamor, he answered not a word ; but taking the pale-faced young man by the hand in a very solemn manner, and leading him up to the fine lady, gravely said to her : 'I have the honor, Madam, of presenting to you the most poetic genius of the company in a cotton night-cap.' We all burst into a shout of laughter, but the lady never forgave Ganguernet, nor the cotton night-cap.

All the jokes which Ganguernet played, however, were not prompted by vengeance ; a spirit of fun merely being the grand principle of most of his tricks. Before we come to the occurrence which showed this man to me in his true colors, I must relate a few more of the humorous pranks in which he took the greatest pride. Opposite his residence at Rennes there dwelt a worthy pair of venerable citizens, who were the sole occupants of a small house, which was their only possession. Once a week this honest couple were in the habit of dining, and having a little game of piquet with a relation, who resided at some distance from their abode. On these occasions they were usually regaled with curds and whey, which they moistened with sparkling cider ; and not unfrequently a bowl of punch concluded the repast ; so that the worthy pair commonly returned home about eleven o'clock, singing and staggering along in a state of happy elevation.

On a certain fatal Sunday evening, these good folks returned to their abode, both of them pretty much, 'how came you so.' They arrived at the door of their next neighbour, which they recognized, and then proceeded on ten paces farther, which was just the distance to their own door. The husband, after fumbling in his pocket for the key of the street-door, pulled it out, and sought the key-hole ; but no key-hole was to be found. 'What has become of the key-hole ?' cried he. 'You

have drank too much cider, Monsieur Larquet,' said his wife; 'you are looking for the key-hole, and we are still before the wall of neighbour Bompert.'

'That is true,' replied Monsieur Larquet; 'we must go a few paces farther.' They walked on; but this time they went too far, for as they had before recognized the door of their right-hand neighbor, they now found themselves in front of that of their neighbor on the left hand. Their own door ought to be between these two doors. They return, groping along the wall until they come to a door, which to their consternation they again find to be that of their right-hand neighbor! The honest couple become alarmed about the soundness of their wits, and begin to suspect that they must certainly both be tipsy. They recommence their inspections from the door of their neighbor on the right, and again come to the door of their neighbor on the left. They constantly find these two doors, but not a vestige of their own: their door has disappeared — vanished! Who could have taken away their door? Terror seizes them; they ask each other if they have become demented; and dreading the ridicule which would be cast upon honest citizens who could not find their own street-door, they grope about for more than an hour, feeling, poking, inspecting, measuring; but alas! there is no door; there is nothing but a wall, an unknown wall, an implacable wall, a desperate wall! At length, terror completely overpowers them; they utter loud cries, and call lustily for assistance. The neighbors are attracted by the noise, and after some time, it is ascertained that the door of the distracted couple has been carefully bricked up, and plastered over; and when all are trying to discover who could have played such a pitiful trick upon these honest people, Ganguernet, who from an opposite window, in company with some kindred spirits, had been enjoying the tribulation and despair of Monsieur and Madame Larquet, Ganguernet shouts out his everlasting refrain: 'A capital joke!' But, answered the neighbors, these poor folks will take their death of cold.

'Bah!' replies he; 'a capital joke!'

The incensed neighbors petitioned the king's attorney to moderate Monsieur Ganguernet's strong inclination to play his mischievous pranks; and the magistrate sent our hero to prison for some days, in spite of his skilful defence, which consisted in incessantly repeating: 'A capital joke! — what a capital joke, Mr. Magistrate!'

Notwithstanding his excessive vanity, Ganguernet did not, however, make boast of all his exploits; and there was one, the authorship of which he constantly denied, possibly in consequence of a threat that was held out of cutting off the author's ears, should he be detected. The trick in question was prompted by the contempt in which he was held in a certain aristocratic circle; and the subject was no less a personage than an ancient dame of high birth, and great pretensions, who mingled in the most fashionable society of Rennes.

Among other customs of the old school, which this lady retained, were the following: First, that of never mixing in the society of those of plebeian descent, such as Ganguernet: and secondly; that of always

being carried in a sedan-chair by porters, when she went abroad. One evening she went to a ball, given by the first president of the court of assizes, a ball at which Ganguernet was also present. She left about midnight, carried as usual in her sedan-chair through a pelting shower of rain. At the moment she got under one of those loop-holes in the eaves-gutters, through which the rain pours down into the street in long dashing cascades, two or three shrill whistles were heard on the right and left hand. Immediately four men in masks made their appearance, at sight of whom the porters, abandoning their charge, took to their heels; but at the moment when the noble dame believed herself on the point of being assassinated, a terrible dash of cold water upon her head took away her breath, and almost deprived her of consciousness. The top of the chair had disappeared as if by magic, and the gutter poured its contents directly into the vehicle, the occupant of which in vain attempted to force open the door. She beat and thumped against it with fury, mounted the seat, and like an incarnate fiend, invoked the divine wrath upon the vile miscreants, who were giving her such a cruel shower-bath; and who only replied to her invectives by profound bows, and the most humble salutations. The worst part of this wicked trick was, that the lady wore hair-powder, and the mystifiers carried umbrellas.

My acquaintance with Ganguernet continued about ten years. In the low and vulgar circles of society which he was fond of frequenting, he was held up as the most jovial, the best-natured, and the most amusing fellow in the world; although there were some, whose sense of propriety and moral feelings were not entirely destroyed, who held him in merited contempt. For my own part, I always had a dread of the man. That odious smile, forever hanging on those large red lips, singularly annoyed me; that imperturbable gayety, exhibited on all occasions of life, troubled me like the constant presence of a hideous phantom; that phrase, which he appended like a moral to every thing he did, that detested phrase, 'A capital joke,' sounded in my ears as doleful and sombre as the Trappists' motto, '*Brother, we must die!*'

There was a fatality about the man; and it was destined that a life should be sacrificed to his mad propensity for mischief. A day came, on which his famous words, 'A capital joke!' was to be pronounced over a tomb.

On the eve of my departure from Rennes, some friends invited me to join a hunting-party, of which I learned that Ganguernet was to make one. This name took from me in advance half the pleasure I had anticipated. I however repaired early in the morning to the house of one of our friends, Ernest de B——. On my arrival I found Ganguernet there with some others of the party. Ernest had just finished a letter, which he sealed, directed, and placed upon the chimney-piece. Ganguernet, in his usual inquisitive and impertinent manner, took it up, and read the direction. 'Ah ha!' said he; 'so you correspond with your pretty cousin, do you?'

'Yes,' said Ernest, with an air of indifference; 'I have informed her that we intend visiting her chateau this evening, at about seven

o'clock, to take dinner there. There are fifteen of us I think, and we shall run some risk of having but poor fare, if she does not get timely notice.'

Ernest rang for a servant, and gave him the letter, without any of us noticing that Ganguernet disappeared for a moment with him. We set off on our expedition. While engaged in the chase, it so happened that Ganguernet and myself took one side of the plain on which we were hunting, while the rest of the party pursued their sport on the other.

'We shall have some fun this evening,' said he to me.

'How so?' replied I.

'Would you believe it? I have given a louis to the servant that he should not carry the letter to its address.'

'And have you taken it?'

'No, pardieu! I told him we were going to have a little joke this evening, and that he must carry the letter to the lady's husband. He is sitting this moment as president of the court of assizes, and when he finds that he is going to have fifteen stout fellows, with keen appetites, at his house this evening, he will be in a devil of a rage. He is as miserly as Harpagon; and the idea of our laying his kitchen and wine-cellar under contribution will put him in such a humor, that he will have no scruple in condemning a dozen innocent men, so that he may reach his country-house in time to prevent the pillage.'

'If this is the case,' said I to Ganguernet, 'it seems to me to be a very malicious jest.'

'Bah! a capital joke! And the best of it will be when we all arrive at the chateau. The others, ravenous with hunger and thirst, will expect to find there an excellent supper. But there will be nothing—absolutely nothing!'

'And do you think, Sir,' replied I, 'that this will be any pleasanter to me than to the rest of the party? And you yourself, will you not be one of the principal dupes of your frolic?'

'Let me alone for that! Look you here; I've got a cold fowl and a bottle of Bordeaux in my game-bag, and you shall have half.'

'I thank you,' said I, 'but I had rather find Ernest, and notify him of your trick.'

'Ah! good heavens! my dear Sir,' said Ganguernet, 'you cannot take a joke.'

I left him, and apprising our friends of the affair, inquired where I could find Ernest. I was told that he had gone in the direction of the chateau of his cousin, toward which I proceeded, intending to give Madame de L—— notice of the trick of Ganguernet. At a turn of the road I perceived Ernest at a distance, going toward the chateau. I increased my speed in order to overtake him, and made so much haste that I arrived almost at the same moment with him, so that he had just passed the gate as I reached it. As I was about entering, the gate was violently pulled to, and immediately I heard the report of a pistol, and then a voice cried out: 'Villain! since I have missed you, defend yourself!'

I hastily sprang to a grating in the wall, about the height of my head, which opened into the court-yard, and there witnessed a frightful spec-

tacle. The husband, sword in hand, was attacking Ernest with desperate fury. 'Ah! you love her and she loves you!' cried he, in a voice hoarse with passion; 'you love her, do you? and she loves you! Your turn first, and then hers!'

The letter from Ernest to his cousin, conveyed by the malicious interference of Ganguernet to her husband, had apprised him of a secret which had remained hidden for more than four years; and before redressing the wrongs of society as a magistrate, the president of the court had hastened to avenge his own as a husband.

In vain I cried, in vain I called by name the two cousins. Monsieur de L—— with blind fury drove Ernest from one corner of the court to another. Suddenly a window opened, and Madame de L——, pale, with dishevelled hair, and terror painted on her countenance, appeared.

'Leonie!' cried Ernest, 'withdraw!'

'No! let her remain!' exclaimed Monsieur de L——, 'she is a prisoner; you need not fear that she will come to separate us.' And he again rushed upon his cousin with such fury that the fire flew from their swords.

'It is I—it is *I* who deserve death!' cried Madame de L——; 'kill me!'

I added my cries to theirs. I shouted, I shook the grating. I tried to scale the wall, when suddenly, urged on by despair, bewildered, distracted, Madame de L—— threw herself from the window and fell between her lover and her husband. The latter, completely beside himself with passion, directed his sword toward her. But Ernest turned it aside, and in his turn casting off all restraint, exclaimed with vehemence: 'Madman! would you kill her? Well, then—defend yourself!' And immediately he commenced a violent assault upon his antagonist.

I could do nothing to separate them; neither could Madame de L——. The unfortunate woman had broken a limb in the fall, and lay groaning upon the pavement. It was a dreadful combat. Nothing can express the violent terror which seized me. Already the blood of the two cousins began to flow, which only served to increase their rage. I had succeeded with some difficulty in climbing to the top of the wall, and was about to leap into the court, when I perceived some of our friends approaching. Ganguernet was at their head; he drew near, calling to me:

'Halloo! what's this? Why, you bawl like a man getting flayed; we heard you a quarter of a league off. What the devil is the matter?'

At the sight of this detested wretch, I rushed upon him, seized him by the throat, and forcing him violently against the grating, I cried to him in my turn: 'Look there, miserable jester!—a capital joke!' is it not?—a 'capital joke!'

Monsieur de L——, pierced through the heart by a plunge of his antagonist's sword, was lying by the side of his wife.

Ernest has left France to die in a foreign land. Madame de L—— committed suicide the day after this horrible duel.

'A CAPITAL JOKE!'

A P O S T R O P H E T O A N O L D H A T .

BY JOHN G. SAKE.

COME forth, Old Hat! I'll pluck thee from the ditch,
 Where thou hadst well nigh found a grave, 'unwept,
 Unhonor'd and unsung.' I'll rescue thee
 A moment longer from oblivion,
 Albeit thou art old, bereaved of rim,
 And like a prince dethroned, no more canst boast
 A crown!

Would thou couldst talk! I'd e'en consent
 That thou shouldst steal my prating grandame's tongue,
 And so procure her silence and thy history.

Time-worn, adust, degraded as thou art,
 Thine ancient quality doth still appear;
 And this fine web, malgré thy present mien,
 (A batter'd cylinder of dingy brown,)
 Proclaims that once, some dozen years ago,
 Thou wert a good and fashionable hat.

Perchance thou first wert perch'd right jauntily
 A-top some dandy's poll; a most convenient block
 To keep thee in good shape, and serve beside
 One purpose more — to advertise thy brethren.

Mayhap a lawyer, in thy pristine years
 And his, with thy possession much enhanced
 His meagre sum of personal estate;
 And, in phrase professional, call'd thee 'chattel'—
 A vile distinction for a beaver hat!
 A lawyer's hat!—alack! what teeming store-house oft
 Of mischiefs dire; ill-boding parchment; 'writs,'
 With hieroglyphics mystical inscribed;
 Invention curious of graceless men,
 And in sad mock'ry named 'the grace of God!'
 What mighty 'suits at law,' begot and born
 Within thy strait enclosure, yet survive
 Thy tenth successor! And what mighty 'suits
 In chancery,' (so named from CHANCE, who sits
 Alternate there and in the legal courts,)
 Still flourish, endless as the heap of words
 Which mark the spot where Justice lies entomb'd!

Perhaps at first thou wert allow'd to crown
 The 'honorable' head of some grave senator;
 Or judge astute; or member of 'the other
 House;' pregnant perforce with weighty matters;
 'Petitions' humbly praying to abolish
 Slavery and 'hard times.' 'Bills' to promote
 The better culture of morality
 And *morus multicaulis*! Mayhap a brief
 And formal letter to a brother member,
 In courteous phrase requesting leave to shoot him.
 'Notes,' 'Resolutions,' 'Speeches' of vast length,
 And just adapted to produce what thou
 Hast wanted many a year—a decent *nap*.

Perchance an editor, by some mysterious accident
 Made passing rich with five-and-forty shillings,

First bore thee off in triumph; 'tis pity then
 Thou canst not speak; else should we hear
 Of much before unpublished; of countless 'bills'
 Unpaid; of libels prudently suppress'd;
 Of 'Stanzas' much, of 'Lines' innumerable;
 And love-sick 'Songs' to goddesses mundane,
 All wickedly committed to the Persian's god!

Thou mayst have crown'd a parson, and couldst tell,
 If thou hadst power of verbal utterance,
 Of 'the divinity that stirred within thee'
 In shape of sermons; faithful or smooth-tongued,
 As he who wrote them chanced to covet most
 The smile of God or man. A lover's hat
 Thou surely wert, (since all men love,
 Who have a head,) and oft no doubt hast given
 To scented billet-doux and amorous rhymes
 Thy friendly guardianship; secure from aught
 Save lifting winds and porter's curious eye.

At second-hand 'tis ten to one thou wert
 A Jew's possession, got in honest barter;
 Next, John the ostler's; last of all, past doubt
 A vagrant's hat; the equitable purchase
 Of an ill-sung song. Till quite worn out
 With rain, and wind, and sleet, and other 'ills
 Thy race is heir to,' the beggar cast thee
 From his plebeian pate — and here thou liest.

St. Alban's, Vermont.

T H E C O U N T R Y .

THERE is something very pleasant in the country, particularly about Thanksgiving-time, when families gather together from north, south, east and west, around the huge roast turkey, and many pairs of jaws masticate vigorously in gratitude for blessings received. At this season of the year the bird which was fortunate enough to excite the enthusiasm of Brillat-Savarin, and to be the theme of many chapters in his immortal 'Physiologie,' is the emblem of our republic. A bald eagle indeed! Who ever heard of a roast eagle? But a turkey:

'The state of a fat turkey, the decorum
 He marches in with, all the train and circumstance!
 'Tis such a matter, such a glorious matter!
 And then his sauce with oranges and onions;
 And he displayed in all parts! for such a dish now,
 And at my need, I would betray my father.'

What native American does not respond *Amen!* from the depths of his stomach to these appetizing verses of Beamount and Fletcher? But higher far rises the gastronomic phrenzy of the Travelled, who have known the bird, grand in his stuffing of chestnuts, sublime when swelling with the bliss-bringing truffle!

And the country is at all seasons a pleasant idea, if properly considered; but beware of the man of one idea, if that one be Country, as you would of the *homo unius libri*. If you cannot distinguish timothy from clover, and beets from carrots; if, agriculturally speaking, you do n't

'know beans;' he will annihilate you with his rural wisdom. For his whole existence is in the soil. He worships things under the earth. Dust he is, and to dust he shall return; (the sooner the better!) He prattles of potatoes, talks of turnips, harangues about horse-radish, knows no composition except compost. Speak to him of manners, and he will answer of manures. Like the Egyptians, he worships a bull; and has all the fondness of Pythagoras for beans. His only literature is Liebig's Animal Chemistry; his lighter reading, the Cultivator and the New-England Farmer.

Such an one was whilom a citizen with protruding abdomen and white cravat, who having realized a something in business, exchanges the counter for the country; buys his acre or two, erects his manor-house, with a grass-plat in front and a tree or two behind; and with a little straw hat on his head, a linen coat on his back, and a hoe in his hand, saunters around his limited possessions, as leisurely and as frequently as an old horse in a mill, perfectly content with his place, his plans, and himself.

Call not upon him unless with double-soled boots and strapless trousers; and choose a cool day for the visit, if it must be made; for not over 'hill and dale,' but over rock and gully you must march; through ploughed land and through weeds, through bowers of grape-vines and *bosquets* of Lima beans; scratched by the thorns of the gooseberry and brushed by the long dew-covered leaves of the Indian corn. Numberless shrubs from a foot to eighteen inches in height he will point out to you, and name them with long names: 'This is the Prota Goras,' 'and that the Demo Creitus;' shrubs which, if you had encountered them when alone, you might have eradicated as weeds, in a moment of generous activity. And when muddy, breathless and dripping, you reach the highest point of his possessions, he will wave his hand majestically over some twenty feet of grass, and pointing to three trees and a white fence in the *distance*, talk of scenery!

Nevertheless, convinced as we are that the taste for country-places is on the increase, we think it advisable to suggest a few hints for the instruction of the aspirants after rural felicity. Saratoga and the like are no longer indispensable places of resort, but it is indispensable to be out of town for three months of the year, if you would not be out of fashion during the remaining nine. Select then a bare and stony spot, for as your object is employment, the more improvements you can make the better you will be pleased, as you take it for granted of course that improvements cost almost nothing. On the highest part of this ground you will build your house: an airy situation is invaluable in warm weather; and then a view is so desirable. In the choice of a style of architecture some difficulty arises. You may either have a clap-board Parthenon, with Corinthian columns in front and Doric columns in the rear, painted white, to flash back the rays of the sun, or which is perhaps more fashionable, a Gothic cottage, with steep roof, rustic pillars, fantastic barge-boards, and numerous pinnacles painted brown, with oak-stained doors. This style looks well in the situation we have described; the absence of trees bringing out more fully the beauties of the architecture. It is attended with one or two inconveniences; scarcely how-

ever, worth mentioning: Gothic windows always leak, and the sloping roof makes the second story a little *ovenish* in temperature, and *garrety* in smell. Whichever of the two styles you adopt, you must not fail to refer your plans to some bustling little architect, who will be sure to write articles about himself in one of the weeklies, and will probably give a drawing of your house, and call you the 'intelligent, gentlemanly, and high-minded proprietor.' After you have removed the stones, manured the ground, and planted grass, you will have a lawn; and after you have dug deep holes and set out tall thin consumptive trees, you have a wood. Secure the whole with white fences; throw rustic bridges over the *impassable* streams; sprinkle red dahlias and tiger-lilies here and there; buy a bull-dog to set on any small child who may be reckless enough to trespass; and lo! you have a country-seat as well as a town-house, and can invite your city friends to fill your one spare room in regular rotation.

In the important matter of a name, you must decide for yourself; but surely with Walter Scott and Lord Byron and the innumerable *What-d'ye-call-'em* dales, *Thingumbob* brooks, and *So-and-so* woods, to choose from, you can have no difficulty in fixing upon a suitable one.

But, says an amateur rustic, I have no fondness for floriculture, horticulture, or agriculture; what am I to do? Buy a horse, and take a gallop of some twenty miles or so, and if the horse does not shy you off, or bolt you off, or kick you off, and you do not fall off, or he does not fall under you, you will probably arrive at home safe; but as you walk from the stable to the house, you will quote from George Colman's parody of the Lady of the Lake:

'Hunter rest, for thou must own
Leather lost and empty belly,' etc.

Have you a fondness for fire-arms? Then procure a gun and dog, and sally forth before day-light. Walk five miles through swamp and thicket without starting a bird. Sky cloudless; heat intense. Suddenly dog's tail begins to beat half-seconds; up whirrs a bird, who is out of sight in a moment; so is the dog, who indulges in an animated chase. You shout yourself hoarse; at length succeed in catching dog, and try to thresh him with decayed sticks. A little while after, dog comes to a point again. This time he stands beautifully. You walk slowly up, trembling with excitement, both barrels cocked. Why don't the bird get up? You glance inquiringly around, and at length discern a wood-turtle fast asleep near the stump of a tree. Then, if an irascible man, you curse. So passes the day. Now and then a bird springs; off fly both of your barrels, aimed at vacancy, and hurling showers of No. 8 into space; and you arrive at home late in the afternoon, sore-footed from much travel and stiffness of boots, and alas! without a feather except a small quail which your dog caught in his mouth.

No more shooting? Try fishing then. Sit all day on a rock watching your float, or cork, or *dobber*, as the Dutch boys call it, dance merrily over the waves, occasionally disappearing under the surface, when the hook catches a weed. Does not even this suit you? Then, dear friend, buy a boat of from four to six tons burthen, properly rigged and ballasted; also buy a red shirt, a small low-crowned straw hat, some

tar to smear over your hands, and learn the first stanza of 'The sea ! the sea !' to make every thing seem more nautical and ship-shape. Hoist jib and mainsail, and venture out. After you have drifted a mile or two, it will fall a dead calm, and the boat (Gazelle ? Wave ? Gull ?) will float two or three hours, the sun flashing back from the glassy surface of the water, burning your face to the color of bricks, and almost frying the eyes out of your head. Then is the time to sing 'The sea ! the sea !' and to take some Monongahela to still the qualmishness you begin to experience. At length the wind rises, and your boat, after many *yawlings*, dashes away before it. Suddenly, without any voluntary or visible agency on your part, the main-boom sweeps from one side to the other, carrying your hat overboard in its passage, and dipping the gunwale deep under water. Agitated by this significant gesture, you steer straight for the wharf. In attempting to round-to, the bowsprit comes in contact with the piles and renounces its allegiance to the bow. The boat drifts away from the landing, and finally deposits you high and dry on the beach.

What ! Disgusted with this, too ? Then take our advice, and like a reasonable man, stay in town.

T O A N E V E N I N G C L O U D .

BY A YOUNG LADY.

Thou beautiful cloud, a glorious hue is thine !
 I cannot think, as thy bright dyes appear
 To my enraptured gaze, that thou wert born
 Of Evening's exhalations : more sublime,
 Light-giver ! is thy birth-place, than of earth.
 Wert thou not formed to herald in the day,
 And clothe a world in thy unborrowed light ?
 Or art thou but a harbinger of rains
 To budding May ! — or in thy subtle screen
 Nursest the lightnings that affright the world ?
 Or wert thou born of th' thin aerial mist
 That shades the sea, or shrouds the mountain's brow ?
 Whate'er thou art, I gaze on thee with joy.

Spread thy wings o'er the empyrean, and away
 Fleety athwart the untravelled wilds of space,
 To where the Sun-light sheds his earliest beams,
 And blaze the stars, that vision vainly scans
 In distant regions of the universe !
 Tell me, Air-wanderer ! in what burning zone
 Thou wilt appear, when from the azure vault
 Of our high heaven thy majesty shall fade ;
 Tell me, winged Vapor ! where hath been thy home
 Through the unchangeable serene of noon ?
 Whate'er thy garniture, where'er thy course,
 Would I could follow thee in thy far flight,
 When the south wind of eve is low and soft,
 And my thought rises to the mighty source
 Of all sublimity ! O fleeting cloud,
 Would I were with thee in the solemn night !

B.

L I T E R A R Y N O T I C E S .

HISTORY OF THE CONQUEST OF MEXICO, with a Preliminary View of the Ancient Mexican Civilization, and the Life of the Conqueror, **HERNANDO CORTES**. By **WILLIAM H. PRESCOTT**. In three volumes. New-York: **HARPER AND BROTHERS**.

WE have awaited the appearance of these very elegant volumes with deep and anxious interest. The ability, industry and taste which the author displayed in his '*History of Ferdinand and Isabella*,' which won for him a noble reputation in the most cultivated states of Europe, still more endeared his name to his own countrymen, and led them to look, with the highest hope and the most pleasant anticipations, to the future efforts of his elegant and fascinating pen. We have for some time known that he was assiduously engaged in collecting materials, and preparing from them a history of the famous Conquest of Mexico; an event which, although of a very splendid and romantic character, was still but vaguely known, even in accomplished and well-informed literary circles. The facts relating to it were nowhere recorded in an authentic and connected form; for it has not been until within the last fifty years that the attention of historians and general scholars has been turned in this direction. The labors of Spanish antiquarians since that time, conducted as they have been with great skill and industry, and under the supervision and encouragement of the government itself, have been abundantly rewarded; and a vast number of original documents have been accumulated in the public and private libraries, which shed floods of light upon all historical events connected with the conquests of Spanish armies, or the discoveries of Spanish fleets, and have thus placed within the reach of writers at the present day materials for lack of which even the able histories of **ROBERTSON** and his contemporaries became meagre and unattractive. The historians of our era are making the best possible use of these copious and invaluable collections. The first result of their efforts was **WASHINGTON IRVING**'s magnificent '*Life of COLUMBUS*,' one of the most polished and perfect works of its class in the English language, and which has done as much for American literature abroad as it has for its eminent author at home. Then followed **PRESCOTT**'s '*Ferdinand and Isabella*,' pronounced by the best critics on both sides the Atlantic to be one of the most interesting and valuable histories ever published: and here we have, in his '*History of the Conquest of Mexico*,' drawn from the same rich source, a work eminently worthy to succeed its brilliant and most 'illustrious predecessors.'

Within the limits which restrain us, we can of course do nothing more than intimate very vaguely the general character and scope of this great work; nor are we sure that even this is not quite a useless labor, as it must find its way at once into the library of every literary gentleman throughout the country, and be read with the greatest avidity by men of every class. One of the most valuable portions of the history is the extended view which **MR. PRESCOTT** has presented, at the opening of the work, of the character and civilization of the ancient inhabitants of Mexico. The Spaniards conquered no tribe of untutored savages, roaming, in the wild lawlessness of the aborigines of our section of the western continent,

over the sunny plains and smiling fields of Anahuac: they found a people there who, centuries before the discovery of the western world by COLUMBUS, possessed the arts of civilization, and had reached a point of intellectual and moral culture in many respects surpassing that of the most renowned nations of the other world. We are surprised to find the high degree of refinement which they had reached. The sciences, especially of mathematics and astronomy, were understood to a degree of nicety scarcely attained by the Romans in their palmiest days. Their political organization was of a wonderfully perfect character; and their laws, and especially the organization of the judiciary, the department by which they were to be interpreted and administered, were stamped by a clear insight into the nature of moral obligation, and the mutual duties and rights of the members of society, which strike us with the utmost astonishment. Their mythology, with the single exception of the sanction it gives to human sacrifices, indicates a much nearer approach to a knowledge of the true God than the popular faith of the Greeks or Romans; and sentiments are recorded as having been uttered by a prince of the Tezcucan tribe, guided solely by the light of his own indwelling reason, which were worthy of Plato or of any sage that has ever lived, unenlightened by the hopes of revelation on which Christians build their faith. The history of such a people, dwelling centuries ago upon our own continent, shrouded as it has heretofore been in darkness and vague uncertainty, under the lucid and brilliant pen of Mr. PRESCOTT becomes more attractive than any offspring of the fancy or imaginative fiction could possibly be. This preliminary sketch occupies nearly half of the first volume; and we have never read any similar effort of the same extent with equal gratification.

We can of course give no outline of the main portion of the work, the history of the train of events by which the whole Mexican empire fell into the hands of the conquering Spaniard. It is one of the most romantic narratives which ever bore the seal of truth. Its prominent actors are men of eminent genius, who performed exploits worthy the greatest captains of Europe or Asia; and the history of their lives abounds with interest and instruction. Mr. PRESCOTT has a most happy historical style, glowing with all the warmth and shining with a far more substantial brilliancy than that of BANCROFT; and blending the strict truth of accurate narrative with the free flow of a fine imagination, all under the control of an exquisite taste, with more success than that of any other American writer, IRVING perhaps alone excepted. The authorities upon which he relies for his facts are uniformly given in notes, and the fullest information is presented in the same form, on all points which concern the accuracy and completeness of the work. We read the following passage in our author's preface with profound regret: 'For one thing, I may reasonably ask the reader's indulgence. Owing to the state of my eyes, I have been obliged to use a writing-case made for the blind, which does not permit the writer to see his own manuscript; nor have I ever corrected, or even read, my own original draft.' Mr. PRESCOTT may well consider this as an ample excuse for any errors of typography; of which, by the way, we have not discovered even one. We were already aware, on the best authority, that WASHINGTON IRVING had prepared to take up the ground so ably occupied by our author; a fact to which Mr. PRESCOTT alludes in the following graceful terms:

'It was not till I had become master of my rich collection of materials, that I was acquainted with this circumstance; and had he persevered in his design, I should unhesitatingly have abandoned my own, if not from courtesy, at least from policy; for though armed with the weapons of Achilles, this could give me no hope of success in a competition with Achilles himself. But no sooner was that distinguished writer informed of the preparations I had made, than with the gentlemanly spirit which will surprise no one who has the pleasure of his acquaintance, he instantly announced to me his intention of leaving the subject open to me. While I do but justice to Mr. IRVING by this statement, I feel the prejudice it does to myself in the unavailing regret I am exciting in the bosom of the reader.'

We cannot take leave of this splendid book without making mention of the truly elegant style in which it has been issued by its liberal publishers. It yields in no respect to the finest issue of the Boston, and we had almost added, of the London press. The three volumes are large octavo, of about five hundred pages each, containing elegant portraits and illustrative maps; and yet the whole is sold for six dollars!

THE *ÆNEID* OF VIRGIL, WITH ENGLISH NOTES, CRITICAL AND EXPLANATORY; a Metrical Clavis and an Historical, Geographical and Mythological Index. By CHARLES ANTHON, LL. D. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

THE cause of sound classical education in America is more deeply indebted to Professor ANTHON than to any other scholar in the country; and the debt of gratitude already incurred is almost daily increased by the unwearied efforts of this distinguished linguist. Beside the voluminous and unequalled Dictionaries which he has compiled and published, he has in course of preparation a series of the most popular Latin authors, in which his principal aim is to adapt them to the use of scholars in our academies and higher schools. Another volume of this series, containing the *Æneid*, has just been issued. It is usually among the earliest Latin works placed in the pupil's hands, and yet there are few which require a more intimate and extended acquaintance with Roman history, domestic habits, mythology, geography, and indeed with every thing relating to the Romans as a nation and society, in order to a perfect understanding of its character, and a genuine relish of its beauties, than this. We doubt the policy, or propriety indeed, of placing in the hands of those who are learning the elements of a foreign *language*, poems of an elaborate and elevated character for text-books. No one, for the purpose of learning English, would take up MILTON's *Paradise Lost* before the Vicar of Wakefield or BUNYAN's *Pilgrim's Progress*; for aside from the fact that he would not thus be introduced to the simple dialect of ordinary life, its classical and doctrinal allusions, its technical terms, and the profound knowledge of men, of books, and of nature which it embraces, would render it almost a sealed volume to any but those who have already become cultivated and accomplished scholars. And although the case is materially different in learning the ancient languages, since the object is not to speak or write them, but to become familiar with the great works which are written in them, it would be unwise if not useless to teach a pupil to read VIRGIL without at the same time providing him with the means of thoroughly understanding and appreciating his poetry. For these he is usually dependent upon the verbal expositions of his teacher, who, even if he chance to be well qualified for the task, seldom has sufficient time for its proper discharge.

Many attempts have been made to supply this want, and some of them have been attended with very fair, though not full, success. COOPER's edition has had the most copious notes, but they are not always accurate, and are often upon passages of comparatively little difficulty. GOULD's notes are better, but they are much more sparingly introduced, and do not indeed elucidate the really intricate points. The historical and mythological references in both these editions are quite scanty; and they must both in our judgment speedily give place to this of Dr. ANTHON. The critical and explanatory notes to this are all that could be desired. They occupy more than six hundred pages, or quite two-thirds of the book, and relate to every point of interest or of doubt in the whole *Æneid*. They are full, accurate, and perfectly satisfactory. The author tells us in the preface that they comprise the results of all the study and research of modern European scholars, and embrace every thing which has been brought to light up to the present time. They are very copiously and clearly illustrated by neat and perspicuous engravings, which frequently do more than pages of description to give a distinct impression to the scholar's mind. The construction of Roman ships, the mode of a naval battle, the style of conducting a siege, the form of chaplets, of temples, of household utensils, of coins, ornaments, and in fine, the exact structure and appearance of every thing pertaining to Roman history or Roman life, are thus rendered more familiar to the eye than they ever could be to the ear of the student. The metrical clavis scans all the difficult lines contained in the book, and the general index clearly and briefly elucidates all the references which the poem contains to men, incidents, and localities. With these recommendations, aided by the typographical clearness and beauty which the publishers have given to it, this edition of the *Æneid* must be heartily welcomed by scholars and students (all rivalry to the contrary) throughout the United States.

MEXICO: AS IT WAS AND AS IT IS. By BRANTZ MAYER, Late Secretary of Legation to Mexico. In one volume, octavo. pp. 426. 'New World' press: J. WINCHESTER.

WE looked through a large portion of this work while all its sheets were not yet through the press, and were enabled with some confidence to predict that it would create no small sensation in the literary world. Mr. MAYER has a free, unpretending style, which renders all that he writes eminently *readable*; a merit in which many far more practised writers are as signally deficient. The programme furnished in the announcement of the work has been well filled up. Many of the ruins and antiquities here described have never before been visited or mentioned by any traveller. A detailed account is furnished of the present social and political condition of Mexico; an elaborate description is given of the antiquities to be found in the museum of the capital, and of the ancient remains strewn from California to Odjaca. A record is presented of the author's journeys to Tezcoco, and through the *tierra-caliente*; and a full account of the agriculture, manufactures, commerce, resources, mines, coinage, and general statistics of Mexico is given. There is beside a complete view of the past and present *history* of the country, with vivid pictures of the domestic manners and customs of the people. The whole is illustrated by numerous drawings from the pencil of Mr. MAYER, which have been engraved on wood by BUTLER, in that excellent artist's best style. We scarcely remember to have met with a work so profusely embellished; and the literary and pictorial artist being one and the same person, the reader is helped to a far more life-like view of the scenes and things described and depicted than he could have obtained under circumstances less favorable to the strict fidelity of pen and pencil. The publisher has evinced great liberality in the pictorial department of the volume, having expended upward of twelve hundred dollars on the illustrations alone. The volume is printed upon a fine and white (though somewhat too thin) paper, with a large clear type. The work can scarcely fail to attain, what indeed it well deserves, a wide diffusion.

SCENES AND SCENERY IN THE SANDWICH ISLANDS, AND A TRIP THROUGH CENTRAL AMERICA: being Observations from my Note-book, during the Years 1837, to 1842. By JAMES J. JARVES, Member of the Oriental Society, etc. In one vol. pp. 341. Boston: JAS. MUNROE AND COMPANY.

THOSE of our readers who may have seen a previous work of Mr. JARVES, on the history of the Sandwich Islands, which was noticed in this Magazine, will perhaps remember the following passage in the preface: 'It was designed to interweave with the civil and political account of the nation, a series of sketches, illustrative of their present life and condition, and other interesting points, which would have enlivened a bare narrative of facts; also to have pictured the wondrous natural phenomena of that prolific portion of the Pacific, the great volcanic eruption of 1840; and a full account of the mightiest of craters, the gigantic *Lua Pele*, of Kilanea, in Hawaii. But it would have swelled the volume to an unwieldy size. At an early period will be presented an additional volume, which, without being connected with the present, will give in detail all that is necessary to form a correct view of the Hawaiian Islands, their condition, prospects, the every-day concerns of the people, and missionary life as it now exists; the two to form a succinct whole, illustrating each other.' The volume before us has been written in fulfilment of the foregoing pledge. In it the writer has attempted to delineate that which came within his immediate observation, during a residence of four years on the Group. As a description of the familiar life of a people, in a novel and interesting position, one which may with propriety be termed a state of transition from barbarism to civilization, it will attract the attention, and interest the sympathies of readers of all classes. A portion of the sketches have been previously published in journals, and had some circulation both at home and abroad. The volume is executed by the eminent Boston printer, DICKINSON, and is illustrated with fine maps and plates.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE NEW YEAR.—We are standing once more together, reader, at that fairy vestibule which opens rich with hope and bright to expectation upon another twelve-month ; a coming lapse of time that like a swell of the ocean tossing with its fellows, heaves onward to the land of Death and Silence. At such a time, although it seem not meet, it may be, to indulge in sad thoughts and pensive recollections, who can refrain from giving a backward glance to years that have passed like a weaver's shuttle, and woven our 'checkered web of life?' Shall we not for one moment remember too, even at this joyous season, the loved and lost who have gone before us, to solve the great mystery of life, and the momentous secrets of death and the grave? Shall we not remember that we too are passing away; and in thoughtful mood, pause to ask with the poet:

'ANOTHER year! another year!
Oh! who shall see another year?
Shalt thou, old man, of hoary head,
Of eye-sight dim, and feeble tread?
Expect it not! Time, pain, and grief
Have made thee like an autumn leaf;
Ready, by blast or self-decay,
From its slight hold to drop away;
And some sad morn may gild thy bier,
Long, long before another year!

'Another year! another year!
Oh! who shall see another year?
Shall you, ye young? or you, ye fair?
Ah! the presumptuous thought forbear!
Beside this church-yard's peaceful bounds,
Pause ye, and ponder o'er the mounds:
Here beauty sleeps; that verdant length
Of grave contains what once was strength;
The child, the boy, the man are here—
Ye may not see another year!

While however we give to emotions like these their appropriate vent, we are not called upon to forget that there is much that is inspiring and delightful in the commencement of the year. The time-honored custom of our metropolis has made it a point of peculiar radiance; a halcyon period, when heart's-ease would seem to be the general feeling, and smiles the social insignia. Then the visit is exchanged between friends whom perhaps the departed year had somewhat alienated; old associations are revived, and cordialities that had well nigh been forgotten are strengthened and renewed. As the lip is wetted with friendly wine, the bosom expands in the generous warmth of honest enjoyment; the cold formalities of factitious station give place to undisguised welcome and open-handed cheer. The rich and the poor meet together, and the spirit of pleasure is with all. As the parties go their rounds, and familiar forms and faces appear to greeting eyes, the necessity of friendship and the desolation of its absence come home to the mind. It is felt that comfort is lost when allied to selfishness, and that it is good to be respected or beloved. And as those meet between whom the year has passed in sullen estrangement; upon whose anger many an evening sun has descended; a relenting spirit obeys the mingled voices of Memory and Friendship: the kind resolve is made and followed; so that instead of the thorn to goad and wound, there springs up in the pathway of the Reconciled the olive or the myrtle. How sweet is the sight of human goodness, struggling to surmount the petty passions which dis-color its beauty, and bending to the benign suggestions of that pure and gentle principle,

peace with man! Doubtless there are many severe strivings with natural pride, before these ends can be reached; but the new year awakens such throngs of conciliatory sentiments, that it is impossible to resist them. The call is made; the overnight or neglect explained; the breach is closed; and friendship is paramount! Months of reverses and cares and disappointments are lost in that initial day, whose span is golden from sun to sun; a lapse to be remembered with quiet satisfaction in trials to come. Indeed, a moment's reflection will assure any contemplative mind that resentment is the most pitiful passion that can agitate the human breast. True, there is such a thing as '*spirit*,' but how often is it ill-directed! How often magnified by little causes into an importance wholly incommensurate with the object desired! It is the province of new-year visits to crush these poisonous weeds of our path, to quench their noxious tendrils, and to substitute in their stead the balm of friendship and good-will. For such an object the morning of the year is most auspicious. The grand festival of our SAVIOUR'S nativity has but lately ended, and a preservation of the era of good feeling is enjoined both by Precept and Hope. Who can resist such appeals to that kindness which increases the happiness of its possessor? With these reiterated words of counsel and of affection, let us take present leave of our readers, by wishing them in hackneyed phrase, but with unhackneyed spirit, a **HAPPY NEW-YEAR!**

THE RIGHTS OF WOMEN.—We wish it were possible to transfer to this printed page the beautiful chirography of the annexed communication, which proceeds from the pen of a lady who, with a few others of her gentle sex, sat out the reading of the lecture upon the '*Rights of Women*,' by Mr. JOHN NEAL, at the Broadway Tabernacle last winter, and which was so heartily laughed at by the press and the town for a day or two after. It is gratifying to remark that *women* themselves have been the prominent satirists of the characteristic absurdities put forth on the occasion alluded to. But to our fair correspondent: 'APPEAR, bright Spirits of the ancient Nine! (for you were women, and can well appreciate my appeal) arrayed in all the panoply of your charms! Thou, MINERVA! aid me with thy wisdom! Ye, most lovely GRACES! attend me with the power of honey-like persuasiveness! And thou, JOHN NEAL! arrayed in the drapery of the softer sex, gracefully to maintain the lofty eminence whereon thou standest, assist me with the glorious power of thy overwhelming eloquence, while I assert the high prerogative of Woman! Yet when I dwell on the brilliant efforts accomplished by thy mighty genius in our behalf, the pen falls powerless from my despairing hand, and I can merely point to thee as the potent champion of our down-trodden rights! Instead of dwelling in dull obscurity, victims to the caprice of men; mending their thread-bare clothing and scolding servants—base, unwomanly pursuits!—instead of listening in silence to the storms of political debate; instead of remaining within the shadow of our own roofs, and gathering around the domestic hearth the thornless roses of existence; rendering home a haven of rest to the weary and care-worn; instead of slumbering idly, in the security of our mansions, when the torrent of war rolls over the land; instead of girding then our brothers for the stormy fight, bidding them God-speed; instead of ignobly bending before the tyrannical power of Man, thou, O! astute NEAL! wouldst have us pluck the laurel-wreath from our kinsman's brow, and bind it on our own. Thou wouldst have us rise in all the dignity of offended 'equality,' and boldly assert the holy right of '*free suffrage to all!*' Why, forsooth, should we rather be confined to the narrow circle of home than our friends of the other sex? Are we not as capable of sounding the loud alarm of war, of mingling in the strife and tumult of the battle-hour, as the ladies of antique Amazonia, or the warrior-men of our own day? Have we not intellect enough to cope with the WEBSTERS, the CLAYS, and the WRIGHTS, in the halls of Congress? Is not our dignity sufficient to maintain, with honor to our country and ourselves, the various offices of the government? Why may not our superior talents elevate us to the lofty station of the presidential chair?—to become Ambassadors, Generals, and

Stateswomen? Surely our intellect is as lofty, as noble, and as clear as that in which proud man exults. Arise then, Women of America! Study immediately the tactics of military discipline; proceed to the green savannahs of Florida; wrest their authority from those who now possess it, and deck your own brows of loveliness with the wreaths of conquest and of glory. March to the halls of legislation; demand from statesmen there assembled the concession of 'woman's rights,' and desert them not till that 'vantage ground' is well secured. Then, ladies, will you be enabled to cast aside with disdain the bonds of domestic confinement, which insure merely your peace and happiness; to mingle your shrill cries with the tumult of contending armies, confounding confusion itself with your loud clamors! You may then unite your voices with the shouts of opposing factions at the momentous periods of election, huzzaing for your candidates, and gathering all your influence to win success for them. So shall you nobly fulfil the high destiny allotted you, instead of longer enduring the degrading cares attendant on the happiness of your fathers' and your husbands' homes. So shall you take by storm the hearts of men as well as the citadels of your enemies; forcing them to admire those female 'braves' who so kindly relieve them of the weighty burden of their cares.' Capital! This mock-heroic is just the vein for a theme so ridiculous as the insane crudities here touched upon. By the by; a private note advises us that 'there have been recent symptoms of chuckling exhibited by the 'champion of women,' on the supposition, real or assumed, that the attention of the legislatures of several States had been diverted toward 'woman's rights' in the matter of personal property between man and wife, by reason of the lecture aforesaid!' It is unnecessary perhaps to add, in justice to the public sense, that the action of three or four States upon this subject had a far different origin, as their legislative records will abundantly show.

OLE BULL. — We confess ourselves among the uninitiated in the mysteries of music. We are quite aware that it is not a little dangerous for one who would not lose *caste* in society to assert that he does not greatly admire that ill-assorted compound of 'strains' which is usually designated by the hackneyed phrases of 'brilliant execution' and 'difficult passages;' passages which Dr. JOHNSON wished were 'not only difficult but impossible;' we cannot force an admiration nor affect an enthusiasm which we do not feel. Indeed, we have always had great sympathy for the amateur of fashion who aspired to great refinement of taste, to exhibit which, in one branch of art, he gave on one occasion an entertainment of instrumental music. While the musicians were *all* at work, he seemed delighted with the performance; but when one instrument chanced to be engaged upon a solo, he inquired, in a towering passion, why the others were remaining idle? 'It is a *pizzicato* for one instrument,' replied the operator. 'I can't help that,' replied the virtuoso; 'let the trumpets *pizzicato* along with you; they're *paid* to do it!' Now in regard to musical knowledge and taste, this hopeful amateur has many a counterpart in this day and generation, and in this same city of Gotham. In the case of OLE BULL, however, there has been no call for affected admiration. He has *compelled* not only admiration but enthusiasm; not indeed by mere artistical 'execution,' although in this he is acknowledged to be preëminent, but by the creations of *genius*, which 'take the full heart captive.' Let the distant reader imagine an audience of three thousand persons awaiting in breathless expectance the entrance upon the Park-stage of this great Master. The curtain rises, and after the lapse of a moment, a tall manly person, with a frank, ingenuous expression of countenance, emerges with an embarrassed salutation from the wing, and with another somewhat less constrained, stands in front of the orchestra, the focus of every eye and glass in that brilliant assemblage. Pausing for a brief space, as if to collect himself, he raises his bow, and with a slight motion, beckons to each member of the orchestra in turn, who 'start into sound' at his bidding as if touched by the wand of ITHURIEL. When the tide of harmony has reached its flood, and is gradually ebbing back to fainter sounds, the Master raises his instrument to

his shoulder and lays his ear upon it, as if listening for his key-note amidst the tones that are serpentine through his brain. When to the audience 'nothing lives 'twixt these and silence,' a strain which has at first a dying fall imperceptibly swells on the ear. It is *the* instrument, beyond all peradventure; and from that moment you are 'all ear.' While you are wondering why you never knew before that there was such a *volume* of sound in a violin, a passage of infinite pathos arrests your *heart*, and you find your eyes moistening under its influence. It subsides into tremulous tones that retreat farther and farther from the ear, until they seem to come from a mile's distance; anon, they begin to approach again, and swelling gradually upon the 'aching sense,' almost overpower you with their fulness of melody. This transcendent effort of genius reminded us of the phantasmagora, or 'magic lantern;' for what the lessening and enlarging figures of that instrument are to the *eye*, OLE BULL's magic sounds are to the *ear*. We had intended to allude in detail to several of the performances of this great Master; but we lack the requisite space. We can only instance the 'Norwegian Rondo,' the 'Themes from BELLINI,' and the 'Carnival at Venice,' as eminently justifying the fervent enthusiasm which they excited. It was no unnatural combination of splendid sinuosities, of small notes split into hexagonals, and attenuated into tremors that were 'no great *shakes*' after all, which entranced the audience; it was full, rich tones; it was melody, harmony, that won their loud and almost irrepressible applause. We have not yet had the pleasure to hear VIEUX-TEMPS, the distinguished violinist recently arrived among us. His numerous friends and countrymen in the metropolis rank him even above OLE BULL. We are inclined, however, to trust the comparison made by an eminent brother-artist, who assisted at his first concert: 'VIEUX-TEMPS,' said he, 'is a very accomplished *artist*; but OLE BULL is a magnificent *genius*.' We shall have something to say of VIEUX-TEMPS, ARTOT, and Sig. CASSELA, in a subsequent number of the KNICKER BOCKER, should time and occasion serve.

A SECOND 'RALPH RINGWOOD.'—We have a western correspondent, a 'man of mark' in his region, and far from unknown elsewhere, who has seen a good deal of the world, and whose entertaining epistles always remind us of the graphic '*Experiences of Ralph Ringwood*,' as recorded in these pages by WASHINGTON IRVING. Here is a fragment of youthful reminiscence, fresh from his mint, 'which it is hoped may please;' and if it *does*, we will use our 'selectest influence' to induce him to write out for us a series of papers containing his complete autobiography, which we have good reason to believe would overflow with romance and strange vicissitude: 'I was raised,' he writes, 'as we western folks term it, in a small village some fifteen miles from Boston, and when about sixteen years of age I paid a visit to the metropolis for the first time in my life. When I first arrived there I spent some hours in trying to hunt up an old play-mate who had been bound apprentice to a Boston mechanic some two years previous. I could hear nothing of him, however, and so gave up the search. But one day, while sauntering down the main-street, and wondering at all I saw, I suddenly encountered a strange sight. It was a *sheep*, dead and dressed, but moving along the side-walk in an upright position, and apparently without help! Puzzled at this phenomenon, I turned round as it passed me, in order to observe it more closely; when to my astonishment I discovered a boy behind it, who with the sheep on his back was shuffling along the walk, stern-foremost. I was still more astonished when I recognized in this lad my old and long-sought playmate. 'DICK, my boy!' said I, grasping his hand warmly. DICK seemed a little embarrassed at first; but after a moment's hesitation, he threw down his load spitefully, and seizing my hand returned my grasp as cordially as it had been given. 'For God's sake, DICK,' inquired I, 'how long is it since you commenced walking backward?' 'Not a great while,' replied he, with a grin. 'To tell you the truth, FRANK, I saw you looking in the jeweller's window there, and knew you at once; and as I did n't care to

be seen by an old comrade with a sheep on my back, I was in hopes to escape your observation by walking in the manner in which you saw me.' 'And that was the very thing which led me to discover you,' I replied; 'you might have passed me in the ordinary way, nineteen times in every twenty, without being recognized.' 'Well, it's all one now, since you have found me out,' said DICK. 'But what, after all, are you going to do with that measly-looking animal?' I inquired. 'Eat it,' replied he, with a comical twist of the nose; 'I have to lug one home every day; we apprentices live on them altogether. I'm a sheep myself, almost; *b-a-a-h*!' and here he imitated the cry of that animal so naturally, that I had no doubt of the truth of his statement. After a few moments' conversation, chiefly about home, the clock struck ten, when DICK suddenly resumed his load, and after giving me the directions to the 'old man's' house, and exacting a promise to call and see him in the evening, he started for home. At the appointed hour in the evening, I called to see him, as agreed upon, and found him waiting for me. But what a different-looking personage from the one I met in the morning! He was now very smartly dressed in a small black frock-coat, and drab gaiter-trowsers strapped tightly over a pair of nicely-polished boots. On his head a black velvet cap, from which two enormous tassels were swinging, was setting jauntily on one side, while in his hand he carried a little silver-headed cane, with which he occasionally rapped his legs. In my unsophisticated eyes he was a very paragon of gentility, and I could n't help contrasting him with my own countrified appearance. However, I had but a moment for reflection; for sallying into the street, with me at his heels, DICK at once proposed going to the theatre. I agreed without hesitation, for the big play-bills had been staring me in the face all day, and on them were emblazoned in large capitals the names of COOPER and FINN, who were to play together that evening in one of SHAKSPEARE's comedies. When we arrived at the play-house, DICK took me aside, and pointing to the little window in the office, proposed that I should go and purchase the tickets; 'because,' said he, 'the box-keeper knows me.' I could n't exactly comprehend why the fact of his being known to the box-keeper should prevent his purchasing the tickets himself. However, I supposed it was all right, and so I crowded up to the little window, and after awaiting my turn, obtained two pit-tickets, for which I had to pay out of my own pocket, of course. DICK took them from me when I returned, and then again resuming the lead, he conducted me into the lobby of the play-house. Here he handed the tickets to the door-keeper, at the same time nodding his head toward me, in order to intimate to that gentleman that I was under his special patronage, and that the other admission was intended for me. Once seated in the centre of the pit, DICK seemed to be in his glory. He ogled the ladies in the boxes, and whistled and shouted and stamped, and cried 'Physic!' until I thought he would split his throat. But when at last the gloomy curtain rose and the stars of the evening stood glittering before us, he clapped and shouted so much louder and longer than all the rest, that the whole audience gazed at him with admiration. He would have gone on applauding, I verily believe, until the end of the play, had not a tall gentleman, with a red handkerchief round his throat, and carrying a long pole, rapped him over the head, and peremptorily shouted 'Silence!' From that moment DICK was as mute as a Quaker, until the end of the play; when rushing out and dragging me after him, he proposed that we should go and finish the evening at a celebrated coffee-house, kept by 'a particular friend of his,' and where he had agreed to meet some half-dozen fellow-apprentices. Here we stayed until a very late hour, drinking and smoking, telling stories and singing songs. As it grew later, our companions one by one walked or reeled out of the bar-room, until we two were left the only tenants, save the landlord. The latter then commenced closing the house, and hinted pretty strongly that it was high time we were going. I turned to DICK, who had been remarkably silent for some time, when to my utter dismay I discovered that he was perfectly insensible from drink. I looked up to the landlord for counsel. He was a short, *squab* man, with a bulbous excrescence growing out from between his shoulders, that I suppose passed for a head, though it looked like a wen; a kind of expletive, to wear a hat on, or to fill up the hollow of a shabby wig. 'What shall we do with him?' said I.

'Hustle him out!' cried he; 'hustle him out! he did n't get his liquor here: I've no room for such company!' I then endeavored to put my companion upon his feet, but his legs bent under him, and his whole body seemed as limber and lifeless as a wet rag. 'You can't do any thing with him in *that* way,' continued the landlord; 'if you want to get him home to-night, you must take him on your back and carry him there yourself. He'll be bright enough in the morning.' I saw no other way of proceeding; and so, being strong and athletic myself, while DICK was of slight proportions, I managed, with the assistance of the landlord, to get him upon my back, and then started for his master's house. As my burthen was perfectly speechless, I had plenty of time for uninterrupted thought as I trudged along; and I could n't help contrasting the apprentice of the morning with the apprentice of the present moment. *Then*, though rather coarsely dressed, and smooched with the marks of labor, he blushed at being caught with a sheep on his back, though he had come honestly by it; but *now*, though bedecked in the habiliments of a gentleman, he was being carried home himself like a beast on the back of a companion. On reaching his master's house I laid him down upon the door-sill, where he commenced breathing intensely through his nose, while I fumbled round for the handle of the bell, which I rang. The 'old man' himself came to the door, and looking down at his apprentice, shook his head sorrowfully. Then turning to a black domestic, who with a candle in her hand stood grinning behind him, he said, 'Here's DICK come home drunk again, Dinah; you must take him up stairs and get him to bed in the best way you can.' The old gentleman turned away with a tear in his eye, and I also departed, leaving DICK, who had come to his senses a little, struggling in the arms of the brawny black, and vainly trying to kiss her polished cheek. Thus ended my first youthful adventure in a city.

Gossip with Readers and Correspondents. — We encounter in our personal correspondence not a few comments, pro and con, upon the papers on '*Mind and Instinct*,' which appeared in the last two numbers of the KNICKERBOCKER. Our friend and correspondent, 'HARRY FRANCO,' among others, in a gossiping epistle to the Editor, writes as follows:

'I HAVE been considerably interested in your correspondent's paper on mind and instinct; only I rather wonder at his laboring to prove a theory which few are inclined to question. But he does not after all, it appears to me, draw the right conclusions from his argument. All living beings have a mind, or reason, or what you will, which prompts them to do all that their animal functions are capable of performing. In this respect man is as much governed by instinct as a brute. My neighbor's dog every night when I come home walks up to me, wags his tail, and looks in my face, and says in his way, 'How are you?' His master gives me a nod, takes his pipe from his mouth, and says the same. But when a stranger comes to my door, neither the dog nor his master salutes him; but were he to fall into the brook, they would both run to pull him out. Are they not both influenced by exactly the same feelings? If I should ask my neighbor to endorse my note, he would look sulky, hem! and haw! and refuse; if I should attempt to take a bone from his dog, the brute would snarl and growl, and perhaps bite me. Do you see any marvellous difference between the two animals? A near neighbor of mine, about six months since, had a little boy of four years old, who had a spaniel of which he was very fond. One day during the absence of the father, the child was taken ill with the croup; the mother was alarmed, and it so happened that her servants were away, and she had no one to send for a physician. The poor woman was in great tribulation, for in spite of all her efforts the child grew worse. In about an hour after the child was taken ill, her father's carriage stopped at the door, and her mother made her appearance. Her father's house was about two miles distant. The grandmother said that Carlo, the sick child's dog, 'came running into the house, all bespattered with mud, and flew about and acted so strangely that she knew something must be the matter with little Billy, her grandson, and she came to see what it was.' Until then, the mother of the child had not noticed the absence of the dog from the room, for the boy was playing with him when he was taken sick. The child remained ill three or four days, and then died; and during the whole time the dog never left his bed-side; he watched by the corpse until it was buried, and then took possession of the little boy's chair, which he would

allow no one to touch, not even the child's mother. Every day he absented himself for three or four hours; and the father one day going to look at his child's grave, found that the dog had almost scratched his way down to the coffin. He was after this kept within doors; but he refused to eat, and in a short time died in the chair of his little master. If I had time, I could tell you a story almost as touching, in relation to a pig, an animal that phrenologically speaking has generally been looked upon as somewhat deficient in the region of the sentiments.'

Now that our attention has been awakened to the subject, we find in our casual reading the testimony in favor of 'mind in animals' greatly to increase and multiply. OLEUS MAGNUS, Bishop of Norway, in a work written in Latin some two centuries ago, tells us of a fox that, in order to get rid of the fleas which infested his skin, was accustomed to swim out into a lake with a straw band held high and dry in his mouth. When the water-hating vermin had all escaped from his submerged body to the dry straw, down dived Reynard, leaving his tormentors 'at sea,' and rising again beyond the scope of safe jumping. 'Curious, isn't it?' A correspondent at Rochester, 'who experienced much satisfaction in the perusal of the article' above alluded to, was yet 'a little dissatisfied with the closing portion of it.' The proposition of the writer to 'abstain entirely from animal food,' on the score of humanity, he considers 'especially ridiculous.' He has 'the gravest authority for stating, that every drop of water that quenches our thirst or laves our bodies, contains innumerable insects, which are sacrificed to our necessities or comforts; each ingredient in the simplest vegetable fare conveys to inevitable destruction thousands of the most beautiful and harmless of created beings. From the first to the last gasp of our lives, we never inhale the air of heaven without butchering myriads of sentient and innocent creatures. Can we upbraid ourselves then for supporting our lives by the death of a few animals, many of whom are themselves carnivorous, when the infant who has lived for a single day has killed an infinitely greater number of human beings than the longest life would suffice to murder by design? Or, if we sacrifice either our lives or our comforts by scrupulously denying ourselves the use of animal food, can we derive much consolation from considering that we spare a few scores of beings, when we involuntarily, but knowingly, are every moment massacring more than the longest life-time would suffice to enumerate?' . . . A REFERENCE to the case of '*Rachael Baker, the American Somnambulist*,' in a late London Magazine, has recalled that remarkable phenomenon very forcibly to our mind. RACHAEL BAKER resided within four miles of 'the house where we were born;' and the first exhibitions of her religious exercises during sleep took place alternately at the homestead and the residence of a relation in its near vicinity. We remember as it were but yesterday the solemnity which sat upon the faces of the assembled neighbors, as they awaited the signal-groan from an adjoining apartment, to which, at about seven P. M., the Somnambulist usually retired for the night. When the door was opened the crowd pressed in. The sleeper, dressed in white muslin, lay straight and motionless in bed; her eyes closed, her face white and inflexible as marble; and her fingers with livid marks beneath the nails, clasped meekly upon her bosom. Flecks of foam were visible at the corners of her mouth, and her lips moved 'as if they would address themselves to speech,' for some seconds before any audible sound came from them. At length, however, in a clear silvery voice she opened with prayer; a prayer fervent, devotional, and evidently direct from the heart. When this was concluded, and after the lapse of a brief space, she began an exhortation, in language pure, beautiful, often eloquent, and occasionally rising to a noble sublimity; and then closed with prayer. If interrupted with a question, as she frequently was, by clergymen, medical gentlemen, and others, she answered it with readiness, and with a felicity of language surpassing belief. 'RACHAEL,' said a clergyman to her in our hearing one evening, while in the midst of her discourse, 'why do you engage in these exercises? and why ——' She interrupted the speaker with words to this effect: 'I, even I, a worm of the dust, am but a feeble instrument in the hands of HIM who hath declared, 'I will pour out of my spirit upon you; and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy; your young men shall see visions, and your old men shall dream dreams. And

on my servants and on my handmaidens I will pour out in those days of my spirit, and they shall prophesy.' Even so FATHER, for so it seemeth good in thy sight!" The girl was of bashful demeanor; altogether uneducated; could scarcely read; knew little of the Bible; and indeed in her waking hours conversed in a language that was far from being respectable English; but neither in her prayers nor in her exhortations was she ever at fault; nor did she at any time exhibit the slightest hesitation or confusion. Her answers to questions were brief, pointed, and invariably correct. Crowds flocked to see her, until the public curiosity overran all bounds. She was visited by many persons from New-York; and finally, under the direction of a committee of medical gentlemen from the city, was brought to the metropolis, where she created a great sensation. A pamphlet was written upon her case by Dr. MITCHELL; and we should feel greatly obliged to any reader who would place it for a short time in our hands. . . . A VALUED friend and correspondent, to whose kindness we have frequently been indebted, has sent us a '*Massachusetts Centinel*,' printed in Boston sixty years ago; in which, among many other curious and amusing matters, there is a copy of an original letter written by the celebrated GEORGE ALEXANDER STEVENS, author of '*Lecture on Heads*,' etc., dated at 'Yarmouth Jail, County of Norfolk,' which runs thus:

'SIR: When I parted from you at Doncaster, I imagined, long before this, to have met with some oddities worth acquainting you with. It is grown a fashion of late to write lives; I have now, and for a long time have had, leisure enough to undertake mine, but want materials for the latter part of it; for my existence now cannot properly be called living, but what the painters term *still life*; having ever since February 13, been confined in this town-goal for a London debt.

'As a hunted deer is always shunned by the happier herd, so am I deserted by the company, * my share taken off, and no support left me, save what my wife can spare me out of hers:

'Deserted in my utmost need
By those my former bounty fed.'

With an economy, which until now I was a stranger to, I have made shift to victual hitherto my little garrison, but then it has been with the aid of my good friends and allies—my clothes. This week's eating finishes my last waistcoat; and next, I must atone for my errors upon bread and water.

'THEMISTOCLES had so many towns to furnish his table, and a whole city bore the charge of his meals. In some respects I am like him, for I am furnished by the labors of a multitude. A wig has fed me two days; the trimming of a waistcoat as long; a pair of velvet breeches paid my washerwoman, and a ruffled shirt has found me in shaving. My coats I swallowed by degrees. The sleeves I breakfasted upon for weeks; the body, skirts, etc., served me for dinner two months. My silk stockings have paid my lodgings, and two pair of new pumps enabled me to smoke several pipes. It is incredible how my appetite, (barometer like) rises in proportion as my necessities make their terrible advances. I here could say something droll about a good stomach, but it is ill jesting with edge tools, and I am sure that is the sharpest thing about me. You may think I can have no sense of my condition, that while I am thus wretched, I should offer at ridicule: but, Sir, people constituted like me, with a disproportioned levity of spirits, are always most merry when they are most miserable; and quicken like the eyes of the consumptive, which are always brightest the nearer the patient approaches his dissolution. However, Sir, to show you I am not lost to all reflection, I think myself poor enough to want a favor, and humble enough to ask it here. Sir, I might make an encomium on your good nature, humanity, etc.; but I shall not pay so bad a compliment to your understanding, as to endeavor, by a parade of phrases, to win it over to my interest. If you could, any night at a concert, make a small collection for me, it might be a means of my obtaining my liberty; and you well know, Sir, the first people of rank abroad will perform the most friendly offices for the sick; be not, therefore, offended at the request of a poor (though a deservedly punished) debtor.'

Geo. A. STEVENS.'

AMONG the facetiæ of the '*Centinel*' we find a clever hit at two prominent official characters of the name of DAY: 'TITUS, a Roman emperor, we are told, once lamented that '*he had lost a Day*.' If the commonwealth of Massachusetts were to *lose two Days*, it would not be the cause of much lamentation!' A correspondent elsewhere observes, that in a procession on a certain solemn occasion in this city, the place of the physician was immediately before the corpse; which, he adds, was 'exactly consonant with the etiquette observed at capital executions in ancient times; the *executioner* always going before!' By the way, 'speaking of STEVENS;' perhaps the reader of good things at second-hand may not be aware how much he is indebted to this author's '*Lectures on Heads*' for amusement and instruction. They were very popular throughout Great Britain; and as illustrated by the author, after the manner of 'Old MATTHEWS,' they are said to have been irresistible. It

* THE Norwich company of players, to which he belonged.

was in this collection that the law-cases of 'BULLUM vs. BOATUM' and 'DANIEL vs. DISH-CLOUT' had their origin. They are familiar to every school-boy, not less for their wit than the canine Latinity in which they abound: '*Primus storkus est provokus*; now who gave the *primus storkus*? Who gave the first offence?' Or, 'a drunken man is '*homo duplicans*,' or a double man, seeing things double,' etc., etc. We annex an example or two of the writer's individuality. The first is a sketch of a *nul admirari* critic and amateur, who has travelled long enough abroad to fall in love with every thing foreign, and despise every thing belonging to his own country except himself: 'He pretended to be a great judge of paintings, but only admired those done a great way off, and a great while ago; he could not bear any thing painted by any of his own countrymen. One day being in an auction-room where there was a number of capital pictures, and among the rest an inimitable painting of fruits and flowers, the connoisseur would not give his opinion of the picture until he had examined his catalogue; when, finding it was done by one of his own countrymen, he pulled out his eye-glass, exclaiming: 'This fellow has spoiled a fine piece of canvass; he's worse than a sign-post dauber; there's no keeping, no perspective, no fore-ground, no *chiar'oscuro*. Look you, he has attempted to paint a fly upon that rose-bud! Why, it is no more like a fly than I am like an ——' But as the connoisseur approached his finger to the picture, the fly flew away. It happened to be the *real insect*!' Is not the following a forcible picture of a mercurial, hero-loving Frenchman? 'Has he property? An edict from the *Grand Monarque* can take it, and he is satisfied. Pursue him to the Bastille, or the dismal dungeon in the country to which a *lettre-de-cachee* conveys him, and buries him for life: there see him in all his misery; ask him 'What is the cause?' '*Je ne sai pas*; it is the will of the *Grand Monarque*.' Give him a *soup-maigre*, a little sallad, and a hind-quarter of a frog, and he's in spirits. 'Fal, lal, lal! *Vive le Roi? Vive la bagatelle!*' Here we have a Materialist proving the affinity of matter: 'All round things are globular, all square things flat-sided. Now, if the bottom is equal to the top, and the top equal to the bottom, and the bottom and top are equal to the four sides, then all matter is as broad as it is long.' But the materialist 'had not in his head matter sufficient to prove matter efficient; and being thus deficient, he knew nothing of the matter.' One of STEVENS's 'heads' was that of a heartless, devil-may-care sort of person, in some respects like the hero of '*A Capital Joke*' in preceding pages, who is always 'keeping it up.' He illustrates his own character very forcibly: 'I'll tell you how it was; you see, I was in high spirits, so I stole a dog from a blind man, for I do so love fun! So then the blind man cried for his dog, and that made me laugh; so says I to the blind man, 'Halloo, master! do you want your dog?' 'Yes, Sir, indeed, indeed I do,' says he. Then says I to the blind man, says I, 'Go look for him! Keep it up!' I always turn sick when I think of a parson; and my brother, he's a parson too, and he hates to hear any body swear; so I always swear when I am along with him, just to roast him. I went to dine with him one day last week; and as soon as I arrived, I began to swear. I never swore so well in all my life; I swore all my new oaths. At last my brother laid down his knife and fork, and lifting up his hands and eyes, he calls out: '*O Tempora! O Mores!*' 'Oh, ho! brother,' says I, 'don't think to frighten me by calling all your family about you. I don't mind you nor your family neither. Only bring Tempora and Moses here — that's all! I'll box 'em for five pounds. Keep it up!' . . . THERE is many a bereaved heart that will be touched by the following sad, sad lines, from the pen of JOHN RUDOLPH SUTERMEISTER, a young and gifted poet, whose mortal part has 'been ashes these many a year,' and whom the reader may remember as the author of a little poem widely quoted and admired many years ago, commencing:

'O! for my bright and faded hours!
When life was like a summer stream,
On whose gay banks the virgin flowers
Blushed in the morning's rosy beam,
Or danced upon the breeze that bare
Its store of rich perfume along,
While the wood-robin poured on air
The ravishing delights of song!"

To us, who are familiar with the painful circumstances under which they were written, and the deep affliction which they deplore, they seem almost to sob with irrepressible grief :

A L A M E N T .

I.

Give not to me the wreath of green,
The blooming vase of flowers;
They breathe of joy which once hath been,
Of gone and faded hours!
I cannot love the rose; though rich,
Its beauty will not last:
Give me—give me the bloom o'er which
The early blight hath passed!
The yellow buds—give *them* to rest
On my cold brow and joyless breast,
When life is failing fast!

II.

Take far from me the wine-cup bright,
In hours of revelry;
It suits glad brows, and bosoms light,
It is not meet for me:
Oh! I can pledge the heart no more
I pledged in days gone by;
Sorrow hath touched my bosom's core,
And I am left—to die!
Give me to drink of Lethe's wave,
Give me the cold and cheerless grave,
O'er which the night-winds sigh!

III.

Wake not upon my tuneless ear
Soft music's stealing strain;
It cannot soothe, it cannot cheer
This anguished heart again!
But place the Æolian harp upon
The tomb of her I love;
There, when Heaven shrouds the dying sun,
My weary steps will rove,
While o'er its chords Night pours its breath,
To list the serenade of death
Her silent bourne above!

IV.

Give me to seek the lonely tomb
Where sleeps the sainted dead,
When the pale night-fall throws its gloom
Above her narrow bed!
There, while the winds which sweep along,
O'er the harp-strings are driven,
And the funereal soul of song
Upon the air is given,
Oh! let my faint and parting breath
Be mingled with that song of death,
And flee with it to heaven!

'Who hath redness of eyes?' This interrogative 'portion of divine scripture' is forcibly illustrated by an anecdote, related with most effective dryness by a friend of ours. An elderly gentleman, accustomed to 'indulge,' entered the bar-room of an inn in the pleasant city of H—, on the Hudson, where sat a grave Friend toasting his toes by the fire. Lifting a pair of green spectacles upon his forehead, rubbing his inflamed eyes, and calling for a hot brandy-toddy, he seated himself by the grate; and as he did so, he remarked to Uncle BROADBRIM that 'his eyes were getting weaker and weaker, and that even spectacles did n't seem to do 'em any good.' 'I'll tell thee friend,' rejoined the Quaker, 'what I think. I think if thee was to wear thy spectacles over thy mouth for a few months, thy eyes would get sound again!' The 'complainant' did not even return thanks for this medical counsel, but sipped his toddy in silence, and soon after left the room, 'uttering never a word.' . . . THERE have been various surmises, and sundry contradictory statements, in relation to the work superscribed '*Count D'Orsay on Etiquette*,' which we noticed at some length in our December issue. Mr. WILLIS, of the 'New Mirror' weekly journal, seems to question its having been written by the COUNT, but expresses his belief that he may have loaned his name to the publishers 'for a consideration;' and this may possibly have been the fact with the latest London edition. The author of the work in question, however, is Mr. CHARLES WILLIAM DAY, an English gentleman, whose acquaintance with the usages of the best European society is personal and authentic; who has observed and travelled much; and who is moreover an artist of a high order; painting in miniature, and sketching with admirable skill. An esteemed friend and correspondent of this Magazine writes us from Boston, that the manner of the fraud is somewhat as follows: 'Mr. DAY is the author of a Journal of Travels, which Messrs. LONGMAN AND COMPANY of London proposed to publish. As they treated him, however, in a dishonorable manner, he withdrew his MSS. from them and came to America. In retaliation, they sent orders to this country to have a spurious edition published of his work on 'Etiquette,' which they had formerly brought out, and which they truly supposed he designed to reprint in New-York or Boston. It has passed through more than twenty editions in London; a fact which I know, from having seen the Messrs. LONGMANS' letters and accounts with the author. His own edition is now in press in Boston; and I learn that

he has added some 'Hints' with an especial eye to Yankee manners.' We have also received a letter from Mr. DAY himself, in which, while he 'forbears at present to make any comments on the conduct of the Messrs. LONGMAN,' he proves beyond a doubt that 'the Count D'ORBAY is *not* the writer of the 'Hints on Etiquette,' but that he himself is 'the real, true author,' past all peradventure. . . . A FRIEND lately returned from the west, relates among other matters the following anecdote: 'On board of one of the steam-boats on the Mississippi, I encountered a deck-hand, who went by the name of BARNEY. Like many of his class, he was a drinking, reckless fellow, but warm-hearted, good-natured, and generous to a fault. In early life he was in easy circumstances; was a husband, and the father of several children. But one night during a violent storm the house in which he resided was struck by lightning, and the whole family, save himself, were instantly killed. His own escape was considered a miracle at the time, not even a hair of his head having been singed. From that time, however, he took to drinking, and so sank lower and lower until he became what I found him. When I had heard his story, I felt somewhat interested in the man, and one day managed to draw him into conversation. He told me his early history with much natural pathos; and finding him in the 'melting mood' I endeavored to lead him to some serious thoughts upon the subject of his misfortunes, and especially of that one which had bereft him in so awful a manner of his wife and children. 'BARNEY,' said I, 'don't you think it was a signal mercy that you alone should have escaped unharmed from the bolt which destroyed all else you loved upon earth? Was there not at least something *singular* in the fact?' 'That's what I said myself,' replied BARNEY, in a tremulous voice; 'I always thought it was *very* sing'lar. But the fact I suppose was this, Mr. WHITEHAT. The lightning, you see, was afraid of a man, and so like a d—d sneak, it went twisting about to scorch women and little children!' . . . BLACKWOOD has proclaimed in a late number, the '*Characteristics of English Society*,' in language of truth and soberness, which goes explicitly to confirm the reports of nearly all American and other 'foreigners' who have visited England. We subjoin an extract contrasting English with French society:

'We should indeed be sorry if our demeanor in those vast crowds, where English people flock together, rather, as it would seem, to assert a right, than to gratify an inclination, were to be taken as an index of our national character: the want of all ease and simplicity, those essential ingredients of agreeable society, which distinguish these dreary meetings have long been unfortunately notorious. Too busy to watch the feelings of others, and too earnest to moderate our own, that true politeness which pays respect to age; which tries to put the most insignificant person in company on a level with the most considerable—virtues which our neighbors possess in an eminent degree—are, except in a few favored instances, unknown among us; while affectation, in other countries the badge of ignorance and vulgarity, is ours, even in its worst shape, when it borrows the mein of rudeness, impertinence, and effrontery, the appendage of those whose station is most conspicuous, and whose dignity is best ascertained. There is more good breeding in the cottage of a French peasant than in all the boudoirs of Grosvenor square. . . . Frivolity and insipidity are the prevailing characteristics of conversation; and nowhere in Europe, perhaps, does difference of fortune or of station produce more unsocial or illiberal separation. Very few of those whom fortune has released from the necessity of following some laborious profession are capable of passing their time agreeably without the assistance of company; not from the spirit of gaiety which calls upon society for indulgence; not from any pleasure they take in conversation, where they are frequently languid and taciturn; but to rival each other in the luxury of the table, or by a great variety of indescribable airs, to make others feel the pain of mortification. They meet as if to fight the boundaries of their rank and fashion, and the less definite and perceptible is the line which divides them, the more punctilious is their pride. It is a great mistake to suppose that this low-minded folly is peculiar to people of rank; it is an *English disease*.'

No doubt of it; and the question naturally arises, 'Are not these the proper people to talk about men and manners and society in America?' . . . 'NEVER mind, my dear,' says Baron POMPOLINO, while endeavoring to fit the fairy slipper of the lovely CINDERELLA upon the long splay foot of one of his ungainly daughters, 'never mind, my dear, *she is not at all like you!*' The doting father, it will be remembered, gives this verdict as a flattering compliment. We have sometimes been amused, where the *quo animo* was apparent, with similar compliments at the hands of reciprocal critics of literature. Pleasant examples in this kind have been furnished lately. A very voluminous critic, very far 'down east,' spoke recently in a metropolitan journal of GOLDSMITH'S '*Deserted Village*' as 'a very common-

place poem, at the best, and only saved from utter and most contemptuous forgetfulness by two or three pleasantries about 'broken tea-cups,' etc., and by one single passage that smacks of sublimity! Of the poetry however of the author of '*Man in his Various Aspects under the American Republic*,' he expresses in the same columns quite a different opinion. 'There has been,' he writes, 'no English poetry better than his, within the memory of man!' A writer in the last number of the '*Southern Literary Messenger*,' likewise voluminous in prose and verse, if we rightly surmise, exhibits contrasts of judgment somewhat kindred with the foregoing, although certainly less violent. The author of '*Man in his various Aspects*,' he tells us, 'has a *boldness* that attracts;' his are the 'strong and struggling conceptions which seek utterance in new and original forms.' He dares 'to shun the beaten paths,' and is not afraid to be obscure. His is not the poetry 'which takes the popular ear without tasking the popular thought,' like 'the simple common-places of LONGFELLOW.' Such 'criticism' as this we have cited must needs 'make the judicious' laugh merely, being too impotent to make them 'grieve.' It is not perhaps assuming too much to suppose, that GOLDSMITH's '*Deserted Village*' and LONGFELLOW's '*Psalms of Life*,' simple though they be, will live and be cherished in generations of human hearts, when the volumes of our critics and their client that yet survive the recollection of any save their publishers, shall be 'forgotten and clean out of mind.' . . . It is related of the celebrated clergyman, JOHN MASON, that sitting at a steam-boat table on one occasion, just as the passengers were 'falling to' in the customary manner, he suddenly rapped vehemently upon the board with the end of his knife, and exclaimed: 'Captain! is this boat out of the jurisdiction of GOD ALMIGHTY? If not, let us at least thank HIM for his continued goodness;' and he proceeded to pronounce 'grace' amidst the most reverent stillness. It is to be hoped, however, that his 'grace' was not like the few set words handed down from father to son, mumbled without emotion, and despatched with indecent haste, which one sometimes hears repeated over country repasts. 'Bless this portion of food now in readiness for us; give it to us in thy love; let us eat and drink in thy fear—for CHRIST's sake — LORENZO, take your fingers out of that plate!' was a grace once said in our hearing, but evidently not in that of the spoiled boy, 'growing and always hungry,' who could not wait to be served. We should prefer to such insensible flippancy the practice of an old divine in New-England, who in asking a blessing upon his meals, was wont to name each separate dish. Sitting down one day to a dinner, which consisted partly of clams, bear-steak, etc., he was forced in a measure to forego his usual custom of furnishing a 'bill of particulars.' 'Bless to our use,' said he, 'these treasures hid in the sand; bless this —' But the bear's-meat puzzled him, and he concluded with: 'Oh! LORD, thou only knowest what it is!' . . . A FAVORITE correspondent of this Magazine, who appears in the pages of the present number for the first time in several months, accompanies his excellent paper with a letter, from which we take these sentences: 'Since you last heard from me, I have experienced a severe domestic affliction in the loss of my father, who died during the last summer. Day after day and night after night for two months I sat by his bed-side, hoping in vain for his recovery, until life's star was extinguished in the darkness of the grave.' Our cordial sympathies are with our correspondent; but sympathy for affliction such as his can carry with it little of consolation to the bereaved:

——— 'A FRIEND is gone!

A FATHER, whose authority, in show
When most severe, and must'ring all its force,
Was but the graver countenance of love;
Whose favor, like the clouds of spring, might lower,
And utter now and then an awful voice,
But had a blessing in his darkest frown,
Threat'ning at once, and nourishing the plant.'

Perchance our friend may now think with COWPER, that 'although he loved, yet not enough, the gentle hand that reared him.' 'The chief thing that I have to reproach myself with,' writes one who laments a kindred dispensation of the SUPREME, 'is a sort of inat-

tention to my father's feelings, occasionally, arising merely from the disparity of years between us, which I am sensible must at times have interfered with his enjoyments. I would gladly recall now, if I could, many opportunities I suffered to pass, of being more in his company, and more in the way of his advice and instruction.' But he adds: 'When I reflect on these things, it appears to me one of the strongest natural arguments for the immortality of the soul, and the renewal of our earthly relations in a world to come, that even where the greatest possible attachment subsists between parents and their children, the mere disparity of years inevitably prevents that complete association of feelings, and intimate fellowship of heart and soul, which is the cement and prerogative of all other friendships: in a world to come, but no where else, such attachments must receive their full completion.' . . . PROFESSOR GOURAUD, well known among us for his devotion to the interests of art and science, has perfected a *System of Remembrance*, which he designates by the term '*Mnemotechny*,' and which we venture to predict will prove of the greatest service to nearly every class of society. No system of modern mnemonics bears any resemblance to, or comparison with it. Such is the astonishing effect of the plan, that young masters and misses, after a brief study of it, can with ease answer any question from score after score of close-printed pages, involving every variety of events, and all kinds of information. We 'speak but the things which we do know,' in this matter, for seeing is believing. As the scene of Prof. GOURAUD's operations is for the present the city, and as the daily journals have made his merits widely known to the community, we forbear farther comment at this time upon the useful art which he has brought to such wonderful perfection. New classes organize, we understand, at the Professor's residence, No. 46, Second-street, on the fourth instant. They will be filled at once, and speedily followed by others. . . . THERE is an article in the last number of the Edinburgh Review upon '*Theatres and the Drama*,' which is replete with wisdom, and evinces a thorough mastery of the theme. In alluding to the appeals which are now made to the eye by elaborate scenery, machinery, etc., less than to the mind and imagination by superior intellectual personation, the reviewer in effect remarks, that the first attempt at positive reality is fatal to pleasurable illusion. Every person in the pit is aware that the stage is a stage, 'and all the men and women merely players.' In '*As you Like It*,' at Drury-Lane, an attempt was made to imitate the notes of birds. 'Suppose the imitation had been so close as to deceive the audience into the belief that there were birds there singing; would not the contrast with trees of painted canvass have been revolting? These were not the conceptions of SHAKESPEARE, when he made his chorus say:

'CAN this cockpit hold
The vasty fields of France? or may we cram
Within this wooden O the very casques
That did affright the air at Agincourt?
O pardon! since a crooked figure may
Attest, in little place, a million;
And let us, ciphers to this great account,
On your imaginary forces work:
Suppose within the girdle of these walls
Are now confined two mighty monarchies:
Piece out our imperfections with your thoughts;
Into a thousand parts divide one man,
And make imaginary puissance.
Think, when we talk of horses, that you see them
Printing their proud hoofs in the receiving earth;
For 'tis your thoughts that now must deck our kings—
Carry them here and there.'

Advice as necessary at the present day as then; for we may enlarge our stages, increase our supernumeraries, and engage 'real horses;' but we can never make any one believe the stage is other than the stage. The audience can realize for themselves. This trust in the all-sufficiency of imagination is precisely that acted on by children in their daily sports, where from the boundless wealth of the imagination, the rudest materials supply the place of the costliest. Whoever watches boys 'playing horse,' making a pocket-handkerchief dangling behind to represent the tail, and sees them stamping, snorting, prancing, and

champing the imaginary bit, witnesses the alchymy of the imagination, an alchymy outstripping all the wonders and out-weighting all the treasures of the prosaic positive chemistry, so longed for by the present generation. The child 'supposes' the handkerchief a tail, and it becomes a tail. He has but to say to his companion: 'This shall be a whip and this shall be the harness,' and the things are there; not as matters of literal fact, but of imaginative truth. He plays for the enjoyment of the game and the exercise of his imagination; and therefore the handkerchief serves every purpose. This is the procedure of nature. But the modern parent, anxious to realize for the child, and to instil a love of accuracy into his mind, gives him a superb horse-hair tail, bidding him at the same time be careful not to spoil it. What is the result? The child's attention is called from the game, to the consideration of or delight in the tail, which, originally meant as a collateral aid, now takes the first place. The boy no doubt is delighted with his horse-hair tail; but (if it be not altogether superfluous,) it will soon destroy his game, so that the exercise, both of frame and imagination, is lost; the end becomes subordinate to the means. This is precisely what takes place with the drama. Observe also one important point: The tail is *real*; accuracy is attempted: but though the tail be real, the horse is not; the horse is played by a boy, and only by a boy; it is in this mimicry that the enjoyment consists. But how absurd to put a real tail on an unreal horse! How revolting this mixture of imagination and fact! It is equalled only by that ludicrous practice of placing the face of a *real* watch in the place of a church-clock in a landscape; where one may not only see the time of day, but may also hear it *struck*, and that amidst painted trees and houses! This effect, except to the most literal and prosaic minds, is revolting and discordant. But this the modern drama is strenuously endeavoring to produce. 'In opera, ballet, and spectacle, scenery and illustrations must be effective, because they form elements of the piece. In the drama, where the source of entertainment is intellectual, they are merely accessories, and should be used in such wise as to keep up the harmony of effect, but never so as to distract attention from the drama to themselves.' Here is a passage which is not less applicable in America than in England: 'A few years ago it was not uncommon to see several performers of rival excellence supported by others of ability, all playing in the same piece. It is now a rare thing for rivals to play together. A single good actor, among a dozen bad, is deemed sufficient. Are we then to wonder that the regular drama does not pay?' . . . Our readers will remember the order given by the Chinese Emperor to a corps of Mandarins, who were to exterminate the 'barbarian Englishers' in the harbor of Canton, by going down to the bank of the river in the night, and then and there 'dive straight on board those foreign ships, and put every soul of them to death!' Subsequently however the red-bridling foreigners managed to land, when, as it since turns out, it became necessary to adopt more sanguinary measures. The Emperor called up one of his 'great generals,' and gave him his dreadful orders: 'You must dress your soldiers,' said he, 'in a very frightful manner, painting their faces with the most horrid figures, and depicting dragons and monsters on your banners: you must then rush upon the barbarians with fearful outcries, and terrify them so that they will fall down flat on their faces; and when they are once down,' said the Imperial potentate, '*their breeches are so tight that they can never get up again!*' . . . 'I GIVE you five minutes every day to look at the stars, but do n't particularize; for some in those far-off places send down their light long after they have been knocked out of existence, and you may be looking at a blank.' So wrote 'JULIAN' in this department of our last number. Prof. OLMSTEAD, of Yale-College, in a recent lecture before the 'Mercantile Library Association,' described the difficulty of ascertaining the distance of the stars from each other and from our earth; yet, he remarked, it had been done. The nearest star's distance from us had been measured, and by the aid of light, by which it could alone be accomplished. That distance, he said, was immense, requiring ten years for light to traverse it! The planets, he had no doubt, were inhabited. Of what use was the reflection of the sun's rays upon them, if there were no eyes there to behold it? What was the use of moons, which the planets certainly have? He spoke also of the fixed stars, which seem by the aid of a telescope to be innumerable. What was their purpose?—for a

guide to mariners? No; for a very small portion of them could be seen by the unassisted eye. They were suns like our suns, to worlds like our worlds! To the inhabitants of those fixed stars our sun appears as a star, and the planetary system revolving around it, of which the earth is one, are unseen by them, as are those of theirs by us! Great God! 'When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained; what is *man*, that thou art mindful of him, and the son of man, that thou visitest him!' . . . OUR correspondent who writes of '*The Country*,' in preceding pages wields a facile pen. His allusion to the choice of *names* for a country-seat reminds us of the pleasant satire of '*Thinks-I-to-myself*' upon this theme: 'We lived, you must know,' he writes, 'in a *Hall*; not when I was born, however, nor till long afterward. My sister happened to have a correspondent at school near London, who finding it essentially necessary to the support of her dignity among her school-fellows, always directed her letters so; for the parents of one she found, lived at something *HOUSE*; and of another at *What's-its-name PLACE*: and of another at Thingummy *Lodge*; of another at the *Grange*; of another at the *Castle*; of another at the *Park*; Miss *BLAZE*, the daughter of a retired tallow-chandler, whose father lived at Candlewick-Castle, was continually throwing out hints that not to live at a '*Castle*,' or a '*Park*,' or a '*Place*,' or a '*House*,' or a '*Lodge*,' unequivocally bespoke a low origin!' Is this folly altogether indigenous to England? Let the high-sounding names of scores of painted pine palaces not a thousand miles from this metropolis make answer. . . . 'It do n't weigh as much as I expected, and I always *thought* it would n't!' We were reminded of this remark of a person who desired a certain result, but was at the same time unwilling to relinquish his pride of opinion, by the note of our *Mississippi* correspondent, to whose long communication we alluded in our last number. We *have* 'taken its measure,' as we promised, and find it quite beyond our compass. . . . Our friend the *Poetical Englishman* is somewhat severe upon the godly inhabitants of '*BOROLPH's Town*;' yet we see nothing in his epistle that is not justified by recent occurrences in the '*Literary Emporium*.' It is lamentable that Boston should be robbed of a decent theatre by an epidemic of pseudo-sanctity. *MACREADY* was compelled to play a recent engagement at a second-rate house, down in the '*Wapping*' end of the town, whither all the beauty and fashion crowded nightly through the mud to see him. It strikes us that the '*Purification Hymn*,' alluded to by our correspondent, must have been a choice production of some *MAWORM* of the day. Its reasoning is highly pellucid, and its dignity is past all question. 'Mimic scenes, and mirth and joy,' it would seem, 'allure souls' to endless perdition! Now against the licentiousness and drunkenness of the theatre too much cannot be said; but for 'mimic scenes' dragging men to — But *cui bono*? 'Your dull ass will never mend his pace with beating.' By the by, we are well pleased to see our English friend's preference for mind over matter, in the way of *dramatic* personations. Yet England has little reason to boast. What says 'the *VISCOUNT*' or the Chevalier (d'industrie) *PIP*? 'What's the good of *SHAKESPEARE*, *PIP*? I never read him. What the devil is it all about? There's a lot of feet in *SHAKESPEARE's* verse, but there ain't any legs worth mentioning in *SHAKESPEARE's* plays, are there, *PIP*? *Juliet*, *Desdemona*, *Lady Macbeth*, and all the rest of 'em, whatever their names are, might as well have no legs at all, for any thing the audience know about it. I'll tell you what it is; what the people call dramatic poetry is a collection of sermons. Do I go to the theatre to be lectured? No; if I wanted that, I'd go to church. What's the legitimate drama, *PIP*? Human nature. What are legs? Human nature. Then let us have plenty of leg-pieces, *PIP*, and I'll stand by you, my buck!' This is 'the ticket' in London, as well as in '*BOROLPH's town*.' The 'legs have it' there as well as here. Meanwhile the sometime gallant Thespian is in a sad plight, from having little to do and little pay for it. Admirers fall off, one after another, under such circumstances; and even the gentle sex forget their old enthusiasm:

'Oh! once again we met, but no bandit-chief was there;
His rouge was off, and gone that head of once luxuriant hair:
He lodges in a two-pair back, and at the tavern near
He cannot liquidate his 'chalk' nor wipe away his beer.

I saw him sad and seedy, yet methinks I see him now,
In the tableau of the last act, with the blood upon his brow.'

And thus he goes on, following his 'occupation' in one sense, and gradually sinking lower and lower; until at length:

'ALAS! poor rat!
He has no cravat;
A seedy coat, and a hole in that!
No sole to his shoe, no brim to his hat;
Not a change of linen, except his skin:
No gloves, no vest,
Either second or best;
And what is worse than all the rest,
No light heart, though his breeches are thin.'

Is not the following illustration of '*The Affections*,' by Rev. 'GEO. B. CHEEVER,' beautiful exceedingly? 'On a bright day in summer, while the west wind breathes gently, you stand before a forest of maples, or you are attracted by a beautiful tree in the open field, that seems a dense clump of foliage. You cannot but notice how easily the wind moves it, how quietly, how gracefully, how lovingly, the whole body of it. It is simply because it is covered with foliage. The same wind rustling through its dry branches in winter, would scarce bend a bough, or only to break it. But now, softly whispering through ten thousand leaves, how gently the whole tree yields to the impression! So it is with the affections, the feelings. They are the foliage of our being, moved by the spirit of God.' . . . THE annual *Festival of Saint Nicholas*, beloved of all good KNICKERBOCKERS, was celebrated on the sixth ultimo at the City Hotel, by a crowded assemblage of the members of the Society, and their invited guests. The new President was invested with the orange-badge and venerable cocked-hat of his 'illustrious predecessor,' and new subordinate officers were installed into their several stations; after which ceremony a sumptuous repast, served in the well-known style of Messrs. JENNINGS AND WILLARD, was discussed with universal *gout*. For the toasts regular and volunteer, and speeches voluntary and involuntary, we must refer the reader to the daily journals 'of that period;' while we simply add, that from soup to Païs eggs, *schnaaps*, and pipes, every thing passed off with unwonted hilarity and spirit. May we live to see fifty kindred gatherings of the votaries of our patron saint! . . . 'You don't like smokin', 'taint likely!' asked a lank free-and-easy Yankee, as he entered a room where four or five young ladies were sewing, puffing a dank 'long-nine.' 'Well, *we do not*,' was the immediate reply. 'Umph!' replied the smoker, removing his cigar long enough to spit, '*a good many people do n't*!'—and he kept on smoking. We know of *one* reader of the KNICKERBOCKER, a thousand miles from the hand that jots down this anecdote, who will enjoy it hugely; and indeed it is mainly for him that we record it. . . . This is *Thanksgiving Evening* in the Empire State; and as there is a fair-haired, hazle-eyed little boy pulling at our 'sword-arm,' (too fatigued with writing to offer any resistance) suppose we read to you, while he sits 'throned on his father's knee,' this timely and admirable passage from the pen of CHARLES HOOVER, Esq., of New-Jersey, a fine scholar, and a writer of as pure Saxon English as the best among us:

'THERE is much in the aspect of Divine Providence at the present time, both toward our own country and the world, to awaken gratitude and thoughtful joy. An unexampled spectacle is presented in the current history of the world. It is moving on almost without a ripple. The changes of time are taking place as noiselessly as the ordinary changes of nature. The decay of old and injurious social and political systems is going on like the crumbling of ruins in a desert, by the force of inherent tendency rather than by external violence; and milder and more benignant systems are appearing, not like those islands sprung by volcanic shocks above the bosom of the deep, but like the beauty of spring, or the glory of summer, by a natural and imperceptible growth. Within the memory of many yet living there was a very different state of things. Scarcely a month then passed without a shock, a press and medley in human affairs that amazed and bewildered men, and kept anxiety on the stretch. Such was the history of Europe. Every change was a concussion; every fear a storm; every revolution a convulsion. Not less in motion is society now, but it is like the motion of the spheres, grand and silent; and that silence is the emblem and the evidence of greatness and power in the present movement of Providence in human affairs. The once apparently random and divergent lines of that

Providence now seem to be flowing to a common point, and terminating in one great result—the improvement and happiness of our race. Abating much of what has been extravagantly vaunted about the march of mind and the perfectibility of human society, it is still visibly true that the general condition of the world is improved and improving. Vast accessions have been made to science; knowledge has been diffused over a wider surface, than was ever before known; ignorance is felt to be a calamity if not a crime; truths that were formerly contemplated only in the closet of the sage, have become familiarized in the cottage and the common mind; the rights of men are better defined and understood; the power of rulers is swayed within juster limits, and is every where abandoning its old apparatus of racks and halters and dungeons as the means of governing immortal mind, and is silently conceding to it its alienable prerogative of free thought.

We have little to chronicle of *The Drama* proper this month. *Music*, vocal and instrumental, has kept this branch of the fine arts somewhat in the back-ground. We have had the pleasure to see Mr. MACREADY once only at the Park, on which occasion he personated the character of MELANTIUS in '*The Bridal*' with transcendent power. We have seen this fine actor in no part, if we except perhaps that of WERNER, in which his genius shone so conspicuous. He was admirably supported by the scarcely subordinate characters represented by WHEATLY, RIDER, Miss CUSHMAN, and Mrs. H. HUNT. Mr. WHEATLY has evidently much of 'the heavy business' at the Park upon his broad shoulders, for he appears in two or three pieces almost every night. On the occasion alluded to, no sooner had the curtain risen after '*The Bridal*,' than we found him making Stentorian love ('in a horn') to the 'Dumb Belle' of the evening, in which he excited shouts of uproarious laughter. At the BOWERY THEATRE, as well as at the CHATHAM, '*The Mysteries of Paris*' has run a most successful career. The OLYMPIC has been crowded nightly by the mingled attractions of opera and travestie; while the BOWERY AMPHITHEATRE and ROCKWELL'S Circus at NIBLO'S, have shared abundantly in the favor bestowed now-a-days upon popular entertainments. . . . 'Dress always and act to please your partner for life, as you were fain to do before the nuptial-knot was tied.' This is an old maxim, and here is 'a commentator upon it.' A newly-married lady is suddenly surprised by a visit from a newly-married man, when she straightway begins to apologize: 'She is horribly chagrined, and out of countenance, to be caught in such a dishabille; she did not mind how her clothes were huddled on, not expecting any company, there being nobody at home but her husband!' The husband meanwhile shakes the visitor's hand, and says: 'I am heartily glad to see you, JACK: I don't know how it was, I was almost asleep; for as there was nobody at home but my wife, I did not know what to do with myself!' . . . THE beautiful lines by Mrs. M. T. W. CHANDLER, elsewhere in the present number, illustrate, or are illustrated by the following passage from WARREN HASTING'S eloquent reflections upon the changes to which the SOUL is destined hereafter: 'When the hour is at hand which is to dissolve the mortal tie, the soul parts without regret with those delights which it received from its sensual gratifications, and dwells only, dwells with a fond affection, on the partner or pledges of its love; or on friends from whom it seems to be cut off for ever; and if it looks, as it must look, to futurity, these are the first objects of its wishes connected with it, and the first ingredients in its conceptions of celestial felicity. For my own part (and on a subject like this, where can we so properly appeal as to ourselves?) although my reason dictates to me the hope of a future happiness, whatever may be the mode of it, yet my heart feels no interest in the prospect when viewed as a scene of solitary, selfish enjoyment. It recoils with horror at the thought of losing the remembrance of every past connexion, and even of those whom it loved most dearly, and of being forgotten by them utterly and for ever. Is this too, it asks, one of the delusions of life? No; for all its other passions expire before it; but this remains, like hope, 'nor leaves us when we die.' . . . THE '*Anglo-American*' literary journal has just issued to its subscribers one of the finest counterfeit presentments of WASHINGTON that we have ever seen. It is a print almost the size of a full-length cabinet portrait in oil, engraved in a masterly manner by HALPIN after GILBERT STUART'S celebrated picture. If this superior engraving is a sample of what the patrons of the '*Anglo-American*' are hereafter to expect from its publishers, it is easy to foresee that that spirited journal has entered upon a long career of popularity. . . . 'T.'s '*Stanzas*' await his order at the

publication-office. They are far from lacking merit, but are in parts artificial and labored. Lines eked out with accented letters, in which

—'all the syllables that end in *éd*,
Like old dragons, have cuts across the head,'

always seem to us to come rather from the head than the heart. We shall expect, nevertheless, to hear from our friend again, according to promise. . . . WE 'stop the press' to announce that MR. PUNCH has just dropped in from England, bringing the latest intelligence from 'the other side.' He has lately visited several places on the continent, not so much to see them as to be enabled to say, like other English travellers, that he *had been there*. 'MR. PUNCH, having arrived at Rouen late at night, left it very early the next morning, much impressed with the institutions of the city, both civil and architectural, as well as its manners, customs, and social life, which he is about to embody in a work called '*Six hours and a half at Rouen*,' to be brought out by a fashionable publisher.' From the reports of one of the learned societies, we derive the following important scientific information: 'MR. SAPPY read a paper, proving the impossibility of being able to see into the middle of next week, from known facts with regard to the equation of time. He stated that, supposing it possible for a person to ascend in a balloon sufficiently high for his vision to embrace a distance of seven hundred miles from east to west, he would then only see forty minutes ahead of him; that is, he would see places where the day was forty minutes in advance of the day in which he lived. Thus he might be said to see forty minutes into futurity. It has also been proved that, in sailing round the world in one direction, a day's reckoning is gained; so that the sailor on his return finds himself to be 'a man in advance of his age' by one day. This one day, however, is the farthest attainable limit; and it is therefore impossible to see into the middle of next week!' 'MR. TITE, proprietor of the 'Metropolitan Bakedtatory' brought forward his new 'Low Pressure Potatoc-Can,' upon an improved principle. It was constructed of tin, and warranted to sustain a pressure of twenty potatoes upon the square bottom. MR. TITE explained that the steam had nothing to do with the warmth of the fruit, but was quite independent of it.' 'MR. FLIT brought forward his new and improved Street Telescope for looking at the moon. It was most ingeniously constructed, being to the eye a fine instrument of six feet long. MR. FLIT explained, however, that the telescope itself was only an eighteen-inch one, the case being manufactured to increase its importance, in which the real glass was enclosed. The chief merit of this invention was, that the moon could be seen equally well on cloudy nights, or when there was none at all, the case enclosing an ingenious transparency of that body, behind which a small lamp was hung. MR. FLIT could always command a view of any of the celestial bodies by the same means.' Here are a few items of law from '*The Comic Blackstone*:' 'The statute of EDWARD the Fourth, prohibiting any but lords from wearing pikes on their shoes of more than two inches long, was considered to savor of oppression; but those who were in the habit of receiving from a lord more kicks than coppers, would consider that the law savored of benevolence.' 'Unlawfully detaining a man in any way is imprisonment; so that if you take your neighbor by the button, and cause him to listen to a long story, you are guilty of imprisonment.' PUNCH's idea of '*Woman's Mission*' differs somewhat from other reformers of the times: 'To replace the shirt-button of the father, the brother, the husband, which has come off in putting on the vestment; to bid the variegated texture of the morning slipper or the waistcoat grow upon the Berlin wool; to repair the breach that incautious haste in dressing has created in the coat or the trousers, which there is no time to send out to be mended; are the special offices of woman; offices for which her digital mechanism has singularly fitted her.' Apropos of '*Missions*:' we perceive that DICKENS understands this vague verbal apology for eccentricity or humbugousness, if we interpret aright his frail and tearful MODdle; 'who talked much about people's 'missions,' upon which he seemed to have some private information not generally attainable,' and who, 'being aware that a shepherd's mission was to pipe to his flock, and that a boatswain's mission was to pipe all hands, and that

one man's mission was to be a paid piper, and another man's mission was to pay the piper, had got it into his head that his own peculiar mission was to pipe his eye, which he did perpetually.' . . . A CURIOUS volume has recently appeared in Paris, entitled '*Poésies Populaires Latines antérieures au Douzième Siècle*;' and as sequels to the work, are certain satires upon the avarice and corruption of the papal government in the twelfth century, among which is the following curious parody:

'*Here beginneth the Gospel according to Marks of silver.*—In that time the pope said to the Romans: When the son of man cometh to the seat of our majesty, say ye first, Friend, what seekest thou? But if he continue knocking, and give you nothing, cast him out into utter darkness. And it came to pass that a certain poor clerk came to the court of our lord the pope, and cried out, saying, Have pity on me at least you, O gate-keepers of the pope, for the hand of poverty hath touched me. Verily I am needy and poor; therefore, I pray ye, relieve my calamity and my wretchedness. But they, when they heard him, were very wroth, and said, Friend, thy poverty be with thee to perdition! get behind me, Sathanas, for thou art not wise in the wisdom of money. Verily, verily I say unto thee, thou shalt not enter into the joy of thy lord until thou hast given thy last farthing. And the poor man departed, and sold his cloak and his coat and all that he had, and gave it to the cardinals and to the gate-keepers; and they said, What is this among so many? And they cast him out before the doors; and he went out, and wept bitterly, and might not be comforted. Then there came to the court a certain rich clerk, great and fat and swollen, who in a riot had slain a man. He gave first to the gate-keeper, secondly to the chamberlain, thirdly to the cardinals; but they thought among themselves that they should have received more. And when our lord the pope heard that the cardinals and ministers had received many gifts of the clerk, he became sick unto death. But the rich man sent him a medicine of gold and silver, and immediately he was cured. Then our lord the pope called to him the cardinals and ministers, and said to them, Brethren, see that no one seduce you with empty words; for I give you an example, that as I myself receive, so receive ye.'

The corruptions of this era are equally well illustrated by a very amusing anecdote of 'a handsome Italian friar, *teres atque rotundus*, about thirty, and extremely bold and eloquent;' doubtless one of that class so felicitously limned by THOMSON:

'A little round, fat, oily man of God
Was one I chiefly marked among the fry;
He had a roguish twinkle in his eye
And shone all glittering with ungodly dew,
If a tight damsel chanced to trippen by;
Which when observed he shrunk into his mew,
And straight would recollect his piety anew.'

One day at a remote confessional of the church he declared an unholy and forbidden passion to a young and beautiful married lady, whom he had long 'followed with his eyes,' and begged permission to visit her at her residence. Struck with surprise at this new revelation of his character, she evaded reply, being secretly minded to inform her husband, when she returned home, which she did, word for word. He told his wife to contrive to let the friar come, alone and in secret, the next evening, which chanced to be that of Saturday, and the night before the Sunday of Saint Lazarus, on which occasion the friar was to preach. The appointment was made; the friar came, true to the late hour which had been designated; was received at the door, and shown into the lady's bed-room by a servant, who informed him that she had desired him to request the good man to retire to rest, and to say that 'she would be with him straight.' The friar prepared to comply with the direction, and was about stepping into bed, when the door opened suddenly, and the lady entered in great apparent trepidation, exclaiming: 'My husband is knocking at the door! For heaven's sake slip into that chest,' showing him a double one in the apartment, 'and lie there until I see what may be done! Meanwhile I will hide your clothes somewhere or other, as well as I am able. Heaven knows I fear more for your holy person than I do for my own life!' The unfortunate wretch, seeing himself reduced to such a pass, did as the worthy lady desired; while the husband, presently coming in, retired to rest with his wife, who had first locked the friar safe in the chest. The poor prisoner uttered sundry involuntary noises in the course of the night, and was in the direst terror at the inquiries which they awakened on the part of the husband. Daylight at length came, and the church-bells began to ring for prayers, which greatly annoyed the captive, who was to preach at the cathedral. The husband having risen, ordered two servants to carry the chest to the church

and place it in the middle, saying they were ordered to do so by the preacher; and that unlocking the chest without raising the lid, they should leave it there; all which the fellows did very neatly. Every body stared, and wondered what all this could mean; some said one thing and some another. At last the bell having ceased to ring, and no one appearing in the pulpit, or any other part of the church, a young man rose and said: 'Really, the good friar makes us wait quite too long; pray let us see what he has ordered to be brought in this chest.' Having said this much, he before all the congregation lifted up the lid, and looking in, beheld the friar in his shirt, pale, almost frightened to death, and certainly appearing more dead than alive, and as if buried in the chest. Finding himself discovered, however, he collected his mind as well as he could, and stood upright, to the great astonishment of all present; and having taken his text from the Sunday of *LAZARUS*, he thus addressed his congregation: 'My dear brethren: I am not at all astonished at your surprise in seeing me brought before you in this chest, or rather at my ordering myself to be brought thus: ye know that this is the way in which our holy church commemorates the wonderful miracle our *LORD* performed on the person of *LAZARUS*, in raising him from the dead who had been buried four days. I was desirous in your favor to present myself to you as it were in the form of *LAZARUS*, in order that seeing me in this chest, which is no other than an emblem of the sepulchre wherein he had been buried, you might be moved more effectually to the consideration of what perishable things we are; and that seeing me stripped of all worldly decorations, thus in my shirt, you may be convinced of the vanity of the things of this world, the which, if only duly considered, may tend greatly to the amending of our lives. Will you believe that since yesterday night I have been a thousand times dead, and revived as *LAZARUS* was; and considering my dreadful situation, remember (as it were with the memory of a similar penance in your hearts) that we must all die, and trust to *HIM* who can bestow upon us life eternal: but first ye must die to sin, to avarice, to rapine, to lust, and all those sinful deeds to which our nature prompts us.' In such language, and in such manner, did the friar continue his sermon. The husband, astonished at the extraordinary presence of mind which he displayed, laughed heartily at his success; and in consideration of the adroitness of the culprit, did not attempt any farther revenge; 'but,' it is added, 'he took very good care to shut his door in future against all such double-faced hypocrites.' . . . *READER*, what are you thinking of at this moment? 'Nothing.' Indeed! and so were we, and of how much a clever man once said upon the subject; observe: 'Philosophers have declared they knew nothing, and it is common for us to talk about doing nothing; for from ten to twenty we go to school to be taught what from twenty to thirty we are very apt to forget; from thirty to forty we begin to settle; from forty to fifty, we think away as fast as we can; from fifty to sixty, we are very careful in our accounts; and from sixty to seventy, we cast up what all our thinking comes to; and then, what between our losses and our gains, our enjoyments and our inquietudes, even with the addition of old age, we can but strike a balance of ciphers.' Happy are they who amidst the variations of nothing have nothing to fear; if they have nothing to lose, they have nothing to lament; and if they have done nothing to be ashamed of, they have every thing to hope for. . . . *SENTENTIOUSNESS*, let us inform 'S.' of Cambridge, and antitheses, do not consist of short sentences and inversion of words *merely*; and even the most felicitous examples in each case often sacrifice the sound to the sense. Here is an instance which is unobjectionable: 'I knew the old miser well. He amassed a fortune by raising hemp; and if he had had his deserts, would have died as he lived by it.' . . . *JUST* as the sheets of this department were passing to the press, we received the announcement of a public exhibition of two collections of pictures, which we have seen, and to which we cannot resist the impulse of directing the public attention. At the rooms of the National Academy, corner of Broadway and Leonard-street, may be seen *MR. COLE's* allegorical pictures of 'The Voyage of Life,' heretofore noticed at length in these pages; 'Mount *Ætna*, from *Taormina, Sicily*,' one of the most noble paintings that ever came from this eminent artist's pencil; 'Angels ministering to Christ in the Wilderness;' 'The Past and the Present;' 'A View of Ruined

Aqueducts in the Campagna di Roma,' and other pictures; altogether, an exceedingly fine collection. Indeed, the superb view of *Etna* alone, with its vast and sublime accessories, is of itself an exhibition worth twice the price of admission. At the rooms of the *APOLLO ASSOCIATION*, nearly opposite the Hospital, in Broadway, Mr. HARVEY's series of *Forty Historic or Atmospheric American Landscape Scenes* are to be seen for a short time. It needed not the high patronage of Queen VICTORIA, the praises of English royalty and nobility, nor the warm encomiums of ALLSTON, SULLY, MOORE, and others, to secure attention to these graphic sketches from nature. They are their own best recommendation. Trust our verdict, reader, and go and see if they are not. . . . 'TERPSICHOE' is the title of a very spirited satirical poem read at the annual dinner of the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Cambridge University in August last, by OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, and copied in 'Graham's Magazine' for January. We subjoin a passage which although abundantly poetical contains yet more truth than poetry. It 'bases' upon the DICKENS dinner:

He for whose sake the glittering show appears
Has sown the world with laughter and with tears,
And they whose welcome wets the bumper's brim
Have wit and wisdom — for they all quote him.
So, many a tongue the evening hour prolongs
With spangled speeches, let alone the songs;
Statesmen grow merry, young attorneys laugh,
And weak teetotals warm to half-and-half,
And beardless Tullys, new to festive scenes,
Cut their first crop of youth's precocious greens;
And wits stand ready for impromptu claps,
With loaded barrels and percussion-caps;
And Pathos, cantering through the minor keys,
Waves all her onions to the trembling breeze;
While the great Feasted views with silent glee
His scattered limbs in Yankee fricassee.

Sweet is the scene where genial friendship plays
The pleasing game of interchanging praise;
Self-love, grimalkin of the human heart,
Is ever pliant to the master's art;
Soothed with a word, she peacefully withdraws
And sheaths in velvet her obnoxious claws,
And thrills the hand that smooths her glossy fur
With the light tremor of her gentle pur.

But what sad music fills the quiet hall
If on her back a feline rival fall!
And oh! what noises shake the tranquil house,
If old SELF-INTEREST cheats her of a mouse!

Thou, O my country! hast thy foolish ways,
Too apt to pur at every stranger's praise:

Under the similitude of a *German-silver-spoon*, 'used by dabblers in æsthetic tea,' we have the annexed palpable hit at the small-beer imitators of CARLYLE, and copyists after the external garb of the German school, who have occasionally shown themselves up in the pages of 'The Dial,' a work which formerly 'indicated rather the place of the moon than the sun':

SMALL as it is, its powers are passing strange;
For all who use it show a wondrous change,
And first, a fact to make the barbers stare,
It beats Macassar for the growth of hair:
See those small youngsters whose expansive ears
Maternal kindness grazed with frequent shears;
Each bristling crop a dangling mass becomes,
And all the spoonies turn to Absaloms!
Nor this alone its magic power displays —
It alters strangely all their works and ways;
With uncouth words they tire their tender lungs,
The same bald phrases on their hundred tongues;
'Ever' 'The Ages' in their page appear,
'Alway' the bedlamite is called a 'Seer';
On every leaf the 'earnest' sage may scan,
Fortentious bore! their 'many-sided' man:

But if the stranger touch thy modes or laws,
Off goes the velvet and out come the claws!

And thou, Illustrious! but too poorly paid
In toasts from Pickwick for thy great crusade,
Though while the echoes labored with thy name
The public trap denied thy little game,
Let other lips our jealous laws revile —
The marble TALFOURD or the rude CARLYLE;
But on thy lids, that Heaven forbids to close
Where'er the light of kindly nature glows,
Let not the dollars that a churl denies
Weigh like the shillings on a dead man's eyes!
Or, if thou wilt, be more discreetly blind,
Nor ask to see all wide extremes combined;
Not in our wastes the dainty blossoms smile
That crowd the gardens of thy scanty ile;
There white-check'd Luxury weaves a thousand
 charms,
Here sun-browned Labor swings his Cyclop arms;
Long are the furrows he must trace between
The ocean's azure and the prairies' green;
Full many a blank his destined realm displays,
Yet see the promise of his riper days:
Far through yon depths the panting engine moves,
His chariots ringing in their steel-shod groves,
And Eric's naïd flings her diamond wave
O'er the wild sea-nymph in her distant cave:
While tasks like these employ his anxious hours,
What if his corn-fields are not edged with flowers?
Though bright as silver the meridian beams
Shine through the crystal of thine English streams,
Turbid and dark the mighty wave is whirled
That drains our Andes and divides a world.

A weak eclectic, groping, vague and dim,
Whose every angle is a half-starved whim,
Blind as a mole and curious as a lynx,
Who rides a beetle which he calls a 'Sphinx.'

And O what questions asked in club-foot rhyme
Of Earth the tongueless and the deaf-mute Time!
Here babbling 'Insight' shouts in Nature's ears
His last conundrum on the orbs and spheres:
There Self-inspection sucks its little thumb,
With 'Whence am I?' and 'Wherefore did I
 come?'
Deluded infants! will they ever know
Some doubts must darken o'er the world below,
Though all the Platos of the nursery trail
Their 'clouds of glory' at the go-cart's tail?

We should exceedingly like to hear Mr. A. BRONSON ALCOTT's opinion as touching the *faithfulness* of the foregoing. . . . THERE is a fearful lesson conveyed in the annexed communication from a metropolitan physician, who assures us that it is in all respects an accurate statement of an occurrence to which he was an eye-witness: 'Duty impels me, Mr. EDITOR, to lay before you one of the little incidents which my situation as a medical man has brought to my notice. There is no class of men who are led with keener perceptions to investigate human nature than enlightened practising physicians. They have a hold upon the affections and confidence of every class of society; and for this reason they should feel it incumbent upon themselves to act the part of *moral* as well as *physical* agents. For myself, I think it would be well if medical men were so far constituted missionaries, as to make it a duty to point a moral whenever it would be likely to be well received. I am aware that attempts of this sort with many persons would be vain or injudicious, and sometimes nauseate perhaps, like the accompanying drugs; but eventually it might prove salutary to the soul; and although cursed for good advice, is it not in the end a blessing? But to my story: I was called a short time since to a youth about twenty years of age: he had been only a few months in the city, and I had occasionally seen him, but had little acquaintance with him, being much his senior. When I entered, one of his fits of raving, occasioned by fever, was just coming on. I approached and took his hand: 'What do you want?' said he; 'you look so mild and yet so penetrating. I have not got any.' 'Any *what*?' said I. 'Any money,' he replied; 'the drawer was locked, and I could not get any without being seen; so go away!' 'I came to cure you, not to take your money,' I replied. 'Ah!' said he, 'did I not take some from you? Look! look! There they come! sixpences, shillings! See! see! how they tumble from the wall! Look! there is a piece of gold! See! look! there they keep coming! I never took all this!—at first I only took enough to get a cigar with, now and then. See! the room is filling! I shall suffocate!' 'What does this mean, young man?' said I; 'be calm.' 'Did they not tell you to *come and feel my pulse and see if there was not a sixpence in it*?' 'No, no; I came to make you better.' 'Better? better? BETTER? Here, hide these; don't let my friends know of them; they were stolen! I cannot look at them now. Ha! ha! ha!—I cannot!' I was induced to remain until the frenzy of the fever had passed off, and found the young man had intervals of reason. He was now in deep despondency. I inquired his name. He had dropped it, he said; he could not debase it. 'Debase it?' said I. 'Yes!' he answered, with a groan like a howl. The next day the young man sent for me again. He appeared much altered; said that he did not wish to live; that he had '*a gnawing at his soul*.' I remarked that he was very young to be tired of life; that if he had been guilty of any crime he should desire to live to expiate it. 'No,' he replied, 'the stain will always last!' I told him, not so; that if he heartily repented and turned to the right source for consolation, it would be vouchsafed him. 'I feel that I cannot live,' he replied, 'and my friends will be better satisfied to know that I am repentant in my last moments, and that I am gone, than they would be to think of me as a vagabond, let loose upon society: they will at least feel that I shall 'cease from troubling.' I have not the excuse that many delinquents have pleaded, early initiation into vice. My childhood was passed with pious relatives, who labored to instil religious principles into my mind; but I 'would none of their reproof.' My friends not being wealthy, I was left at a proper age to my own resources. I found a situation where my talents were appreciated by my employer, and perhaps too highly estimated by myself. I had a brother who was ten years my senior, whom I loved and esteemed—may Heaven keep him in blessed ignorance of my fate!—but I thought less highly of his intellect when I saw him excited by some sublime hymn, which angels might listen to, than I did of my own, when I turned from the devotions of the Sabbath to join my idle companions. In the situation I held, I might have gained respectability; but my besetting sin betrayed me so often, that the kind indulgence of a good master could no longer conceal my crimes. I now see that the sting inflicted by vice must and *will* remain! We may repent, we may be forgiven; but the mind will not part with its bitter recollections!' I was

here called away for a few moments, and when I returned, the unhappy young man was in the land of spirits! I learned that he was engaged to a highly amiable young lady, who relinquished him, and shortly afterward died of a broken heart. Her sad fate threw him into a brain-fever, and as you perceive, decided his likewise. Incidents like these I am aware have often been narrated; yet if the tragedy which I have depicted should be blessed to the use of any young man abandoned to temptation and addicted to small crimes, and lead him to reflection, it will be a gratification to feel that my feeble effort, with Heaven's help, has proved 'a word in season.' . . . THERE are inequalities of merit in the 'Dirge' of 'D. D.' of Hartford, though the *spirit* of the verse is tender and touching. We annex a few stanzas, in illustration of our encomium:

THrust him in his narrow bed,
Heap the cold earth on his head,
But be sure no tear ye shed —
Not a tear for him!

Bitter toil was his from birth,
Dearly bought his homely mirth,
While his master was of earth —
Now he's of the sky.

Death knocked at his door at night,
With his crushing hand of might,
Woke him to that morning light
Which can know no noon!

When that sacred morning beam
Wakes his spirit, life shall seem
But a dreary changeful dream —
Soon o'er, and not too soon!

Patiently for few long years,
Struggling with earth's giant fears,
With hands too busy to wipe tears,
Met his life's long shock.

Yet not all blank and desolate
Was this poor man's earthly state;
Hope, toil, content, can soften fate,
As the moss the rock.

O! lost Brother! still and cold,
Sunk like rain into the mould,
Silently, unseen, untold —
Thou'rt a God-sown seed!

It is a sad sight to look upon the corpse of a laborer, cut down in the midst of a toilsome life; his hard, knotty hands clasped upon the still breast, and the strong limbs laid in serene repose. And yet how happy the change! No longer does he ask leave to toil; no longer is he at war with poverty, for death has made it a drawn battle. He 'rests from his labors' where the rich and the poor meet together, and he hears no more the voice of the oppressor. . . . PERHAPS our readers will have observed that the *Sketches of East Florida* are from no common pen. The description which has been given by the writer, of the delicious climate in that sunny region, may to many 'Northerners' seem exaggerated; but such is not the fact. A friend writing recently from St. Augustine, thus playfully alludes to the effect which the climate produces upon a New-Yorker: 'If a business-man could be caught up from the whirl of Broadway, and dropped in a warm climate, say that of St. Augustine, and left under a fig-tree to his own reflections, his first thought doubtless would be for an omnibus 'right up.' 'Rather queer!' he would say; 'a hot sun, sandy street, and not a carriage to be seen! There's a man out in his slippers, and a woman with her head tied up in a handkerchief — may-be a night-cap; probably some old Dutch settlers that went to-sleep with RIF VAN WINKLE. Wild turkeys, as I live, all about the market! — and oh, LORD! there's a little nigger with only a shirt on! Halloo there! you little nigger! tell me the way to the Broadway coaches! No coaches! no omnibii! Well, where's your five-o'clock boats! — where's your Harlaem rail-road! I want to go back

to town!" Such would probably be his first go-off; and the next impulse would be to run, shout, cry fire! or murder!—any thing to produce a sensation; but unless very soon about it, he would find himself yielding to some strange influence hitherto unfelt; and it would be amusing to notice how soon the fretting rest^{less} man of the forty-second latitude would be tamed down in the thirteenth to the equanimity of a child asleep. The climate enters within the man, and brings out one by one some hidden and better impulse, at the same time laying a gentle hand upon his rougher humors; so that when he would shout, he hums, and when he would laugh, he smiles only; and in undertaking to run, he is caught about the waist; and goes floating smoothly around in the ground-swell motion of the Spanish-dance.' . . . We perceive that the *Copy-right Question* has been thus early brought before the National Legislature. From the present aspect of things we may indulge a well-grounded hope that authors who have worn themselves out in making other people happy, will not hereafter be left to perish amidst age and infirmity, unrelieved by the fruit of their labors. There is one argument exceedingly well illustrated in the recent address of the 'Copy-right Club.' 'In allusion to the floods of trash which have for months inundated the Atlantic cities and towns, the writer, addressing himself to American citizens, observes: 'In all other circumstances and questions save that of a literature, you have taken the high ground of freedom and self-reliance. You have neither asked, nor loaned, nor besought, but with your own hands have framed, what the occasion required. Whatever stature you have grown to as a nation, it is due to that sole virtue; and by its exercise may you only hope to hold your place. In almost any other shape than that of silent books you would have spurned the foreign and held fast to the home-born; but stealing in quietly at every opening, making themselves the seemingly inoffensive and unobtrusive lodgers in every house, they have full possession of the country in all its parts; and another people may promise themselves in the next generation of Americans, (as the question now goes,) a restored dominion which their arms were not able to keep. The pamphlet will carry the day where the soldier fell back.' . . . We derive the annexed stanzas through a Boston correspondent. He assures us that the work of art which they commemorate is most honorable to the genius of the sculptor, who has been winning laurels ever since his removal to the tasteful city:

L I N E S

WRITTEN ON COMPLETING A MARBLE BUST OF THE LATE WASHINGTON ALLSTON.

BY E. A. BRACKETT.

UPWARD unto the living light
Intensely thou dost gaze,
As if thy very soul wouldst seek
In that far distant maze

Communion with those heavenly forms
That lifting to the sight
Their golden wings and snowy robes,
Float on a sea of light.

Anon far, far away they glide,
Shooting through realms of bliss,
Till from the spirit's eye they fade
In heaven's own bright abyss.

Such are the visions thou dost wake,
Such are the thoughts that rise
In him who 'neath thy upturned brow
Beholds thy spirit-eyes.

There is no stain upon that brow;
Pure as thy holy life
Serene and calm, thy heavenly face—
Within, no wasting strife.

How strangely have the swift hours flown
As o'er the shapeless pile
I poured the full strength of my soul,
Lost to all else the while!

When fell the last faint stroke which told
That thou and I must part,
That all of life that I could give
Was thine, how throbbed my heart!

Yet to this form that I have reared
Should aught of praise belong,
Not unto me the merit due,
But Him who made me strong:

Who with his ever fostering care
My wayward steps did guide,
Through paths of flowers, in beauty cloth'd,
Along life's sunny tide.

Semblance of him, the great, the good,
Whose task on earth is done;
Of those that walked in beauty's light
Thou wert the chosen one!

WE should like to see in some appropriate journal a sketch of the *Progress of Mechanics in the United States*. Without any question, the Americans are, in respect of that branch of science, behind no nation or people on earth. And yet no longer ago than 1791, a clock-maker from London, after public advertisement of his arrival from England for that purpose, visited our scattered cities and towns to repair clocks! 'Yankee ingenuity' was not then as now synonymous with the accomplishment of *any* thing that can either be fabricated or 'fixed'. . . . We have no remembrance of the communication referred to in a note from a correspondent at Albany, in which we find the following sentences: 'If received, I hope it was not amenable to the censure in a late number of the *KNICKERBOCKER*, of certain correspondence, for having been written 'too carefully.' Now I do flatter myself upon so *writing*, that compositors can have no excuse for blunders, though I am well aware that to be esteemed a Genius, one's chirography should very nearly approach unintelligibility. If this be true, the patience and good nature of an Editor must be severely tried; but I incline to the opinion that a man of Genius need not model after *BYRON*'s facsimile,' and so forth. Our correspondent *does* write a good hand; so good indeed, that we lament, as we gaze at it, that he does not know how to *spell*. A man may certainly be a 'Genius,' without being able to write a clerical hand; but a man who is *not* a 'Genius,' ought at least to be able to spell the word. As to writing 'too carefully,' our censor has mistaken the letter for the spirit of our remarks. . . . THE lines '*To my Mother*' are replete with the poetry of *feeling*. Their literary execution however is marred by deficiencies, which although alight, require amending. Our correspondent we are sure has the true poetical vein; and we shall not despair of hearing from her again. . . . A VERY 'inquiring' correspondent desires to know 'whether there is any thing below a *quartette*, in music! — a *pinette* or a *gillette*?' He is also anxious, he says, to 'ascertain whether *PUFFER HOPKINS* is any relation to the pious poet who was in partnership in the psalm and hymn way with old Uncle *STERNHOLD*, a great many years ago.' Moreover, he considers it 'a little curious' that a black hen should lay a white egg; and states that he 'would give something handsome to be certain whether or no *NEBUCHADNEZZAR*'s hands, when he was out on grass, grew six-penny or ten-penny nails!' His remaining queries are profane; indeed, the last one goes somewhat too near the edge. . . . 'EVER anxious to please,' as the advertisements have it, we have placed the original department of the *KNICKERBOCKER* in a larger type; and it seems to us that we may ask with some confidence whether our readers ever saw a Magazine in a neater garniture than 'this same?' Only have the consideration to *reciprocate* our endeavors to please you, good PUBLIC, and you 'shall see what you shall see.' There are certain delinquents upon our books, to whom we would venture to insinuate, in the most delicate manner conceivable, that 'it is high time somebody had a sight of somebody's money.' . . . A NEW style of frames for drawings, engravings, paintings, looking-glasses, etc., has recently been brought to great perfection, and into very general favor, by Mr. *WEISER*, at No. 43 Centre-street, near Pearl. They are composed externally of *glass-veneerings*, beautifully painted and shaded, so as to resemble different-tinted woods, tortoise-shell, or indeed any other colors that may be desired. These are painted on the inner side of the glass, which is so firmly cemented to the wood-frames as to be little liable to injury from jarring or even falling. With a gilt beading, they have a very beautiful appearance, by reason of the admirable lustre of the glass, which gives to them a polish finer than that of the most susceptible woods. They are, in short, exceedingly handsome, easily kept clean, always new and fresh, and what is worthy of mention, much cheaper than wood or gilt.

*. WILL our readers have the kindness to exhibit the ADVERTISEMENT of our TWENTY-THIRD VOLUME to their friends? It will be found on the second and third pages of the cover of the present number; and they can testify to the accuracy of its unexaggerated statements. Many articles in prose and verse await examination or insertion, and a more particular reference hereafter. Notices are in type of new publications from the presses of Messrs. BURGESS and SPRINGER, M. W. DODD, J. WINCHESTER, the LANGELET'S, D. APPLETON and COMPANY, M. H. NEWMAN, WILEY and PUTNAM, and of the 'Columbian Magazine,' which we are reluctantly compelled to defer to our February issue.

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SICILIAN SCENERY AND ANTIQUITIES.

BY THOMAS COLE.

A FEW months only have elapsed since I travelled over the classic land of Sicily; and the impressions left on my mind by its picturesqueness, fertility, and the grandeur of its architectural remains, are more vivid, and fraught with more sublime associations, than any I received during my late sojourn in Europe. The pleasure of travelling, it seems to me, is chiefly experienced after the journey is over; when we can sit down by our own snug fire-side, free from all the fatigues and annoyances which are its usual concomitants; and, if our untravelled friends are with us, indulge in the comfortable and harmless vanity of describing the wonders and dangers of those distant lands, and like Goldsmith's old soldier, 'Shoulder the crutch and *show* how fields were won.' I was about to remark, that those who travel only in books travel with much less discomfort, and perhaps enjoy as much, as those who travel in reality; but I fancy there are some of my young readers who would rather test the matter by their own experience, than by the inadequate descriptions which I have to offer them.

Sicily, as is well known, is the largest island in the Mediterranean Sea. It was anciently called Trinacria, from its triangular shape, and is about six hundred miles in circumference. Each of its extremities is terminated by a promontory, one of which was called by the ancients Lilybeum, and faces Africa; another called Pachynus, faces the Peloponessus of Greece; and the third, Pelorum, now Capo di Boco, faces Italy. The aspect of the country is very mountainous: some of the mountains are lofty; but towering above all, like an enthroned spirit, rises *ÆTNA*. His giant form can be seen from elevated grounds in the most remote parts of the island, and the mariner can discern his snowy crown more than a hundred miles. But Sicily abounds in luxuriant plains and charming valleys, and its soil is proverbially rich: it once bore the appellation of the Granary of Rome; and it is now said that if properly tilled it would produce more grain than any country of its size

in the world. Its beauty and fertility were often celebrated by ancient bards, who described the sacred flocks and herds of Apollo on its delightful slopes. The plain of Enna, where Proserpine and her nymphs gathered flowers, was famous for delicious honey ; and according to an ancient writer, hounds lost their scent when hunting, in consequence of the odoriferous flowers which perfumed the air ; and this may be no fable ; for in Spring, as I myself have seen, the flowers are abundant and fragrant beyond description ; and it seemed to me that the gardens of Europe had been supplied with two-thirds of their choicest treasures from the wild stores of Sicily.

The history of Sicily is as varied and interesting as the features of its surface ; but of this I must give only such a brief and hurried sketch as, to those who are not conversant with it, will serve to render the scenes I intend to describe more intelligible and interesting than they otherwise would be. Its early history, then, like that of most nations of antiquity, is wrapped in obscurity. Poets feign that its original inhabitants were Cyclops ; after them the Sicani, a people supposed to have been from Spain, were the possessors ; then came the Siculi, a people of Italy. The enterprising Phœnicians, those early monarchs of the sea, whose ships had even visited the remote and barbarous shores of Britain, formed some settlements upon it ; and in the eighth century before CHRIST various colonies of Greeks were planted on its shores, and became in time the sole possessors of the island. These Grecian founders of Syracuse, Gela, and Agrigentum, seduced from their own country by the love of enterprise, or driven by necessity or revolution from their homes, brought with them the refinement, religion, and love of the beautiful, that have distinguished their race above all others ; and in a short time after their establishment in Sicily, the magnificence of their cities, the grandeur of their temples, equalled if they did not surpass those of their fatherland. About the year 480 before CHRIST, a fierce enemy landed on the coast of Sicily with two thousand gallies : this was the warlike Carthaginian, whose altars smoked with the sacrifice of human victims. This formidable invader was defeated under the great Gelon of Syracuse, who was called the father of his country ; but the Carthaginians, returned again and with better fortune, at length became masters of the island. The Romans next conquered Sicily, and held it for several centuries. The Saracens in the ninth century were in the full tide of successful conquest. They landed first in the bay of Mazara, near Selinuntium, and after various conflicts and fortune, finally subjugated the whole island in the year 878. The crescent continued to glitter over the towers of Sicily for about three centuries, when the Normans, a band of adventurers whom the crusades of the Holy Sepulchre had brought from their northern homes, after a conflict of thirty years under Count Roger, expelled the Saracen in the year 1073, and planted the banner of the cross in every city of the land. Soon after that time it came under Spain and Austria ; France and England have severally been its rulers. It is now under the crown of Naples.

Such is a brief outline of the eventful history of Sicily ; a land formed by nature in her fairest mould ; but which the crimes and am-

bition of men have desecrated by violence, oppression, and bloodshed ; and with the substitution of a word, one might exclaim with the poet :

'SICILIA ! O SICILIA ! thou who hast
The fatal gift of beauty, which became
A funeral dower of present woes and past,
On thy sweet brow is sorrow ploughed by shame,
And annals graved in characters of flame.
Oh God ! that thou wert in thy nakedness
Less lovely or more powerful, and couldst claim
Thy right, and awe the robbers back who press
To shed thy blood, and drink the tears of thy distress !'

Her brightest age was when the Greek threw the light of his genius around her ; when rose those mighty temples which now, even in their ruin, call forth the wonder and admiration of the traveller ; her greatest degradation was in the age just passed away. As an exemplification of this, it is sufficient to say, that from the time of the Norman until the accession of the present monarch, a space of seven hundred years, not a single road has been constructed in the island. But we have reason to believe that a brighter day now dawns, and that ere long the sun of civilization will dispel the clouds that have so long overshadowed the mountains of Sicily.

He who would make a tour through this magnificent land, must make up his mind to submit to much fatigue, some danger, and innumerable annoyances ; such as filth, bad fare, the continual torment of vermin ; lodgings, to which a stable with clean hay would be in comparison a paradise ; knavish attempts at imposition of various kinds, etc. He must mount on a mule whose saddle is of rude and of abominable construction ; whose bit is a sort of iron vice, which clasps the animal's nose and under-jaw, and every day wears away the flesh ; and whose bridle is a piece of rope fastened to the bit on one side only. He must ford rivers of various depth ; he must fear no ascent or descent, however precipitous, if there appears to be a track ; and at times he must have a careful eye to the priming of his pistol ; and above all, a patient and enduring temper is a *great* comfort.

The aspect of Sicily is widely different from that of this country ; its beauty is dependant on other forms and associations. *Here*, we have vast forests that stretch their shady folds in melancholy grandeur ; the mountain tops themselves are clad in thick umbrage, which, rejoicing in the glory of the autumnal season, array themselves in rainbow dyes. *There*, no wide forests shade the land ; but mountains more abrupt than ours, and bearing the scars of volcanic fire and earthquake on their brows, are yet clothed with flowers and odoriferous shrubs. The plains and slopes of the mountains are now but partially under cultivation ; vineyards and olive-groves generally clothe the latter, while over the gentler undulating country, or the plains, fenceless fields stretch far away, a wilderness of waving grain, through which the traveller may ride for hours nor meet a human being, nor see a habitation, save when he lifts his eyes to some craggy steep or mountain pinnacle, where stands the clustered village. The villages and larger towns are generally set among groves of orange, almond, and pomegranate trees, with here and there a dark Carruba, or Leutisk tree, casting its ample shade.

Fields of the broad bean, the chief food of the laboring classes, serves at times to vary with vivid green the monotony of the landscape. The traveller rolls along over no Macadamised road in his comfortable carriage, but mounted on his mule, leaves him to choose his own track among the numerous ones that form what is called the *strada-maestro*, or master-road, between city and city. Here and there he will come to a stone fountain, constructed perhaps centuries ago, which still furnishes a delightful beverage for himself and beast. Oftentimes the road leads through a country entirely waste, and covered with tall bunches of grass or the dwarfish palmetto; sometimes in the cultivated districts the road is bounded by the formidable prickly-pear, which grows to the height of twenty feet, or by rows of the stately aloe, and not unfrequently by wild hedges of myrtle, intertwined with innumerable climbing plants, whose flowers the traveller can pick as he rides along. Generally the road-side is perfectly enamelled with flowers of various hue and fragrance. No majestic river, like the Hudson, spreads before him, with all its glittering sails and swift steam-boats; but ever and anon the blue and placid Mediterranean bounds his vision, or indents the shore, with here and there a picturesque and lazy barque reflected in the waves.

I have before said that the towns and villages are generally perched like eagles' nests in high places. This is particularly the case with those of the interior: many of them are inaccessible to carriages, except the *Letiga*, a sort of large sedan-chair, gaudily decorated with pictures of saints, and suspended between two mules, one of which trots before and the other behind, to the continual din of numerous bells and the harsh shouts of the muleteers. I never saw one of these vehicles, which are the only travelling carriages of the interior of Sicily, without thinking that there might be a *land-sickness* even worse than a *sea-sickness*; for the motion of the *letiga* in clambering up and down the broken steeps must be far more tempestuous than any thing ever experienced at sea. Between village and village you see no snug villa, farm-house, or cottage by the road-side, or nestling among the trees; but here and there a gloomy castellated building, a lonely ruin or stern Martello tower, whose dilapidated walls crown some steep headland, against whose base washes the ever-murmuring waves. Now the traveller descends to the beach, his only road; the mountains are far inland, or dip their broad bases in the sea-foam, or impend in fearful masses over his head. He ascends again, and journeys over wastes which undoubtedly in the time of the Greek and the Roman were covered with fruits and grain; but which now are treeless and desolate as the deep whose breezes stir the flowers that deck them. At times he must ford streams, which, if swollen with late rains, are perilous in the extreme.

I remember once on my journey descending from one of those treeless wastes upon a spot very different from any thing on this side of the Atlantic. It was called Verdura, from its green and verdant character. A stream which flowed through a plain bounded by lofty mountains here fell into the sea. A large mill, which much resembles an ancient castle, and in all probability had served both purposes in times gone by, stood near. Upon the sandy beach close by, and hauled entirely out of the

water, lay several vessels in the style of Homer's ships ; and I have no doubt bore a strong resemblance to ships of ancient time, for they were picturesquely formed, and painted fantastically with figures of fishes and eyes. The wild-looking mariners were lounging lazily about in their shaggy capotes, or engaged in loading their vessels with grain, the product of the neighboring plains. Up the steep we had just descended a letiga was slowly winding ; and on a green declivity overlooking the sea, a flock of goats were browsing, and their shepherd reclined near in listless idleness. Open and treeless as was this scene, there was such a peaceful character about it, such an air of primitive simplicity, that it made a strong impression on my mind.

It does not come within the scope of this paper to offer any description of the larger cities of Sicily, Palermo, Messina, etc. Most readers have seen accounts of them more ample and more interesting than I could offer. Of the smaller places I must content myself with giving a very general description, so that I may retain the requisite space, in this division of my article, for some notice of an ascent which I made to the sublime summit of Mount *Ætna*.

The secondary towns to which I have alluded, such as Calatifi, Sciacca, Caltagerone, etc., are in general picturesquely situated, and are built in a massive and sometimes even in a magnificent style. The churches and houses are all of hewn stone, and exhibit the various styles of architecture of the builders ; the Saracenic, the Norman-Gothic, or the later Spanish taste. Sometimes the styles are fantastically intermixed ; but the whole, to the architect, is extremely interesting. Flat roofs and projecting stone balconies from the upper windows are perhaps the most characteristic features of the houses. The churches, though large, are seldom beautiful specimens of architecture ; and the interior is in general extremely ornate, and decorated with gaudy gilding and pictures, and images of *CHRIST* and saints, disgustingly painted. The streets, wide or narrow, would appear to us somewhat gloomy and prison-like ; and paint is a thing scarcely known on the exterior or perhaps interior of an ordinary house. The air of the interior of the common houses of the Sicilian towns is as gloomy and comfortless as can be imagined. A few wooden benches, a table firmly fixed in the stone pavement, a fire-place composed of a few blocks of stone placed on the floor, the smoke of which is allowed to make its escape as it best can at the window, which is always destitute of glass, and is closed by a rude wooden shutter when required ; a bed consisting of a mattress of the same hue as the floor, raised a few feet from it by means of boards on a rude frame ; some sheep-skins for blankets, and sheets of coarse stuff whose color serves as an effectual check on the curiosity of him who would pry too closely into its texture ; are the chief articles of furniture to be found in the habitations of the Sicilian poor. Beside the human inhabitants of these uninviting abodes, there are innumerable lively creatures, whose names it were almost impolite to mention in polished ears ; and I might not have alluded to them had they confined themselves to such places ; but they rejoice in the palace as well as in the cottage, and to the traveller's sorrow inflict themselves without his consent as travelling companions through the whole Sicilian tour.

The houses of the more wealthy are spacious and airy, but not much superior in point of comfort. They are often of commanding exterior, and are called *palazzi*, or palaces. Of course, there are exceptions to this general character of discomfort; but judging from my own observation, they are few. On approaching a Sicilian village, the eye of the traveller will almost surely be attracted by a capacious and solid building, surmounted by a belfry-tower, and commanding the most charming prospect in the vicinity. It is surrounded with orange groves and cypress-trees, and looks like a place fitted for the enjoyment of a contemplative life. He will not long remain in doubt as to the purpose of the building whose site is so delightfully chosen; for walking slowly along the shady path, or seated in some pleasant nook, singly or in groups, he will perceive the long-robed monks, the reverend masters of the holy place.

Connoisseurs say that a landscape is imperfect without figures; and as that is the case in a picture, it is most probably so in a magazine article; and the reader might complain if I were to neglect giving some slight outlines of the figures of the Sicilian landscape. In travelling from city to city, although they may not be more than twenty miles apart, the wayfarer meets with very few persons on the road; seldom an individual, and only now and then, at an interval of miles, a group of men mounted on mules, each person carrying a gun; or perhaps a convoy of loaded mules and asses with several muleteers, some mounted and some on foot, who urge by uncouth cries and blows the weary beasts over the rocky or swampy ground, or up some steep acclivity or across some torrent's bed. At times he will see a shepherd or two watching their flocks; these are half-naked, wild looking beings, scarcely raised in the scale of intelligence above their bleating charge. Their dwelling may be hard by, a conical hut of grass or straw, or a ruined tower. On the fertile slopes or plains he will sometimes observe a dozen yokes of oxen ploughing abreast. The laborers probably chose this contiguity for the sake of company across the wide fields. If the grass or grain is to be cut, it is by both men and women armed with a rude sickle only. It is seldom you meet either man or woman on foot upon the roads; men scarcely ever. Donkeys are about as numerous as men, and their ludicrous bray salutes your ear wherever the human animal is to be seen.

The peasant-women through a great part of Sicily wear a semi-circular piece of woollen cloth over their heads; it is always black or white, and hangs in agreeable folds over the neck and shoulders. There is but little beauty among them; and alas! how should there be? They are in general filthy; the hair of both old and young is allowed to fall in uncombed elf-locks about their heads; and the old women are often hideous and disgusting in the extreme. The heart bleeds for the women: they have more than their share of the labors of the field; they have all the toils of the men, added to the pains and cares of womanhood. They dig, they reap, they carry heavy burthens — burthens almost incredible. In the vicinity of *Ætna* I met a woman walking down the road knitting: on her head was a large mass of lava weighing at least thirty pounds, and on the top of this lay a small hammer. Being puz-

zled to know why the woman carried such a piece of lava where lava was so abundant, I inquired 'the wherefore' of Luigi, our guide. He answered that as she wished to knit, and not having pockets, she had taken that plan to carry the little hammer conveniently. That piece of stone, which would break our necks to carry, was evidently to her no more than a heavy hat would be to us. It may be thought that I draw a sorry picture of these poor Islanders; but I would have it understood that on the side of Messina, and some other parts, there is apparently a little more civilization; but they are an oppressed and degraded peasantry; ignorant, superstitious, filthy, and condemned to live on the coarsest food. They are as the beasts that perish, driven by necessity to sow that which they may not reap. How applicable are the words of ADDISON:

'How has kind Heaven adorn'd the happy land
And scattered blessings with a wasteful hand!
But what avails her unexhausted stores,
Her blooming mountains and her sunny shores,
With all the gifts that heaven and earth impart,
The smiles of nature and the charms of art,
While proud oppression in her valleys reigns,
And tyranny usurps her happy plains?
The poor inhabitant beholds in vain
The reddening orange and the swelling grain:
Joyless he sees the growing oils and wines,
And in the myrtle's fragrant shade repines:
Starves, in the midst of nature's bounty curst,
And in the loaded vineyard dies of thirst.'

But the Sicilians are *naturally* a gay, light-hearted people, like the Greeks, their forefathers; and if the cloud which now rests upon them were removed, and we have reason to think it is lifting, they would be as bright and sunny as their own skies. The women of the better classes wear the black mantilla when they venture into the streets, which they seldom do, except to attend mass or the confessional. This robe is extremely elegant, as it is worn, but it requires an adept to adjust it gracefully. It covers the whole person from head to foot; in parts drawn closely to the form, in others falling in free folds. But for its color, I should admire it much: it seems such an incongruity for a young and beautiful female to be habited in what appear to be mourning robes. I was often reminded of those wicked lines of BYRON's on the gondola:

'For sometimes they contain a deal of fun,
Like mourning-coaches when the funeral's done.'

But let us turn from the animate to the inanimate, and visit the famous *Ætna*, called by the Sicilians *Mongibello*. From the silence of HOMER on the subject, it is supposed that in his remote age the fires of the mountain were unknown; but geologists have proof that they have a far more ancient date. The Grecian poet PINDAR is the first who mentions its eruptions. He died four hundred and thirty-five years before CHRIST; from that time to this, at irregular intervals, it has vomited forth its destructive lavas. It is computed to be eleven thousand feet high. Its base, more than an hundred miles in circumference, is interspersed with numerous conical hills, each of which is an extinct crater, whose sides, now shaded by the vine, the fig tree, and the habitations of man, once glowed with the fiery torrent. Some of them are yet almost destitute of vegetation; mere heaps of scorix and ashes; but the more

ancient ones are richly clad with verdure. Let the reader imagine a mountain whose base is as broad as the whole range of the Catskills, as seen from Catskill village, rising to nearly three times their height ; its lower parts are of gentle ascent, but as it rises it becomes more and more steep, until it terminates in a broken summit. Imagine it divided, as the eye ascends, into three regions or belts : the first and lowest is covered with villages, gardens, vineyards, olive-groves, oranges, and fields of grain and flax, and the date-bearing palm. The second region, which commences about four thousand feet above the sea, is called the *Regione Sylcosa*, or woody region. Here chestnuts, hexes, and on the north pines of great size flourish. This belt reaches to the elevation of about seven thousand feet, where the *Regione Scoperta*, or bare region, commences. The lower part of this is intermingled lava, rocks, volcanic sands, and snow ; still higher are vast fields of spotless snow, which centuries have seen unwasted, with here and there a ridgy crag of black lava, too steep for the snows to lodge upon ; and toward the summit of the cone, dark patches of scoræ and ashes, which, heated by the slumbering fires, defy the icy blasts of these upper realms of air. It will readily be supposed that, when viewed from a distance, Mount Ætna is an object to make a deep impression on the mind :

BUT for yon filmy smoke, that from thy crest
Continual issues like a morning mist
The sun disperses, there would be no sign
That from thy mighty breast bursts forth at times
The sulphurous storm — the avalanche of fire ;
That midnight is made luminous, and day
A ghastly twilight, by thy lurid breath.
By thee tormented, Earth is tossed and riven :
The shuddering mountains reel ; temples and towers,
The works of man, and man himself, his hopes
His harvests, all a desolation made !
Sublime art thou, O Mount ! whether beneath
The moon in silence sleeping with thy woods,
And driving snows, and golden fields of corn ;
Or bleat on thy slant breast the gentle flocks,
And shepherds in the mellow glow of eve
Pipe merrily ; or when thy scathed sides
Are laved with fire, answered thine earthquake voice
By screams and clamor of affrighted men.
Sublime thou art ! — a resting-place for thought,
Thought reaching far above thy bounds ; from thee
To HIM who bade the central fires construct
This wondrous fabric ; lifted thy dread brow
To meet the sun while yet the earth is dark,
And ocean, with its ever-murmuring waves.

On the ninth of May, myself and travelling companion commenced the ascent of Mount Ætna ; and as the season was not the most favorable, the snows extending farther down the sides of the mountain than in summer, we were equipped, under the direction of our guide, with coarse woollen stockings to be drawn over the pantaloons, thick-soled shoes, and woollen caps. Mounting our mules, we left Catania in the morning. The road was good and of gradual ascent until we reached Nicolosi, about fourteen miles up the mountain. We saw little that was particularly interesting on our route except that the hamlets through which we passed bore fearful evidences of the effects of earthquake. Arrived at Nicolosi, the place where travellers usually procure guides and mules for the mountain, it was our intention to rest for the remainder of the

day; but Monte Rosso, an extinguished crater, being in the vicinity, my curiosity got the better of my intention to rest, and I sallied forth to examine it. The road lay through the village, which is built of the lava, and is arid and black, and many of the buildings rent and twisted. Monte Rosso was formed by the eruption of 1669, which threw out a torrent of lava that flowed thirteen miles, destroying a great part of the city of Catania in its resistless course to the sea, where it formed a rugged promontory which at this day appears as black, bare, and herbless as on the day when its fiery course was arrested by the boiling waters. And here I would remark, that the lavas of *Ætna* are very different from those of *Vesuvius*. The latter decompose in half a century, and become capable of cultivation; those of *Ætna* remain unchanged for centuries, as that of Monte Rosso testifies. It has now been exposed to the action of the weather nearly two hundred years, with the exception of the interstices where the dust and sand have collected, it is destitute of vegetation. Broken in cooling into masses of rough but sharp fracture, its aspect is horrid and forbidding, and it is exceedingly difficult to walk over. If two centuries have produced so little change, how *many* centuries must have served to form the rich soil which covers the greater part of the mountain's sides and base!

Our purpose was to see the sun rise from the summit of *Ætna*; and at nine in the evening, our mules and guides being ready, we put on our Sicilian capotes, and sallied forth. We had two guides, a muleteer, and as there was no moon, a man with a lantern to light the mules in their passage over the beds of lava. For several miles the way was uninteresting, it being too dark to see any thing except the horrid lava or sand beneath the feet of the mules. At times the road was so steep that we were ordered by our guides to lean forward on the necks of the mules, to keep them and ourselves from being thrown back. At length we entered the woody region. Here the path was less rocky; and as we wound up the mountain's side, beneath the shadows of noble trees, I could not but feel the solemn quietness of a night on *Ætna*, and contrast it with what has been and what will in all probability be again, the intermitting roar of the neighboring volcano, and the dreadful thunder of the earthquake. At midnight we arrived at the *Casa delle Neve*, or House of Snow. This is a rude building of lava, with bare walls, entirely destitute of furniture. We made a fire on the ground, took some refreshments which we had brought with us, and in about an hour remounted our mules, and proceeded on our journey. We soon left the region of woods; and being now at an elevation of seven thousand feet above the sea, felt somewhat cold, and buttoned our capotes closer about us. From the ridges of lava along which we rode, by the light of the stars which now became brilliant, we could discern the snow stretching in long lines down the ravines on either hand; and as we advanced, approaching nearer and nearer, until at length it spread in broad fields before us. As the mules could go no farther, we dismounted, and taking an iron-pointed staff in our hands, we commenced the journey over the snows. It was now half-past one, and we had seven miles to traverse before reaching the summit. The first part of the ascent was discouraging, for it was steep, and the snow so slippery that

we sometimes fell on our faces; but it became rather less steep as we ascended, and though fatiguing, we got along comfortably. As the atmosphere was becoming rare, and the breathing hurried, we sat on the snow for a few minutes now and then. At such times we could not but be struck with the splendor of the stars, far beyond any thing I had ever seen. The milky way seemed suspended in the deep heavens, like a luminous cloud, with clear and definite outline. We next arrived at the *Casa degli Inglese*; so called, but alas for us! the ridge of the roof and a part of the gable were all that rose above the snow. In the midst of summer, travellers may make use of it; but to us it was unavailing, except the gable, which served in a measure to shield us from the icy wind which now swept over the mountain. We again partook of a little refreshment, by way of preparation for the most arduous part of our undertaking, and were now at the foot of the great cone. The ascent was toilsome in the extreme. Snow, melted beneath in many places by the heat of the mountain; sharp ridges of lava; loose sand, ashes, and cinders, into which last the foot sank at every step, made the ascent difficult as well as dangerous. The atmosphere was so rare that we had to stop every few yards to breathe. At such times we could hear our hearts beat within us like the strokes of a drum. But it was now light, and we reached the summit of the great cone just as the sun rose.

It was a glorious sight which spread before our eyes! We took a hasty glance into the gloomy crater of the volcano, and throwing ourselves on the warm ashes, gazed in wonder and astonishment. It would be vain for me to attempt a description of the scene. I scarcely knew the world in which I had lived. The hills and valleys over which we had been travelling for many days, were comprised within the compass of a momentary glance. Sicily lay at our feet, with all its 'many folded' mountains, its plains, its promontories, and its bays; and round all, the sea stretched far and wide like a lower sky; the Lipari islands, Stromboli and its volcano, floating upon it like small dusky clouds; and the Calabrian coast visible, I should suppose, for two hundred miles, like a long horizontal bank of vapor! As the sun rose, the great pyramidal shadow of *Ætna* was cast across the island, and all beneath it rested in twilight-gloom. Turning from this wonderful scene, we looked down into the crater, on whose verge we lay. It was a fearful sight, apparently more than a thousand feet in depth, and a mile in breadth, with precipitous and in some places overhanging sides, which were varied with strange and discordant colors. The steeps were rent into deep chasms and gulfs, from which issued white sulphurous smoke, that rose and hung in fantastic wreaths about the horrid crags; thence springing over the edge of the crater, seemed to dissipate in the clear keen air. I was somewhat surprised to perceive several sheets of snow lying at the very bottom of the crater, a proof that the internal fires were in a deep slumber. The edge of the crater was a mere ridge of scorix and ashes, varying in height; and it required some care, in places, to avoid falling down the steep on one hand, or being precipitated into the gulf on the other. The air was keen; but fortunately there was little wind; and after spending about an hour on the summit, we commenced our descent.

We varied our course from the one we took on ascending, and visited an altar erected to Jupiter by the ancients, now called the *Torre del Filosofo*. Soon after we came upon the verge of a vast crater, the period of whose activity is beyond the earliest records of history. *Val di Bove*, as it is called, is a tremendous scene. Imagine a basin several miles across, a thousand feet in depth at least, with craggy and perpendicular walls on every side; its bottom broken into deep ravines and chasms, and shattered pinnacles, as though the lava in its molten state had been shaken and tossed by an earthquake, and then suddenly congealed. It is into this ancient crater that the lava of the most recent eruption is descending. It is fortunate that it has taken that direction.

In another and concluding number, the reader's attention will be directed to the *Architectural Antiquities of Sicily*, especially those of Grecian structure, which will be described in the order in which they were visited.

L I N E S T O T I M E .

BY MRS. J. WEBB.

Oh 'Time! I'll weave, to deck thy brow,
A wreath fresh culled from Flora's treasure:
If thou wilt backward turn thy flight
To youth's bright morn of joy and pleasure.
'Joys ill exchanged for riper years;'
The bard, alas! hath truly spoken:
I've wept the truth in burning tears
O'er many a fair hope crushed and broken.

In vain my sager, wiser friends
Told of thy speed and wing untiring;
I drank of Pleasure's honied cup,
Nor marked thy flight, no change desiring;
When all too late I gave thee chase,
But found thou couldst not be o'ertaken:
With heedless wing thou'st onward swept,
Though hopes were crushed and empires shaken.

Thou with the world thy flight began'st;
Compared with thine, what were the knowledge
Of every sage in every clime,
The learning of the school or college?
Thou'st seen, in all the pomp of power,
Athens, the proudest seat of learning;
And thou couldst tell us if thou wouldst,
How Nero looked when Rome was burning.

What direful sights hast thou beheld,
As careless thou hast journeyed on:
The hemlock-bowl for Athen's pride;
The gory field of Marathon;
The monarch crowned, the warrior plumed,
With power and with ambition burning;
Yet they must all have seemed to thee
Poor pigmies on a pivot turning.

Their pomp, their power, with thine compared,
 How blank and void, how frail and fleeting !
 Thou hast not paused e'en o'er their tombs
 To give their mighty spirits greeting ;
 But onward still with untired wing,
 Regardless thou 'rt thy flight pursuing,
 Unseen, alas ! till thou art past,
 While o'er our heads thy snows thou 'rt strewing.

Oh ! vainly may poor mortals strive
 With learned lore of school and college ;
 Their books may teach us wisdom's rules,
 But thou alone canst teach us knowledge.
 Oh ! had I earlier known thy worth,
 I had not now been left repining,
 Nor asked to weave for thee the wreath
 That on my youthful brow was shining.
 Could but again the race be mine,
 In life's young morn, I'd seek and find thee ;
 I'd seize thee by thy flowing lock,
 And never more be left behind thee !

A NIGHT ON THE PRAIRIE :

BY A BUFFALO HUNTER.

WHILE looking over my 'omnium gatherum;' the same being a drawer containing scraps of poetry, unfinished letters, half-written editorials, incidents of travel, obsolete briefs, with many other odds and ends that have fallen from my brain during the last three years, but which from want of quality in them or lack of energy in me, have failed to reach the dignity of types and ink ; I came across a diary kept while hunting buffalo with the Sac and Fox Indians, some two hundred miles west of the Mississippi, during the summer of 1842. Finding myself interested in recurring to the incidents of that excursion, it occurred to me that matter might be drawn therefrom which would not be without interest to the public. I have therefore ventured to offer the following for publication ; it being an account of a night passed at the source of the Checauque, when I did not deem my scalp worth five minute's purchase, and when I cheerfully would have given ten years of an ordinary life to have been under the humblest roof in the most desolate spot in the 'land of steady habits.'

I have said that we were in the country of the Sioux. That our situation may be understood, I would remark farther, that between the latter and the confederated tribes of the Sac and Fox Indians, there has been for the last forty years, and still exists, the most inveterate hostility ; the two parties never meeting without bloodshed. The Government of the United States, in pursuance of that policy which guides its conduct toward the various Indian tribes, for the preservation of peace between these two nations, have laid out between them a strip of country

forty miles in width, denominated the 'Neutral Ground,' and on to which neither nation is permitted to extend their hunting excursions.

On the occasion of which I write, the Sacs and Foxes, having been disappointed in finding buffalo within their own limits, and perhaps feeling quite as anxious to fall in with a band of Sioux as to obtain game, had passed the 'Neutral Ground,' and were now several days' journey into the country of their enemies.

For the last two days we had marched with the utmost circumspection; our spies ranged the country for miles in advance and on either flank, while at night we had sought some valley as a place of encampment, where our fires could not be seen from a distance. Each day we had perceived signs which indicated that small parties of Sioux had been quite recently over the very ground we were travelling. The whites in the company, numbering some eleven or twelve, had remonstrated with the Indians, representing to them that they were transgressing the orders of the government, and that should a hostile meeting take place they would certainly incur the displeasure of their 'great father' at Washington.

Heedless of our remonstrances they continued to advance until it became evident that the Sioux and not buffalo were their object. The truth was, they felt themselves in an excellent condition to meet their ancient enemy. They numbered, beside old men and the young and untried, three hundred and twenty-five warriors, mounted and armed with rifles, many of them veterans who had seen service on the side of Great Britain in her last war with this country, and most of whom had served with Black Hawk in his brief but desperate contest with the United States. Moreover, they placed some reliance on the whites who accompanied them; all of whom, except my friend B——, of Kentucky, one or two others and myself, were old frontier men, versed in the arts of Indian warfare.

As for myself, I felt far from comfortable in the position in which I found myself placed; hundreds of miles from any white settlement, and expecting hourly to be forced into a conflict where no glory was to be gained, and in which defeat would be certain death, while victory could not fail to bring upon us the censure of our government. The idea of offering up my scalp as a trophy to Sioux valor, and leaving my bones to bleach on the wide prairie, with no prayer over my remains nor stone to mark the spot of my sepulture, was far from comfortable. I thought of the old church-yard amidst the green hills of New-England, where repose the dust of my ancestors, and would much preferred to have been gathered there, full of years, 'like a shock of corn fully ripe in its season,' rather than to be cut down in the morning of life by the roving Sioux, and my frame left a dainty morsel for the skulking wolf of the prairie. I communicated my sentiments to B——, and found that his views corresponded with mine. 'But,' said he, with the spirit of a genuine Kentuckian, 'we are in for it, Harry, and we must fight; it will not do to let these Indians see us show the white feather.'

It was under such circumstances, and with these feelings, that we pitched our tents after a hard day's march, in a valley near the margin of a little stream which uniting with others forms the Checauque, one

of the tributaries of the Mississippi. The river flowed in our front. In our rear, and surrounding us on either side, forming a sort of amphitheatre, was a range of low hills crowned with a grove of young hickories. A branch on our left, running down to the stream, separated our tents from the encampment of our Indian allies. Our camp consisted of three tents pitched some fifteen steps apart. B — and myself occupied the middle one. We had a companion, a scrub of a fellow, who forced himself upon us as we were on the point of starting, and whom we could not well shake off. To this genius, on account of his many disagreeable qualities, we had given the soubriquet of '*Common Doings*.' The other whites of the party occupied the other two tents.

We had just finished the usual routine of camp duty for the night, 'spansered' our horses, eaten our suppers, laid in a supply of fuel for our fires, and were sitting around them smoking our pipes and listening to the marvellous tales of an old 'Leatherstocking' of the party, whose life had been passed between the Rocky Mountains and the Mississippi, when two of our Indian spies came in, passing in front of our tents and across the branch to the Indian camp. One of our party followed them to hear their report, and soon returned with the information that the spies had seen an encampment of Sioux, and that the Sacs and Foxes were then holding a council as to what measures it was best to pursue. Others of our party, who understood the Indian tongue, went across for farther information. Mean time we remained in great anxiety, canvassing among ourselves the probable truth of the report, and speculating on the course most proper for us to take. Our friends soon returned, having heard the full report of the spies as it was delivered before the chiefs in council. They had proceeded some eight miles beyond the place of our encampment to a hill in the vicinity of Swan Lake; from the hill they had seen a large body of Sioux, numbering as near as they could estimate them, five or six hundred. From the manner in which they were encamped and from other signs, they knew them to be a 'war party'; and having made these observations, they withdrew, concealing themselves as much as possible, and as they supposed, without being discovered. The effect of this information upon us may easily be imagined. We were 'in for it' sure enough! We had expected for several days that we should meet the enemy, but to find them so near us in such force, so far outnumbering our own, we had not anticipated.

The question now was, what were we to do? Some proposed that we should move our camp across the branch and pitch our tent among our Indian allies; for it was argued with much force that if our spies had been discovered, the Sioux would follow their trail, and as it passed directly by our tents, we should fall the first victims; that if the Sioux, notwithstanding their superiority in numbers, should not think it prudent to attack the main camp, they would not fail to attack, according to their custom, the out-camps, take what scalps they could, and retreat. But there was a strong objection to moving our camp: the Indians frequently during the march had desired us to pitch our tents among them, but we had always declined, preferring to be by ourselves. What would they say if we should now break up our encampment and go among them? 'White men are cowards! They rejected our request when all

was safe, but now at the approach of danger they come skulking among us like dogs for protection.' No; we could not do this; pride forbade it. We next discussed the expediency of dividing ourselves into a watch, and keeping guard by turns through the night. The more experienced of the party, and particularly Jamison, an old hunter and Indian fighter, said that this would only exhaust us, and would be of no avail; that our Indian allies had spies around the encampment in every direction; that if they failed to perceive the approach of the enemy, we could not discover them; that the first intimation our sentinels would have would be an arrow through the body; that our best plan would be to extinguish our fires, prepare our arms, lie down with them in our hands, rely on the Indian spies for notice of the enemy's approach, and on the first alarm make our way to the Indian camp, being careful as we approached it to give the pass-word for the night, '*Wal-las-ki-push-eto.*' We all finally came to this conclusion.

During the discussion, two of the party had not spoken a word; one was our tent-mate 'Doings,' who was so completely paralyzed with fright as to be unable to think or speak; the other was old 'Leatherstocking,' who listened with the utmost coolness to all that was said, occasionally expressing assent or dissent by a nod or shake of the head. I now observed him quietly examine his rifle, draw the charge and reload; take out the flint and replace it with a new one; he then threw himself down for the night, his bared knife in his left hand, and his right resting on the breech of his rifle, remarking as he composed himself to sleep, 'We must be ready boys; there's no telling when the varmints will be upon us.'

B ——— and myself prepared our arms: each of us wore a brace of pistols in a belt; these were carefully loaded and buckled on; our rifles were next examined and put in order; our hatchets were placed at hand, and with many misgivings we laid ourselves down. It was some time before I could sleep, and when I did, my repose was disturbed by dreams. How long I slept I am unable to say, perhaps not more than an hour, when I was suddenly awakened. I listened. The noise of the horses, of which there were several hundred grazing in the valley, with the tinkling of the bells on their necks, were the only sounds that at first met my ear; all else was silent. Presently I heard a noise as if made by the stealthy tread of a man; then a voice, or perhaps the cry of some animal. It was repeated. I heard it in the grove, on the hill, then an answering cry on the other side of the stream. I knew that Indians in a night-attack make signals by imitating the cry of some animal; and the sounds I heard, though like those made by wild beasts, seemed to me to be in reality human voices. I drew a pistol from my belt, cocked it, and with a hatchet in my other hand, crept out of the tent, and lying on the ground, looked cautiously around. The cries continued at intervals, and I became more and more satisfied that they were human voices. I felt, I *knew* that the Sioux were about to attack us. A thousand thoughts flashed across my mind. I thought of the home of my childhood, my far distant kindred; a mother, sisters, brothers. Unskilled as I was in Indian warfare, I expected to be slain. I was alarmed; frightened perhaps, but not paralyzed. I resolved to fight to the last, and if I *must* die, to fill no coward's grave.

As my eyes became more accustomed to the darkness, I began to distinguish objects; and peering beyond our line of tents, I saw on our right, between me and the grove, three dark objects like human heads projecting out of the grass. While I was observing them, two of them disappeared, and I could discern the grass wave as they made their way toward our encampment. There was no longer room for doubt. I called to B —— in a whisper; he was on his feet and by my side in an instant, a cocked pistol in each hand. I directed his attention to what I saw. He looked steadfastly for a moment, then raising his eyes to the grove, exclaimed in a whisper, 'The timber is full of Indians! I see them advancing from tree to tree; it is time for action. I shall fall, but you may be saved; if so, let my friends in Kentucky know that I died like a brave man. I will arouse the rest.'

He went to the tent on our left, while I remained watching the approach of the enemy. I could see them distinctly as they moved from tree to tree. I heard B —— call in a whisper, 'Jamison! Jamison!' Jamison came out of his tent but without his arms. B —— told him of our danger, and directed his attention to the Indians in the grove. As he spoke Jamison stretched out his arms and gave a yawn, remarking, 'These Injuns are mighty unsartin critters; there's no knowing about their motions;' crawled into his tent again. B —— returned; neither of us spoke. We lay down and drew our blankets over us; at length B —— said:

'Harry?'

'What?'

'Hoaxed! by thunder!'

The whole truth, which had been breaking in upon my mind by degrees, now flashed upon me, and I raised a shout of laughter. At this instant, poor 'Doings,' who had been awake from the commencement, but who was so scared that he had rolled himself under the eaves of the tent, and contracted himself into a space scarcely larger than my arm, and who in his terror would have lain still and had his throat cut without wagging a finger in defence; this poor, miserable 'Doings' exclaimed 'Haw! haw! haw! I knew it all the time; I never see fellows so scared!' This was too bad. However, we had our laugh out, discussed plans for vengeance, went to sleep and had quiet slumbers for the rest of the night.

The next morning we ascertained that the whole story about the Sioux encampment had been fabricated for the purpose of trying our mettle, and that all save B ——, myself and 'Doings,' were in the secret. The moving objects which I had seen in the grass were Indian dogs prowling around for food, and the Indians in the timber existed only in our excited imaginations.

I MAY hereafter give an account of the *modus operandi* of our revenge, and of our mode of hunting the buffalo, in which we met with much success; and of other matters of interest which fell under my observation during the sixty days we spent with this tribe of Indians. E. T. E.

L I F E ' S Y O U N G D R E A M .

—
 'There is no Voice in Nature which says 'Return.''
 —

THOSE envious threads, what do they here,
 Amid thy flowing hair?
 It should be many a summer's day
 Ere they were planted there:
 Yet many a day ere thou and Care
 Had known each other's form,
 Or thou hadst bent thy youthful head
 To Sorrow's whelming storm.

Oh! was it grief that blanched the locks
 Thus early on thy brow?
 And does the memory cloud thy heart,
 And dim thy spirit now?
 Or are the words upon thy lip
 An echo from thy heart;
 And is *that* gay as are the smiles
 With which thy full lips part?

For thou hast lived man's life of thought,
 While careless youth was thine;
 Thy boyish lip has passed the jest
 And sipped the sparkling wine,
 And mingled in the heartless throng
 As thoughtlessly as they,
 Ere yet the days of early youth
 Had glided swift away.

They say that Nature wooeth back
 No wanderer to her arms;
 Welcomes no prodigal's return
 Who once hath scorned her charms.
 And ah! I fear for thee and me,
 The feelings of our youth
 Have vanished with the things that were,
 Amid the wrecks of truth.

Oh! for the early happy days
 When hope at least was new!
 Ere we had dreamed a thousand dreams,
 And found them all untrue;
 Ere we had flung our life away
 On what might not be ours;
 Found bitter drops in every cup,
 And thorns on all the flowers.

Ye who have yet youth's sunny dreams,
 Oh guard the treasure well,
 That no rude voice from coming years
 May break the enchanted spell!
 No cloud of doubt come o'er your sky
 To dim its sunny ray,
 Be careless children, while ye can,
 Trust on, while yet ye may.

THE QUOD CORRESPONDENCE.

Harry Harrison.

CHAPTER TWENTY-FIRST.

In the same room from which Craig and Jones had set out on their ill-fated errand, and at the hour of noon on the following day, the latter was crouching in front of the fire-place, which had been so bright and cheery the night before, but which now contained nothing except ashes, and a few half-burned stumps, charred and blackened, but entirely extinguished. Over these Jones bent, occasionally shivering slightly, and holding his hands to them, apparently unconscious that they emitted no heat, and then dabbling in the ashes, and muttering to himself. But a few hours had elapsed since he had left that room a bold, daring, desperate man; yet in that short time a frightful change had come over him. His eyes were blood-red; his lips swollen and bloody, and the under one deeply gashed, as if he had bitten it through; his cheeks haggard and hollow, his hair dishevelled, his dress torn, and almost dragged from his person. But it was not in the outward man alone that this alteration had taken place. In spirit, as well as in frame, he was crushed. His former iron bearing was gone; no energy, no strength left. He seemed but a wreck, shattered and beaten down—down to the very dust. At times he mumbled to himself, and moaned like one in suffering. Then again he rose and paced the room with long strides, dashing his hand against his forehead, and uttering execrations. The next moment he staggered to his seat, buried his face in his hands, and sobbed like a child.

‘Tim,’ said he, in a low broken voice, ‘poor old Tim; I killed you, I know I did; but blast ye! I loved you, Tim. But it’s of no use, now; you’re dead, and can never know how much poor Bill Jones cared for you. No, no; you never can, Tim. We were boys together, and now I’m alone; no one left—no one, *no one!*’

In the very phrenzy of grief, that succeeded these words, he flung himself upon the floor, dashing his head and hands against it, and rolling and writhing like one in mortal pain. This outbreak of passion was followed by a kind of stupor; and crawling to his seat, he remained there, like one stunned and bereft of strength. Stolid, scarcely breathing, and but for the twitching of his fingers, motionless as stone; with his eyes fixed on the blank wall, he sat as silent as one dead; but with a heart on fire, burning with a remorse never to be quenched; with a soul hurrying and darting to and fro in its mortal tenement, to escape the lashings of conscience. Struggle on! struggle on! There is no escape, until that strong heart is eaten away by a disease for which there is no cure; until that iron frame, worn down by suffering, has

become food for the worm, and that spirit and its persecutor stand before their final judge, in the relations of criminal and accuser.

A heavy step announced that some one was ascending the stairs. Jones moved not. A loud knock at the door followed. Still he did not stir. The door was then flung open, in no very gentle manner, for it struck the wall behind it with a noise that made the room echo: but a cannon might have been fired there, and Jones would not have heard it.

The person however who had thus unceremoniously opened the way to his entrance, seemed perfectly indifferent whether his proceedings were agreeable or otherwise. His first movement on entering the room was to shut the door after him and lock it; his next was to look about it to see whether it contained any other than the person of Jones. Having satisfied himself on that score, he walked rapidly up to him and tapped him on the shoulder.

Jones looked listlessly up at him, and then turning away, dabbled in the ashes, without uttering a word.

'Hello! Bill Jones,' said the stranger, after waiting a moment or two in evident surprise, 'what ails you?'

The man made no reply.

'Are you sulky?' demanded the other; 'Well, follow your own humor; but answer me one question: where's Craig?'

Jones shuddered; and his hand shook violently. Rising up, half tottering, he turned and stood face to face with his visiter.

'Good day to ye, Mr. Grosket,' said he, with a ghastly smile, and extending his hand to him. 'Good day to ye. It's a bright day, on the heels of such a night as the last was.'

'Good God! what ails you, man?' exclaimed Grosket, recoiling before the wild figure which confronted him; and then taking his hand, he said: 'Your hand is hot as fire, your eyes blood-shot, and your face covered with blood. What have you been at? What ails you?'

Jones passed his hand feebly across his forehead, and then replied: 'I'm sick at heart!'

He turned from Grosket, and again crouched upon the hearth, mumbling over his last words, 'Sick at heart! sick at heart!'—nor did he appear to recollect Grosket's question respecting Craig. If he did, he did not answer it, but with his arms locked over his knees, he rocked to and fro, like one in great pain.

'Are you ill, man, or are you drunk?' demanded Grosket, pressing heavily on his shoulder. 'Speak out, I say: what ails you? If you don't find your tongue, I'll find it for you.'

Jones, thus addressed, made an effort to rally, and partially succeeded; for after a moment he suddenly rose up erect, and in a clear, bold voice, replied:

'I'm not drunk, Mr. Grosket, but I *am* ill; God knows what's the matter with me. Look at me!' he continued, stepping to where the light was strongest; 'Look at me well. Would n't you think I'd been on my back for months?'

'You look ill enough;' was the blunt reply.

'Well, then, what do you want?' demanded Jones, in a peevish tone; 'why do you trouble me? I can't bear it. Go away; go away.'

'I will, when you 've answered my question. Where 's Craig?'

'I do n't know. He was here last night; but he went out, and has n't been here since.'

'Where did he go?'

Jones shook his head: 'He did n't say.'

'Was he alone?'

'No,' replied the other, evidently wincing under these questions; 'No; there was a man with him, nigh about my size. He went with him. That 's all I know about either of them. There, there; get through with your questions. They turn my head,' said he, in an irritable tone.

'Why did he take a stranger?' demanded Grosket, without paying the least attention to his manner. 'You forget that I know you and he generally hunt in couples.'

It might have been the cold of the room striking through to his very bones that had so powerful an effect on Jones, but he shook from head to foot, as he answered:

'Look at me! God! would you have a man out in such a night as that was, when he 's almost ready for his winding-sheet?'

Grosket's only reply was to ask another question.

'What was the name of the man who went with him?'

'I don't know.'

'What did they go to do?'

Jones hesitated, as if in doubt what answer to make, and then, as if adopting an open course, he said: 'I 've know'd you a good while, Mr. Grosket, and you won't blab, if I tell you what I suspect, will ye? It 's only guess-work, after all. Promise me that; I know your word is good.'

Grosket paused a moment before he made the promise; and then said: 'Well, I'll keep what you tell me to myself. Now then.'

'It was a house-breaking business,' said Jones, sinking his voice. 'They took pistols with them; and I heard Tim tell the other one to take the crow-bar and the glim. That's all I know. I was too much down to listen. There; go away now. I 've talked till my head is almost split. Talking drives me mad. Go away.'

Grosket stood perfectly still in deep thought. The story might be true; for the city was ringing with the news of the burglary, and of the death of one of the burglars by the hands of his comrade. It was rumored too, that the dead man had been identified by some of the officers of the police, and that his name was Craig. It was this, taken in connection with the facts that the attempt had been made on Harson's house; that an effort had been made to carry off a child who lived with him, and of its being known to Grosket that Rust had often employed these two men in matters requiring great energy and few scruples, that had induced him thus early to visit their haunt, to ascertain the truth of his suspicions; and to endeavor, if possible, to ferret out the plans of their employer. The replies of Jones, short and abrupt as they were, convinced him that his suspicions respecting Craig were correct; but who could the other man be?

Engrossed with his own thoughts, he appeared to forget where he was

and who was present ; for he commenced walking up and down the room ; then stopped ; folded his arms, and talked to himself in low, broken sentences. Again he walked to the far end of the room and stopped there.

Jones, in the mean time, to avoid farther questioning, seated himself ; and leaning his elbows on his knees, hid his face in his hand. He was disturbed, however, by feeling himself shaken roughly by the shoulder. 'What you've just been telling me, is a lie !' said Grosket, sternly. 'You should know me well enough not to run the risk of trifling with me. I want the truth and nothing else. Where were *you* last night ?'

Jones looked up at him and then answered in a sullen tone : 'I've told you once ; I was here.'

Grosket went to a dark corner of the room and brought back Jones' great-coat, completely saturated with water. 'This room scarcely leaks enough to do that,' said he, throwing it on the floor in front of Jones. 'Ha ! what's that in the pocket ?'

He thrust in his hand and drew out a pistol. The hammer was down, the cap exploded, and the inside of the muzzle blackened by burnt powder.

'Fired off !' said he. 'You told the truth. The man who went with Craig *did* look like you. I know the rest. Tim Craig is dead, and you shot him.'

An expression of strange meaning crossed the face of the burglar as he returned the steady look of his visiter without making any reply. But Grosket was not yet done with him ; for he said in a slow, savage tone : 'Now mark me well. If you lie in what you tell me, I'll hang you. Who employed you to do this job ?'

Jones eyed him for a moment, and then turned away impatiently and said, 'I do n't know what you're talking about. Don't worry me. I'm sick and half crazy. Get away, will ye !'

'*This to me ! to me !*' exclaimed the other, stepping back, his eyes flashing fire ; 'you forget yourself.'

Jones rose up, his red hair hanging like ropes about his face, and his bloodshot eyes and disfigured features giving him the look rather of a wild beast than of a man. Shaking his finger at Grosket, he said, 'Keep away from me to day, I say. There's an evil spell over me. Come to-morrow, but do n't push me to-day, or God knows what you may drive me to do. There, there — go.'

Still Grosket stirred not, but with a curling lip and an eye as bright as his own, and voice so fearfully quiet and yet stern that at another time it might have quelled even the strong spirit of the robber, he said 'Enoch Grosket never goes until his object is attained.'

'Then you wo'nt go ?' demanded Jones.

'No !'

Jones made a hasty step toward him, with his teeth set and his eyes burning like coals of fire ; but whatever may have been his purpose, and from the expression of his face, there was little doubt but that it was a hostile one, he was diverted from it by hearing a hand on the latch of the door and a voice from without demanding admittance.

'It is Rust,' exclaimed Grosket, in a sharp whisper. He touched the

burglar on the shoulder and said in the same tone, 'I'm going in *there*.' He pointed to a closet in a dark part of the room, nearly concealed by the wainscotting. 'Let him in, and betray me if you dare!'

'You seem to know our holes well,' muttered Jones. 'You've been here afore.' Grosket made no reply, but hurried across the room and secreted himself in the closet, which evidently had been constructed as a place of concealment, either for the tenants of the room themselves, or for whatever else it might not suit their fancy to have too closely examined.

Jones stared after him, apparently forgetting the applicant for admission, until a renewed and very violent knocking recalled his attention to it. He then went to the door, drew back the bolt, and walked to his seat, without even glancing to see who came in, or whom the person was who followed so closely at his heels. Nor did he look around until he felt his arm roughly grasped, and a sharp stern voice hissing in his ear:

'So, so! a fine night's work you've made of it. Tim Craig is dead and the whole city is already ringing with the news; and *you*, you're a murderer!'

Jones started from his seat with the sudden spasmodic bound of one who has received a mortal thrust. He stared wildly at the sharp thin face which had almost touched his, and then sat down and said:

'Do n't talk to me so, Mr. Rust; I can't bear it.'

'Ho, ho! your conscience is tender, is it? It has a raw spot that wont bear handling, has it? We'll see to that. But to business,' said he, his face becoming white with rage; his black eyes blazing, and his voice losing its smoothness and quivering as he spoke.

'I've come here to fulfil my agreement; you were to get that child for me to-day; I've come for her; where is she?'

Jones looked at him with an expression of impatience mingled with contempt, but made him no answer.

'Tim Craig was to have gone to that house; he was to have carried her off; he was to have her here, *here*, *HERE*!' said he, in the same fierce tone. 'Why has n't he done it?'

'Because he's dead,' said Jones savagely.

'I'm glad of it! I'm glad of it!' exclaimed Rust. 'He deserved it. The coward! *Let him die.*'

'Tim Craig was no coward,' replied Jones, in a tone which, had Rust been less excited, would have warned him to desist.

'Ha!' exclaimed Rust, scanning him from head to foot, as if surprised at his daring to contradict him, 'Would you gainsay me?'

Jones returned his look without flinching, his teeth firmly set and grating together. At last he said:

'I *do* gainsay you; and I *do* say, whoever calls Tim Craig a coward lies!'

'*This*, and from *you*!' exclaimed Rust, shaking his thin finger in his very face; '*this* from you; *you*, a house-breaker, a thief, and last night the murderer of your comrade. Ho! ho! it makes me laugh! Fool! How many lives have you? One word of mine could hang you.'

'*You'll never hang me,*' replied Jones, in the same low, savage tone.

‘I wish you had, before that cursed job of yours made me put a bullet in poor Tim. I wish you had; but it is too late. You wont *now*.’

Words cannot describe the fury of Michael Rust at seeing himself thus bearded by one whom he had been used to see truckle to him, whom he considered the mere tool of Craig, and whom he had never thought it worth while even to consult in their previous interviews.

‘Wont I? *wont* I? Look to yourself,’ muttered he, shaking his finger at him with a slow, cautioning gesture, ‘Look to yourself.’

‘You’re right, I *will*; I say I *will*,’ exclaimed Jones, leaping up and confronting him. ‘I say I *will*; and now I do!’ He grasped him by the throat and shook him as if he had been a child.

‘I might as well kill him at once,’ muttered he, without heeding the struggles of Rust. ‘It’s *him* or *me*; yes, yes, I’ll do it.’

Coming to this fatal conclusion, he flung Rust back on the floor and leaped upon him. At this moment, however, the door of the closet was thrown open, and Grosket, whom he had entirely forgotten, sprang suddenly out:

‘Come, come, this wont do!’ said he; ‘no murder!’

Jones made no effort to resist the jerk at his arm with which Grosket accompanied his words, but quietly rose, and said:

‘Well, he drove me to it. He may thank *you* for his life, not *me*.’

Relieved from his antagonist, Rust recovered his feet, and turning to Grosket said, in a sneering tone:

‘Michael Rust thanks Enoch for having used his influence with his friend, to prevent the commission of a crime which might have made both Enoch and his crony familiar with a gallows. A select circle of acquaintance friend Enoch has.’

Grosket, quietly, pointed to the closet and said:

‘You forget that I have been there ever since you came in the room; and have overheard every thing that passed between you and *my* friend.’

Rust bit his lip.

‘Don’t let it annoy you,’ continued he, ‘for the most of what I heard I knew before. I have had my eye on you from the time we parted. With all your benevolent schemes respecting myself I am perfectly familiar. The debt which you bought up to arrest me on; your attempt to have me indicted on a false charge of felony; the quiet hint dropped in another quarter, that if I should be found with my throat cut, or a bullet in my head, you would n’t break your heart; I knew them all; but I did not avail myself of the law. Shall I tell you why, Michael Rust? Because I had a revenge sweeter than the law could give.’

‘Friend Enoch is welcome to it when he gets it,’ replied Rust, in a soft tone. ‘But the day when it will come is far off.’

‘The day is at hand,’ replied Grosket. ‘It is here: it is now. Not for a mine of gold would I forego what I now know; not for any thing that is dear in the world’s eyes, would I spare you one pang that I can now inflict.’

Rust smiled incredulously, but made no reply.

‘Your schemes are frustrated,’ continued Grosket. ‘The children are both found; their parentage known; *your* name blasted. The brother who fostered you, and loaded you with kindness will have his eyes

opened to your true character ; and you will be a felon, amenable to the penalty of the law, whenever any man shall think fit to call it down upon your head. But this is nothing to what is in store for you.'

'Well,' said Rust, with the same quiet smile ; 'please to enumerate what other little kindnesses you have in store for me.'

'I will,' replied Grosket. 'I was once a happy man. I had a wife and daughter, whom I loved. My wife is dead ; what became of my child ? I say,' exclaimed he bitterly, 'what became of my child ?'

'Young women will forget themselves sometimes,' said Rust, his thin lip curling. 'She became a harlot—only a harlot.'

Grosket grew deadly pale, and his voice became less clear, as he answered :

'You're right—you're right ! why shrink from the word. It's a harsh one ; but it's God's truth ; she *did*—and she died.'

'That's frank,' said Rust, 'quite frank. I am a straight-forward man, and always speak the truth. I'm glad to see that friend Enoch can bear it like a Christian.'

A loud, taunting laugh broke from Grosket ; and then he said :

'Thus much for *me* ; now for yourself, Michael Rust. You once had a wife.'

Rust's calm sneer disappeared in an instant, and he seemed absolutely to wither before the keen flashing eye which was fixed steadfastly on his.

'She lived with you two years ; and then she became—shall I tell you what ?'

Rust's lips moved, but no sound came from them. Grosket bent his lips to his ear, and whispered in it. Rust neither moved nor spoke. He seemed paralyzed.

'But she died,' continued Grosket, 'and she left a child—a daughter ; *mine* was a daughter too.'

Rust started from a state of actual torpor ; every energy, every faculty, every feeling leaping into life.

'That daughter is now alive,' continued Grosket, speaking slowly, that every word might tell with tenfold force. 'That daughter now is, what you drove my child to be, a harlot.'

'It's false as hell!' shouted Rust, in a tone that made the room ring. 'It's false !'

'It's true. I can prove it ; prove it, clear as the noon-day,' returned Grosket, with a loud, exulting laugh.

'Oh ! Enoch ! oh, Enoch !' said Rust, in a broken, supplicating tone, 'tell me that it's false, and I'll bless you ! Crush me, blight me, do what you will, only tell me that my own loved child is pure from spot or stain ! Tell me so, I beseech you ; I, Michael Rust, who never begged a boon before—I beseech you.'

He fell on his knees in front of Grosket, and clasping his hands together, raised them toward him.

'I cannot,' replied Grosket, coldly, 'for it's as true as there is a heaven above us !'

Rust made an effort to speak ; his fingers worked convulsively, and he fell prostrate on the floor.

T H E S A C R I F I C E .

'Ours day during the bloody executions which took place at Lyons, a young girl rushed into the hall where the revolutionary tribunal was held, and throwing herself at the feet of the judges, said: 'There remain to me of all my family only my brothers! Mother, father, sister—you have butchered all; and now you are going to condemn my brothers. Oh! in mercy ordain that I may ascend the scaffold with them!' Her prayer was refused, and she threw herself into the Rhone and perished.'

DU BRACA.

THE judges have met in the council-hall,
A strange and a motley pageant, all:
What seek they? to win for their land a name
The brightest and best in the lists of fame?
The light of Mercy's all-hallowed ray
To look with grief on the culprit's way?
Nay! watch the smile and the flushing brow,
And in that crowd what read ye now?
The daring spirit and purpose high,
The fiery glance of the eagle eye
That marked the Roman's haughty pride,
In the days of yore by the Tiber's side?
The stern resolve of the patriot's breast,
When the warrior's zeal has sunk to rest?
No! Mercy has fled from the hardened heart,
And Justice and Truth in her steps depart,
And the fires of hell rage fierce and warm
Mid the fitful strife of the spirit's storm.

But a wail is borne on the troubled air:
What victim comes those frowns to dare?
'Tis woman's form and woman's eye,
That Time hath passed full lightly by;
The limner's art in vain might trace
The glorious beauty and winning grace
Of that fair girl; youth's sunny day
Flings its radiance over life's changing way:
Why has she left her princely home,
Why to that hall a suppliant come?
Her heart is sad with a deepening gloom,
For Hope has found in her heart a tomb.
With quiv'ring lip, and eye whose light
Is faint as the moon in a cloudy night,
And with cheek as pale as the crimson glow
That the sunset casts on the spotless snow;
Nerved with the strength of wild despair,
Low at their feet she pours her prayer:

'My home! my home! is desolate,
For ye have slain them all,
And cast upon the light of Love
Death's cold and fearful pall.
We knelt in agony to save
My father's silver hair,
Ye would not mark the bitter tears,
Nor list the frantic prayer!

'And then ye took my mother too:
Ye must remember now
The words that lingered on her lip,
The grief upon her brow;
My sister wept in bitter wo—
Her dark and earnest eyes
Asked for the mercy ye will seek
In vain in yonder skies!

'But your hearts were like the flinty rock,
And cold as ocean's foam ;
You tore them from my clasping arms,
And bore them from our home :
And now my brothers ye will slay !
But they are proud and high,
And come with spirits brave and true,
Your tortures to defy.

'I will not ask from you their lives,
I will not seek to roll
The clouds of midnight from your hearts ;
Ye cannot touch the soul !
But grant my prayer, and I will pray
For you in yonder sky ;
Oh, God ! I ask a little thing —
I ask with them to die !'

But the burning words fell cold and lone,
As the sun's warm rays on a marble stone ;
Life was a curse too bitter and wild
For the broken heart of Earth's weary child ;
And the stricken one found a self-sought grave
'Neath the crystal light of the foaming wave.

Shelter-Island.

MARY GARDINER.

T H E D E A T H B E D .

A STRAY LEAF FROM THE PORT-FOLIO OF A 'COUNTRY DOCTOR.'

BY F. W. SHELTON.

'BURY me in the valley, beneath the willows where I have watched the rippling waves, among the scenes of beauty which I loved so well, oh ! my friend !' exclaimed the dying youth ; and as he grasped my hand his lips moved tremblingly, tears gushed upon his wan cheeks, and an expression of very sadness stole upon him. His looks were lingering ; such as one flings back upon some paradise of beauty which he leaves forever ; some home which childhood has endeared to him, and affection has filled with the loves and graces. Pity touched my soul as I regarded silently that beaming countenance, alas ! so shrunk from the swelling, undulating lines of his hilarious health ; a pity such as one feels whose hopes are too inexplicably bound up with another's, who shares his very being, and who knows by all the sympathies of a brother's bosom that the other's heart-strings are snapping. *Anima dimidium mea !* — beautiful expression of the poet, comprehended less while life unites, than when death severs. It is only when gazing on the seal which has been set, we inquire 'Where is the spirit ?' and struggle in vain to understand that great difference ; when the smiles which shed their sunshine have rapidly vanished, and the voice we loved has died away like the music of a harp ; when that which was light, joy, wit, eloquence, has departed with the latest breath ; when, in short, we are

awakened from our reverie by the clods falling on the coffin, and the mourners moving away; it is then that the soul, diminished of its essence, flits away with a strange sense to its unjoyous abode, as a bird would return to its lonely nest.

There never existed one who more lived and moved, and had his spiritual being in the affections; a sensitive nature wooed into life by the kindness of the faintest breath, but killingly crushed by the footsteps of the thoughtless or the cruel. For such a one, life is well deserving of the epithet applied to it by the poet Virgil: *dulcis vita*, sweet life. It is not a vulgar sensuality, a Lethean torpor; the triumph of the grosser nature over the eternal principle within. It is already a separation of the carnal from the spiritual; a refinement of fierce passions; a present divorce from a close and clinging alliance; a foretaste of the waters of life; in short, the very essence and devotion of a pure religion. Would it seem strangely inconsistent that a being of so sweet a character as I shall describe him, my poor young friend declared, with a gush of the bitterest tears, that he *could* not go into the dark valley, for he loved life with an inconceivable, passionate love? His was the very agony and pathos of the dying Hoffman, when almost with his latest breath, he alluded to 'the sweet habitude of being.' But it was only, thanks be to God! a short defection, a momentary clouding of that bright faith which was destined soon to see beyond the vale. His tears ceased to flow, glistened a moment, and then passed away as if they had been wiped by some gentle hand.

He leaned upon a soft couch, so very pale and haggard that his hour seemed very near. Costly books strewed his table; pictures and many exquisite things were scattered about with lavish hand; for wealth administered to refined luxury, and affection crowned him with blessings which gold can never buy. A mother hid from him her bitter tears, and spoke the words of cheerfulness; sisters pressed around him with the poignant grief an only brother can inspire; a beautiful betrothed betokened to him in irrepressible tears her depth and purity of love. Letters came to him hurried on the wings of friendship, and impressed on all their seals with sentiments which awakened hope. Youth and beauty hovered around him with their unintermitted care, and Age sent up its fervent prayers to heaven. Oh! who but the ungrateful would not love a life so filled with blandishments and crowned with blessings? Who could see all these receding without a sigh, or feel the pressure of that kiss of love as pure as if it had its origin in Heaven? But with the finest organization of intellectual mind, he had been accustomed to look at all things in the light of poetry. For one so constituted the pleasures which are in store are as inexhaustible as the works or mercies of his God. Not an hour which did not present some new phase of undiscovered beauty. He revelled in the beams of the morning; the rising sun was never a common object, nor its grandeur ever lost upon a soul so conscious of the sublime. For all beauty in nature he found a correspondent passion in the soul; and intoxicated alike with the music of birds or the perfume of flowers, found no weariness in a life whose current was like the living spring, pure, perennial and delightful.

To be so susceptible of pleasure, I would be willing to encounter all

the keenness of pangs suffered by such natures. For such, the rational delights of a year are crowded into a day, an hour ; and the ignorant reader of their obituary sighs mournfully, computing their lives by a false reckoning. Yet after all, we have been disposed to regard the death of the young as something unnatural ; the violent rending asunder of soul and body ; the penalty enacted of a life artificial in its modes and repugnant to nature. As Cicero has beautifully expressed it, it is like the sudden quenching of a bright flame ; but the death of the virtuous Old is as expected, as free from terror as the sunset ; it is the coming of a gentle sleep after a long and weary day.

Travers was in the very gush and spring-tide of his youth ; yet crowned as he was with blessings, and every attribute for their most perfect enjoyment, the true secret of his too fond desire to live, was that *he loved :*

‘He loved but one,
And that loved one, alas! could ne’er be his.’

In her the poetry of his life centred ; and as a river is swollen by divers rills, and tributary streams, so all the thoughts and passions of his soul hurried with a pure and rapid tide to mingle and be lost in one. But illness, and the long looking at death, and above all, the Christian’s hope, enable us one by one to break off the dearest ties, and to renounce whatever we most love on earth. And so my young friend in good time emerged from the cloud which obscured his prospects, and saw clearly beyond the vale. It is not long since, being well assured that his fate was inevitable, he expressed a desire, which he carried into execution, to visit once more his well-loved haunts, and take a solemn farewell of them all. As one grasps the hand of a friend at parting, he looked his last at things which were inanimate. He rambled in the deep, dark groves whither he had so often gone in health, to enjoy their Gothic grandeur, to breathe the spirit of the religion they inspire, or to murmur in their deepest shades the accents of his pure and passionate love. He inscribed his name for the last time upon the smooth bark of a tree ; then leaving them forever, as he emerged into the gay meadows, he turned to me with tears and said :

‘Ye woods, and wilds, whose melancholy gloom
Accords with my soul’s sadness, and draws forth
The voice of sorrow from my bursting heart!’

He clambered the steep hill-side, and sinking exhausted beneath a smitten tree, enjoyed the picturesqueness of the scene ; the meadows, the streams, the pasture-grounds, the dappled herds, the serenity of the summer skies, cleft by the wing of the musical lark, in all their purity of blue. He sat beside the sea-shore, and watched the big billows breaking and bursting at his feet ; and as he looked where the waters and the sky met together in the far horizon, he exclaimed, ‘Now indeed do I long to fly away!’ Then he returned to his pillow, never to go forth again. ‘I shall die,’ he said, ‘when the season is in its prime and glory ; when the fields are green and the trees leafy ; and the sunlight shall shimmer down through the branches where the birds sing over my grave.’ Then casting a look at his books, where they stood

neatly arranged on the well-filled shelves, he lamented that he had not time to garner half the stores of a beautiful literature ; to satisfy his perpetual thirst ; to drink to the full at the ' pure wells of English undefiled.' There were the Greek poets, whom he would have more intimately cherished, (he had been lately absorbed in the sublimity of the ' Prometheus Vincit ;') there was the great master and anatomizer of the human heart, who knew how to detail the springs of action common to all ages, the paragon of that deep learning which is not derived from books, but gleaned by his genius from all nature with a rare intuition, and with an incomprehensible power of research. In him what mines of instruction, what sources of undiscovered delight, what philosophy yet to be grappled with, to be laid to the heart ! Charles Lamb has with a quaint melancholy depicted the pain of parting from his books, and from the indefinable delights laid up in each dear folio. Yet after all, what is the literature of one age but the reproduction, the remoulding, the condensation of the literature of another ; the loss and destruction of its waste ore, but the re-setting of its gems, and the renewed investiture of all its beauties. There is no glowing thought, no exquisite conception, no sublime and beautiful idea, which is not imperishable as the mind itself, and which shall not be carried on from age to age, or if destroyed or lost upon the written page, revived by some happy coincidence of intellectual being, and perpetuated and enjoyed, here or hereafter, wherever mind exists. A communion like this will be a communion of spirits. A finer organization, expanded faculties shall rapidly consume the past ; but oh, the future ! what glories are to be crowded into its immensity ? How shall knowledge be commensurate with the stars, or wander over the universe ? Now bring me the written Revelation, the written word. It clasps within its volume all excellencies, all sublimities of speech ; secrets which could not be developed by reason, nor found in the arcana of human wisdom. Henceforth this shall be my only companion, and its promises shall light my passage over the grave.

I marked the lustrous beaming of his eye, and from that time he looked at all things on the ' bright side.' His very love could think upon its object without a tear, and look forward to a pure and eternal re-union. At last the hour of dissolution came. I knew it by its unerring symptoms ; yet still I listened to his passionate, poetic converse. It was for the last time ; I was in the chamber of death. What observer can mistake it ; the darkened windows, the stillness, the grouping, the subdued sobs, the awful watchfulness for the identical moment when a lovely and intellectual spirit breaks its bonds, as if the strained vision could detect the spiritual essence. What a heart-sickness comes over those who love ! What a change in the appearance of all things ! The very sun-light is disagreeable, the very skies a mockery ; the very roses unlovely. We look out of the casement, and see the external face of nature still the same ; how heartless, how destitute of sympathy, now appears the whole world without, with the home, that inner world ! How can those birds sing so sweetly on the branches ; how can the flowers bloom as brightly as ever ; how can those children play so gleefully ; how can yon group laugh with such unconcern ! He is an

burglar on the shoulder and said in the same tone, 'I'm going in *there*.' He pointed to a closet in a dark part of the room, nearly concealed by the wainscotting. 'Let him in, and betray me if you dare!'

'You seem to know our holes well,' muttered Jones. 'You've been here afore.' Grosket made no reply, but hurried across the room and secreted himself in the closet, which evidently had been constructed as a place of concealment, either for the tenants of the room themselves, or for whatever else it might not suit their fancy to have too closely examined.

Jones stared after him, apparently forgetting the applicant for admission, until a renewed and very violent knocking recalled his attention to it. He then went to the door, drew back the bolt, and walked to his seat, without even glancing to see who came in, or whom the person was who followed so closely at his heels. Nor did he look around until he felt his arm roughly grasped, and a sharp stern voice hissing in his ear:

'So, so! a fine night's work you've made of it. Tim Craig is dead and the whole city is already ringing with the news; and *you*, you're a murderer!'

Jones started from his seat with the sudden spasmodic bound of one who has received a mortal thrust. He stared wildly at the sharp thin face which had almost touched his, and then sat down and said:

'Do n't talk to me so, Mr. Rust; I can't bear it.'

'Ho, ho! your conscience is tender, is it? It has a raw spot that wont bear handling, has it? We'll see to that. But to business,' said he, his face becoming white with rage; his black eyes blazing, and his voice losing its smoothness and quivering as he spoke.

'I've come here to fulfil my agreement; you were to get that child for me to-day; I've come for her; where is she?'

Jones looked at him with an expression of impatience mingled with contempt, but made him no answer.

'Tim Craig was to have gone to that house; he was to have carried her off; he was to have her here, *here, HERE!*' said he, in the same fierce tone. 'Why has n't he done it?'

'Because he's dead,' said Jones savagely.

'I'm glad of it! I'm glad of it!' exclaimed Rust. 'He deserved it. The coward! *Let him die.*'

'Tim Craig was no coward,' replied Jones, in a tone which, had Rust been less excited, would have warned him to desist.

'Ha!' exclaimed Rust, scanning him from head to foot, as if surprised at his daring to contradict him, 'Would you gainsay me?'

Jones returned his look without flinching, his teeth firmly set and grating together. At last he said:

'I *do* gainsay you; and I *do* say, whoever calls Tim Craig a coward lies!'

'*This*, and from *you*!' exclaimed Rust, shaking his thin finger in his very face; '*this* from you; *you*, a house-breaker, a thief, and last night the murderer of your comrade. Ho! ho! it makes me laugh! Fool! How many lives have you? One word of mine could hang you.'

'*You'll never hang me,*' replied Jones, in the same low, savage tone.

'I wish you had, before that cursed job of yours made me put a bullet in poor Tim. I wish you had ; but it is too late. You wont *now*.'

Words cannot describe the fury of Michael Rust at seeing himself thus bearded by one whom he had been used to see truckle to him, whom he considered the mere tool of Craig, and whom he had never thought it worth while even to consult in their previous interviews.

'Wont I? *wont* I? Look to yourself,' muttered he, shaking his finger at him with a slow, cautioning gesture, 'Look to yourself.'

'You're right, I *will* ; I say I *will*,' exclaimed Jones, leaping up and confronting him. 'I say I *will* ; and now I do!' He grasped him by the throat and shook him as if he had been a child.

'I might as well kill him at once,' muttered he, without heeding the struggles of Rust. 'It's *him* or *me* ; yes, yes, I'll do it.'

Coming to this fatal conclusion, he flung Rust back on the floor and leaped upon him. At this moment, however, the door of the closet was thrown open, and Grosket, whom he had entirely forgotten, sprang suddenly out :

'Come, come, this wont do !' said he ; 'no murder !'

Jones made no effort to resist the jerk at his arm with which Grosket accompanied his words, but quietly rose, and said :

'Well, he drove me to it. He may thank *you* for his life, not *me*.'

Relieved from his antagonist, Rust recovered his feet, and turning to Grosket said, in a sneering tone :

'Michael Rust thanks Enoch for having used his influence with his friend, to prevent the commission of a crime which might have made both Enoch and his crony familiar with a gallows. A select circle of acquaintance friend Enoch has.'

Grosket, quietly, pointed to the closet and said :

'You forget that I have been there ever since you came in the room ; and have overheard every thing that passed between you and *my* friend.'

Rust bit his lip.

'Don't let it annoy you,' continued he, 'for the most of what I heard I knew before. I have had my eye on you from the time we parted. With all your benevolent schemes respecting myself I am perfectly familiar. The debt which you bought up to arrest me on ; your attempt to have me indicted on a false charge of felony ; the quiet hint dropped in another quarter, that if I should be found with my throat cut, or a bullet in my head, you would n't break your heart ; I knew them all ; but I did not avail myself of the law. Shall I tell you why, Michael Rust ? Because I had a revenge sweeter than the law could give.'

'Friend Enoch is welcome to it when he gets it,' replied Rust, in a soft tone. 'But the day when it will come is far off.'

'The day is at hand,' replied Grosket. 'It is here : it is now. Not for a mine of gold would I forego what I now know ; not for any thing that is dear in the world's eyes, would I spare you one pang that I can now inflict.'

Rust smiled incredulously, but made no reply.

'Your schemes are frustrated,' continued Grosket. 'The children are both found ; their parentage known ; *your* name blasted. The brother who fostered you, and loaded you with kindness will have his eyes

'I am ready for the ascent of Mont Blanc, or a ramble with a hunter upon the shore of Hudson's Bay.'

'Very well ; now for the cutter.'

'Landlord, just step round, if you please, and put that buffalo-robe a little more closely about the lady. Hold fast, hostler! That horse likes any thing better than standing still.'

'Ay, ay, Sir.'

'Now we are ready. Let go! Away we dash ; 'on for the Falls!' Gently, my good horse, gently round this corner ; now 'go ahead!' How do you like my steed, Madam ?'

'A rein-deer could not transact this little business better.'

'Is not this a glorious morning ?'

'Vivifying to the utmost! How far we fail of becoming acquainted with the face of nature, when we only come to look upon it in summer! It is as if one should only look upon the human face in the hues of youth, and never upon the gray head ; on the brow where high thoughts have left their impress ; on the face which deeper and sterner knowledge, research, patience, have made eloquent, while stealing away the rose. As for me, though I am but a girl, I like to see sometimes an old man ; one who in the trial-hour of life has kept his integrity ; and when the snows of age fall on him, he gently bends beneath their weight, like those old cedars yonder by the way-side, beneath their weight of snow. Wherever the eye can pierce their white vesture, all is still deep spring-green beneath ; unchanged at heart — strong and true. So I like to look on you, Sere Leaf.'

'Thank you! You have a gift at compliments.'

'Summer reminds one of feeling and Lalla Rookh ; Winter, of intellect and Paradise Lost.'

'How your voice rings in this clear air! Do you know what Dean Swift says a sleigh-ride is like ? 'Sitting in the draft of a door with your feet in a pail of cold water !'

'Abominable! libellous! Exhilaration and comfort are so blended in me that — But is not that the house ?'

'Ay ; here we are! Smoke from the chimney ; some one is there to welcome us, no doubt. Gently, my Bucephalus, through this gate! There comes the landlord. Treat my horse well, if you please ; we are going to the Falls.'

SCENE THIRD.

'MADAM, are you ready for the woods ?'

'Quite. How still the air is! Why don't you thank me for insisting on coming? You have no gratitude. There's not two inches of snow on the ground. It all seems piled upon these grand old trees. There! see that tuft of it falling and now spreading into a cloud of spangles in the sun-light which streams down by those old pines. Hark! the roar of waters! The sound seems to find new echoes in these snow-laden boughs, and lingers as if loth to depart.'

'This way, Madam ; the trees are bent too low over the path to allow a passage there. We are near the bank which overlooks the first fall. Take my arm ; the brink may be icy. Lo! the abyss!'

‘Magnificent! What a rush of waters! How the swollen stream foams and rages!’

‘And see! the pathway under the shelving rock where we passed in summer is completely colonnaded by a row of tall ice pillars; gigantic, symmetrical — fluted, even. What Corinthian shaft ever equalled them! What capital ever rivalled the delicacy or grace of those ice-and-hemlock wreaths about their summits!’

‘And see those pines, rank above rank, higher and higher; stately and still and snow-robed like tall centinels! Perhaps, Sear Leaf, the Old Guard might have stood thus in the Russian snows over NAPOLEON, when he bivouacked on the hill-side, and sought rest while his spirit was as wildly tossed as the waters that dash beneath us.’

‘Yes, Lady; or it may be that these trees in their perpetual green, in their calmness and dignity, may be emblematic of the way in which the angels who watch on earth look down on man. Perfect rest on perfect unrest.’

‘Ah! you grow gloomy.’

‘Took I not my hue from you? On, then, for the higher fall!’

‘These trees seem to have increased in stature since the summer we were here. As we proceed, the snow lies thicker on them, and the branches seem closer locked; the roof overhead more complete. How still the woods are! Our very foot-fall is noiseless.’

Influenced by the scene, they pass on in silence along the path which leads round the foot of the cone-like hill toward the cottage by the higher Falls, whose deep roar now breaks upon the ear, and rolls through the motionless forest. Thus then the Lady to Sear Leaf:

‘Has God any other temple like this?’

‘Never a one, reared by any hand save His!’

‘What organ ever rolled so deep a bass through arches so grand! See how the sunlight glances amid the gnarled branches of the roof, and here and there falls through on the floor below; making those low icy forms look like the shrubs of the valley of diamonds in the eastern story. Just so it is that the light of truth struggles through entangled and dark mazes of human error, and here and there illuminate some humble mind with its pure ray; while others, tall and strong and haughty, like those old trees, are left darkened.’

‘You have a noble nature, and should be nobly mated. But here we are upon the brow of the hill which leads to the cottage. The snow is deeper here: gently, now; a slide down this bank might check even *your* enthusiasm. Take my arm; there — so; safe at the bottom! Let us go forward upon the platform of the cottage over the Falls. No bench? Well, sit upon my cloak.’

‘No, I wont.’

‘You must. There; be *pleased* to sit and rest. What a gorgeous display of frost-work and flashing light on fantastic forms of ice! How the spray rises and waves and changes its hues in the sun! And the trees, how delicately each sprig of the evergreens is covered with a dress so white and shining ‘as no fuller on earth could whiten them.’’

‘Even so, Sear Leaf; And I love to think that the same one who wove the glorious dress to which you refer, to gladden Peter, made this

dazzling drapery, and gave us eyes to look upon it. It recalls to my mind the song of the Seraphim: 'The whole earth is full of thy glory!'

'Did they not, Lady, sing of a moral glory?'

'No; decidedly no. There was no moral glory in the earth when they sang that song. Even the chosen people of God are then and there denounced as having abandoned Him. No; it was the glory of the works of His hands, such as we look upon this day, which elicited their praise.'

'I believe your exegesis is right. The scene is glorious. Summer in all her loveliness has no dress like this. She has no hues equal to the play of colors on these walls and columns of ice, extending far as the eye can reach down the ravine, and towering in more than colossal grandeur. The water is in treble volume, and force and voice; and as it rolls its white folds of spotless foam down the valley, it reminds one of the great white throne of the Revelations, and this wavy foam the folds of the robe that filled the temple.'

'It is inexpressibly, oppressively beautiful, Sear Leaf!'

'Speaking of Revelation, how accurate is the description in *Manfred* of this scene!'

'Let me hear it:

'It is not noon; the sun-bow's rays still arch
The torrent with the many hues of heaven,
And roll the sheeted silver's waving column
O'er the crags headlong perpendicular,
And fling its lines of foaming light along
And to and fro, like the pale courser's tail,
The giant steed to be bestrode by Death,
As told in the apocalypse.'

'Well, Madam, why are you silent? Shall we go?'

'No. I could stay here till nightfall. I was thinking of the lines succeeding those you have repeated:

— 'No eyes
But mine now drink the sight of loveliness.'

'Am I nobody?'

'We are alone here. How many of the light of heart, in youth and strength and beauty, climbed these rocks, shouted in these old woods, and gathered the summer flowers along these banks — and passed away! Where are they now! Some who wrote their names in the traveller's book in this cottage, have them now written by others on their tombstone. One I knew well, who, full of health and beauty, passed up this wild ravine, who has faded like the flowers she culled, and is now in her father's house, to pass in a few more days to heaven. And of all the rest, did we know their history, what a picture would it give of life!'

'You are thoughtful for one so young.'

'Are not twenty years enough to make one a moment thoughtful? Tell me now, thou of the gray head, of what art *thou* thinking?'

'Of earth's fairest scene, blent with her fairest daughter.'

'Bravo! For what fair lady on your native mountains did you frame that compliment twenty years ago?'

'Madam!'

'Well?'

'It is time to return.'

THE RUINS OF BURNSIDE.

SADLY, amid this once delightful plain,
Stern ruin broods o'er crumbling porch and wall,
And shapeless stones, with moss o'ergrown, remain
To tell, Burnside, the story of thy fall :
These ancient oaks, although decaying, green,
Like weary watchers, guard the solemn scene.

Where cowslip cup and daisy sweetly bloomed,
Hemlock and fern, in rank luxuriance spread ;
Where rose and lily once the air perfumed,
Wild dock and nettle sprout, no fragrance shed :
And here no more the throats' mellow lay
Awakes with gladsome song the jocund day.

O'er yon church wall the ivy creeps, as fain
To shield it from thy withering touch, Decay ;
No pastor ever more shall there explain
The sacred text, nor with his hearers, pray
To the Eternal Throne for grace divine ;
Nor sing His praise, nor taste the bread and wine.

And here of yore the parish school-house stood,
Where flaxen-pated boys were taught to read ;
At merry noon, in wild unfettered mood,
They rushed with boisterous glee to stream or mead ;
The care-worn teacher homeward wends his way,
And freer feels than his free boys at play.

Yon roofless cot, which still the alders shade,
While all around is desolate and sere,
Perchance the dwelling of some village maid,
Who fondly watched her aged parents here ;
And with her thrifty needle, or her wheel,
Earned for the lowly three the scanty meal.

Close by yon smithy stood the village inn,
Where farmers clinched each bargain o'er a glass ;
And oft, amid mirth's unrestricted din,
Would Time with softer foot, and swifter pass.
The husband here his noisy revel kept,
While by her lonely hearth the good wife wept.

At lazy twilight, 'neath yon ancient elm,
The village statesmen met in grave debate,
And sagely told, if at their country's helm,
How bravely they would steer the ship of state
From treacherous quicksands or from leeward shore,
And all they said, betrayed their wondrous lore.

I've seen the thoughtless rustic pass thee by ;
In thee, perhaps, his ancestors were bred,
And, at my question, point without a sigh,
Where calmly rest thy unremembered dead ;
I asked thy fate, and, as he answered, smiled,
' Thus looked these ruins since I was a child.'

Methinks, Burnside, I see thee in thy prime,
When thou wert blessed with innocent content,
Thy robust dwellers, prodigal of time,
Yet still with cheerful heart to labor went ;
Nor envied lordly pomp, with courtly train,
Of empty rank and fruitful acres vain.

Methinks I see a summer evening pass,
 When thou wert peopled, and in sinless glee
 Methinks the lusty ploughman and his lass
 Dance with unmeasured mirth, enraptured, free,
 While seated from the joyous throng apart,
 The blind musician labors at his art.

Though fancy, wayward as the vagrant wind,
 May picture scenes of unambitious taste,
 Yet vainly now, we look around to find
 Thy early beauty mid this dreary waste;
 Unmourned, unmissed, thus in thy fallen state,
 Thou art an emblem of the common fate!

Before the stern destroyer all shall bow,
 And sweet Burnside, like thine, 't will be my lot
 To lie a ruin, tenantless and low,
 By friends unmentioned, and by foes forgot:
 As earth's uncounted millions I shall be—
 No mortal think, no record speak of me!

KENNETH ROCKWOOD.

CORONATION OF GEORGE THE FOURTH.

BY THE LATE WILLIAM ABBOTT.

THERE is one great and peculiar characteristic in all the movements of JOHN BULL. A more gullible epitome of the human race does not exist. Let the case be right or wrong, only apply to him an inflammatory preparation, through the medium of a little exaggerated truth, and his frame is prepared to receive the largest dose of monstrous improbabilities that can possibly be administered; and till he has had his 'full swing' in the expression of his outraged feelings and boiling indignation, you might as easily attempt to check the mighty torrent of Niagara. John, however, is a free agent, and on the truest principles of freedom will hear but one side of the question as long as his prejudices continue; and after all, I believe it may fairly be put down to an honest impulse in favor of the oppressed, and a determination that no man, however elevated in rank, shall be screened from that equal justice which England delights in according. But the scales of justice, though equally balanced in the courts, get so bruised and bespattered in the minds of the fickle multitude, that time alone will bring them to their proper equilibrium. Let us travel back to the impeachment of the DUKE OF YORK, in the case of the celebrated Mrs. CLARK. To attempt to palliate the acts of His Royal Highness was to commit an overt act of treason against the sovereign people; to admit his indiscretions, but deny his guilty participation, or even knowledge of the peculations committed in his name, would expose one to the reputation of being either a fool or a madman. The sage counsellors of the city, those bright constellations immortalized in all ages, not only set the noble example of award-

ing the freedom of the city to the immortal Colonel Wardle for his wholesale calumnies, but services of plate poured in from all parts; and even a portion of the legislators of Great Britain were offering up their humble adoration at the shrine of an accomplished courtesan. What was the result? Reflection gradually triumphed; all the gross and filthy exaggerations were sifted through the dirty channels which had given rise to them; a sober judgment at length was given; and the Duke, though not freed from the responsibility of having been betrayed into great errors, was honorably and universally acquitted of all intentional wrong. From that moment a more popular prince was not in existence; and with the exception of those human infirmities 'which flesh is heir to,' few men descended to the grave more really beloved. The chief of the gang of persecutors, Colonel Wardle, shrunk into miserable retirement, and died 'unwept, unhonored, and unsung.'

This, however, was nothing when compared with the mighty fever of excitement produced in the public mind by the arrival of QUEEN CAROLINE in England. Here was political diet to satisfy the cravings of all parties; a stepping-stone to popularity in which all ranks participated. The peer, the lawyer, the church-warden, down to the very skimmings of the parish; sober rational people; the class so honorably prized in England, the middle class, also became enthusiasts in the cause of the 'most virtuous Queen that ever graced these realms.' The independent voters of Westminster; the illustrious class of donkey-drivers; the retailers of cats'-meat; all, all felt a noble indignation at the treatment of 'KEVEEN CAROLINE.' Days that if allotted to labor would have increased the comforts of their homes and families, were freely sacrificed to processions in honor of Her Majesty. Addresses poured in from every parish in the vast metropolis; representatives of virtuous females were hired, all dressed in white — sweet emblem of their purity! Perhaps England was never nearer the brink of engulfing ruin. The high Tory aristocracy almost stood alone at this momentous period. The public sentiment took but one tone at the theatres; and 'God save the QUEEN' was continually called for. At Covent-Garden and Drury-Lane an occasional struggle was made against the popular cry, but it was speedily drowned in clamor. The trial commenced, and an unfortunate witness appeared on behalf of the crown, who obtained the universal cognomen of '*Non mi Ricordo.*' This added fuel to the fire; and the irritation of the public mind was roused into phrenzy by the impression that perjured witnesses were suborned from foreign countries to immolate the Queen upon the altar of vengeance. If the Queen's counsel had been satisfied with allowing the evidence for the prosecution to remain uncontradicted, and suffered the case to stand upon its own merits, Her Majesty must have been acquitted; but 'by your own lips I will condemn you' was made too manifest in the defence. The division left so small a majority, that ministers wisely abandoned any farther prosecution of the case. I heard most of the speeches of the defence; and it was curious to observe the different modes of argument adopted. BROUGHAM was an advocate, pleading eagerly a doubtful cause; DENMAN was the enthusiastic defender of a Queen conscious of her innocence, and setting all personal considerations at defiance. The

public feeling, no longer fed by an opposing power, calmly settled down, and men began to wonder at the cause of their phrenzy. The innocence of the Queen did not appear so manifest, as the unwise and heartless treatment she experienced. 'A widowed wife, a childless mother;' these were powerful enough to excite the deepest sympathy; and certainly a much harder lot could not have befallen the humblest of her sex. Theatres are very commonly the touchstones by which one may discover the bearing of the public mind; and Her Majesty, by way of proving it, visited all the minor theatres, which were densely crowded upon each attendance. A play was then commanded at the two Theatres Royal. The effect produced at Drury-Lane I do not recollect; but it is certain that the announcement at Covent-Garden reduced rather than increased the receipts. The pit was but moderately attended, and the boxes nearly deserted. This was a touchstone from which there was no escaping; and it was really a mortifying scene to witness the utter neglect with which majesty was received. But alas! the bitter cup of mortification was to be drained to the very dregs; and the Queen's own rashness, or the bad advice of wrong-headed counsellors, hastened the catastrophe.

A short period had elapsed, when the public attention was gradually directed toward THE CORONATION. The court papers teemed with descriptions of the expected magnificence. The length of time that had intervened between the coronation of George III. and the intended pageant of George IV., excited all the feeling of novelty. The known magnificence of the King, his undisputed taste, and his gallant, princely bearing, all kept attention on the *qui vive*. The unfortunate Queen, who obstinately rejected all compromise, remained in the country; and like an ignis fatuus, disturbed the serenity of men's minds, and kept alive a feeling of anxiety. Mr. Harris, the manager and one of the proprietors of Covent-Garden, was gifted with a tact always ready to take advantage of scenes of passing interest. He lost no time in reviving the second part of Henry IV., with all the splendor of the coronation. The champion on this occasion excited much more interest than all the beauties of SHAKSPEARE, and the theatre was nightly crowded to suffocation. The whole company of performers paraded in the procession; and though a member of the peerage, I cannot exactly call to mind the title I bore; which, however, with my accustomed good fortune, I exchanged for a real character at the real coronation. Having the honor of being known most particularly to the Earl of Glengall, he with the greatest kindness made me his page upon that memorable occasion. This certainly was a very distinguished mark of his friendship, for only one Esquire was allotted to each peer, and the greatest interest was made to obtain those appointments.

The eventful morning came; and London presented at day-break crowds of carriages of every description, and its floating population pouring in dense masses to every point that possessed the slightest degree of interest. Lord Glengall, in order to avoid the misery of passing through crowded streets, and of being every moment impeded in his course, engaged apartments in Lambeth, at Godfrey and Jule's, the boat-builders, where he slept the night preceding. His lordship had appointed me to breakfast with him there, at six o'clock on that eventful

morning ; I was resolved to be in time, and at half past two, A. M., I left my home and fell in with a line of carriages on my way toward Westminster bridge. I found that many of them had been there from twelve the preceding night ; peers and peeresses in their robes, gently moving, not hastening, to the desired spot. After waiting some two hours with exemplary patience, and finding my case entirely hopeless, I wisely took the precaution of driving to the water-side at Chelsea, for the purpose of procuring a boat. As it is possible that some of the distinguished artists of the day may wish to convey my appearance to posterity, I will give a description of my dress ; and I shall also feel greatly obliged, if at the same time they will select the best-looking portrait of me for the likeness : a scarlet tunic, embroidered with gold-thread ; a purple satin sash, with a deep gold fringe ; a ruff *à la Elizabeth* ; white satin pantaloons ; shoes with crimson rosettes ; black velvet hat and feathers. My hair, not naturally curling, had been put in graceful *papillote* the preceding evening. As I write in the reign of Queen VICTORIA, the reader will readily believe that people are not much in the habit of walking about the streets in such a costume. Imagine therefore my arrival at the watermen's landing very soon after five o'clock in the morning ; a splendid sun pouring, if not absolutely a flood of light, yet its lovely beams upon my person. Crowds of little girls and boys instantly gathered on the spot, receiving me with small voices but loud huzzahs, as I descended from the carriage. A boat was immediately ordered ; but as there were several at the landing, all but the one engaged naturally felt the cruelty of not being permitted to come in for their share of extortion on such an occasion.

'I say, Sir,' said one of the unwashed, 'them's a pretty pair of red ribbands in your shoes ; I want just such a pair for my little 'un at home.'

I knew there was only one way of dealing with them ; I therefore put on one of my blandest smiles, and gently replied : 'Well, my good fellow, if you will give me your address, I will send you a pair to-morrow.' This settled the affair in good humor, and I was suffered to reach the boat without farther annoyance. We had put into the stream but a short distance, when I encountered a boat-full of roysterers ; for old father Thames was thickly studded on this occasion with boats of all classes ; when one turned to another in the boat and cried out in the most lugubrious accents, which did not fail to excite shouts of laughter :

'I say, Bill, is that 'ere feller a man or a voman ?'

I thought now I had fairly passed my ordeal and might go on in peace ; but no ; we were obliged to pull in near shore, as we were rowing against tide. Milbank was crowded, and from the midst of the polite assemblage a gentle female voice cried out :

'My eyes ! Tom ! if there is n't one of Astley's riders !'

I at length arrived at my place of appointment, and had a good hearty laugh at breakfast over my little annoyances. While engaged in that interesting meal, the shouts of the people passed across the water. It was occasioned by the arrival of the Queen, who was refused admittance to the Abbey. Almost all parties blamed her for the attempt, nor did she produce the sensation she had evidently calculated upon. It

was like trying to renew a lost game, when all interest had subsided. It was the final blow to all her ambitious aspirations, which speedily ended, where all our vanities must end, in the silent grave. I wish it to be perfectly understood that I have no idea of entering into a rivalry with Hume, in giving another History of England; but as these events of stirring interest passed within my own time, and of which I was a close observer, I trust the introduction will not appear misplaced; taking into consideration that I profess to give my general reminiscences, and not simply to confine them to my profession. Perhaps it would be wise on my part to drop a veil over the gorgeous spectacle; for like a visit to the Falls of Niagara, the most enlarged description a prudent person ought to indulge in, would be simply, 'I have seen the Falls;' so if I were to show my prudence, I should say, 'I saw the Coronation.' But how is it possible to refrain from giving expression, however slight and sketchy, to scenes of such unexampled magnificence?

We crossed the river at seven o'clock, and had the advantage of passing through the private residence of one of the principal officers of the House of Commons, and marched on to Westminster Hall without impediment. I had a distinct ticket for the Abbey where I had no duty to perform; and indeed throughout the day it was purely nominal. I had therefore all the advantages of passing and repassing at my own will and discretion, and of paying visits to the Palace-Yard to different friends who had secured places to witness the procession. On first entering that most magnificent of halls, it was impossible not to be struck with its gigantic proportions and superb embellishments. Galleries were erected for the peeresses, foreign ambassadors, and the most distinguished visitors. Admirable arrangements were also made for that portion of the public who had been so fortunate as to procure a Lord Chamberlain's ticket. Costume also was strictly attended to here, no gentleman being admitted save in full court-suit or military uniform; and the ladies of course shone in all the splendor that gave grace to their lovely forms, and added a native lustre to all the artificial aids which gave such light and brilliancy to the glowing scene.

The monotony of the early part of the morning was relieved by the absurd evolutions of the gentlemen from the cinque-ports who had the privilege of carrying the Canopy of the Cloth of Gold over His Majesty. If truth may be told on state occasions, it must be said that they did not perform their movements with much grace. They were not regularly-disciplined troops, but fairly occupied the position of the 'awkward squad.' It had the effect, however, of exciting a good deal of merriment; indeed I have seldom seen a rehearsal produce such striking effects. The high and imposing ceremonies of the Church, partaking largely of the grand and mystic formula which belonged to our cathedral service before the Reformation, and which again bids fair, at least partially, to occupy its altars, impressed upon the vast and brilliant assemblage gathered beneath the Gothic roof a mingled feeling of royalty and devotion, which was in former days the very essence of chivalry, and which seemed to have taken new growth in this advanced age, from the associating link of ancient costume, which met the eye at every turn. The austere and solemn silence of the place was lost

in the mingled feelings which occupied all hearts ; and as the lofty chants of the church swelled into divine melody, a half-breathing, a solemn, suppressed emotion, spoke deeply to the heart of other realms above. It is impossible to hear the loud swell of the organ and exquisite melody of the varieties of the human voice harmoniously blended, and bursting forth together in one loud and glorious song of praise, without feeling that our destiny is more than earthly. It should be taken into consideration that there is a vast multitude on the outside, who are really getting impatient for their part of the pageant. It is true, those who have secured places in the different splendid pavilions erected in the immediate vicinity of the platform, are more at their ease, and with the aid of long purses can indulge in all the luxuries so amply provided by liberal caterers ; but still 'fair play' is our motto ; and we will at once throw open the abbey-doors and marshal forth the most brilliant *cortège* that ever issued from its sacred walls ; the herb-woman, Miss Fellows, and her attendants, strewing the path with flowers, blending the red rose and the white together, symbolical of the fact, that 'no longer division racked the state,' but that unreserved allegiance was due to the monarch before them. The excitement of the morning with respect to the QUEEN had not entirely subsided ; and some few greetings must have caught the KING's ear, that were not expressive of unbounded loyalty ; but these formed a very slight proportion of the people. LORD CASTLEREAGH came in also for his share of these unseemly greetings ; but his noble glance and really majestic appearance ; his smile, not of disdain, but which marked an unflinching firmness of resolve ; speedily converted their anger into applause. The DUKE OF YORK and PRINCE LEOPOLD excited great interest by their dignified and elegant deportment. The KING, as he passed up the hall, was greeted with the most enthusiastic cheering and the waving of handkerchiefs from the élite of both sexes ; but he appeared oppressed and worn down with fatigue, in which doubtless anxiety had its portion. His Majesty then retired to an apartment prepared for his reception, to take some repose during the royal banquet.

The long tables running down the hall on each side were covered with rich damask ; triumphal arches and every ingenious device that could by possibility bear upon the pageant, were lavishly placed upon the tables, splendidly ornamented with artificial flowers, rivalling the goddess Flora herself. The entrance to the hall was a grand Gothic archway ; but one of the most singular effects produced, was by the numerous chandeliers in *ormolu* hanging from the lofty roof, sending forth myriads of little twinkling stars, that essayed to dim the light of the sun, who here and there sent in his beams through the narrow loopholes and windows of the hall, to catch a glimpse of the splendid ceremonies. The banquet commenced ; and it was not a little amusing to see the city authorities maintain their charter by commencing a most formidable attack upon the turtle and the viands which were so profusely spread over the table. Not a moment was lost. Triumphal arches quickly assumed the appearance of shapeless ruins, and wines from every quarter of the globe paid a heavy duty upon being deposited in the city vats !

At length the martial clangor of the trumpet announced the royal banquet. His Majesty took his seat on the *dais*, with the imperial crown upon his head amid the deafening shouts of the up-standing noblesse of the land. LORD GLENGALL'S seat was high up in the hall ; and next to him, on one side, was the EARL OF BLESSINGTON, whom I had the honor of knowing, and the EARL OF FALMOUTH on the other, both of whom are now gathered to their fathers. They insisted upon my taking a seat with them, to which of course I was nothing loath ; and there I fully participated in all the luxuries of the table, instead of waiting like an humble page for the remains of the feast. Lord Blessington requested me to go into the peeresses' gallery and endeavour to procure refreshments for LADY BLESSINGTON. I had never seen her ladyship ; but her famed beauty and talents did not render the task one of great difficulty. Amid a blaze of beauty, I soon discovered the fair lady, to whom I was to enact my part of Esquire. In return for the attentions I had the good fortune to offer, I received most gracious smiles, and the blandest of speeches, and felt myself rise in stature as I again paced the ancient hall. At length one of the most imposing ceremonies commenced ; and many a swan-like neck was stretched to catch a glimpse of the unapproachable magnificence of the scene ; the entrance of the champion (accompanied by the hero of a thousand battles,) in a full suit of armor and superbly mounted on a white charger with a plume of feathers on its head ; the MARQUIS OF ANGLESEA, similarly caparisoned ; the LORD HOWARD of Effingham, and others of comparatively less note. It had been whispered that Mr. Horace Seymour (now SIR HORACE,) had been selected by His Majesty for that important character, and his splendid appearance would perhaps under other circumstances have justified the choice. The right, however, was hereditary, and the real representative would indeed have shown craven, and unworthy the high distinction, if he had relinquished so honorable a position. The anecdote which is related at the coronation of George III., of the challenge having been accepted in behalf of Prince CHARLES STUART, after the gauntlet was dashed upon the earth, was here omitted ; for here, happily, there was an undisputed succession. After the champion had drank to the health of ' GEORGE THE FOURTH, the rightful monarch of Great Britain,' in a cup of gold sent by His Majesty, (and which is retained by the champion,) he and the accompanying nobles backed their horses the whole distance down the hall, gracefully bowing to their monarch at distinct intervals, amid the most enthusiastic cheering.

WALTER SCOTT was there, his eye sparkling with delight, and devouring that magnificence of which *his* pen alone could convey the unlimited splendor. *Non nobis Domine* was given by a numerous choir most superbly ; and the whole of the ceremonies were at length concluded. I left the hall with the loss of my cap and feathers, and in a humble beaver, which I borrowed from a friend in the immediate vicinity, I elbowed my way through the crowd, sated with splendor and fairly exhausted. London was a blaze of light, and Hyde Park, I presume for the first time, was brilliantly illuminated. Fireworks of the most dazzling description shot meteor-like from every open spot in the vast metropolis, and the pyrotechnical art displayed in the parks at the gov-

ernment expense beggared all description. As I have already stated, Covent-Garden Theatre had made a golden harvest by anticipating the coronation; but it was left for Drury-Lane to give as near as possible a fac-simile of the one that had so recently taken place. A platform was thrown over the centre of the pit, across which the procession took place. ELLISTON repeated it so often to crowded houses, that at length he fancied himself the KING *de jure*; and his enthusiasm carried him to such an extent, that on one occasion he stopped suddenly in the centre of the platform, and with a most gracious and benignant smile, extended his arms at full length and gave the audience a regal blessing, in the following pithy sentence: '*Bless ye, my people!*'

I F O L L O W .

'O! mon roi!
Prends comme moi racine, ou donne-moi des ailes
Comme a toi!'

VICTOR HUGO.

EAGLE! that coursing by on mighty pinion,
Cleaving the cloud with firm and dauntless breast,
Hast deigned to stoop thee from thy proud dominion,
To circle in thy flight my lowly nest.

I mark thee now, all heavenward ascending,
Thy far form cresting the cerulean,
Above earth's shadows on thy pathway wending,
Thine eye of fire aye fixed upon the sun.

Oh! as I watch thee, all unfettered sweeping
High o'er the rift that weighs my pinion here,
I yearn like thee my plume in ether steeping,
To soar away through yon free atmosphere.

Thine eye was on my spirit's humble dwelling,
And as I met its all pervading rays,
I felt along each vein new nature swelling,
And my weak heart grow strong beneath thy gaze.

And thus infused with thine unfearful spirit,
My wing, that scarcely might essay yon rack,
Casting the feebleness it did inherit,
Would boldly dare with thee the upward track.

And think not I would sink: no, all unquailing,
I poise me now to follow on thy way;
To mount the tempest-cloud with nerve unfailing,
And thread the path whereon the lightnings play.

Press on! strong plumed! on tireless wing upspringing,
Thy course be ever toward the empyrean;
And at thy side my bonded spirit winging,
Will mount with thee till thy high goal be won!

New-York, December, 1843.

MART E. HEWITT.

REMINISCENCES OF A DARTMOOR PRISONER.

NUMBER ONE.

It was my fortune to be taken prisoner in India during the war of 1812. I was, with others, confined in Fort William at Calcutta, for several months, until the authorities could find an opportunity to send us to England. At length the Bengal fleet being ready for their return voyage, the prisoners were distributed on board the several vessels which composed it. I was placed with a few others on board the 'Lord Wellington,' and being in a destitute condition, I agreed to assist in working the ship to England, at the same rate as the regular hands on board. The fleet rendezvoused in the near vicinity, and consisted of something over thirty sail, most of them of the largest class, and equal in size to a line-of-battle ship. They were well armed, some carrying thirty or forty guns, with a plentiful supply of muskets, pikes, etc. This had been customary for many years, as a protection against the French privateers and men-of-war, which swarmed the Indian ocean; in many instances proving themselves more than a match for their enemies, and sometimes beating off large class frigates.

On going on board, I found between four and five hundred people, including officers, passengers, and crew. The captain was a large heavy-built man, very unwieldy, and remarkable only for having a large, long body placed upon very small legs. He reminded me of an ill-constructed building, ready to fall by its own weight. He appeared never to be happy unless he was 'in hot water,' either with the passengers or crew. There were six mates, or more properly lieutenants, for all the officers were in uniform. There were also a dozen or more midshipmen, a boatswain and his two mates, gunners, quarter-masters, armorers, sail-makers, and carpenters in abundance. In short, we were fitted out in complete man-of-war fashion; not forgetting the cat-o'-nine-tails, which was used with great liberality. The crew was made up of all nations, but the majority consisted of broken-down men-of-war's men, who being unfit for His Majesty's service had little fear of imprisonment. The others were composed of Portuguese, Dutch, Italian, etc.; and taken altogether, one would have inferred that they must have been drafted from Falstaff's regiment of taterdamallions.

One fine morning the fleet got under way. Nothing note-worthy or interesting however occurred until we made the island of Ceylon, where we lay a couple of days; during which time the crew *got* and *kept* most unaccountably drunk. The officers tried every method to solve the mystery, but without effect. The truth was, the men became suddenly fond of cocoa-nuts, selecting them from the bum-boats in preference to any other fruit. The secret was, that the shell was bored before the nut was quite ripe, the juice poured out, and *Arrack* substituted in its place. Our next place of stopping was Madras, where we took in

more cargo, but no more cocoa-nuts, as no fruit-boats put off to us, the weather being too rough to admit of it.

We had now been at sea several weeks, and had many among our crew and passengers upon the sick-list. Of the former, was a young man on his first voyage. He had been ill more than a week, and there being no physician on board, there was little or nothing done for him. At length he became delirious at intervals; and during the whole of the last night of his existence he made the most piercing and heart-rending cries; calling incessantly for his mother and sister, and lamenting that he should never see them more. Poor fellow! before the next night he was sewed up in his hammock, with a couple of shot at his feet; prayers were read over him, and in the presence of his silent and pensive ship-mates, he was consigned to the ocean, that vast and sublime grave of countless millions of our race. Several weeks after this occurrence, one of the passengers, a Frenchman, died of the consumption, and was buried in the same way; and had not the subject been of too serious a nature, the event would have partaken somewhat of the ludicrous. As usual, the shot was placed at the feet of the dead body, but proved to be insufficient to sink it. The consequence was, that the head and shoulders remained above the surface, bobbing up and down, until we lost sight of it in the distance. The captain's clerk always officiated as Chaplain at the funerals and divine service; which latter, by the way, was more of a farce than any thing else; for I have known more than one instance where they have been interrupted in the very midst by a squall of wind. Then to see the hubbub; the congregation dispersed; some ordered aloft, with such pious (though sometimes more forcible) ejaculations as: 'Lay aloft there, you lubbers! D—n your bloods! I'll see your back-bones! I'll set the cat at you!' etc.

We now approached the Cape of Good Hope. The weather became lowering; and as the day advanced, heavy masses of black clouds gradually arose above the horizon, and palled the sky. Night came on suddenly, and with it the threatened storm in all its fury. The darkness was as it were the quintessence of an ink-bottle. *Nothing* could be seen, save when the lightning gleamed, or when the rockets which were sent up from the Commodore, and broke forth, spreading their lurid, baleful light to give notice to the squadron of their position; then for an instant the whole scene was lit up with a hideous glare, when all would subside again into tenfold darkness. This, accompanied by the whistling of the wind, the roar of thunder, and the booming of a gun at intervals from the Commodore, to give notice for putting about, gave a grandeur and sublimity to the scene, which I have never seen surpassed. Fear gave way to excitement; and the idea of perishing amid this terrible war of the elements was worth years of the monotony of every-day life. I thought too of the Flying Dutchman, but did not fall in with him until some time after, and then it was by day-light, and without the poetry of 'darkness, and cloud, and storm.'

The tempest gradually subsided, and at the end of two or three days scarcely a breath of wind was to be felt. Angry Nature had changed her frowns for sportive smiles; the face of the great deep was like polished

glass ; but there was a long swell of the ocean, apparently of miles in length ; its bosom heaving and sinking, as if still oppressed with its late troubles. Our ship lay utterly unmanageable, her sails flapping idly against the masts. There was not sufficient wind to make her answer the helm ; and there we lay, rolling and plunging, expecting every moment to see our masts go by the board. The lower yards dipped at every roll ; and so great was the strain, that it drew the strong iron ring-bolts by which the guns were secured, and the lashings which fastened the large water-butts broke loose. This was at night ; and the power and speed with which these heavy articles were driven from side to side was truly terrific. It took all hands the whole night, (and not without great danger) to secure them. The next day, a new and greater danger presented itself in a different form. A large ship, about the size of our own, lay in the same helpless condition ; and by reason of a current, or some other cause, approached so near that it became truly alarming. Both vessels were rolling their keels nearly out of the water ; and had they come in contact, it would have been certain destruction to both. It was necessary that something should be done immediately ; and the crews of both vessels were ordered into their respective boats, with lines attached to the ships ; and with several hours' hard labor at the oars, they were enabled to separate them.

It was about this time that I had a view, not of the Flying Dutchman exactly, but of his ship, while standing on the fore-castle early one morning. There had been a fog during the night, and a portion of the vapor still hung over the surface of the water. I had remained in that position but a few moments, when my attention was called by the boat-swain's-mate, who stood near by : 'Look yonder!' said he, pointing with his finger. I looked in the direction indicated, and lo! there lay the mystic 'Phantom Ship.' She was only a few yards off ; perfectly becalmed, with no more motion than if painted on canvass, and apparently not over six feet long, yet perfect in every respect. I was gazing in admiration, with my eyes rivetted upon the object, when there came a light breath of air, so light that I could hardly feel it ; presently the mist began gradually to rise and disperse ; the ship began to recede ; the magic scene was at an end ! A breeze had sprung up, and the phantom-ship proved to be one of the fleet ; and by a signal from the Commodore, she took her station in line with the other vessels. I never saw any thing like it before nor since. The atmospheric delusion was astonishing ; but it was nothing new to the old boatswain's-mate. All the other vessels were obscured by the fog, and this happened to be the nearest to us. Had the others been in sight they might (or might not) have presented the same appearance. Possibly the position of that particular ship helped to produce the effect. The sight of so large a fleet formed in two lines, extending four or five miles, each convoyed by a man-of-war, like a troop of soldiers led on in single-file by its officers, was 'beautiful exceedingly ;' especially when the rising or setting sun illuminated their white sails, and a signal-gun from the Commodore changed their course ; every ship in that vast fleet, at the cry of 'About ship!' moving as by one mind, and gracefully bowing to, and as it were saluting, the breeze ! It was a scene never to be forgotten.

The wind gradually increased until it became a smart breeze, and we soon neared the Island of St. Helena. Here we first heard of the downfall of NAPOLEON, the greatest warrior of all ages ; one who struck such terror into the souls of combined Europe, that they dared not let him go free, and imposed upon Great Britain the honorable task of becoming his jailor ; and her very heart quaked within her bosom while life remained in his ; doomed though he was to perpetual and hopeless exile, upon an isolated rock in the midst of the ocean. On seeing the yellow flags, with the motto '*Orange boven*,' flying at the mast-heads of the shipping, and hearing of the overthrow of the power of France, our old Dutch boatswain's-mate, (who in his youth had served with the brave Admiral De Winter, and who had braved the 'battle and the breeze' for more than half a century,) was touched to the very depths of his stout heart. He was completely melted, and wept like a child over the fallen fortunes of NAPOLEON. 'Holland,' said he, 'has lost her best friend. Who like him will watch over and protect my country !' He was naturally of a cheerful disposition ; but from that time to the close of the voyage, he appeared sad and disheartened, and a smile scarce ever came over his countenance. I may remark in passing, that there were on board of our ship some ten or fifteen Dutch prisoners, who were the remnant of a large force that had formerly been garrisoned at the island of Java. All but these few had been gradually wasted away by pestilence and the poisoned spears and knives of the natives ; and Holland, being so much engaged in her wars at home, had no means of aiding so distant a colony. Such was their condition when the island fell into the hands of the English ; and they were rescued from destruction by the natives, only by becoming prisoners of war to the English. They were all old men, and some of them could speak a little English : they used to relate to me their former condition, and talk of their future prospects. The tale was a sad one. When young they were 'kidnaped,' as they termed it, by the government, as no volunteers could be got to serve in that sickly climate. They were forced from home and their parents at a tender age and sent to that far country, whence they had no prospect of ever returning, or hearing from their friends. Some of them had been absent for forty years, during which time they had seen none of their connexions, and seldom heard from them ; for many years all intercourse had been dropped. They felt themselves entire strangers in the world ; they were going to Holland to be sure, but not to their home. After the lapse of so many years, where could they seek for their friends ? Death and other causes had removed and scattered them ; and they almost dreaded the time when they should again set their feet upon the land of their fathers. Having been many months their associate in imprisonment, I took a deep interest in these poor fellows ; participated in their feelings, and parted from them with regret. Peace to their memories ! They have without doubt long ere this ended their weary pilgrimage of life.

We remained at St. Helena several weeks, waiting for the China fleet, during which time we took in a fresh supply of provisions, water, etc. This now famed island is nothing more nor less than a huge irregular block of granite, rising perpendicularly from the midst of the sea.

The town, what there is of it, is built in a gully or chasm in the rock : the inhabitants are composed mostly of the military establishment and those connected with it, with perhaps a few exceptions. The island is only useful as a stopping-place for outward and homeward bound India-men, etc ; and the inhabitants would be in a state of starvation, were it not for the supplies of provisions which they obtain from the shipping which put in there. All manner of coins from all manner of countries are in circulation here ; and all copper coin goes for a penny, be it twice the size of a dollar, or as small as a five-cent piece. A person that way minded might soon make a large and curious collection here.

The China fleet now made its appearance, and after a few days' delay we all got under weigh, with a convoy of a frigate, a sloop-of-war, and a transport full of troops, who on their arrival in England were ordered immediately to the United States, where they were sadly cut up at the battle of New-Orleans. We left the island with a stiff breeze, which continued with fine clear weather for several days. The fleet amounted to over seventy sail, and was arranged in two lines ; and in fine weather, with all sail set, we composed a beautiful spectacle. During the whole of the voyage the utmost precaution was used to prevent an attack or capture by privateers, or national vessels of the enemy. Lights of every kind were strictly forbidden at night, except through a special order from a superior officer, and a double watch was kept day and night.

'Land, ho !' cried the look-out at the mast-head, one day. It proved to be what is termed the Western Islands, which lay directly ahead of us. 'Sail, ho !' was the next cry ; and all eyes were turned toward the strangers. They were two 'long, low, black-looking schooners,' lying-to very quietly, about three miles ahead. 'See the d——d Yankees !' shouted all hands, in full chorus, as the American flag was displayed at their gaff. A thrill shot through my nerves ; my heart swelled, and my eyes filled with tears, as I beheld the Flag of my Country for the first time for many months. No one can imagine the love he bears his native land, until he tests it as I have done. Many were the speculations as to the probability of capturing the saucy privateersman ; for by this time all the sail that the convoy could possibly set was spread in chase of the enemy, who as yet had made no attempt to fly, although apparently but a stone's throw ahead of us. Our captain was the only one in my hearing who seemed to doubt their being taken : 'The d——d scamps know too well,' said he, 'what their craft can do, to trust themselves so near us.' We now appeared close on board of them, and the chase well under way, when each fired a gun in defiance or derision, and darted off like birds. It was now nearly dark, and we were not far from land, for which one of the schooners seemed to fly right before the wind, closely pursued by the frigate, under all the canvass she could set. The other put out to sea, close-hauled upon the wind. The brig and transport, the fastest craft in the fleet, crowded all sail, but without nearing the schooner, as she could lie at least two points more to windward than her pursuers. They both escaped ! The frigate being disabled, by springing her fore-top-mast, gave up the chase ; the others relinquished the pursuit as fruitless, and rejoined the fleet.

The night was extremely dark; and the next morning two large vessels were missing. It seemed that the privateers had returned, and hovering around, watched their opportunity, and captured two of our most richly-freighted ships; but as those seas were swarming with British cruisers, they were shortly re-captured and sent to England, where the whole fleet soon arrived. The West-India fleet came into port about the same time; and the amount of wealth brought into London by the safe arrival of the Bengal, China, and West-India fleets, must have been almost incredible. For myself, I was consigned to a dreary prison, 'as will more particularly appear' in an ensuing number.

A V E R I T A B L E S E A S T O R Y .

BY HARRY FRANCO.

'THE sea, the sea, the o—pen sea, the blue, the *fresh*;' but here we halt;
Mr. CORNWALL knew very little about the sea, or he would have written SALT.

'The whales they whistled, the porpoise rolled,
And the dolphins bared their backs of gold;'

Worse and worse; more blunders than words, and such a jumble!

Whales *spout*, but never whistle; dolphins' backs are silver; and porpoises never roll,
but tumble.

'It plays with the clouds, it mocks the skies,
And like a cradled creature lies,' and squalls,
He should have added; but to avoid brawls

With the poet's friends I'll quote no more; but *entre nous*,
Those who write correctly about the sea are exceeding few.

Young DANA with us, and MARRYAT over the water,*

Are all the writers that I know of, who appear to have brought a

Discerning eye to bear on that peculiar state of existence,

An ocean life, which looks so romantic at a distance.

To succeed where every body else fails, would be an uncommon glory,

While to fail would be no disgrace; so I am resolved to try my hand upon a sea-story.

In naming sea-authors, I omitted COOPER, CHAMIER, SUE, and many others,

Because they appear to have gone to sea without asking leave of their mothers:

For those good ladies never could have consented that their boys should dwell on

An element that Nature never fitted them to excel on.

Their descriptions are so fine, and their tars so exceedingly flowery,

They appear to have gathered their ideas from some naval spectacle at the 'Bowery;'

And in fact I have serious doubts whether either of them ever saw blue water,

Or ever had the felicity of saluting the 'gunner's daughter.'

It was on board of the packet —, from feelings deferential

To private griefs, I omit all facts that are non-essential:

To Havre we were bound, and passengers there were four of us,

Three men and a lady — not an individual more of us.

The month was July, the weather warm and hazy,

The sea smooth as glass, the winds asleep or lazy.

Dull times of course, for the sea, though favorable to the mind's expansion,

Yet keeps the body confined to a very few feet of stanchion.

Our employments were nought save eating, drinking and sleeping,

Excepting the lady, who a diary was keeping.

She was a very pleasant person though fat, and a long way past forty,

Which will of course prevent any body from thinking any thing naughty.

* I HAVE unintentionally omitted to name FALCONER, who deserves the highest honors among nautical writers.

A very pleasant person, but such an enormous feeder,
 That our captain began to fear she might prove a famine-breeder;
 A sort of female Falstaff, fond of jokes and gay society,
 Cards, claret, eau-de-vie, and a great hater of sobriety.
 Her favorite game at cards she acknowledged was *ecarté*,
 But like Mrs. Battle, she loved whist, and we soon made up a party.
 We played from morn till night, and then from night till morning,
 Although the captain, who was pious, continually gave us warning
 That time so badly spent would lead to some disaster;
 At which Madame G—— would laugh, and only deal the faster.
 Breakfast was served at eight, and as soon as it was ended
 Round flew the cards; and the game was not suspended
 Until seven-bells struck, when we stopped a while for lunch,
 To allow Madame time to imbibe her allowance of punch;
 This done, at work we went, with heated blood and flushed faces,
 Talking of kings, queens, knaves, tricks, clubs and aces.
 At six bells (three P. M.) we threw down our cards and went to dinner,
 Where Madame never missed her appetite, whether she had been a loser or a winner;
 Then up from the almonds and raisins, and down again to the queens and aces,
 We had only to remove from one end of the table to the other to resume our places;
 Another pause at six, P. M., for in spite of all our speeches,
 Madame's partner would lay down his cards for the sake of pouchong and brandy
 peaches;
 Being French and polite, of course, she only said '*Eh bien!*' but no doubt thought him
 a lubber,
 For a cup of washy tea to break in upon her rubber.
 At four bells (ten P. M.) up from the cards and down again at the table,
 To drink champagne and eat cold chicken as long as we were able:
 With very slight variations this was the daily life we led,
 Breakfast, whist; lunch, whist; dinner, whist; supper, whist; and then to bed.
 The sea, for aught we know, was like that which Coleridge's mariners sailed on;
 We never looked at it, nor the sky, nor the stars; and our captain railed on,
 But still we played, until one day there was a sudden dismemberment of our party;
 We had dined on soup à la tortu, (made of pig's feet,) of which Madame ate uncommonly
 hearty;
 And had just resumed our game; it was her cut, but she made no motion;
 'Cut, Madame,' said I; 'Good Heavens!' exclaimed her partner, 'I've a notion
 That she *has* cut for good; quick! help her! she's falling!'
 And the next moment on the floor of the cabin she lay sprawling.
 Poor Madame! It was in vain that we tried hartshorne, bathing and bleeding;
 Her spirit took its flight, tired to death of her high feeding:
 For spirits are best content with steady habits and spare diet,
 And will remain much longer in a tabernacle where they can enjoy repose and quiet
 Than in a body that is continually uneasy with stuffing,
 And goes about like an overloaded porter, sweating and puffing.

The next morning at four-bells, the sun was just uprisen,
 Glowing with very joy to leave his watery prison;
 The bright cerulean waves with golden scales were crested,
 Forming the fairest scene on which my eyes had ever rested;
 'The wind was S. S. W., and when they let go the main-top bowline
 To square the after yards, our good ship stopped her rolling.
 Madame lay on the quarter-deck sewed up in part of an old spanker,
 And for this glorious sight of the ocean we had solely to thank her,
 For to have kept her lying in the cabin would have caused some of us to feel qualmish,
 And she could not have been kept on deck, as the weather was growing warmish;
 Therefore it had been resolved in a kind of council, on the captain's motion,
 At sunrise to commit the old lady to the ocean.
 She was placed upon a plank, resting upon the taffrail, (the stern railing.)
 One end of which was secured by a bight of the try-sail brailing.
 The captain read the prayers, somewhat curtailed, but a just proportion,
 The plank was raised, 'Amen!' the corpse dropped into the ocean.
 Down in its deep mysterious caves she sunk to sleep with fishes,
 While a few bubbles rose from her and burst as if in mockery of human wishes.
 'Up with your helm; brace round; haul out your bowlines;
 Clear up the deck; keep her full; coil down your tow-lines!'
 The ship was on her course, and not a word said to remind us
 Of the melancholy fact that we had left one of our number behind us.
 'Shocking affair!' I remarked to Madame's partner, who looked solemn as a mummy,
 'O! horrid!' said he; '*I shall now be compelled to play with a Dummy!*'

ON A PASSAGE IN MACBETH.

'Go, bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready,
She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed.'

MACBETH.

LET us put on one side for a few moments the horrid midnight murder of the gracious Duncan. Let us suppose of the buried majesty of Scotland,

— 'Upward to Heaven he took his flight,
If ever soul ascended!'

Let us for the moment imagine Mrs. Siddons to have been the veritable Lady Macbeth, and acknowledge that never was man more powerfully tempted into evil, nor more deeply punished with his fall from Virtue, than this, the Thane of Glamis and of Cawdor. My concernment in this Essay is neither with his virtue, nor his fall. I neither come to praise, nor bury Cæsar :

'Go, bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready,
She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed.'

In the reading I desire should be here given to the language of the immortal bard, it will be perceived that the last pronoun is made emphatic. 'Get *thee* to bed.'

The household of the castle of Macbeth, excited and disturbed as its members had been throughout the day by the unexpected arrival of the King of Scotland at Inverness, are now subsiding into rest. The King has retired. His suite are provided for in various parts of the quadrangle ; and all the tumultuary sounds of preparation and of festive enjoyment have followed the departed day ; and Banquo charged with a princely gift to the Lady Macbeth under the title of *most kind hostess*, from her confiding and now slumbering monarch, has paid his compliments and gone.

Now comes the deeper stillness, and the witching hour of that eventful night ; and the noble Thane, having gone the rounds of his hushed castle to place all entrances under both watch and ward, turns to his torch-bearer, the last remaining household servant of the train, and dismisses him with the message I have read. The words excite no surprise in the mind of the attendant. He receives the command and departs upon his errand ; to deliver it as had doubtless been his office before, and then retire for the night :

'Go, bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready,
She strike upon the bell.'

Admired Editor, I have now that to say in thine ear that may possibly startle thy preceptions, shock thy wishes, and for the moment interfere with thy store of tragick recollection. I would have thee imagine with me, that Macbeth, stifling all murderous intent, and all disloyal thought, had honestly gone down at the sound of the bell, and, as must have been his wont as is shewn from the manner in which his attendant receives the charge, had soberly partaken of the warm and grateful drink his noble partner had prepared for his refreshing and composing use.

Imagine the illustrious and majestick pair, their household having

entirely withdrawn, seated in the deep silence of the night, on either side of a small table as was their happy wont, and gently, calmly, dispassionately, and elegantly sipping that prepared beverage ; that 'drink made ready' by hands then yet innocent and spotless. Imagine the ingredients of which that dilution must have been composed ! Not wine for wine is always 'ready.' O call it not by any other W ! Let it not be named Glenlivet ; think not upon Ferintosh. It was PURE REALITY IN THE LUSTRE OF A MILD GLORIFICATION, mingled with droppings of the dew of morning.

They say that the mind of man is a mere bundle of associations, and that our success in moving it to our purpose depends on our awakening the most powerful, or most agreeable of them. I know not of what associations that of the reader may be composed ; but for my own part I think a little warm drink before going to bed upon a night when owls hoot and chimnies are to be blown down, prepared by the small hands that one loves, and that all admire ; where a dimple takes place of what in a plebeian hand is a knuckle, and the round fingers taper gently off toward points that are touched with damask and bordered with little rims of ivory ; where bright eyes beam with kindness as well as wit ; and words fall in silvery tones from a beautifully-formed mouth, like the renewal of life upon the soul of man ! I think where one could enjoy all this, it was a monstrous act of folly on the part of Macbeth to fret about the principality of Cumberland, or covet even the whole kingdom of Scotland. For my own part I must say, give me the warm drink and the sweet companionship of that night, and let old Duncan with a hearty welcome sleep up to his heart's content the whole 'ravelled sleeve of care !'

Oh Woman ! dear, good, kind, blessed, beautiful Woman ! chosen of Heaven (and O how well !) for the meet companion of our otherwise forlorn race ! is there a moment throughout that whole circle of the Sun which we call Day more sweet to us, than that which follows the well-performed duties of our lot and that gives thee altogether to us at its close, gentle, refined, affectionate, soothing, bland, and unreserved ? The hour that precedes retirement for the night, when the early luxury of languor begins to take possession of the senses ? When the eyes are not heavy, but threaten to become so, and long silken lashes first make love to each other ? When it is time to confine part of that rich hair en papillote and fold the whole into that pretty cap ; to place the feet in small graceful slippers, and let ease put fashion tastefully on one side in the arrangement of the dress ?

Doubtless there is a period during the delirium of youthful fancy when the calmer pleasures are unappreciated at their value, but the Andante of existence follows the Allegro of boyhood ; its precious strains fall deeper and more touchingly upon the Sense ; and the full Soul longs to yield itself to them, and to share its emotions with the beloved one in tones heard only in her ivory ear — how beautiful ! Oh pure of heart, how beautiful ! — and, when the belle, still delighting to please, has become the friend ; and the mistress, still fascinating, the wife ; and one interest, one faith, one hope, one joy, one passion, one life, animate both hearts — oh then,

'Go, bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready,
She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed.'

JOHN WATERS.

T H E S M I T H Y .

—
 IN ALFRED B. STREET.
 —

THERE was a little smithy at the corner of the road,
 In the village where, when life glow'd fresh and bright, was my abode ;
 A little slab-roof'd smithy, of a stain'd and dusky red,
 An ox-frame standing by the door, and at one side a shed ;
 The road was lone and pleasant, with margins grassy-green,
 Where browsing cows and nibbling geese from morn till night were seen.

High curl'd the smoke from the humble roof with dawning's earliest bird,
 And the tinkle of the anvil first of the village sounds was heard ;
 The bellows-puff, the hammer-beat, the whistle and the song,
 Told, steadfastly and merrily, Toil roll'd the hours along,
 Till darkness fell, and the smithy then with its forge's clear deep light
 Through chimney, window, door, and cleft, poured blushes on the night.

The morning shows its azure breast and scarf of silvery fleece,
 The margin-grass is group'd with cows, and spotted with the geese ;
 On the dew-wet green by the smithy, there's a circle of crackling fire,
 Hurrah ! how it blazes and curls around the coal-man's welded tire !
 While o'er it, with tongs, are the smith and his man, to fit it when cherry-red,
 To the tilted wheel of the huge grim'd ark in the back-ground of the shed.

There 's a stony field on the ridge to plough, and Brindle must be shod,
 And at noon, through the lane from the farm-house, I see him slowly plod ;
 In the strong frame, chewing his cud, he patiently stands, but see !
 The bands have been placed around him — he struggles to be free :
 But John and Timothy hammer away, until each hoof is arm'd,
 Then loosen'd Brindle looks all round, as if wondering he 's unharm'd.

Joe Matson's horse wants shoeing, and at even-tide he 's seen,
 An old gray sluggish creature, with his master on the green ;
 Within the little smithy old Dobbin Matson draws,
 There John is busily twisting screws, and Timothy filing saws ;
 The bellows sleeps, the forge is cold, and twilight dims the room,
 With anvil, chain, and iron bar, faint glimmering through the gloom.

I stand beside the threshold and gaze upon the sight,
 The doubtful shape of the old gray horse, and the points of glancing light :
 But hark ! the bellows wakens, out dance the sparks in air,
 And now the forge is raked high up, now bursts it to a glare ;
 How brightly and how cheerily the sudden glow outbreaks,
 And what a charming picture of the humble room it makes !

It glints upon the horse-shoes on the ceiling-rafters hung,
 On the anvil and the leaning sledge its quivering gleams are flung ;
 It touches with bronze the smith and his man, and it bathes old dosing gray,
 And a blush is fixed on Matson's face in the broad and steady ray ;
 One moment more, and the iron is whirl'd with fierce and spattering glow,
 And swank ! swank ! swank ! rings the sledge's smite, tink ! tink ! the hammer's blow.

'Whoa, Dobbin !' says Tim, as he pares the hoof, 'whoa ! whoa !' as he fits the shoe,
 And the click of the driving nails is heard, till the humble toil is through ;
 Pleas'd Matson mounts his old gray steed, and I hear the heavy beat
 Of the trotting hoofs, up the corner road, till the sounds in the distance fleet :
 And I depart with grateful joy to the King of earth and heaven,
 That e'en to life in its lowliest phase, such interest should be given.

T H E F I N E A R T S .

A FEW HINTS ON THE PHILOSOPHY OF SIZE IN ITS RELATION TO THE FINE ARTS.

BY GEORGE HARVEY.

It is a common remark made by most persons who visit the mightiest cataract in the world, that it fails to impress one's mind with that just idea of its grandeur which truly belongs to its vastness, and which is always formed from attentively reading or listening to a correct verbal or written description of it. Even the most faithful drawings cannot awaken an adequate conception of the majesty, the greatness of NIAGARA. Now the law of optics will serve to convince us that this must ever be so, since the image formed in the dark chamber of the eye is exceedingly small; and as the Falls are always approached gradually from a distance, the surrounding landscape occupies by far the largest portion of the field of vision; hence the descending stream can only sustain a subordinate part in the general view; but when you have approached the very verge of the precipice over which the rolling waters rush with maddening roar; or when, from beneath, you stand upon the piles of broken rocks, and look upward or around, and can only embrace a small portion of the falling waters; then and then only, do the anticipated emotions crowd upon the soul, causing it to stand in trembling awe, vibrating in unison with the fragments of the fallen precipice upon which you tread.

I remember some years since, in looking at an image of the 'American Falls' reflected in a camera-obscura which was built on the opposite shore, noticing how extremely insignificant it appeared, notwithstanding the table of vision was five feet in diameter. The descending foam as it was unevenly projected in billowy masses, appeared to move very slowly in its downward course, causing a feeling of impatience at its tardiness: in truth, the whole scene looked very tame and unsatisfactory, and I could not help remarking to a friend who was with me, how utterly impossible it would be for any artist to be thought successful in an attempt to represent them. Nevertheless I made some twenty sketches from as many different points of view; one only of which has procured any commendation, as conveying an idea of the grandeur of the Great Cataract. It is evident therefore that what the eye can take in at one look will never of itself impress the mind with those sublime emotions which we conceive should belong to vastness. Yet there is a physical attribute belonging to subjects having this property of vastness, that will command more attention than the same scene upon a small scale: but the mind must be impressed with the fact, and must draw largely upon it for any emotion of the sublime. It is therefore upon this principle that large portraits will command from the multitude more applause than small miniatures; large oil-paintings than small water-color drawings. The statues on the outside of the Grecian temples

were colossal, yet in their position they looked small. Most of the works of Michael Angelo are so; but in consequence of the distance at which they are seen, they lose greatly their power to produce grand ideas, because in all cases the image formed upon the optic nerve varies but little in its actual size; since the distance at which things are viewed is in some degree regulated by the size: thus before a large picture, you must station yourself at a relative distance, so as to embrace the whole, while before the small drawing you must be within arm's reach; or if a miniature portrait, it must be seen within a few inches, thus making the mirrored picture on the eye vary but little in actual size.

These few hints will readily account for the mortification experienced by many artists who have painted exceedingly impressive pictures when they are seen in the studios where they were executed, but when they are taken into a large gallery or rotunda, seem lost and look insignificant, save to the few of cultivated minds, who may take the trouble to approach within a proper distance, and shut out all objects which interfere or intrude, and which prevent a true appreciation of their merits. The knowing, time-serving artists, who paint exhibition pictures, have long since understood this law; and accordingly they paint up to what is called '*exhibition-pitch*,' where brilliance and flashiness of color, with an absence of detail, which might interfere with breadth of effect, are of the first importance. Attention is also given to masses of light and shade, that all the forms introduced in the picture may have their due prominence; and a judicious balancing of warm and cool tints, by which harmony is produced, and the eye prevented from being offended by its evident exaggeration of the '*modesty of nature*.'

TURNER may be instanced as the most successful in this style of painting, which he has followed to such an extreme, that his pictures are now attractive only at a great distance, for when they are seen near by, they fail to please, if they do not produce positive disgust. Report represents him as having accumulated upward of one hundred thousand pounds sterling, which he could only have done by adopting this distant, effective style; for if he had continued to finish his pictures in the same manner as he did those of his early works, which procured for him the foundation of his present wide-spread reputation, he would not have realized one eighth of that sum. To paint one of the former, costs but a few hours' labor, but one of the latter would employ many days if not weeks; yet the momentary effect of pleasure derived from seeing the one is greater than that of the other. Hence those who visit exhibitions, having but a limited time, are gratified; but place one of the chaste productions of CLAUDE LORRAINE, who diligently followed nature with all the tenderness of a modest student, by the side of one of the tinsel class, and observe the ultimate effect. The former will gradually win your admiration, and continue to arouse pleasing reminiscences; the latter will finally lose its charm, and be regarded with something of the feeling with which one looks upon the ornamental paper of a room. We have had many exhibitions of single large pictures, such as DUBUFFE's '*Don Juan*,' which have produced handsome returns to those who have purchased them for such speculating purposes. The parties have been well aware of the physical effects of size; for

had the same subjects been painted upon a small scale, though equally well executed, they would have been less attractive to the multitude; yet the smaller ones would have reflected the same sized images in the camera of the eye; since, as I have already hinted, to see them properly they must be viewed at short distances, as the large pictures must be at greater proportionate ones.

I will here digress for a moment, in the hope that I may be permitted to make mention of my own works, without incurring the charge of undue egotism. Let me, however, by way of apology for calling public attention to the series of forty small Water-Color Drawings, (painted *con amore*, and with no idea of gain,) which are now before the public, mention the fact, that the commencement of their publication was owing to a suggestion of Gen. Cass, who urged me to undertake the enterprise while I was in Paris. The drawings then consisted of half the present number of landscape views; the localities and subjects of the latter half have been chosen with the purpose of writing appropriate chapters illustrating the progress of civilization and of refinement in the northern part of this continent. The foregoing brief remark applies only to their publication; for their *origin* dates back to the halcyon days of early life, when I had but just passed my teens; when boyish enthusiasm lends a charm to every dream that finds a home in the fancy or the heart. Then it was that the latent wish was formed of being able, at some future day, to paint the History of the Day; and to carry out this impulsive feeling, I have been brought into sweet communion with divine Nature; and oh! how bounteously has she repaid my studious contemplation with infinite delight! It is not for me to speak of the results. There they are; and every lover of the country may judge of the degree of success I have achieved. I am not so certain that I have equal ability in the use of the pen. The chapters of the first number will speak for themselves; but I must not omit to acknowledge the many obligations I am under to WASHINGTON IRVING, for the friendly revision of my MS. He has given many an elegant turn to a prose sentence, and clothed rude images with graceful drapery. But to resume.

Since then it follows that a small picture, being viewed at its proper focal distance, reflects the same sized image as a larger one at *its* proper focal distance, I can see no good reason why the physical attribute of *largeness* should be so eagerly sought for by the public. Surely a gallery of small pictures, provided they be not painfully small, should be preferred to one filled with large ones. We see the principle I am contending for carried out in libraries. The ordinary sized volumes are preferred, for most purposes, to the cumbrous tomes of large folio editions. It is true, a large book will produce in the minds of many persons greater respect than a miniature copy of the same work; but the ideas contained in the one are no better or more impressive than the same contained in that of the other; save the feeling with which the larger one inspires the votary who looks no farther than the outside of the page. The series of forty landscapes alluded to in the above digression, if viewed at the focal distance of eighteen inches, will appear as large as those twice the size, viewed at their proportionate increased distance. An elaborately finished picture, to be seen to advantage,

must be examined near by. A coarser work, theatrical scenes for instance, painted for distant effect, must be seen accordingly, if you would secure pleasurable emotions. As a general approximative rule, the focal distance at which the spectator should stand in viewing works of art is to be found by measuring the same length from the picture as its size : Thus, one of ten feet in length is to be viewed at that distance ; one of eighteen inches at about twenty inches ; a small miniature of six inches, at about eight inches. If the work should have no detail, this rule will not hold good ; but if there is a faithful transcript of Nature ; and she ever delights in unobtrusive beauties, which are particularly obvious in the fore-ground, for she strews them at your feet ; then if you approach the artist's effort, a work of patient diligence, you can hold converse with her through the medium of his labors.

I do not attempt to deny the importance of size in winning our first regard : it is a law inseparable from the thing itself ; but I must protest against the taste of the age being supplied always with mere physical attributes. The purling stream and babbling brook ; the small rill falling from on high, till its feathery stream is lost in mist, are and should be as much sought after as the roaring torrent or the thundering cascade. The effect of the one is to produce awe, that of the other tranquil pleasure. The human mind is not always to be upon the stretch ; to remain lifted up as it were upon stilts ; our common communion is to be found in enjoyments that are quietly exciting. It is a common remark, that the English language has lost some of its truthfulness by our habit of expressing ourselves in the language of superlatives, through a desire to astonish. Thus we leave nothing for the innate love of truth ; nothing to work out the necessary sympathy. Is not this parallel with the desire to see large pictures ? — and should it not receive some regulation from those who have the requisite influence ?

I find the few hints to which in the outset I proposed to confine myself have grown to a greater length than was intended. I will therefore, in closing, simply reiterate the remark, that I see no good reason why the painter of a large picture (or the work itself) should be regarded with more favor than he who paints equally well, but limits the size, unless we consider the white-wash brush a nobler instrument than the camel's-hair pencil.

L I F E : A S O N N E T .

WHENCE ? whither ? where ! — a taper-point of light,
 My life and world — the infinite around ;
 A sea, not even highest thought can sound ;
 A formless void ; unchanging, endless night.
 In vain the struggling spirit aims its flight
 To the empyrean, seen as is a star,
 Sole glimmering through the hazy night afar ;
 In vain it beats its wings with daring might.
 What yonder gleams ? — what heavenly shapes arise
 From out the bodiless waste ? Behold the dawn,
 Sent from on high ! Uncounted ages gone,
 Burst full and glorious on my wondering eyes ;
 Sun-clear the world around, and far away
 A boundless future sweeps in golden day.

J. G. PERCIVAL.

T W O P I C T U R E S .

‘THE glory of the celestial is one, and the glory of the terrestrial is another.’ — *St. PAUL.*

L O V E C E L E S T I A L .

I SEE his face illumined by a beatific light,
That tells me he is dying fast; the shadows of the night
Are passing from his saintly brow and sunken eye away,
But he looks beyond them and beholds a never-ending day.

Nay, wonder not that I am calm; the fleeting things of earth
Are passing with the flight of time, to their eternal birth:
I feel that death will shed on him a halo like the sun,
And I shall share it with him, when my pilgrimage is done.

How quickly fades the earthly frame, and with it too, how fast
The agony and sorrow of our mortal doom are past;
And when the sight of worldly wo weighs heavy on the breast,
How welcome is the voice from God, that speaks to us of rest!

O! painfully the pangs of life his fading frame have worn,
But blessed be our FATHER’S love, that dwells with those who mourn;
And though the grave must rend apart our sweet affection’s bond,
On this side is the night, but all is luminous beyond.

I know that more he loves my soul than its transitory shrine,
And did I prize the vase alone, when all it held was mine!
Let hallowed dust return to dust, give Nature what she gave,
For all that dearest was to me, is victor o’er the grave.

Triumphant will his spirit rise to the Eternal throne,
Triumphant wear a crown of light, by earthly trials won:
And mid the friends who went before, the angel, sin-forgiven,
Shall feel that they can part no more, when once they meet in heaven.

True, I shall look on him no more, but he will gaze on me;
Sweet thought! he from his holy sphere my guiding-star will be,
Till purified and hallowed from every earthly tie,
I share with him that smile of God, which lights the world on high!

L O V E T E R R E S T R I A L .

THEY tell me he is dying, yet I look upon his brow,
And never seemed it half so fair, so beautiful as now;
A radiance lightens from his eye, too lovely for the tomb,
Too *living*, for the shadowy realm where all is grief and gloom.

They tell me he will surely die — and so at last must all;
I know that the Destroyer’s blight on all mankind must fall;
Alas! that we of mortal birth thus hurry to decay,
And all we fondly cherish here must fleet so fast away!

But oh, not now! it is indeed a fearful sight to see
The pangs of death their shadows fling on one so dear to me;
Nay, speak not of another world, I only think of this,
I have no heart to nurse the hope that looks to future bliss.

Perhaps 't is time ; he is not formed for length of happy years,
But wherefore darken thus my days with wild distracting fears ?
If we must part, oh ! let me live in rapture while I may ;
Though hope must darken, while it lasts, let nothing cloud its ray.

Oh, bid me cherish brighter thoughts ; my loving soul can tell
How sad will be the hour to him that speaks the last farewell ;
I know his heart is agonized by the approaching doom,
I know he loves me better than the cold and fearful tomb !

It is in vain they speak to me of bliss beyond the sky ;
This saddening thought afflicts my heart, that if indeed he die,
The light that cheered my earthly love will seem obscure and dim,
While he abides in purer realms, and I still live for him.

I know that holier hopes and joys around his soul will weave,
While he among angelic loves, unconscious that I grieve,
Will ne'er look down to see me weep, nor breathe a single sigh ;
O, God ! it is a fearful thought—and this it is to die !

B.

THE HERMIT OF THE PRAIRIE.

BY PETER VON ORIST.

'To him who in the love of nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language.'

BRYANT.

WEDNESDAY, June twenty-first. How little do people who ride along in their carriages, or rattle over the ground in stage-coaches, or rush over its surface in rail-cars, know of the pleasures of travelling ! They roll *over* the country ; they cannot be said to pass *through* it. They may see new rivers, new mountains, and new faces ; but for all the good the last does them, they might as well have stood on the corner of the street in a city half a day, and watched the passers-by. And better too ; for hotel-keepers, and waiters, and the whole tribe of public functionaries, have all an artificial, professional look ; so that it is difficult to come at their real characters, if indeed they have any. The same is the case, to some extent, with their fellow-passengers. All are so absorbingly interested in their own brilliant thoughts ; or they deem it incumbent on them to assume the dignity and authority befitting persons in high stations ; (which dignity at home, by the by, is put one side into a dark corner and never thought of,) that it is about as profitable an undertaking to attempt to find out the personal feelings and sentiments of a mask, as theirs.

But here am I, walking stoutly and merrily along, unincumbered with luggage or care ; and because I do not care what the next day or hour may bring forth, every thing seems to turn up just as I would have it if I had the ordering of events. I shall not pause to offer any philosophical conjectures as to the reason why we are invariably disappointed

in our conclusions, (excepting they are mathematical ones) concerning the future ; merely asking the amiable reader whether *he* ever knew such an anticipation to be exactly realized. I shall not stop to make any such conjectures, because I should only get deeper into the dark, and I am in deep enough for comfort now ; and secondly, it is against my principles. I am living out of doors, and make mention only of things out of doors.

But I trudge stoutly forward, whistling as I go ; making myself as agreeable as possible to myself and to every body whom I meet ; on jocose terms with every thing ; decidedly agricultural in my tastes and pursuits, at every farmer's house where I happen to put up for the night : at one place in search of employment as a day-laborer ; at another, an artist ; by turns every thing. Is not this the way to travel ? My steps wander where they choose ; and if I keep on to the end of the earth, what will it matter ? I will go to the north ; assume the dress, language and manners of those who dwell within the frozen circle ; I will become a Greenlander ; I will go and preach the religion of Mohammed to the inhabitants of Patagonia ; I will brush up the gods of Rome ; dust that old mythology ; compound and simplify the whole into a good, comfortable, believable system, and proclaim Olympian Jove in the deserts of Amazonia. I will be a Turk, an Indian, a Pirate ; I will be any thing. What do I care, and who shall say me nay ? This sensation of freedom is too delicious to be interrupted by any companionship. And for my part, I want no better companions than this wind, which free as I am, blows against my cheek, and those clouds, that fly in unending succession over my head. O ! ye blue chariots of the Thunderer ! whither hurry ye so rapidly ? Over hill and valley, and countries and cities of men, ye fly unheeding ; and borne forward on the swift pinions of the wind, ye speed on your mission afar ! What to you are states, and kingdoms, or land or ocean ? Furiously driving in black armies to meet opposing armies, or singly floating in that waveless sea of blue, your existence is above the earth ; men look *up* to you with wonder or terror, but *your* glance is never downward. Onward ye wander, in your unbounded career, at your own free will. Nothing bounds *my* career or *my* will. Fleecy cars ! if ye would sustain the form of a mortal, triumphantly would you and I sail over the heads of men ! Softly, obedient to the impulse of chance, would we glide over continent and sea, and explore the mysteries of undiscovered islands and climes ; calmly would I look down on the strife or toil of human passions, and calmly would we ride on forever, through night and day ! But if the clouds are not, the earth is, mine — and I am my own ! There are none to molest or make me afraid with the useless importunities or warnings of friendship. My destiny is my own ; and it is pleasant not to care what I may be or do. Pleasure is now ; sorrow is prospective ; and life will be only pleasure, because I let the past and the future go, and crowd as many happy thoughts as possible into the present moment.

What a spacious plain of the world ! Dotted with habitations and with men of all colors, and customs, and conditions ! Every one thinks he possesses a soul ; and in virtue thereof, he considers himself entitled to set up as an independent existence, and endeavors to move in a little

path of his own. But in fact, he plods humbly along, and repeats with patient toil the example of labor and unspeculating perseverance that his fathers have set him. A vast multitude, they darken the land! Mighty hopes and aspirations swell each small bosom. Each imagines that his designs are peculiar, and for him in particular was every thing mainly made. An unceasing rush of footsteps and clash of voices! And must I be confounded in the crowd? Let me preserve my individuality in the desert! If I were not an insect, it might be different; but as I am no larger than other men, I will not daily measure myself by their standard; I will forget in solitude the littleness of my stature.

The shades of evening tinge the green of the fields with a darker hue; and the young farmer goes wearily and yet lightly homeward. Lightly, for he leaves behind him labor and trouble, and his fair-haired wife will greet him with her constant and love-lit smile. Cheerily will the small family draw around their board, covered with the simple and satisfying products of their own soil. And when all care is ended, when night is duskily stealing over the earth, he and his bride will sit down alone in their cottage door, in the red light of the western clouds. Over all the dim landscape there are no sights or sounds; and in themselves there are no feelings but those of contentment and love. In his strong palm her soft hand, on his broad breast reclining her head, their hearts are filled and overflow with sweet thoughts and gentle words of present happiness. Fair prospects also of the future rise up before them. Many years crowned with prosperity they see in store for them; and in each one, many an evening like this, of deep confiding love. Hour after hour, into the deepening night, their low tones and slow words murmur on brokenly; and they know of nothing in all the world that is wanting to their blessedness. What if the dream should last all their life? It may; or if this passes away, another will take its place. The question then seems to be, whether it is better to live in a delusion and be happy, or to wake and be miserable? Whether it is profitable for a man to walk joyfully through life, covering and coloring over every defect in human nature that he may love it, and keep within him a contented heart, or industriously spy out its deformities, and hate it and himself for possessing it? If nature is in reality naked and rugged, happy is he whose imagination can throw over her a robe of grace. Most happy he who *can* see in his fellow-creatures such qualities that he can love them. For me, I will love sterner scenes and sterner thoughts. Human beauty is an illusion; and it does not become the sober wisdom of manhood to be deceived by it. The young farmer and his young wife may be happy; and so may those who find delight in the crowded hall where taste and beauty meet; where are the sounds of clear-ringing, girlish voices, and many glancing feet, and the innumerable light of maiden's eyes, and heavy folds of auburn hair, and the flush of thought and emotion continually passing over fair faces, with the swell of music that thrills, and the air laden with fragrance that intoxicates. Or in the still twilight, by the side of her whose every note makes his pulse to tremble with the breathing of song, and the incense of flowers, and forgetfulness of the world, to feel the thought stealing over his heart that perhaps he is not uncared for. It is sweet, but vain; sweet and vain

as the smiling, blushing slumber of a young girl. Dream on ! dream on ! for if you can always sleep, what will matter to you the storms and confusion without ?

But as for me, I cannot sleep. Every thing my eye rests on is harsh and ungraceful, because, having passed through the seven-times heated furnace, I *must* look through the covering and see the reality.

MOONLIGHT ON THE RIVER AND PRAIRIE.

WEARILY I mount this steep eminence, and on its bald summit take off my hat, that I may feel the cool breeze. It comes fresh with the dew that it has snatched in its flight from the bosom of Lake Superior. It rolls over the tall grass of the prairie, which bends beneath its weight, sighs by me, and seems to cling to me as it passes, and moves on toward the arid plains of the South. The Ohio sweeps down in calmness and majesty. With its surface of quicksilver, and the little waves dancing up in gladness, and its heavy dull wash, it rolls along its mighty mass of waters, hastening to pour itself into the mightier mass of the Mississippi. Occasionally a giant tree, torn from its place, and cast root and branch into the flood, comes booming down, and glides swiftly past on its long, long race. Pleasantly the ripples break over the prostrate monarch of the forest that is lodged against the beach, and projects, branchless and barkless, into the stream ; and mournfully the worn trunk sways up and down, as though tired of this rocking which has continued the same year after year ; weary, and desiring to be at rest. Floods come rushing down upon floods with heavy tread, glance successively under the moonlight that is poured into the channel before me, and then are forced forward into the darkness of the future. But every wave seems as full of joy as though for it alone was the moonlight sent, and as though there were not unnumbered millions of waves to succeed it. Every little wave leaps up as it comes under the light, and smiles toward the round-faced orb above, who seems to smile back upon it. Thou small thing, thou art a fool ! The queen, in the beam of whose countenance thou disporrest thyself, is altogether deceitful and loves thee not. She has smiled as kindly on thousands who have gone before thee, and will upon thousands who shall come after thee. And more than all, she would send down just as bright and loving a glance, if thou and all thy race had never existed. How then canst thou say, ' I love her,' or, ' she loves me ?'

But perhaps it is not so. When I look again, each one of the great multitude appears aware of its own insignificance. Jostled, confined, crowded and confused, they go tumbling by, regardless of all above or below, and engrossed with their own fleeting existence. Not remembering whence they came, they take no thought of the present, and are utterly careless of the future. For what would it profit ? Their business, and it is business enough, is to dispute and fight with each other for room to move in. All thoughts as to whither they are hastening, must be doubtful, angry and despairing ; and care of any thing present,

except what concerns the present instant, would be useless. Therefore they resign themselves to be drawn onward and downward unresistingly; and therein are they wise. But whether joyful, or despairing, or not feeling at all, the waters roll by, an unceasing flood; and with their rushing dull roar in my ear, my eye rests on a scene of beauty and quietness. Far away to the northward and westward, and still farther away, stretches an immense plain. Rolling hillocks, like the waves of the sea after a storm, and at long intervals, a few stunted shrubs, alone diversify the prospect. Vast, unmeasured, Nature's unenclosed meadow, the prairie, is spread out! The tall grass waves gently and rustlingly to the breeze; and down upon it settles the moonlight, in a dim silver-gossamer veil, like that which to the mind's eye is thrown over the mountains and ruins and castles of the Old World, by the high-born daring and graces of chivalry, the wand of Genius, and the lapse of solemn years. With the same painful feeling of boundlessness, of vastness that will not be grasped by the imagination, that one feels in sailing on the ocean, there is also an air of still, stern desolation brooding upon the plain. It may be that at some former day, the punishment of fire swept over it, consuming its towering offspring, and laying bare and scorching its bosom; and now the proud sufferer, naked and chained, endures the summer's heat and the winter's storms, with no sighing herbage or wailing tree to tell to the winds its wo.

A single snow-white cloud slumbers and floats far up in the heavens; the moon is gliding slowly down the western arch; and the vast dome, studded with innumerable brilliants, 'fretted with golden fires,' rests its northern and western edge on the plain, its southern on blue mountain-tops, its eastern on the forests, and shuts us, the river, the prairie, the moon and I, together and alone. And here will we dwell together alone! Sweet companions will ye be to me; and standing here on this eminence, I promise to love you. I promise to come here often, and to hold communion with you. I will put away all thoughts of sorrow, all swellings of bitterness, from my mind. Contentedly, calmly, unheedingly, will we let the years pass by; for what will it matter to us? Oh! ye are dear to me! Your *voice* is not heard, yet comes there constantly to my ear the murmur of your song. You speak to me in music and poetry; and while I listen, my thoughts revert only with shuddering to the vain world I have left behind. Thus let us converse always. This vaulted firmament which shuts down upon us now, let it be immoveable, and enclose us forever; here let the wanderings of the wanderer cease, and here will we live together and alone!

AND we *have* lived here many years. The lessons of my constant companions have calmed and elevated me to a gentler and better spirit. From them I have learned humility as well as self-reliance; while from the history of the actions and thoughts of men in past ages, I have learned perhaps something of the machinery of human nature. The forms of the noblest of preceding generations, and the shapes of beauty which their imaginations have conceived and made to live, visit me at

my bidding. But among all the pictures that daily rise up before my eyes, the brightest, the most beautiful, the most loved, are the sweet faces of the friends of my early years. There are no regrets or repinings when I look back now ; it must be that it has all been for the best, that every thing is for the best, and I am at peace. The recollection of madness and folly, of a life useless, of energies wasted, do not disturb the calmness of my soul. The error has been great, but I feel it ; and in the next state of existence I shall be wiser and more active. If I have wantonly and recklessly turned away from the offered happiness of society and of the world, it has, in the end, been better for me, for I have found another, a purer and more lasting.

Thus I look cheerfully on, and see the sands of my life run out. They fall faster and faster, as their number is diminished, and time flies by me with constantly accelerating speed. 'Oh, my days are swifter than a weaver's shuttle !'—the *last one* I see but a little distance before me ; it will soon be here ; and I shall step forth with a joyful, courageous heart, into the indistinct, dimly-revealed future !

TRANSLATION FROM CATULLUS.

BY REV. GEORGE W. HEMUNE.

SUFFENUS, whom we both have known so well,
 No other man in manners can excel ;
 Facetious, courteous, affable, urbane.
 The world's approval he is sure to gain.
 But, would you think it ? he has now essayed
 To be a bard, and countless verses made ;
 Perhaps ten thousand, perhaps ten times more,
 For none but he could ever count them o'er ;
 Not scribbled down on scraps, as one does when
 In careless rhymes we only try our pen,
 But in a gilt-edged book, all richly bound,
 The writing ornate with a care profound,
 Rich silken cords to mark each favorite part,
 The cover, ev'n, a monument of art.
 Yet as you read, Suffenus, who till then
 Seemed the most pleasant of all gentlemen,
 Becomes offensive as the country boor,
 Who milks rank goats beside his cottage door.
 Or digs foul ditches : such a change is wrought
 By rhymes with neither sense nor music fraught.
 So crazed is he with this same wretched rhyme,
 That never does he know so blest a time
 As when he writes away, and fondly deems
 He rivals Homer's god-enraptured dreams ;
 And wonders in his pride, himself to see,
 The very pattern-pink of poesy.
 Alas ! Suffenus, while I laugh at thee,
 The world, for aught I know, may laugh at me.
 It is the madness of each one to pride
 Himself on that 't were better far to hide ;
 Nor know the faults in that peculiar sack
 Which Æsop says is hanging at his back.

THE PAINTED ROCK.

BY CHARLES F. POWELL.

THE tract of country through which meanders the Tennessee river, for wild, sublime and picturesque scenery, is scarcely surpassed by any in the United States. This river was anciently called the Hogohege, and also Cherokee river: it takes its rise in the mountains of Virginia, in the thirty-seventh degree of latitude, and pursues a course of one thousand miles south and south-west nearly to the thirty-fourth degree of latitude, receiving from both sides large tributary streams. It then changes its direction to the north, circuitously winding until it mingles with the waters of the Ohio, sixty miles from its mouth. There is a place near the summit of the Cumberland mountains, which extends from the great Kenhawa to the Tennessee, where there is a very remarkable ledge of rocks, thirty miles in length and nearly two hundred feet high, showing a perpendicular face to the south-east, which for grandeur and magnificence surpass any fortification of art in the known world. It has been the modern hypothesis, that all the upper branches of the Tennessee formerly forced their way through this stupendous pile.

On the Tennessee, about four hundred and fifty miles from its mouth, and nearly two hundred above what is called Muscle-Shoals, there is another ledge of rocks stretching along the shore to the extent of one mile, with a perpendicular front toward the river, of the most perfect regularity. This ledge varies in height from thirty to three hundred feet, being much the highest at the centre, and diminishing at each end into ragged cliffs of rock and broken land. This variegated surface extends for many miles, affording a constant succession of fanciful and romantic views. The whole rocky formation in this vicinity is composed of a light gray lime-stone, indented with broad dark lines formed by the dripping of the water which falls from the scanty covering of soil on the top to the deep channel below. The thin surface of soil sustains a shabby, stunted growth of fir, oak, and other trees, which seldom grow above the height of tall shrubbery. From the crevices of the rock also may occasionally be seen a tree of diminutive dimensions springing out with scarcely a particle of visible sustenance for its roots. The shrubbery upon the peak of this acclivity presents a curious appearance as it hangs over the ascent, not unlike the bushy eye-brows of a sullen and frowning face. With this ledge of rocks terminate the Cumberland mountains, which cross the State of Tennessee to the margin of the river. The stream here flows nearly west, through a beautiful valley of alluvial land, formed by the Cumberland mountains and a continuation of the Blue Ridge of Virginia. Immediately opposite the termination of the Cumberland mountains commences a broken and rocky surface, which extends along the shore of the river for many miles, presenting

the most varied and novel scenery in nature ; while the other shore is level, fertile, and mostly in a high state of cultivation, abounding in verdant fields of meadow, corn and tobacco.

The middle portion of the ledge *proper*, which I have described, rises nearly or quite three hundred feet above the level of the river ; a vast wall of solid lime-stone, echoing with never-ceasing moans the gurgling current of the river, which at this place is deep and very rapid ; and has worn a series of caves and hollows in the base of the rock, which contribute greatly to this 'language of the waters.'

The summit or peak of this ledge in the centre is called '*The Painted Rock.*' It is so called from the fact of there being, about sixty feet below the highest peak, letters and characters painted in different colors, and evidently drawn by a tutored hand. What is most remarkable, these paintings are upon the perpendicular face of the rock, probably two hundred feet above the river, and in a place where there is no apparent possibility for mortal man to arrive. They are composed of the initials of two persons, together with characters and drawings, some of which are illegible from the river. The first consists of the letters 'J. W. H.,' quite well done in dark blue or green paint. The next is 'A. L. S.,' done in red, and also a trefoil leaf of clover in green, beside several rude characters and drawings in blue and red. The traveller passing this interesting spot gazes with wonder and astonishment, but is referred to tradition for a history of the circumstances which led to the name of Painted Rock ; for the paintings were drawn and the name given, long before the country was permanently settled by the whites. The story handed down is this :

The original possessors of the soil in this part of the country were the tribes of Cherokee and Chicasaw Indians. The country was explored as early as 1745, by a company who had grants of land from the government, and settlements commenced previous to the French war. Of the first-comers of whites there were not more than sixty families, who were either destroyed or driven off before the end of the following year. Some few families had settled at a place not far distant from the Painted Rock, where lived a Cherokee Sagamore, named Shagewana, whose tribe was considered the most inhuman of any in the nation. The top of the rock is flat, and slopes back from the river, and at the base is a large spring surrounded by bushes. Shagewana occupied the summit of the acclivity as his council-ground ; and when danger was apprehended from the whites, or when an innovation was made on his limits, he forthwith called his warriors together for consultation, and set fire to faggots and other combustibles as a signal for his neighbors to advance to his aid. The whites settled near the Painted Rock at this time were mostly composed of traders, who had brought various articles of clothing and ornaments to dispose of to the Indians ; and under the assurance of the Chicasaws, who rarely commenced the work of destruction on the whites, that they should be unmolested, built up a cluster of huts, and cleared a small territory for the raising of corn and other vegetables.

Shagewana from some cause became incensed toward them, and resolved to burn the buildings and destroy their inhabitants. He called his people together, and the war-cry was sounded throughout the moun-

tains. Taking advantage of the night, they surrounded the settlement, and applying torches to the dwellings, rushed into the midst with tomahawk in hand, and murdered all save two young men, who fought so bravely that they spared their lives in order to torture them with more prolonged sufferings. The names of these young men it is said were HARRIS and SNELLING. They were bound and taken to the rock, where the savages went through a dance, as was their custom after a victory had been achieved; and as day-light advanced, they prepared a feast. Harris and Snelling were placed under keepers, who amused themselves by tormenting their unhappy prisoners in various ways; such as pricking them with their knives, cutting off small pieces of their ears and fingers, and pulling out clumps of their hair. Before the close of the day, the captives feigning sleep, the Indians left them for a moment and went to the spring for water. Thereupon the young men burst their bands and escaped into the bushes. Crawling upon the other side of the rock, and being hotly pursued, it is supposed that they were forced upon a narrow projection, about twelve inches wide, and four feet below the inscription, where with some paint or coloring substance which they carried about them they traced the characters to which we have referred, and which have given the place the name of 'THE PAINTED ROCK.' The fate of the young men is not positively known; but it is believed that they were discovered and hurled down the precipice.

L I N E S T O J . T . O F I R E L A N D .

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'HINTS ON ETIQUETTE.'

A HEARTLESS flirt! with false and wicked eye,
 Dost thou not feel thyself a living lie?
 Dost thou not hear the 'still small voice' upbraid
 Thy inmost conscience for the part thou 'st played?
 How mean the wish to victimize that one
 Who ne'er had wooed thee, hadst thou not begun!
 Who mark'd with pain thy saddened gaze on him,
 Doom'd but to fall a martyr to thy whim;
 Whose pallid cheek might win a fiend to spare,
 Or soothe the sorrows that had blanched his hair:
 Oh, cold-laid plan! drawn on from day to day
 To meet the looks thou failed not to display,
 Seeking at such a price another's peace,
 To feed the cravings of thy vain caprice;
 Led him to think that thou wert all his own,
 Then froze his passion with a heart of stone.
 Lured by thy wiles, he gave that holiest gift,
 A noble soul, before he saw thy drift;
 He watched thy bosom heave, he heard thee sigh,
 Nor deem'd such looks could cover treachery;
 That one so proud *could* stoop to simulate
 The purest feelings of this earthly state.
 Yet words were useless, where no sense of blame
 Could start a tear, nor tinge thy cheek with shame.
 More merciful than thou to him, he prays
 No pangs like his may wound thy lingering days;
 Implores thy sins to him may be forgiven,
 And leaves thee to the clemency of Heaven.

C. W. DAY.

L I T E R A R Y N O T I C E S .

POEMS BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL. In one volume. pp. 279. Cambridge: JOHN OWEN. New-York: WILEY AND PUTNAM.

Two years ago Mr. LOWELL presented the public with a volume of poems, which after being read and blamed and praised with a most bewildering variety of opinion, lived through it all, and remained as a permanent specimen of unformed but most promising genius. Modest however as the offering was, it was duly valued by discerning judges, not so much for its own ripe excellence, as for its appearing a happy token of something else. In the major part of the annual soarings into *Cloud-land* which alarm the world, we seem to see the sum total of the aspirant's power. We feel that he has shown us *all*, and done his best; that the force of his cleverness could go no farther; and we are willing to give him his penny of praise, and thereby purchase a pleasant oblivion of him and his forevermore. In this attempt of Mr. LOWELL's it was impossible not to see that there lay more beyond. We felt that however boldly he might have dived, he did not yet 'bring up the bottom,' as the swimmer's phrase goes. The faults of his poems were perceptible enough, yet even these were the blemishes of latent strength, and the book was every where welcomed with a hope. We have now to notice the appearance of a second proof of Mr. LOWELL's activity of faculty, in another and larger volume. It confirms the faith of those who read the former one. There is, throughout, the manifestation of growth; of a continuous advance toward a more decided character. Yet it is not without incompleteness of expression; it smacks of immaturity still; but it is the immaturity which presages a man.

The longest, and although not the most pleasing, yet perhaps the best poem in the volume is the 'Legend of Brittany,' a romantic story, fringed with rhyme. It contains but one bad line, and that one the first in the book: 'Fair as a summer dream was MARGARET.' It is not only vague, but common-place: there is no particular reason that we know of why a summer dream should be fairer than a winter dream; and we cannot think that the poet meant to make use of that figure of speech called *amphibology*, although the line will bear a double interpretation. The legend is of the guilty amour of MORDRED, a Knight Templar, with a fair innocent who, upon the point of becoming a mother, is slain by her lover at evening, in the wood. Hereupon — But let the poet speak:

His crime complete, scarce knowing what he did,
(So goes the tale,) beneath the altar there
In the high church the stiffening corpse he hid,
And then, to 'scape that suffocating air,
Like a scared ghoul out of the porch he slid;
But his strained eyes saw blood-spots everywhere,
And ghastly faces thrust themselves between
His soul and hopes of peace with blasting mien.

It should be observed that Mordred, bound as a Templar by the strictest laws of chastity,

is aiming at the 'high grand-mastership,' and consequently suffers not only the remorse of the murderer, but the dread of that defeat which his ambition must encounter in the discovery of his deed. His character is ably delineated; perhaps too nicely drawn, for so brief a tale, since the interest momentarily awakened in the 'dark, proud man,'

— 'whose half-blown youth
Had shed its blossoms even in opening,'

is immediately lost in the horror of the catastrophe. But to pursue the outline of the story:

Now, on the second day, there was to be
A festival in church: from far and near
Came flocking in the sun-burnt peasantry,
And knights and dames with stately antique cheer,
Blazing with pomp, as if all faerie
Had emptied her quaint halls, or, as it were,
'The illuminated marge of some old book,
While we were gazing, life and motion took.

Then swelled the organ: up through choir and nave
The music trembled with an inward thrill
Of bliss at its own grandeur: wave on wave
Its flood of mellow thunder rose, until
The hushed air shivered with the throb it gave,
Then, poising for a moment, it stood still,
And sank and rose again, to burst in spray
That wandered into silence far away.

The whole of the description of this choir-service is equally beautiful with these stanzas; yet it may be objected that it in some degree impedes the progress of narration; and the tale is of that sort which will scarce brook any delay in the telling. But to continue. During the chanting, a breathless pause comes over the congregation; the music hushes; all eyes are drawn by some strange impulse toward the altar; and while all is mute and watchful, the voice of Margaret is heard from heaven, imploring a baptism for her unborn babe. The author himself cannot feel more sensibly than ourselves the injustice of thus patching together the beautiful fragments of his sorrowful and melodious history in so hugger-mugger a way; but *MAGA* is peremptory, and hints to us that we cannot command the scope of the 'Edinburgh Review.' The voice ceases to thrill the wondering multitude, and the poet thus proceeds:

Then the pale priests, with ceremony due
Baptized the child within its dreadful tomb,
Beneath that mother's heart, whose instinct true
Star-like had battled down the triple gloom
Of sorrow, love, and death: young maidens, too,
Strewed the pale corpse with many a milk-white bloom,
And parted the bright hair, and on the breast
Crossed the unconscious hands in sign of rest.

It is an indication of Mr. LOWELL's capabilities for a more extended theme that the second part of this poem is superior to the first. It is not merely that the interest of the story increases, but the verse is more compressed, the expressions are more graphic, and the flow of the stanza is finer and more natural. The opening lines are as vivid and impressive as a passage from Tasso:

As one who, from the sunshine and the green,
Enters the solid darkness of a cave,
Nor knows what precipice or pit unseen
May yawn before him with its sudden grave,
And, with hushed breath, doth often forward lean,
Deeming he hears the plashing of a wave
Dimly below, or feels a damper air
From out some dreary chasm, he knows not where;
So from the sunshine and the green of Love,
We enter on our story's darker part,' etc.

The faults of the whole production are the necessary ones of all young writers of original power; a too ready faculty of imitation, and a lack of conciseness. The poets whom Mr. LOWELL mostly reminds us of, in his faults, are SHELLEY and SHAKESPEARE; the juvenile SHAKESPEARE, we mean — SHAKESPEARE the sonneteer. Both in the 'Revolt of Islam' and 'Tarquin and Lucrece,' blemishes resembling his own constantly occur. It will nevertheless be gratifying to his many ardent admirers to perceive that on the whole he has exhibited a more definite approach to what he is capable of accomplishing, and that in proportion as he has grown less vague and ethereal, less fond of personifying sounds and sentiments, so has he advanced toward a more manly and enduring standard of excellence. 'Prometheus' is the next longest poem, and it has afforded us great gratification. It might almost be mistaken for the breath of ÆSCHYLUS, except that it contains sparkles of freedom that even the warm soul of the Greek could never have felt. The first two lines glitter with light:

'One after one the stars have risen and set,
Sparkling upon the hoar-frost on my chain.'

Although, rhyme is no tyrant to our poet, yet he seems to take a fuller swing when free from its influence; and the verse which he employs for the vehicle of his thoughts in this genuine poem is peculiarly adapted to the grandeur and dignity of his subject. This composition will stand the true test of poetry; a test which many immortal verses cannot abide, for it will bear translation into prose without loss of beauty or power: it contains more thoughts than lines, and although abounding in high poetic imaginings, the spirit of true philosophy which it contains is superior to the poetry.

Of Mr. LOWELL's shorter specimens we may remark, in contradistinction to what has been said of the Legend of Brittany, that so far as they resemble the *kind* of his former productions, so far in short as they are re-castings of himself, they do him injustice. We now feel that he is capable of stronger and loftier efforts, and are unwilling to overlook in his later compositions the flaws that are wilfully copied from his own volume. The public demand that he should go onward, and not wander back to dally among flowers that have been plucked before, and were then accepted for their freshness. He must devote himself to subjects of wider importance, and give his imaginations a more permanent foothold upon the hearts of men. His love-poems, though many of them would have added grace to his *first* collection, fail to excite our admiration *equally* in this. We do not say that he had exhausted panegyric before; far less would we insinuate that passion itself is exhaustible; and yet there is a point where to pause might be more graceful than to go on: '*Sunt certi denique fines.*' Did any one ever wish that even PETRARCH had written more? Mr. LOWELL then ought to consider this, and begin to build upon a broader foundation than his own territory, beautiful as it may be, of private and personal fancies and affections. Perhaps there is no exception to the law that love should always be the first impulse that leads an ardent soul to poesy. (By poesy we do not mean school-exercises, and prize heroics approved by a committee of literary gentlemen.) On this account, it may be, that a young poet is always anxious to walk upon the ground where he first felt his strength, considering that a minstrel without love were as powerless, to adopt the Rev. SIDNEY SMITH's jocosse but not altogether clerical illustration, as Sampeon in a wig. Mr. LOWELL evinces the firmest faith in his passion, which is evidently as sincere as it is well-bestowed. It is from this perhaps that he derives a corresponding faith in his productions, which always seems proportionate to his love of his subject. Let him be assured however that he is not always the strongest when he feels the most so, nor must he mistake the absence of this feeling for a symptom of diminished power. Should he be at any time inclined to such a self-estimate, let him refer his judgment to his 'Prometheus' and 'Rhæcus.' In his 'Ode' also, and his 'Glance behind the Curtain,' there is much to embolden him toward the highest endeavors in what he would perhaps disdain to call his Art. Poesy, notwithstanding, is an Art, which even HORACE and DRYDEN did not scorn to consider such; and our poet

ought to remember that he is bound not only to utter his own sentiments and fantasies according to his own impulse, but moreover to consult in some degree the ears of the world: the poet's task is double; to speak FROM himself indeed, but TO the hearing of others. The contempt which a man of genius feels for the mere mechanicism of verse and rhyme may naturally enough lead him to affect an inattention to it; but in this he only benefits the school of smoother artists by allowing them at least *one* superiority. If he accuses them of being silly, they can retort that he is ugly.

Our author in this second volume has given the small carpers who pick at the 'eds' of past participles, and stickle for old-fashioned *moon-shine* instead of *moon-shine*, fewer causes of complaint. His diction is well-chosen and befitting his themes; and this is a characteristic which peculiarly marks the true artist, if it does not indicate the true genius. His execution, his 'style of handling,' is adapted to his subject; an excellence in which too many artists, whether painters or poets, are sadly deficient. In this respect his performances and those of his friend PAGE may be hung together. From the stately and dignified lines of 'Prometheus' to the jetty, dripping verse of 'The Fountain,' the step is very wide. How full of sparkling, brilliant effects are these joyous lines?

INTO the sunshine,
Full of the light,
Leaping and flashing
From morn till night!

Into the moonlight,
Whiter than snow,
Waving so flower-like
When the winds blow!

Mr. LOWELL occasionally makes use of somewhat quaint, Spenserian expressions, but generally with peculiar effect. His abundant fancy seems to find its natural garb in the short and expressive phraseology of those old English writers of whom he manifests on all occasions so thorough an appreciation. As a sweet specimen, although a careless one, of his power of combining deep feeling with the most picturesque imagery, we select one of his lightest touches—'Forgetfulness:'

THERE is a haven of sure rest
From the loud world's bewildering stress:
As a bird dreaming on her nest,
As dew hid in a rose's breast,
As Hesper in the glowing West;
So the heart sleeps
In thy calm deeps,
Serene Forgetfulness!

No sorrow in that place may be,
The noise of life grows less and less:
As moss far down within the sea,
As, in white lily caves, a bee,
As life in a hazy reverie;
So the heart's wave
In thy dim cave,
Hushes, Forgetfulness!

Duty and care fade far away,
What toil may be we cannot guess:
As a ship anchored in a bay,
As a cloud at summer-noon astray,
As water-blooms in a breezeless day;
So, 'neath thine eyes,
The full heart lies,
And dreams, Forgetfulness!

'The Shepherd of King Admetus' is exceedingly graceful and delicate, but it is too long to be quoted entire, and too perfect to be disjointed. We must reluctantly skip 'Fatherland,' 'The Inheritance,' 'The Moon,' 'Rhœcus,' and other favorites, until we come to 'L'Envoi,' where our author once more throws his arms aloft, free from the incumbrance of rhyme. This poem is inscribed to 'M. W.,' his heart's idol. The warm affection which radiates from its lines, it is not to be mistaken, is an out-flowing of pure human love.

Among these personal feelings, touching which we have 'said our say,' we find the following; which in *one* respect so forcibly illustrates what we have written within these two weeks to a western correspondent, that we cannot forbear to quote it here :

THOU art not of those niggard souls, who deem
That poesy is but to jingle words,
To string sweet sorrows for apologies
To hide the barrenness of unfurnished hearts,
To prate about the surfaces of things,
And make more thread-bare what was quite worn out :
Our common thoughts are deepest, and to give
Such beauteous tones to these, as needs must take
Men's hearts their captives to the end of time,
So that who hath not the choice gift of words
Takes these into his soul, as welcome friends,
To make sweet music of his joys and woes,
And be all Beauty's swift interpreter,
Links of bright gold 'twixt Nature and his heart
This is the errand high of Poesy.

They tell us that our land was made for song,
With its huge rivers and sky-piercing peaks,
Its sea-like lakes and mighty cataracts,
Its forests vast and hoar, and prairies wide,
And mounds that tell of wondrous tribes extinct;
But Poesy springs not from rocks and woods;
Her womb and cradle are the human heart,
And she can find a nobler theme for song
In the most loathsome man that blasts the sight,
Than in the broad expanse of sea and shore
Between the frozen deserts of the poles.
All nations have their message from on high,
Each the messiah of some central thought,
For the fulfilment and delight of Man :
One has to teach that Labor is divine;
Another, Freedom; and another, Mind;
And all, that God is open-eyed and just,
The happy centre and calm heart of all.

It is impossible to read such sentiments as these, without feeling our hearts open to him who gives them utterance. Mr. LOWELL is one of those writers who gain admiration for their verses and lovers for themselves. We can pay him no higher compliment.

There is nothing in the title-page or appearance of this elegant volume to indicate that it is not published in Cambridge, England; but unlike the majority of American books of poetry, any page in the work will give out too strong an odor of Bunker-Hill, though we find no allusion to that sacred eminence, to allow the reader to remain long in doubt of its paternity. Although we hold that any writing worthy of being called poetry must be of universal acceptance, and adapted to the longings and necessities of the entire human family, as the same liquid element quenches the thirst of the inhabitants of the tropics and the poles, yet every age and every clime must of necessity tincture its own productions. We do not therefore diminish in the slightest degree the high poetical pretensions of Mr. LOWELL's poems, when we claim for them a national character, silent though they be upon 'the stars and stripes,' and a complexion which no other age of the world than our own could have given. They are not only American poems, but they are poems of the nineteenth century. There is a spirit of freedom, of love for GOD and MAN, that broods over them, which our partiality for our own country makes us too ready perhaps to claim as the natural offspring of our land and laws. The volume is dedicated to WILLIAM PAGE, the painter, in a bit of as sweet and pure language as can be found in English prose. It might be tacked on to one of DRYDEN's dedications without creating an incongruous feeling. The dedication is as honorable to the poet as to the painter. Had all dedications been occasioned by such feelings as gave birth to this, these graceful and fitting tributes of affection and gratitude would never have dwindled away to the cold and scanty lines, like an epitaph on a charity tomb-stone, in which they appear, when they appear at all, in most modern books.

THIRTY YEARS PASSED AMONG THE PLAYERS IN ENGLAND AND AMERICA. Interspersed with Anecdotes and Reminiscences of a Variety of Persons connected with the Drama during the Theatrical Life of JOE COWELL, Comedian. Written by himself. In one volume. pp. 103. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

OF all the pages in English memoirs, none are so rich in humor and various observation as those devoted to the players. CARLYLE somewhere says, that the *only* good biographies are those of actors; and he gives for a reason their want of respectability! Being 'vagabonds' by law in England, the truth of their histories he tells us is not varnished over by delicate omissions. The first branch of this assumption is certainly true, whatever cause may be at the bottom of it; and Mr. COWELL, in the very entertaining volume before us, has added another proof of the correctness of HERR TEUFELSDRÜCKH's flattering conclusions. His narrative is rambling, various, instructive, and amusing. He plunges at once in *medias res*; and being in himself an epitome of his class; of their successes, excitements, reverses and depressions; he paints as he goes along a most graphic picture of the life of an actor. We shall follow his own desultory method; and proceed without farther prelude to select here and there a 'bit' from his well-filled 'budget of fun.' Let us open it with this common portrait of a vain querulous, complaining Thespian, who is never appreciated, never rewarded:

'I was seated in the reading-room of the hotel, thinking away the half hour before dinner, when my attention was attracted by a singularly-looking man. He was dressed in a green coat, brass-buttoned close up to the neck, light gray, approaching to blue, elastic pantaloons, white cotton stockings, dress shoes, with more riband employed to fasten them than was either useful or ornamental; a hat, smaller than those usually worn, placed rather on one side of a head of dark curly hair; fine black eyes, and what altogether would have been pronounced a handsome face, but for an overpowering expression of impudence and vulgarity; a sort of footman-out-of-place-looking creature; his hands were thrust into the pockets of his coat behind, and in consequence exposing a portion of his person, as ridiculously, and perhaps as unconsciously, as a turkey-cock does when he intends to make himself very agreeable. He was walking rather fancifully up and down the room, partly singing, partly whistling '*The Bay of Biscay O*,' and at the long-lived, but most nonsensical chorus, he shook the tag-ends of his divided coat tail, as if in derision of that fatal 'short sea,' so well known and despised in that salt-water burial-place. I was pretending to read a paper, when a carrier entered, and placed a play-bill before me on the table. I had taken it up and began perusing it, when he strutted up, and leaning over my shoulder, said:

'I beg pardon, Sir; just a moment.'

'I put it toward him.

'No matter, Sir, no matter; I've seen all I want to see; the same old two-and-sixpence; *Hamlet*, *Mr. Sandford*, in large letters; and *Laertes*, *Mr. Vandenhoff*! O——!'

'And with an epithet not in any way alluding to the 'sweet South,' he stepped off to the *Biscay* tune, allegro. I was amused; and perhaps the expression of my face encouraged him to return instantly, and with the familiarity of an old acquaintance, for he said:

'My dear Sir, that's the way the profession is going to the devil: here, Sir, is the '*manager*'—with a sneer—'one of the d—dest humbugs that ever trod the stage, must have his name in large letters, of *course*; and the *and* *Laertes*, *Mr. Vandenhoff*; he's a favorite of the Grand Mogul, as we call old Sandford, and so he gets all the fat; and d'ye know why he's shoved down the people's throats? Because he's so d—d bad the old man shows to advantage alongside of him. Did you ever see him?'

'I shook my head.

'Why, Sir, he's a tall, stooping, lantern-jawed, asthmatic-voiced, spindle-shanked fellow.' Here he put his foot on the rail of my chair, and slightly scratched the calf of his leg. 'Hair the color of a cock-canary,' thrusting his fingers through his own coal-black ringlets; 'with light blue eyes, Sir, trimmed with pink gyp. He has n't been long caught; just from some nunnery in Liverpool, or somewhere, where he was brought up as a Catholic priest; and here he comes, with his Latin and Lancashire dialect, to lick the manager's great toe, and be hanged to him, and gets all the business; while men of talent, and nerve, and personal appearance,' shifting his hands from his coat-pockets to those of his thighs, 'who have drudged in the profession for years, are kept in the back-ground; 'tis enough to make a fellow swear!'

'You, then, Sir, are an actor?' said I, calmly.

'An actor! yes, Sir, I am an actor, and have been ever since I was an infant in arms; played the child that cries in the third act of the comedy of '*The Chances*,' when it was got up with splendor by Old Gerald, at Sheerness, when I was only nine weeks old; and I recollect, that is, my mother told me, that I cried louder, and more naturally, than any child they'd ever had. *That's me*,' said he, pointing to the play-bill—*Horatio*, *Mr. Howard*. '*I used to make a great part of Horatio once*; and I can now send any Hamlet to h—ll in that character, when I give it energy and pathos; but this nine-tailed bashaw of a manager insists upon my keeping my '*madness* in the back-ground,' as he calls it, and so I just walk through it, speak the words, and make it a poor, spooney, preaching son of a how-came-ye-so, and do no more for it than the author has.'

Mr. COWELL subsequently enlists under the same manager, and is received with great apparent cordiality by the members of his *corps dramatique*: 'The loan of 'properties,' or any thing I have, is perfectly at your service,' was iterated by all. Howard said: 'My boy, by heavens, I'll lend you my blue tights; oh, you're perfectly welcome; I do n't wear them till the farce; Banquo's one of my *flesh parts*; nothing like the naked truth; I'm h—l for nature. By-the-by, you'll often have to wear black smalls and stockings; I'll put you up to something; save your buying silks, darning, stitch-dropping, louse-ladders, and all that; grease your legs and burnt-cork 'em; it looks d——d well 'from the front.' Mr. COWELL, it appears, was an artist of no mean pretensions; and while engaged on one occasion in sketching a picturesque view of Stoke Church, he was interrupted in rather a novel manner by a brother actor named REYMES, somewhat akin, we fancy, to his friend HOWARD, albeit 'excellent company':

'SEVERAL times I was disturbed in my occupation, to look round to inquire the cause of a crash, every now and then, like the breaking of glass; and at length I caught a glimpse of Reymes, slyly jerking a pebble, under his arm, through one of the windows. I recollected twice, in walking home with him, late at night, from the theatre, his quietly taking a brick-bat from out of his coat-pocket and deliberately smashing it through the casement of the Town Hall, and walking on and continuing his conversation as if nothing had happened. Crack! again. I began to suspect an aberration of intellect, and said:

"Reymes, for heaven's sake what are you doing?"

"Showing my gratitude," said he; and crack! went another.

"Showing the devil!" said I; 'you're breaking the church windows.'

"Why, I know it—certainly; what do you stare at?" said the eccentric. 'I broke nearly every pane three weeks ago; I could n't hit them all. After you have broken a good many, the stones are apt to go through the holes you've already made. They only finished mending them the day before yesterday; I came out and asked the men when they were likely to get done;' and clatter! clatter! went another.

"That's excellent!" said he, in great glee. 'I hit the frame just in the right place; I knocked out two large ones that time.'

"Reymes," said I, with temper, 'if you do n't desist, I must leave off my drawing.'

"Well," said he, 'only this one,' and crack! it went; 'there! I've done. Since it annoys you, I'll come by myself to-morrow and finish the job; it's the only means in my power of proving my gratitude.'

"Proving your folly," said I. 'Why, Reymes, you must be out of your senses.'

"Why, did I never tell you?" said he. 'Oh! then I do n't wonder at your surprise. I thought I had told you. I had an uncle, a glazier, who died, and left me twenty pounds, and this mourning-ring; and I therefore have made it a rule to break the windows of all public places ever since. The loss is not worth speaking of to the parish, and puts a nice bit of money in the pocket of some poor dealer in putty, with probably a large family to support. And now I've explained, I presume you have no objection to my proceeding in paying what I consider a debt of gratitude due to my dead uncle.'

"Hold! Reymes," said I, as he was picking up a pebble. 'How do you know but the poor fellow with the large family may not undertake to repair the windows by contract, at so much a year or month?'

"Eh! egad, I never thought of that," said the whimsical, good-hearted creature. 'I'll suspend operations until I've made the inquiry, and if I've wronged him I'll make amends.'

Mr. COWELL is a plain-spoken man, and seldom spares age or sex in his exposure of the secrets of the stage, and the appliances and means to boot which are sometimes adopted by theatrical men and women to make an old face or form 'look maist as weel 's the new.' The celebrated Mrs. JORDAN, in performing with him, was always very averse to his playing near the foot-lights, greatly preferring to act between the second entrances. The 'moving why' is thus explained:

'THE fact is, she was getting old; dimples turn to crinkles after long use; beside, she wore a wig glued on; and in the heat of acting—for she was always in earnest—I have seen some of the tenacious compound with which it was secured trickle down a wrinkle behind her ear; her person, too, was extremely round and large, though still retaining something of the outline of its former grace:

'And after all, 't would puzzle to say where
It would not spoil a charm to pare.'

THERE is no calamity in the catalogue of ills 'that flesh is heir to' so horrible as the approach of old age to an actor. Juvenile tragedy, light comedy, and walking gentleman with little pot-bellies, and *have-been* pretty women, are really to be pitied. Fancy a lady, who has had quires of sonnets made to her eye-brow, being obliged, at last, to black it, play at the back of the stage at night, sit with her back to the window in a shady part of the green-room in the morning, and keep on her bonnet unless she can afford a very natural wig.'

Sad enough! sad enough! certainly, and as true as it is melancholy. But let us get on board the Yankee vessel which brings Mr. COWELL to America, and at his 'present writing' is lying off Gravesend. The difficulty he experienced in getting up a conversation with his fellow-passengers is a grievance still loudly complained of by his travelling countrymen:

'It was a dark, drizzly, melancholy night; a fair specimen of Gravesend weather and the parts adjacent; no 'star that 's westward from the pole' to point my destined path, and furnish food for speculative thought; and, after sliding five or six times up and down some twenty feet of wet deck, I groped my way to the cabin. The captain was not on board, and I found myself a stranger among men. Of all gregarious animals man is the most tardy in getting acquainted: meet them for the first time in a jury-box, a stage-coach, or the cabin of a ship, and they always remind me of a little lot of specimen sheep from different flocks, put together for the first time in the same pen; they walk about and round and round, with all their heads and tails in different directions, and not a baa! escapes them; but in half an hour some crooked-pated bell-wether perhaps, gives a south-down a little dig in the ribs, and this example is followed by a Merino; and before the ending of the fair their heads are all one way, and you 'll find them bleating together in full chorus. Now, in the case of man, a snuff-box instead of the sheep's horn, is an admirable introduction; for, if he refuses to take a pinch, he 'll generally give you a sufficient reason why he does not, and that 's an excellent chance to form, perhaps, a lasting friendship, but to scrape an acquaintance to a certainty; and if he takes it perhaps he 'll sneeze, and you can come in with your 'God bless you!' and so on, to a conversation about the plague in '66, or the yellow fever on some other occasion, and can 'bury your friends by dozens,' and 'escape yourself by a miracle,' very pleasantly for half an hour. But in this instance it was a total failure: one said 'I don't use it;' another shook his head, and the third emptied his mouth of half a pint of spittle, and said 'he thought it bad enough to chaw!'

When the vessel is fairly at sea, the social ice is gradually broken. It being just after the war, the *rationale* of the following brief dialogue between Mr. COWELL and the mate will be readily understood:

'The mate was a weather-beaten, humorous 'sea-monster;' upon asking his name, he replied:
'If you're an Englishman and I once tell you my name, you'll never forget it.'
'I don't know that,' I replied; 'I'm very unfortunate in remembering names.'
'Oh, never mind!' said he, with a peculiarly sly, comical look; 'if you're an Englishman you 'll never forget mine.'
'Then I certainly am,' I replied.
'Well, then,' said he drily, 'my name 's BUNKER! and I'm d—d if any Englishman will ever forget that name!'

Mr. COWELL's arrival, début, and theatrical progress and associations in this and other Atlantic towns, compose a diversified and palatable feast for the stage-loving public. His sketches of actors, male and female, native and foreign, are limned with an artistical hand. His picture of KEAN's fleeing from 'the hot pursuit of obloquy' is exceedingly vivid; and 'old MATHEWS' American 'trip' is well set forth. We find nothing so good, however, touching that extraordinary mime, as the following illustration of his sensitiveness to newspaper criticism, from the pen of the dramatic veteran, MONCRIEF:

'Look here,' he would say, taking up a paper and reading: 'Theatre Royal, Drury Lane.—We last night visited this elegant theatre for the purpose of witnessing the performance of that excellent comedian, Mr. BELVI, as *Octavian*, in the 'Mountaineers,' for his own benefit. We hope it was for his own benefit, for it certainly was not for the benefit of any one else; for a more execrable performance we never witnessed. This gentleman had better stick to his comedy! Grant me patience; Heaven! There 's a fellow! What does he know about it? I suppose he would abuse my *Iago*—say that is execrable! Is n't this sufficient to drive any body mad? Because a man happens to have played comedy all his life, 'we' takes upon himself to think as a matter of course he can't play tragedy, though he may possess first rate tragic powers, as I do myself! I should have been the best *Hamlet* on the stage if I did n't limp; but let me go on: 'We have seen ELLISTON in the character.' A charlatan, a mountebank; would n't have me at Drury; and yet 'we' thinks he has a syllable the advantage of his competitor in this instance. We! we! as if the fellow had a parcel of pigs in his inside; we! we! Who 's we? Why do n't he say Tompkins, or whatever his name is, Tompkins thinks Elliston better in *Octavian* than Belvi; Belvi could kick Tompkins then; but who can kick we!' etc., etc. And yet poor Mathews had no warmer admirers, no truer, no more constant friends than those whose occasional animadversions would thus excite his ire.'

After running a very successful and popular career at the Park-Theatre, our artist-actor is induced to assume the management of a circus-theatre just then in high vogue at the TATTERSALL'S building in Broadway. The subjoined was one of the many incidents which occurred on his assuming the reins of the establishment:

'THE company was both extensive and excellent; a stud of thirty-three horses, four ponies and a jack-ass, all so admirably selected and educated, that for beauty and utility they could

not be equalled any where. The company was popular and our success enormous. Of course, like others when first placed in power, I made a total change in my cabinet. JOHN BLAKE I appointed secretary of the treasury and principal ticket-seller; and to prove how excellent a judge I was of integrity and capacity, he was engaged at the Park at the end of the season, and has held that important situation there ever since. A delicious specimen of the Emerald Isle, with the appropriate equestrian appellation of Billy Rider, received an office of nearly equal trust, though smaller chance of perquisites—stage and stable door-keeper at night, and through the day a variety of duties, to designate half of which would occupy a chapter. He was strict to a fault in the discharge of his duty, as every urchin of that day who attempted to sneak into the circus can testify. Conway the tragedian called to see me one evening, and in attempting to pass was stopped by Billy, armed as usual, with a pitch-fork.

“What’s this you want? Who are ye? and where are you going?” says Billy.

“I wish to see Mr. Cowell,” says Conway.

“Oh then, it’s till to-morrow at ten o’clock, in his office, that you’ll have to wait to perform that operation.”

“But, my dear fellow, my name is Conway, of the theatre; Mr. Cowell is my particular friend, and I have his permission to enter.”

“By my word, Sir, I thank ye kindly for the explanation; and it’s a mighty tall, good-looking gentleman you are too,” says Billy, presenting his pitch-fork; “but if ye were the blessed Redeemer, with the cross under your arm, you could n’t pass me without an orther from Mr. Cowell.”

‘JOE COWELL,’ in years gone by, has made us laugh many a good hour; and we hold ourselves bound to reciprocate the pleasure he has afforded us, by warmly commending his pleasant, gossiping volume to the readers of the KNICKERBOCKER throughout the United States.

AN ELEMENTARY TREATISE ON HUMAN PHYSIOLOGY: on the Basis of the ‘*Précis Élémentaire de Physiologie*’ of MAGENDIE. Translated, enlarged, and illustrated with Diagrams and Cuts, by Prof. JOHN REVERE, M. D., of the University of New-York. In one volume. pp. 533. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

THE American translator and editor of the volume above cited is of opinion that since the death of Sir CHARLES BELL, there is no physiologist who stands so preëminent as an original observer and inquirer, or who has contributed so much to the present improved state of the science by his individual efforts, as M. MAGENDIE. In facility in experimenting upon living animals, and extended opportunities of observation, no one has surpassed him; while through a long professional career his attention has been chiefly devoted to physiological inquiries. There is one excellence which constitutes a predominant feature in his system of Physiology that cannot be estimated too highly by the student of medicine; and that is, the severe system of induction that he has pursued, excluding those imaginative and speculative views which rather belong to metaphysics than physiology. The work is also remarkable for the conciseness and perspicuity of its style, the clearness of its descriptions, and the admirable arrangement of its matter. The present is a translation of the fifth and last edition of the ‘*Précis Élémentaire de Physiologie*,’ in which the science is brought down to the present time. It is not, like many modern systems, merely eclectic, or a compilation of the experiments and doctrines of others. On the contrary, all the important questions discussed, if not originally proposed and investigated by the author, have been thoroughly examined and experimented upon by him. His observations, therefore, on all these important subjects, carry with them great interest and weight derived from these investigations. The translator and editor, while faithfully adhering to the spirit of the author, has endeavored, and with success, to strip the work of its foreign costume, and *naturalize* it to our language. He has added a large number of diagrams and pictorial illustrations of the different organs and structures, taken from the highest and most recent authorities, in the hope of rendering clearer to the student of medicine the observations and reasonings on their functions. He has also made a number of additions on subjects which he thought had been passed over in too general a manner in the original work of MAGENDIE. In a word, his aim ‘to present a system of human physiology which shall exhibit in a clear and intelligible manner the actual state of the science, and adapted to the use of students of medicine in the United States,’ has been thoroughly carried out.

THE STUDY OF THE LIFE OF WOMAN. By Madame NECKER DE SAUSSURE, of Geneva. Translated from the French. In one volume. pp. 288. Philadelphia: LEA AND BLANCHARD. New-York: WILEY AND PUTNAM.

THE distinguished clergyman who introduces this excellent book to American readers does it no more than justice when he declares it to be the work of a highly gifted mind, containing many beautiful philosophical views of the relation which woman sustains in society, abounding in the results of careful observation, and characterized by a pervading religious spirit. It is adapted to accomplish great good, and its circulation would do much to aid those who have the care of youthful females, and who desire that they should fill the place in society for which they were designed. There is no work in our language which occupies the place that this is intended to fill; nor which presents so interesting a view of the organization of society by its great AUTHOR, and of the situation appropriated to *woman* in that organization. The book has reference more particularly to the elevated circles of society; to those who have advantages for education; who have leisure for the cultivation of the intellect and the heart after the usual course of education is completed, and who have opportunities of doing good to others. 'It will supply a place which is not filled now, and would be eminently useful to that increasing number of individuals in our country. It is much to be regretted that not a few when they leave school seem to contemplate little farther advancement in the studies in which they have been engaged. A just view of the place which woman is designed to occupy in society, as presented in this volume, would do much to correct this error. We should regard it as an auspicious omen, if this work should have an extensive circulation in this country, and believe that wherever it is perused it will contribute to the elevation of the sex; to promote large views of the benevolence and wisdom of the CREATOR in regard to the human family, and to advance the interests of true religion.'

THE AMERICAN REVIEW, AND METROPOLITAN MAGAZINE. Numbers five and six. pp. 588. New-York: SAXTON AND MILES, Broadway.

The number of this publication for the December quarter is a very good one. We were especially interested in the 'Michael Agonistes' of Mr. J. W. BROWN, which is, in parts, both powerful and harmonious, and in a dissertation upon 'WEIR's National Painting.' The writer is of opinion that our eminent artist has made a sad mistake in the conception of his striking group, although he awards warm praise to certain portions of the picture. Still he says: 'It argues slight knowledge of human nature to suppose that melancholy resignation characterized those who at Delft-Haven embarked for a land of civil and religious liberty; wild and inhospitable, to be sure, but still a land of Freedom. There were other thoughts in the hearts of that noble band than those of sorrow. Even had they been leaving the country of their birth, they would not have sorrowed; but as it was, bidding farewell to a land of foreigners, almost as hostile to freedom as their own, they felt not otherwise than joyful, and their bosoms were full of thoughtful, reasoning gladness. The parting kiss of that young wife must have tried, somewhat, the firmness of her husband, yet not enough to cloud his bright anticipations of the future. A different mood than that imagined by Mr. WEIR should have pervaded the group, if we are not widely in error. 'With all its faults,' adds our critic, however, 'The Embarkation of the Pilgrims,' although not indicative of great genius, yet regarded as to execution, does honor to Mr. WEIR. We should do injustice to the central group, did we omit to confess that the devotional grandeur of the face of the minister, raised to heaven in prayer, struck us with a feeling of awe, such as we had perhaps never before experienced.' This especial tribute we have heard paid to this picture by every person whom we have heard refer to it.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

AMERICAN MANNERS AND AMERICAN LITERATURE.—We ask the attention of every right-minded American to the following remarks, which we take the liberty of transcribing from a welcome epistle to the Editor, from one of our most esteemed and popular contributors. The follies which it exposes and the evils which it laments have heretofore formed the themes of papers in this Magazine from the pens of able correspondents, as well as of occasional comment in our own departments; but we do not remember to have seen the subject more felicitously handled than by our friend: 'The crying vice of the nation, and the one which of all others most fastens the charge of inconsistency on our character and professions, is that apish spirit with which we admire and copy every thing of European growth. While we exalt our institutions, character and condition over those of all other nations, and give ourselves 'a name above every name,' is it not supremely absurd for city to vie with city and family with family in adopting the latest fashions in dress and opinions originating in nations which have grown old in profligacy, and abound in the worthless excrescences of society? We profess to be perfectly independent of all control in our thoughts and actions: '*Nullius addicti jurare in verba magistri.*' Yet who more readily than we shout in chorus to the newest modes of thinking ushered into ephemeral life by philosophers across the water? Who adopt so early or carry so far the most outre and preposterous styles of dress invented in Paris, as our American belles and dandies? The newest cut in garments which was hatched in Paris beneath the crescent-moon, her waning rays see carried to its utmost verge in our bustling marts. We follow the revolutions in the configuration of coats, from square to round, and from round to angular, with as scrupulous and painful a precision as if our national honor depended on the issue. Nay, we are usually a little *too* faithful, and fairly 'out-Herod Herod.' Does the cockney of the 'world's metropolis' compress his toes in boots tapering at an angle of forty degrees? The republican fop promenades Broadway with his pedal extremities squeezed into an angle of thirty; and the corns ensuing he bears with christian fortitude; for does he not find his 'exceeding great reward' in being more fashionable than the Londoner himself? Has the fat of the Siberian bear, or 'thine incomparable oil, Macassar' called forth a thicket of hair on the cheek of the Frenchman, reaching from the cerebral pulse to the submaxillary bone? Instantly the pews of our churches, the boxes of our theatres, and the seats of our legislative halls, are thronged with whey-faced apes, the moisture of whose brains has exuded in nourishing a frowning hedge, of which the dark luxuriance encircles the whole face, resembling the old pictures of the saints wherewith our childhood was amused, encompassed with a glory! When the whiskered 'petit-mâîtres' of Hyde-Park shall begin to transport their adorable persons to this new world on a summer's trip, they will be astonished not a little to be stared at on landing through opera-glasses by counterparts of themselves; exact to the last hair of the moustache. 'Werily,' will be their ejaculation, 'hit his very great presumption in these vulgar democrats to himitate us Henglish in this way—ah!' Every

easterly wind blows in a fleet laden with cargoes of folly, and every outward-bound vessel bears an order for fresh importations of absurdity, of which milliners and tailors are the shippers, and flirts and fops the consignees. So far has this mimicking spirit proceeded, that we regard neither climate nor season. Were some accident to delay for a few months our advices from Europe, I question not but our fashionable ladies would adopt in mid-winter the same form and materials for their dresses which the Parisian damsels sported on the Boulevards beneath the scorching dog-star. The changeful and chilly atmosphere of our sea-board differs widely from the genial airs of 'La belle France,' and to adopt their fashions in detail is about as wise and tasteful in us as it would be for the negro panting beneath the line to wrap himself in the furs of Siberia, and substitute for his refreshing palm-juice the usquebaugh of the Highlands. Who would not laugh himself into a pleurisy to see the dandies of Timbuctoo stalking along in solemn gravity beneath their torrid sun, encumbered with a Russian fur-cloak, or a Lapland 'whip' on a snow-sledge, driving his canine four-in-hand, with a Turkish turban and Grecian robe folded carelessly around him? Yet wherein do we greatly differ in our absurdities? Again: we profess to have lopped from our democratic tree the old-world customs of hereditary title and patrimonial honor. We are no respecters of persons. We have no reverence for ancestral virtues, and the lustre that shines only by reflection has no charms for us. We respect no grandes but 'nature's noblemen.' We look through the glittering atmosphere of place, and title, and factitious distinction, at the man himself. The artificer of his own fortunes we hail as a brother. He who possesses superior abilities or unblemished integrity, we honor, though his hands be on the plough; and he who is imbecile or dishonest, we despise, though his brow be encircled by a coronet. All noble, consistent, rational, and right. But how is this? 'Lo! a foreigner has landed on our shores.' Well; what then? We also should be foreigners in Europe. 'Yes; but he bears the honorable appendage of Lord, or Sir, or De, or Di, or Von, or Don.' Happy, meanwhile, thrice happy the youth whom his titleship will allow to treat him; blessed, triumphantly blessed, the Miss whose charms have warmed into life the cold gaze of my Lord Highbred, or Monsieur De Nonchalance. And oh! beatified beyond all rapture the doting mother, who in her ripened and expanded miniature begins to realize her dreams of 'young romance,' and to hope by connection with a family more lineally descended from Adam than her own, to obtain a rank

'Whose glory with a lingering trace,
Shines through and deifies her race!'

Truth, every word truth—satire most justly bestowed; and before relinquishing this general theme, let us ask the reader to admire with us the cognate remarks of a writer in the last number of the 'North-American Review' upon the importance of a *Literature* which shall be distinctive and national in its character, and not a *rifacimento* of the varying literatures of various nations: 'The man whose heart is capable of any patriotic emotion, who feels his pulse quicken when the idea of his country is brought home to him, must desire that country to possess a voice more majestic than the roar of party, and more potent than the whine of sects; a voice which should breathe energy and awaken hope wherever its kindling tones are heard. The life of our native land; the inner spirit which animates its institutions; the new ideas and principles, of which it is the representative; these every patriot must wish to behold reflected from the broad mirror of a comprehensive and soul-animating literature. The true vitality of a nation is not seen in the triumphs of its industry, the extent of its conquests, or the reach of its empire; but in its intellectual dominion. Posterity passes over statistical tables of trade and population, to search for the records of the mind and heart. It is of little moment how many millions of men were included at any time under the name of one people, if they have left no intellectual testimonials of their mode and manner of existence, no 'foot-prints on the sands of time.' The heart refuses to glow at the most astounding array of figures. A nation lives only through its literature, and its mental life is immortal. And if we have a literature, it should be a

national literature; no feeble or sonorous echo of Germany or England, but essentially American in its tone and object. No matter how meritorious a composition may be, as long as any foreign nation can say that it has done the same thing better, so long shall we be spoken of with contempt, or in a spirit of benevolent patronage. We begin to sicken of the custom, now so common, of presenting even our best poems to the attention of foreigners, with a deprecating, apologetic air; as if their acceptance of the offering, with a few soft and silky compliments, would be an act of kindness demanding our warmest acknowledgments. If the *Quarterly Review* or *Blackwood's Magazine* speaks well of an American production, we think that we can praise it ourselves, without incurring the reproach of bad taste. The folly we yearly practise, of flying into passion with some inferior English writer, who caricatures our faults, and tells dull jokes about his tour through the land, has only the effect to exalt an insignificant scribbler into notoriety, and give a nominal value to his recorded impertinence. If the mind and heart of the country had its due expression, if its life had taken form in a literature worthy of itself, we should pay little regard to the childish tattling of a pert coxcomb who was discontented with our taverns, or the execrations of some bluff sea-captain who was shocked with our manners. The uneasy sense we have of something in our national existence which has not yet been fitly expressed, gives poignancy to the least ridicule launched at faults and follies which lie on the superficies of our life. Every person feels, that a book which condemns the country for its peculiarities of manners and customs, does not pierce into the heart of the matter, and is essentially worthless. If Bishop BERKELEY, when he visited MALEBRANCHE, had paid exclusive attention to the habitation, raiment, and manners of the man, and neglected the conversation of the metaphysician, and when he returned to England, had entertained POPE, SWIFT, GAY, and ARBUTHNOT with satirical descriptions of the 'complement exterm' of his eccentric host, he would have acted just as wisely as many an English tourist, with whose malicious pleasantry on our habits of chewing, spitting, and eating, we are silly enough to quarrel. To the United States in reference to the pop-gun shots of foreign tourists, might be addressed the warning which Peter Plymley thundered against BONAPARTE, in reference to the Anti-Jacobin jests of CANNING: Tremble, oh! thou land of many spit- ters and voters, 'for a pleasant man has come out against thee, and thou shalt be laid low by a joker of jokes, and he shall talk his pleasant talk to thee, and thou shalt be no more!' In order that America may take its due rank in the commonwealth of nations, a literature is needed which shall be the exponent of its higher life. We live in times of turbulence and change. There is a general dissatisfaction, manifesting itself often in rude contests and ruder speech, with the gulf which separates principles from actions. Men are struggling to realize dim ideals of right and truth, and each failure adds to the desperate earnestness of their efforts. Beneath all the shrewdness and selfishness of the American character, there is a smouldering enthusiasm which flames out at the first touch of fire; sometimes at the hot and hasty words of party, and sometimes at the bidding of great thoughts and unselfish principles. The heart of the nation is easily stirred to its depths; but those who rouse its fiery impulses into action are often men compounded of ignorance and wickedness, and wholly unfitted to guide the passions which they are able to excite. We want a poetry which shall speak in clear, loud tones to the people; a poetry which shall make us more in love with our native land, by converting its ennobling scenery into the images of lofty thoughts; which shall give visible form and life to the abstract ideas of our written constitutions; which shall confer upon virtue all the strength of principle and all the energy of passion; which shall disentangle freedom from cant and senseless hyperbole, and render it a thing of such loveliness and grandeur as to justify all self-sacrifice; which shall make us love man by the new consecrations it sheds on his life and destiny; which shall force through the thin partitions of conventionalism and expediency; vindicate the majesty of reason; give new power to the voice of conscience, and new vitality to human affection; soften and elevate passion; guide enthusiasm in a right direction; and speak out in the high language of men to a nation of men.'

THE NORTH-AMERICAN REVIEW for the January quarter is one of the best issues of that 'ancient and honorable' Quarterly which we have encountered for many months. It contains eight extended reviews, five brief 'Critical Notices,' and the usual quarterly list of new publications. The first article is upon the '*Poets and Poetry of America*,' a work 'which has travelled through many States and four editions,' and for the production of which Mr. GRISWOLD is justly commended. In the progress of this paper, the writer indulges in a sort of running commentary upon the more conspicuous poets included in the compiler's collection, as BRYANT, HALLECK, SPRAGUE, DANA, PERCIVAL, LONGFELLOW, WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK, HOLMES, WHITTIER, etc., etc. Of BRYANT the reviewer among other things remarks:

'MR. GRISWOLD says finely of BRYANT, that 'he is the translator of the silent language of nature to the world.' The serene beauty and thoughtful tenderness, which characterize his descriptions, or rather interpretations of outward objects, are paralleled only in WORDSWORTH. His poems are almost perfect of their kind. The fruits of meditation, rather than of passion or imagination, and rarely startling with an unexpected image or sudden outbreak of feeling, they are admirable specimens of what may be called the philosophy of the soul. They address the finer instincts of our nature with a voice so winning and gentle; they search out with such subtle power all in the heart which is true and good; that their influence, though quiet, is resistless. They have consecrated to many minds things which before it was painful to contemplate. Who can say, that his feelings and fears respecting death have not received an insensible change, since reading the '*Thanatopsis*'? Indeed, we think that BRYANT's poems are valuable, not only for their intrinsic excellence, but for the vast influence their wide circulation is calculated to exercise on national feelings and manners. It is impossible to read them without being morally benefitted. They purify as well as please. They develop or encourage all the elevated and thoughtful tendencies of the mind.'

We are glad to see the reproof which the reviewer bestows upon those critics of LONGFELLOW's poetry, who to escape the trouble of analysis, offer some smooth eulogium upon his 'taste,' or some lip-homage to his 'artistical ability,' instead of noting the tendency of his writings to touch the heroic strings in our nature, to breathe energy into the heart, to sustain our lagging purposes, and fix our thoughts on what is stable and eternal. The following is eminently just:

'THE great characteristic of LONGFELLOW, that of addressing the moral nature through the imagination, of linking moral truth to intellectual beauty, is a far greater excellence. His artistical ability is admirable, because it is not seen. It is rather mental than mechanical. The best artist is he who accommodates his diction to his subject. In this sense, LONGFELLOW is an artist. By learning 'to labor and to wait,' by steadily brooding over the chaos in which thought and emotion first appear to the mind, and giving shape and life to both, before uttering them in words, he has obtained a singular mastery over expression. By this we do not mean that he has a large command of language. No fallacy is greater than that which confounds fluency with expression. Washerwomen, and boys at debating clubs, often display more fluency than WEBSTER; but his words are to theirs, as the roll of thunder to the patter of rain. Language often receives its significance and power from the person who uses it. Unless permeated by the higher faculties of the mind, unless it be not the clothing, but the 'incarnation of thought,' it is quite an humble power. There are some writers who repose undoubting confidence in words. If their minds be filled with the epithets of poetry, they fondly deem that they have clutched its essence. In a piece of inferior verse, we often observe a great array of expressions which have been employed with great effect by genius, but which seem to burn the fingers and disconcert the equanimity of the aspiring word-catcher who presses them into his service. Felicity, not fluency, of language is a merit.'

Exactly; yet these same 'fluent' versifiers are the persons who talk with elaborate flippancy of the 'simple common-places' of this noble poet! The reviewer adds: 'LONGFELLOW has a perfect command of that expression which results from restraining rather than cultivating fluency; and his manner is adapted to his theme. He rarely, if ever, mistakes 'emotions for conceptions.' His words are often pictures of his thought. He selects with great delicacy and precision the exact phrase which best expresses or suggests his idea. He colors his style with the skill of a painter. The warm flush and bright tints, as well as the most evanescent hues of language, he uses with admirable discretion. In that higher department of his art, that of so combining his words and images that they make music to the soul as well as to the ear, and convey not only his feelings and thoughts, but also the very tone and condition of the soul in which they have being, he likewise excels.' The reviewer

illustrates these remarks, by citing the 'Psalms of Life,' the 'Saga of the Skeleton in Armor,' 'The Village Blacksmith,' etc., which were written by Mr. LONGFELLOW for the pages of this Magazine, and adds, that our poet indulges in no 'wild struggles after an ineffable Something, for which earth can afford but imperfect symbols. He appears perfectly satisfied with his work. Like his own 'Village Blacksmith,' he retires every night with the feeling that something has been attempted, and something *done*.' There is a subtle analysis of the style of that first of comic poets, HOLMES, for which we shall endeavor to find space hereafter. Of the writings of the late lamented WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK, the reviewer remarks, that they 'are all distinguished for a graceful and elegant diction, thoughts morally and poetically beautiful, and chaste and appropriate imagery. They exhibit much purity and strength of feeling, are replete with fancy and sentiment, and have often a searching pathos and a mournful beauty, which find their way quietly to the heart.' The poetry of our friend and correspondent WHITTIER is warmly commended: 'A common thought comes from his pen 'rammed with life.' He seems in some of his lyrics to pour out his blood with his lines. There is a rush of passion in his verse, which sweeps every thing along with it.' The remaining references are to the lady-poets, Meadames BROOKS, CHILD, SIGOURNEY, SMITH, WELBY, HALL, ELLET, DINNIE, EMBURY, HOOPER, the DAVIDSONS, etc. The whole article is well considered; and we cordially commend it to the attention of our readers. The remaining papers are upon PALFREY's admirable 'Lectures on the Evidences of Christianity,' 'Trade with the Hanse-Towns, the German Tariff-League;' 'GERVINUS's History of German Poetry;' 'Debts of the States,' an excellent and most timely article; 'PRESCOTT's History of Mexico;' 'SAM SLICK in England;' and a valuable dissertation on Libraries, based upon the catalogue of the library of Brown University.

JOSEPH C. NEAL's 'CHARCOAL SKETCHES.'—Right glad are we to welcome from the teeming press of Messrs. BURGESS AND STRINGER a new edition of these most humorous and witty sketches, illustrated with engravings by D. C. JOHNSTON, of Boston. We have re-perused them with renewed delight, and awakened again the echoes of our silent sanctum, in the excess of our cachinnatory enjoyment. Our friend MORTON M'MICHAEL, in the 'advance GRAHAM' for February, (which by the way contains a breathing likeness of the sketcher,) has the following remarks upon the papers composing the volume before us, which we most cordially endorse: 'No one, who has his faculties in a healthy condition, can read them and not feel convinced that they are the productions of a superior and highly gifted mind. They not only smack strongly of what all true men love, genuine humor; rich, racy, glorious humor; at which you may indulge in an honest outbreak of laughter, and not feel ashamed afterward because you have thrown away good mirth on a pitiful jest; but when you have laughed your fill, if you choose to look beneath the surface, which sparkles and bubbles with brilliant fancies, you will find an under current of truthful observation, abundant in matter for sober thought in your graver moments. In all of them, light and trifling as they seem, and pleasant as they unquestionably are, there is a deep and solemn moral. The follies and vices which, in weak natures, soon grow into crimes, are here presented in such a way as to forewarn those who are about to yield to temptation, not by dull monitions and unregarded homilies, but by making the actors themselves unconscious protestants against their own misdoings. And to do this well requires a combination of abilities such as few possess. There must be the quick eye to perceive, the nice judgment to discriminate, the active memory to retain, the vigorous pen to depict, and above all, the soul, the mind, the genius, call it what you will, to infuse into the whole life and spirit and power. Now, all these qualities NEAL has in an eminent degree, and he applies them with the skill of an accomplished artist. What he does he does thoroughly, perfectly. His portraits, which he modestly calls sketches, are unmistakable. The very

men he wishes to portray are before you, and they are not only limned to the outward eye, but they speak also to the outward ear, and in sentences thickly clustered with the drollest conceits, they convey lessons of practical philosophy, and make revelations of the strange perversities of our inward nature, from which even the wise may gather profitable conclusions.' Our friend speaks of Mr. NEAL's being 'comparatively little known.' We have good reason to believe that one great cause of this is, that his name has often been confounded with that of another and altogether different species of NEAL, whose infinite twattle—infinite alike in degree and quantity—has prejudiced the public mind against any thing that may seem to come in 'questionable shape' from a questionable source. This error has had its advantages to *one* party, no doubt, since there was 'every thing to gain and nothing to lose;' an advantage however which the prefix of the first two initials of our friend and correspondent to passages from his work which may hereafter find their way into the newspapers, will transfer to the rightful recipient. But to the volume in question, from which we are about to make a few random selections, illustrating the characters of sundry 'city worthies,' who are 'comprehended as vagrom men' by the 'charleys' or watchmen of the good City of Brotherly Love. Let us begin with the soliloquy of the poetical OLYMPUS PUMP:

"GENIUS never feels its oats until after sunset; twilight applies the spanner to the fire-plug of fancy to give its bubbling fountains way; and midnight lifts the sluices for the cataracts of the heart, and cries, 'Pass on the water.' Yes, and economically considered, night is this world's Spanish cloak; for no matter how dilapidated or festooned one's apparel may be, the loops and windows cannot be discovered, and we look as elegant and as beautiful as get out. Ah," continued Pump, as he gracefully reclined upon the stall, 'it's really astonishing how rich I am in the idea line to-night. But it's no use. I've got no pencil—not even a piece of chalk to write 'em on my hat for my next poem. It's a great pity ideas are so much of the soap-bubble order, that you can't tie 'em up in a pocket handkerchief, like a half peck of potatoes, or string 'em on a stick like catfish. I often have the most beautiful notions scampering through my head with the grace, but alas! the swiftness too, of kittens, especially just before I get asleep; but they're all lost for the want of a trap; an intellectual fleggery four. I wish we could find out the way of sprinkling salt on their tails, and make 'em wait till we want to use 'em. Why can't some of the meaner souls invent an idea-catcher for the use of genius? I'm sure they'd find it profitable, for I would n't mind owing a man twenty dollars for one myself.'

Mr. FYDGET FYXINGTON is another worthy, who reverts continually to 'first principles,' and is full of schemes and projects, especially when he chances to have 'a stone in his hat.' Hear him:

"NOTHIN' fixed no how; our grand-dads must a been lazy rascals. Why did n't they roof over the side-walks, and not leave every thing for us to do? I ain't got no numbrell, and besides that, when it comes down as if raining was no name for it, as it always does when I'm cotch'd out, numbrells is no great shakes if you've got one with you, and no shakes at all if it's at home. It's a pity we ain't got feathers, so's to grow our own jacket and trowsers, and do up the tailorin' business, and make our own feather beds. It would be a great sayin'; every man his own clothes, and every man his own feather bed. Now I've got a suggestion about that; first principles bring us to the skin; fortify that, and the matter's done. How would it do to bile a big kittle full of tar, tallow, beeswax and injen rubber, with considerable wool, and dab the whole family once a week? The young 'uns might be soured in it every Saturday night, and the nigger might fix the elderly folks with a whitewash brush. Then there would n't be no bother a washing your clothes or yourself, which last is an invention of the doctor to make people sick, because it lets in the cold in winter and the heat in summer, when natur' says shut up the porouses and keep 'em out. Besides, when the new invention was tore at the knees or wore at the elbows, just tell the nigger to put on the kittle and give you a dab, and you're patched slick; and so that whole mob of people might n't stick together like figs, a little sperrits of turpentine or litharage might be added to make 'em dry like a house-a-fire. 'T would be nice for sojers. Stand 'em all of a row, and whitewash 'em blue or red, according to pattern, as if they were a fence. The gin'ral's might look on to see if it was done according to Gunter; the cap'ins might flourish the brush, and the cornulars carry the bucket. Dandies could fix themselves all sorts of streaked and all sorts of colors. When the parterials is cheap and the making don't cost nothing, that's what I call economy, and coming as near as possible to first principles. It's a better way, too, of keeping out the rain, than my t'other plan of flogging people when they're young, to make their hides hard and water-proof. A good licking is a round first principle for juveniles, but they've got a prejudice agin it.'

'A pair of Slippers' brings us acquainted with another original personage, who one dark night soliloquizes on this wise:

"I've not the slightest doubt that this is as beautiful a night as ever was; only it's so dark you can't see the pattern of it. One night is pretty much like another night in the dark; but it's a great advantage to a good-looking evening, if the lamps are lit, so you can twig the stars and the moonshine.

The fact is, that in this 'ere city, we do grow the blackest moons, and the hardest moons to find, I ever did see. Lamps is lamps, and moons is moons, in a business pint of view, but practically they ain't much if the wicks ain't afire. When the luminaries are, as I may say, in the raw, it's bad for me. I can't see the ground as perforately as little fellers, and every dark night I'm sure to get a hyst; either a forrerd hyst, or a backerd hyst, or some sort of a hyst; but more backerds than forrerd, 'specially in winter. One of the most unfeeling tricks I know of, is the way some folks have got of laughing out, yaw-haw! when they see a gentleman ketching a reg'lar hyst; a long gentleman, for instance, with his legs in the air, and his noddle splat down upon the cold bricks. A hyst of itself is bad enough, without being sniggered at: first, your scone gets a crack; then, you see all sorts of stars, and have free admission to the fire-works; then, you scramble up, feeling as if you had no head on your shoulders, and as if it was n't you, but some confounded disagreeable feller in your clothes; yet the jacksnipes all grin, as if the misfortunes of human nature was only a poppet show. I would n't mind it, if you could get up and look as if you did n't care. But a man can't rise, after a royal hyst, without letting on he feels flat. In such cases, however, sympathy is all gammon; and as for sensibility of a winter's day, people keep it all for their own noses, and can't be coaxed to retail it by the small.'

'DILLY JONES' is one of those unfortunate wights 'just whose luck' it is never to succeed in any thing they undertake. In a state of 'mellow' mental abstraction, while lamenting that the trade of one's early days might not likewise be the trade of one's latter years, he unconsciously utters his thoughts aloud:

"SAWING wood's going all to smash," said he, "and that's where every thing goes what I speculates in. This here coal is doing us up. Ever since these black stones was brought to town, the wood-sawyers and pilers, and them soap-fat and hickory-ashes men, has been going down; and, for my part, I can't say as I see what's to be the end of all their new-fangled contraptions. But it's always so; I'm always crawling out of the little end of the horn. I began life in a comfortable sort of a way; selling oysters out of a wheel-barrow, all clear grit, and did n't owe nobody nothing. Oysters went down slick enough for a while, but at last cellars was invented, and darn the oyster, no matter how nice it was pickled, could poor DILL sell; so I had to eat up capital and profits myself. Then the 'pepre-pot smoking' was sot up, and went ahead pretty considerable for a time; but a parcel of fellers come into it, said my cats was n't as good as their'n, when I know'd they was as fresh as any cats in the market; and pepre-pot was no go. Bean-soup was just as bad; people said kittens was n't good done that way, and the more I hollered, the more the customers would n't come, and them what did, wanted tick. Along with the boys and their pewter sips, them what got trust and did n't pay, and the abusing of my goods, I was soon fotch'd up in the victualling line—and I busted for the benefit of my creditors. But genius riz. I made a raise of a horse and saw, after being a wood-piler's prentice for a while, and working till I was free, and now here comes the coal to knock this business in the head." . . . "I wonder if they would n't list me for a Charley? Hollering oysters and bean-soup has giv' me a splendid voice; and instead of skeering 'em away, if the thieves were to hear me singing out, my style of doing it would almost coax 'em to come and be took up. They'd feel like a bird when a snake is after it, and would walk up, and poke their coat collars right into my fist. Then, after a while, I'd perhaps be promoted to the fancy business of pig ketching, which, though it is werry light and werry elegant, requires genius. 'Tis n't every man that can come the scientifics in that line, and has studied the nature of a pig, so as to beat him at cancevering, and make him surrender 'cause he sees it ain't no use of doing nothing. It wants larning to convince them critters, and it's only to be done by heading 'em up handsome, hopping which ever way they hop, and tripping 'em up genteel by shaking hands with their off hind leg. I'd scorn to pull their tails out by the roots, or to hurt their feelin's by dragging 'em about by the ears. But what's the use? If I was listed, they'd soon find out to holler the hour and to ketch the thieves by steam; yes, and they'd take 'em to court on a railroad, and try 'em with biling water. They'll soon have black locomotives for watchmen and constables, and big bilers for judges and mayors. Pigs will be ketched by steam, and will be biled fit to eat before they are done squaling. By and by, folks won't be of no use at all. There won't be no people in the world but tea-kittles; no mouths, but safety-valves; and no talking, but blowing off steam. If I had a little biler inside of me, I'd turn omnibus, and week-days I'd run from Kensington to the Navy Yard, and Sundays I'd run to Fairmount."

There is a world of wisdom in the syllabus, or 'argument,' prefixed to each sketch; but for these we must refer the reader to the volume itself. The DOGBERRYS too are as wise as their 'illustrious predecessor,' and are quite as profuse of advice to 'the plaintiffs' who fall into their hands. Take a single specimen: 'Take keer—don't persume; I 'm a 'fishal functionary out a-ketching of dogs. You must n't cut up because it's night. The mayor and the 'squires has gone to bed; but the law is a thing that never gets asleep. After ten o'clock the law is a watchman and a dog-ketcher; we're the whole law till breakfast's a'most ready.' 'You're a clever enough kind of little feller, sonny; but you ain't been eddicated to the law as I have; so I'll give you a lecture. Justice vinks at vot it can't see, and lets them off vot it can't ketch. When you want to break it, you must dodge. You may do what you like in your own house, and the law do n't know nothing about the matter. But never go thumping and bumping about the streets, when you are primed and snapped. That's intemperance, and the other is temperance. But now you

come under the muzzle of the ordinance; you're a loafer.' One of these 'fishal functionaries' justifies extreme physical means in 'captivating obstropolous vagroms' both by reason and distinguished precedent: 'Wolloping is the only way; it's a panacea for differences of opinion. You'll find it in history books, that one nation teaches another what it did n't know before by wollopping it; that's the method of civilizing savages; the Romans put the whole world to rights that way; and what's right on the big figger must be right on the small scale. In short, there's nothing like wolloping for taking the conceit out of fellows who think they know more than their betters.' 'And so forth, et cetera,' as may be ascertained on a perusal of the volume.

LIFE AND TIMES OF THE LATE WILLIAM ABBOTT: THIRD NOTICE. — This most entertaining manuscript-volume, from which we have already drawn so largely for the entertainment of our readers, has not been published in America, as it was designed to have been, owing partly as we learn to the fact that, through 'something like unfair dealing' toward the widow of the writer, a copy of half the volume had been transmitted to England, parts of which have already reached this country in the pages of a London magazine. We had the pleasure to anticipate by a month or two the best portions even of these printed chapters; and we proceed to select passages from other divisions of this interesting auto-biography, which were written out after a duplicate copy of the earlier chapters had been transmitted to the London publisher. Mr. ABBOTT (aside from the society to which he had the entrée on account of his professional merits,) was a personal favorite with many of the most eminent personages among the English nobility, with whom he was on terms of close intimacy; but we never find him illustrating his own importance by the narration of the social anecdotes or careless table-talk of his distinguished friends, as too many of his contemporaries have done. He was honored with the cordial friendship of the Earls GLENGALL and FITZHARDING; and 'at their tables,' he writes, 'I was a frequent guest, where I constantly met with society embracing the highest rank and most distinguished talent in England. I refrain, from obvious reasons, from mentioning names; but I may say that if there was ever a class of persons who confer honor upon the society in which they mingle, it is the *Aristocracy of Great-Britain*. There is a delicacy and forbearance in their manner, and that air of perfect equality which is so indicative of the accomplished gentleman and scholar. COLMAN was a very frequent guest at these dinners, and was, with the exception perhaps of Lord ALVANLEY, one of the most brilliant diners-out in London.' This testimony, let us remark in passing, in favor of the ease and simplicity of the really high-born gentlemen of England, is confirmed by all Americans who have been well received in English society. The reader will especially remember the tribute paid on this point by Mr. SANDERSON, the accomplished 'American in Paris,' in his 'Familiar Letters from London,' in these pages. But we are standing before Mr. ABBOTT. In Edinburgh 'there lies the scene:'

'I AGAIN visited Edinburgh at the close of the Covent-Garden season, and received the same undiminished hospitality as on a former occasion. I established an intimacy with the BALLANTINES of celebrated SCOTT memory. MATTHEWS was indebted to JOHN BALLANTINE for his famous old Scotch woman, and he certainly rivalled his preceptor in the quaint and dry humor with which he narrated that most amusing story. The management of the Edinburgh Theatre rested in the hands of Mr. MURRAY. He was the only son of the MURRAY formerly of Covent-Garden Theatre, who was one of the most chaste and impressive actors I ever saw. His Adam, in 'As you Like it,' was really the perfection of the art. Mrs. HENRY SIDDONS, in whom the property was vested at the death of her husband, was, fortunately for me, residing with her charming family in Edinburgh, and I was a constant guest at her table. Her manners were fascinating in the extreme, and a greater compliment could not well be paid than in having the entrée to a family so intellectual in their resources, and so perfectly amiable in disposition. A very amusing and agreeable club was got up by a party of young

advocates. Delightful it was, from its very absurdity; in fact the nonsense of men of sense is an admirable couch to repose upon. Our numbers were limited, and embraced some of that powerful intellect which the modern Athens possesses in so eminent degree. Mr. MILES ANGUS FLETCHER, Mr. ANDERSON, Sir WILLIAM HAMILTON, and a son of the late and brother of the present Lord MEADOWEANK, were among those I knew intimately, and whose varied talents gave life and soul to the society. We scorned the artificial light that illumined our midnight orgies, and seldom separated before the beams of the sun were dancing in our festive cups.'

The following account of the first *Theatrical Fund Dinner*, an entertainment of which we hear so much latterly in England, with the defence of actors against the charges of extravagance and improvidence so often brought against them, will possess interest for American readers:

'THE Covent-Garden Theatrical Fund about this period was languishing for want of support; and the great importance to be derived from an increase of its means seriously occupied the attention of the committee. We naturally looked upon it as affording an opportunity of increasing the respectability of the profession, and the means of preventing those individual appeals to the public from our impoverished brethren. There is a popular delusion that actors form a class in which the most reckless profusion is displayed; that the habits of their lives are necessarily dissipated, and that in the enjoyments of the luxuries of to-day, the wants and cares of to-morrow are entirely lost sight of. I do not believe in these sweeping assertions, I will not pretend to say that actors are exempt from the frailties of humanity; nay, I will admit that their course of life perhaps exposes them to greater temptations; but this fact ought rather to operate in their favor, than to tell so powerfully against them. I would ask those persons who are so inimical to the profession of an actor, whether longevity is the result of dissipation; and if they will take the trouble of examining, they will find that actors in general are extremely long-lived. There is a want of thriftiness in their composition, I grant; and fortunately for them the same charge is brought against the poet; the man whose high intellectual powers prevent his descending to the level of this work-day world. But will any one take the trouble of explaining from whence the actor is to derive his wealth? We will imagine that his salary is respectable, that it is regularly paid, and that there is no excuse for his being in debt. And now take into consideration that he has an appearance to maintain; that he has a family to support; and then what becomes of the opportunity of laying by a modicum even, to guard against the decline of life when the 'winter daisies' shall crown his head, and a new race of performers have started up and driven the others from their posts? We have some rare instances of very large fortunes being made and retained by members of the profession it is true, but they were instances of dazzling genius, or had the world's belief that they possessed it. I will take names within the memory of us all: Mrs. SIDDONS, Mr. KEMBLE, Miss O'NEIL, the 'Young Roscius,' and the late Mr. LEWIS; and I will add to that list men of accomplished talents and great honor to the profession; YOUNG, BANNISTER, MUNDEN, BRAHAM, WROUGHTON, LISTON, HARLEY, JOHNSTONE, POWER, JONES; and I am sure the reader will believe me when I state, that I heartily wish I could place my own name in the list. Take the members of any other profession, however honorable, limit their numbers and means to the same proportion, and I ask if you would be enabled to produce a greater list of independent persons. The great advantages to be derived from a Theatrical Fund are here I trust made apparent; and after many suggestions, I believe it fell to the lot of CHARLES TAYLOR to propose an annual public dinner; and it proved a most fortunate idea. The first great point to be obtained was a patron, and then a president for the dinner. Our application met with immediate success, and His Royal Highness the PRINCE REGENT condescendingly gave his name at the head of our undertaking, accompanied by a solid mark of his favor in the donation of one hundred pounds. We then had the gracious consent of the DUKE OF YORK to be our President, aided by his Royal brothers KENT and SUSSEX. The list of vice-presidents embraced many of the most distinguished noblemen and gentlemen in the country. In what an amiable point of view do the Royal Princes place themselves before the public in so thoroughly identifying themselves with the many interesting charities to which London gives birth! The grateful spirit of joyousness which they invariably displayed on these occasions, gave an interest to the festive scenes, and confirmed many a heart in its loyalty to their illustrious house. The late DUKE OF GORDON sat on the right hand of the Royal President, and favored the company with a song, which greatly surprised them, and elicited a general encore, and with which, with great good humor, he immediately complied. MATTHEWS always held a conspicuous position at these dinners, and made a point of giving an original song, selected from his forth-coming entertainment. The

amount collected at our first dinner was extraordinary; no less a sum than one thousand eight hundred and seventy pounds. The Drury-Lane Fund in the following year adapted our plan of the dinner, and both these institutions now annually derive a very large sum from the volunteer subscriptions of the Friends of the Drama. The same Royal patronage is most graciously continued by her present Majesty, and Royalty continues to preside at the festival. With this accumulation of patronage the actor may fearlessly look forward to the close of his mortal career without the dread of eleemosynary contributions, and also feel the proud gratification that he has personally contributed to support so interesting a Fund.'

As a specimen of Mr. ABBOTT's stock-breaking and gambling experiences, we quote the subjoined passages:

'A FRIEND of mine connected with the Stock Exchange on one occasion pointed out to me the great advantage of occasionally purchasing five thousand consols on time, knowing that I had capital unemployed; the certain profits were placed before me in such an agreeable point of view, that I could not resist the bait. In the course of two days I received a check for fifty pounds, a sum by no means unpleasant, considering that I had not advanced one farthing. The natural consequence was that I repeated the dose with various success until I was ultimately well plucked. I sustained a loss of one thousand pounds. I then began to be very uneasy, until I fortunately discovered that by one *coup* I had made two hundred pounds. My broker had waddled of course, without being able to make up his differences. The parties of whom I had purchased, through my agent, refused to pay me, as they had no knowledge of a third person, and were themselves considerable sufferers by the aforesaid broker. I could not understand the justice of this measure, for I had always paid my losses to the moment; so I walked to Temple-Bar, pulled off my hat most gracefully to that venerable arch, and vowed never again to pass it in the pursuit of ill-gotten wealth. I had always a perfect horror of *gambling*, and little imagined I was pursuing it in a wholesale manner. To satisfy my inordinate curiosity, for sight-seeing, I have twice or thrice in my life passed the threshold of a gambling-house in London, but never felt the least personal desire to embark the smallest sum, although keenly alive to the dangerous excitement in others. On one of these occasions it fell to my lot to witness a most affecting and trying scene. The names of the parties came to my knowledge afterward, which from delicacy I of course suppress. A gentleman had for some years been separated from his wife, in consequence of infidelity on her part with a man of high fashion, an officer of the Guards. An action and divorce ensued; but two children whom he had previous to this unfortunate event, he refused to acknowledge, thus endeavoring to put the stain of illegitimacy upon them. Years rolled on, and the father and son never met. Rouge-et-Noir was the fashionable game of the day, and Pall-Mall and St. James-street swarmed with gambling-houses. Two gentlemen were quarrelling upon a point, each accusing the other of taking the stake. The younger man was the officer on guard that day, and consequently in uniform. High words ensued; cards were exchanged; and in one moment, from the most ungovernable rage, they became motionless as statues. The silence was at length interrupted by an explanation of 'By Heaven! my son!' This remark was made from the impulse of the moment, and probably struck a chord in the parent's heart that let loose all his affections. They retired to another apartment; explanations ensued; and a reconciliation was the result.'

Elsewhere Mr. ABBOTT describes the gambling-houses of Paris, 'those dens of iniquity,' as he terms them. 'The varied scenes of frantic joy and human debasement,' he writes, 'which I witnessed at FRASCATI's, were truly appalling. The extremes of excitement were as powerfully exhibited in the loser of twenty francs as in the man who had lost his twenty thousand.' The annexed sketch of the lamented career of poor CONWAY, who will be 'freshly remembered' by many of our readers in the Atlantic cities, is authentic in every particular. It is not without its lesson, in more regards than one:

'I FIND I have neglected to mention an actor, who stood sufficiently forward, both by his position and his misfortunes, to be entitled to a respectful notice; I mean Mr. CONWAY. He was said to be the illegitimate offspring of a distinguished nobleman; but whether his own pride prevented his making advances, and he was resolved to lay the foundation of his own fame and fortune, or whether he met with a check upon his natural feelings from one who was bound to support him, I know not; but, gifted as he was with a commanding person, a most gentlemanlike deportment, and advantages peculiarly adapted for the stage, it is no wonder that the histrionic art held forth inducements and

hopes of obtaining a brighter position than any other career open to him, without the aid of pecuniary means, and the patronage which was withheld from him. He made his appearance in 1813, the season previous to KEAN, in the character of 'Alexander the Great.' He met with a very flattering reception, and produced a great effect upon the fair sex. Indeed, the actors, who are upon these occasions lynx-eyed, could not avoid their remarks upon a certain Dutchess, who never missed one of his performances, and appeared to take the deepest interest in his success. CONWAY was upward of six feet in height. He was deficient in strong intellectual expression, yet he had the reputation of being very handsome. His head was too small for his frame, and his complexion too light and sanguine for the profound and varied emotions of deep tragedy. There was a tinge of affectation in his deportment, which had the effect of creating among many a strong feeling of prejudice against him. His bearing was always gentlemanly, and with the exception of a slight superciliousness of manner, amiable to every body; and his talent, though not of the highest order, was still sufficiently prominent to enable him to maintain a distinguished position. And yet this man, with so little to justify spleen, was literally, from an unaccountable prejudice, driven from the stage by one of the leading weekly journals, edited by a gentleman whose biting satire was death to those who had the misfortune to come under his lash. In complete disgust, he retired from the boards, and filled the humble situation of prompter at the Haymarket-Theatre, but afterward left for the United States, where he became a great favorite. But the canker was at his heart. He again quitted the stage, and prepared himself for the Church; but there again he was foiled. The ministers of our holy religion refused to receive him, not from any moral stain upon his character, but because he had been an actor! What is to become of the priesthood, who in the early periods were the only actors, and selected scriptural subjects for representation? He left in a packet for Savannah, overwhelmed with misery and disappointment. 'Ushered into the world by a parent who would not acknowledge him; driven out of it in the belief that he was the proscribed of Heaven!' At the moment they were passing the bar at Charleston, he threw himself overboard. Efforts were made to save him; a settee was thrown over for him to cling to until they could adopt more decisive measures for his rescue. He saw the object; but his resolution was taken. He waved his hand, and sunk to rise no more. I have reason to believe, that the gentleman to whom I have alluded as having made such fearful use of his editorial powers, felt deep remorse when the news of his ill-timed death arrived. He also is now no more! Poor CONWAY! Had he possessed more nerve, he might still have triumphed over the unkindness of his fate:

'Who has not known ill fortune, never knew
Himself or his own virtue.'

In the same chapter we find a bit of artistical grouping in a historical picture, which the reader will agree with us is well worthy of preservation:

'THE world never witnessed such powerful scenes of exciting interest as took possession of Great Britain about this period. The people were drunk with enthusiasm. One victory followed so rapidly on the heels of another, that they had not time to sober down. The peninsular campaign had closed, and the hitherto sacred soil of France was invaded. The restoration of legitimacy, and the momentary enthusiasm of the French in favor of their exiled monarch, disturbed the intellects of half mankind. The magnificent entrée of LOUIS the Eighteenth into London from Heartwell Park, where he had resided for some years, almost conveyed the idea that it was his own capital he was entering, after his long and weary exile. The silken banner with the *feur de lis* flaunting from the walls of Devonshire-House and all the neighboring mansions in Piccadilly; immense cavalcades of gentlemen superbly mounted, all wearing the white cockade; the affectionate sympathy and profound respect shown by all classes toward the illustrious representative of the Bourbons, was touching in the extreme. On his route from Heartwell, and through Stanmore, troops of yeomanry turned out to give him an honorable escort; and what could be *more* honorable than the voluntary attendance of the farmers who represented the very bone and sinew of the country? The large portly figure of the KING perfectly disabused JOHN BULL of the long-cherished idea that Frenchmen lived entirely upon frogs. Even that particular fact interested them, and repeated huzzas greeted him throughout the whole of his route to London. On his arrival at Guillon's Hotel in Albermarle-street, which had been most splendidly prepared for his reception, His Royal Highness the PRINCE REGENT received him with that delicate attention so worthy of his high and gallant bearing; and there LOUIS must have met with one of the most touching scenes that ever thrilled the human heart. One hundred and fifty of the ancient noblesse were waiting, after years of hopeless expectation, to greet the head of that illustrious house, the recollection of whose sufferings awakened the most painful feelings. Not one of

them but had shared in the horrors of that bloody revolution; and not one of them but truly felt that the happiness of that moment repaid them for all their sufferings.'

A rich specimen of the pompous ignorance sometimes exhibited by theatrical managers is afforded in the following anecdote, which has appeared in England, but which we are sure will be relished by our readers. It may seem extraordinary that a manager should be such an ignoramus; but 'half the actors on the English stage,' says a recent writer, 'dare not address a gentleman a note, lest they should 'show their hands':'

'WHEN I first became a member of Covent-Garden, Mr. FAWCETT held the reins of management, in consequence of the retirement of Mr. KEMBLE from that position. He had experience to guide him, but he unfortunately possessed a dictatorial manner, and a want of that refinement and education which had so distinguished his great predecessor. In speaking of his public position, however, let me pay homage to his private virtues. He was a tender husband, an affectionate father, and a warm friend. During my first season a play was produced called the '*Students of Salamanca*.' The author was Mr. JAMISON, a member of the bar, who had been particularly successful in several light pieces produced at the Haymarket. Mr. JONES and myself were 'The Students,' and it occurred to me in my character to say, 'My danger was imminent.' These words had scarcely passed my lips, when a dark and lowering look dimmed the countenance of the manager. I saw that something was wrong, but was quite at a loss to guess the cause. At the end of the scene, unwilling to mortify me in the presence of the company, he beckoned me aside, and said: 'Young man, do you know what you said?' I changed color, feeling that something fearful had occurred. I replied, very much agitated, that I was not aware of any error. 'I thought so! Do you know where you are? You are in *London*, not in *Bath*!' The fact was so self-evident that I did not attempt to disprove it. 'You will be delivered up to scorn and contempt; the critics will immolate you; the eyes of this great metropolis are fixed upon you. I thought you were a well-educated young man, but I have been deceived—grossly deceived!' The effect of this tirade may be more easily conceived than described. My face flushed, my heart beat, and I at length mustered courage to say, 'For heaven's sake, Sir, pray tell me; I am extremely sorry—deeply regret—but pray tell me!' The kindness of his disposition got the better of his pedantry, and seeing the agitation under which I was really suffering, he replied: 'Do you remember that you said your danger was imminent? Now, Sir, there is no such word in the English language: it is *imminent*!' Need I mention the unbounded relief this explanation gave me? I quietly suggested the difference of their significations, and was never after troubled with any corrections. He was a man of sterling qualities, somewhat like a melon, as his friend COLMAN said; 'rough without, smooth within.'

In the way of a hoax, we remember nothing more cleverly performed, than the rather cruel one whose execution is pleasantly recorded below:

'THERE was a lady attached to the Worthing Theatre, (mark me, reader, I did not say attached to me,) who was very eccentric, and who was, 'small blame to her,' as the Irishman says, also very susceptible. I was on very intimate terms with Mr. HARLEY, who was then at Worthing; and one day, while quietly dining together, we mutually agreed that there was a fickleness about this lady which deserved some reproof. We were really liberal in our feelings, and would not have objected to her shooting an extra dart occasionally; but it was not to be borne that she should let fly a whole quiver at once. We had observed that by way of having two or more strings to her bow, she had got up a flirtation with the leader of the band, a most respectable man by the way, and of considerable talent. After giving the affair all due consideration, we decided upon a mock-duel, in which I was to personate one of the heroes, my rival being the aforesaid leader. We carefully and ostentatiously avoided all appearance of communication, and in such a way that it always reached her knowledge. Thus by gentle innuendoes she discovered that something serious was in contemplation, and of course she was not a little flattered, as she was the object of dispute. Our duelling-pistols were one day ostentatiously paraded, and evident anxiety took possession of the company, who were carefully excluded from the secret. The following morning at five o'clock we each left our lodgings, accompanied by our seconds, the rain pouring in torrents. HARLEY then went to the lodgings of the frail or rather fair one, knocked at the door most violently, and at length she appeared at the window, in evident alarm. He urged her if she had the feelings of a woman immediately to accompany him, and prevent murder; briefly stating, that her 'beauties were the cause and most accursed effect.' In a state of

real excitement, mixed up with woman's vanity, she rushed out of the house, and accompanied that wag of wags. A white beaver hat, sweet emblem of her purity, was on her head, and partially concealed her disordered ringlets, hastily gathered together. We arranged with HARLEY always to keep ourselves a certain distance in advance on the pathway bordering the sands. The first thing that occurred was a sudden gust of wind which swept the white beaver a considerable distance and covered it with mud; her flowing locks then fell upon her alabaster neck, and her romantic appearance was perfect. We most cruelly led her on a distance of at least two miles, and took our station near some lime-kilns, close to the sea. When she was sufficiently near, one of the seconds stepped forward and gave the signal by dropping a blood-stained handkerchief, prepared for the occasion. Bang! bang! went the pistols; when she gracefully sank into the arms of HARLEY, who held her in a fine malo-dramatic attitude. The report was soon over all the town, and of course in the newspapers. My adversary put his arm in a sling, and whenever I happened to be near her, in a perfect state of despair I vowed that I could never forgive myself for having shot my friend. We mutually repulsed her by severe looks whenever she approached us; and she soon left the Worthing Theatre to seek for victims of less sensibility in other places.'

We once more take our leave of Mr. ABBOTT's agreeable manuscript volume; by no means certain, however, that its entertaining pages may not again tempt us to share with our readers the enjoyment they have afforded us.

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS. — WILL the author of '*Public Concert-Singing*' favor us with his address? We are desirous of communicating with him, although he does not find his hastily-jotted thoughts in the pages of the *KNICKERBOCKER*, for reasons which perhaps he can partly divine from the present number, and which we could impart more directly in a private note. We agree with him entirely in his views; and if he will permit us, we will here quote a passage from an article which we penned upon a subject collateral to his general theme, many years ago, before we were hampered with the professional 'see,' and could write out of our 'company dress.' It is a little sketch of the first public singing, save that of the church, to which we had ever listened: 'How well do I remember it! It was at the theatre of a country village; a rough, barn-like edifice, at which several Stentor-lunged Thespians 'from the New-York and Philadelphia Theatres' split the ears of the groundlings, and murdered SHAKESPEARE's heroes and the King's English. I had been watching with boyish curiosity the play which had just concluded: the mottled, patched, yellowish-green curtain had descended upon the personages whose sorrows were my own; and I was gazing vacantly at the long row of tallow candles placed in holes bored for the purpose in the stage, and at the two fiddlers who composed 'the orchestra,' and who were reconnoitering the house. Presently a small bell was rung, with a jerk. There was a flourish or two from 'the orchestra;' another tinkle of the bell; and up rose the faded drapery. An interval of a moment succeeded, during which half of a large mountain was removed from the scenery, and a piece of forest shoved up to the ambitious wood that had been aspiring to overtop the Alps. At length a young lady, whom I had just seen butchered in a most horrid manner by a villain, came from the side of the stage with a smile, which, while it displayed her white teeth, wrought the rouge upon her face into very perceptible corrugations, and made a lowly courtesy. She walked with measured step three or four times across the stage, in the full blaze of the flaring candles, smiling again, and hemming, to clear her voice. Presently a perfect stillness prevailed; 'awed Consumption checked his chided cough;' every urchin suspended his cat-calls; and 'the boldest held his breath for a time.' Our vocalist looked at the leader of the orchestra and his fellow-fiddlers, and commenced, in harmony with their instruments. How touching was that song! I shall never have my soul so enrapt again. That freshness of young admiration possessed my spirit which can come but once. The air was '*The Brags of Balquither*,' a charming melody, meetly wedded to the noble lines of TANNERHILL; and

enthusiasm was at its height when the singer had concluded the following stanza, almost sublime in its picturesque beauty:

'When the rude wintry wind wildly raves round our dwelling,
And the roar of the linn on the night-breeze is swelling,
Then so merrily we'll sing, while the storm rattles o'er us,
Till the dear shealing ring with the light-lilting chorus!'

The air was old as the hills, but like all Scottish melodies, as lasting too. To every body the songs of Scotland are grateful; and the universal attachment to them arises from their beautiful simplicity, deep pathos, and unaffected, untrammelled melody. The romantic sway of the songs of Scotland over her sons when 'far awa' is to me no marvel. If they possess the power to thrill or to subdue the hearts of those who have never stepped upon the soil of that glorious country, is it at all surprising that they should exert a powerful influence over the native-born, who associate those airs with the purple heath, the blue loch, the hazy mountain-top, and the valley sleeping below?

'What sweet tears dim the eyes unshed,
What wild vows falter on the tongue,
When 'Scots wha ha' wi' WALLACE bled/
Or 'Auld Lang Syne' is sung!'

The association however is touching, not *alone* because it awakens old recollections, but because the music is *natural*; it is the language of the heart. Affectation has not interpolated tortuous windings and trills and shakes, to mar its beauty, and to clip the full melodious notes of their fair proportions. It is pleasant to think that fashion, though never so potent, can neither divert nor lessen the popular attachment to the simpler melodies. We have the authority of the WOODS, WILSON, SINCLAIR, POWER, and other eminent artists for stating that 'Black-eyed Susan,' 'John Anderson my Jo,' 'The Last Rose of Summer,' and kindred airs, could always 'bring down the house,' no matter what the antagonistical musical attraction might be. We could wish that the VENERABLE TAURUS, or 'OLD BULL,' as many persons call him, would take a hint from this. Let him try it once; and we venture to say that no one, however uninitiated, will again retire from his splendid performances as a country friend of ours did lately, assigning as a reason: 'I waited till about ha'-past nine; and *then* he had n't got done *tunin' his fiddle*.' A touch of 'music for the general heart' would have enchained him till morning. CHRISTOPHER NORTH, we perceive, in the last BLACKWOOD, fully enters into the spirit of our predilection. He has just returned from a concert of fashionable music, where he 'tried to faint, that he might be carried out, but did n't know how to do it,' and was compelled to sit with compressed lips, and listen to 'sounds from flat shrill signorinas, quavering to distraction,' for two long hours. When he gets *home*, however, he 'feeds fat his grudge' against modern musical affectations. Let us condense a few of his objurgations:

'It is a perfect puzzle to us by what process the standard of music has become so lowered, as to make what is ordinarily served up under that name be received as the legitimate descendant of harmony. There is but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous, and this entrancing art, it seems, has taken it; sorely dislocating its graceful limbs, and injuring its goodly proportions in the unseemly escapade. We hate your crashing, clumsy chords, and utterly spit at and defy chromatic passages, from one end of the instrument to the other, and back again; flats, sharps, and most appropriate 'naturals,' spattered all over the page. The essential spirit of discord seems to be let loose on our modern music. Music to soothe! the idea is obsolete. There is music to excite, much to irritate one, and much more to drive a really musical soul stark mad; but none to soothe, save that which is drawn from the hiding-places of the past. There is no repose, no refreshment to the mind, in our popular compositions. There is to us more of touching pathos, heart-thrilling expression, in some of the old psalm-tunes, feelingly played, than in a whole batch of modernisms. The strains go *home*, and the 'fountains of the great deep are broken up; the great deep of unfathomable feeling, that lies far, far below the surface of the world-hardened heart; and as the unwonted yet unchecked tear starts to the eye, the softened spirit yields to their influence, and shakes off the moid of earthly care; rising, purified and spiritualized, into a clearer atmosphere.'

We often hear of odd things happening in consequence of mistakes in orthography, but seldom of any benefit accruing therefrom to the orthoëpist. But a friend mentioned to us

a little circumstance the other day, which would seem to prove that it does a man good sometimes to spell somewhat at variance with old JOHNSON. In a village not far hence lived a man known by the name of BROKEN JONES. He had dissipated a large fortune in various law-suits; had become poor and crazy; and at last, like another PEEBLES, his sole occupation consisted in haunting the courts, lawyers' offices, and other scenes of his misfortunes. To judge and attorneys he was a most incorrigible bore; to the latter especially, from whom he was continually soliciting opinions on cases which had long been 'settled,' and carried to the law-ledgers, where they were only occasionally hunted up as precedents in the suit of perhaps some other destined victims. As JONES had n't a cent of money left, it was of course impossible for him to obtain any more 'opinions;' but this did n't cure him of his law-mania. One morning he entered the office of lawyer D——, in a more excited state than he had exhibited for a long time, and seating himself *vis-a-vis* with his victim, requested his 'opinion' on one of the 'foregone conclusions' already mentioned. D—— happening at the moment to be very busy, endeavored to get rid of his visiter, and contrived various expedients for that purpose. But JONES was not in a mood to be trifled with. 'I came, 'Squire,' said he, 'to get your opinion in writing on this case, and I will have it before I leave the room, if I sit here till the day of judgment!' The lawyer looked upon his visiter, while a thought of forcible ejection passed through his brain; but the glaring eye and stout athletic frame which met his gaze, told him that such a course would be extremely hazardous. At length the dinner-bell rang. A bright thought struck him; and putting on his coat and hat, he took JONES gently by the arm: 'Come,' said he, 'go and dine with me.' 'No!' said the latter, fiercely; 'I'll never dine again until I get what I came for.' The lawyer was in a quandary, and at length, in very despair, he consented to forego his dinner and give his annoyer the desired opinion. 'Well, well, JONES,' said he, soothingly, 'you shall have it;' and gathering pens, ink and paper, he was soon seated at the table, while JONES, creeping on tiptoe across the room, stood peeping over his shoulder. The lawyer commenced: 'My opinion in the case——' 'Humph!' said the lunatic, suddenly seizing his hat, and turning on his heel, 'I would n't give a d—n for your opinion with two p's!' . . . MANY of our public as well as private correspondents seem to have been not a little interested in the articles on *Mind and Instinct*, in late numbers of this Magazine. A valued friend writing from Maryland, observes: 'The collection of facts by your contributor is very industrious, their array quite skilful, and the argument very strong. I think, however, that if I had time I could pick several flaws in the reasoning, or rather erect a very good counter-argument, founded principally upon the fact that the intelligence of animals is generally as great in early youth as it is in the prime of their beasthood. The author might have added to his list of facts, an account which I read when a boy, of the practice of the baboons in Caffraria, near the orange-orchards. They arrange themselves in a row from their dens to the orange-trees. One then ascends the tree, plucks the oranges, and throws them to the next baboon, and he to the next, and so on throughout the whole file; they standing some fifty yards apart. In this manner they quickly strip a tree, and at the same time are safe from being all surprised at once. The early French missionaries in Canada, also asserted that the squirrels of that region, having denuded the country on one side of the big lake, of nuts, used to take pieces of birch bark, and hoisting their tails for canvass, float to the other side for their supply.' We have been struck with a passage in a powerful article upon '*The Hope that is within Us*,' in a late foreign periodical, wherein the fruitful theme of our correspondent is touched upon. 'If matter,' says the writer, 'be incapable of consciousness, as JOHNSON so powerfully argues in *Rasselas*, then the *animus* of brutes must be an *anima*, and immaterial; for the dog and the elephant not merely exhibit 'consciousness,' but a 'half-reasoning' power. And if it be true, as JOHNSON maintains, that immateriality of necessity produces immortality, then the poor Indian's conclusion is the most logical,

'Who thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
His faithful dog shall bear him company.'

The truth is, that we must depend upon *revelation* for an assurance of immortality; which promises, however, the resurrection of the body, as philosophy is unequal to its demonstration, and modern researches into animal life have rendered the proof more difficult than heretofore.' By the by, 'speaking of animals:' there is a letter from LEMUEL GULLIVER in the last number of BLACKWOOD, describing a meeting of 'delegates from the different classes of consumers of *oats*, held at the Nag's-Head inn at Horsham.' The business of the meeting was opened by a young RACER, who expressed his desire to promote the interests of the horse-community, and to promote any measure which might contribute to the increase of the consumption of *oats*, and improve the condition of his fellow quadrupeds. He considered the horse-interest greatly promoted by the practice of sowing wild *oats*, which he warmly commended. A HACKNEY-COACH HORSE declared himself in favor of the *sliding-scale*, which he understood to mean the wooden pavement. Things went much more smoothly wherever it was established. He contended for the abolition of nose-bags, which he designated as an intolerable nuisance; urged the prohibition of chaff with *oats*, as unfit for the use of able-bodied horses; and indeed evinced the truth of his professions, that he 'yielded to no horse in an anxious desire to promote the true interests of the horse-community.' An OLD ENGLISH HUNTER impressed upon the young delegates the good old adage of 'Look before you leap,' and urged them to go for 'measures, not men.' A STAGE HORSE 'congratulated the community upon the abolition of bearing-reins, those grievous burdens upon the necks of all free-going horses; and he trusted the time would soon arrive when the blinkers would also be taken off, every corn-bin thrown open, and every horse his own leader.' Several other steeds, in the various ranks of horse-society, addressed the meeting. 'Resolutions, drawn by two DRAY-HORSES, embodying the supposed grievances of the community, were finally agreed upon, and a petition, under the hoof of the president, founded upon them, having been prepared and ordered to be presented to the House of Commons by the members for Horsham, the meeting separated, and the delegates returned to their respective stables.' . . . WHAT habitual theatre or opera-goer has not been tempted a thousand times to laugh outright, and quite in the wrong place, at the incongruities, the inconsistencies, the mental and physical *catachreses* of the stage, which defy illusion and destroy all vraisemblance? A London sufferer in this kind has hit off some of the salient points of these absurdities in a few 'Recollections of the Opera:'

I've known a god on clouds of gauze
With patience hear a people's prayer,
And bending to the pit's applause,
Wait while the priest repeats the air.

I've seen a black-wig'd Jove hurl down
A thunder-bolt along a wire,
To burn some distant canvass town,
Which—how vexatious!—won't catch fire.

I've known a tyrant doom a maid
(With trills and *roulades* many a score)
To instant death! She, sore afraid,
Sings: and the audience cries 'Encore!'

I've seen two warriors in a rage
Draw glist'ning swords and, awful sight!
Meet face to face upon the stage
To sing a song, but not to fight!

I've heard a king exclaim 'To arms!'
Some twenty times, yet still remain;
I've known his army 'midst alarms,
Help by a bass their monarch's strain.

I've known a hero wounded sore,
With well-tuned voice his foes defy;
And warbling stoutly on the floor,
With the last flourish fall and die.

I've seen a mermaid dress'd in blue;
I've seen a cupid burn a wing;
I've known a Neptune lose a shoe;
I've heard a guilty spectre sing.

I've seen, spectators of a dance,
Two Brahmins, Mahomet, the Cid,
Four Pagan kings, four knights of France,
Jove and the Muses—scene Madrid!

THE leading paper in the present number will not escape the attention nor fail to win the admiration of the reader. The description of the *Ascent of Mount Ætna* by our eminent artist, is forcible and graphic in the extreme. It will derive additional interest at this moment from the recent eruption of this renowned volcano, which still continued at the last advices, and by which already seventy persons had lost their lives. If our metropolitan readers would desire a *due* impression of the magnificent scene which our correspondent

has described, let them drop in at the rooms of the National Academy of Design, where they will find the Burning Mountain, as seen from Taormina, depicted in all its vastness and grandeur; and not only this, but the noble series of allegorical pictures, heretofore noticed at large in this Magazine, called '*The Voyage of Life*,' representing Childhood, Youth, Manhood, and Old Age; '*Angels ministering to Christ in the Wilderness*,' a picture that has an horizon, and an ærial gradation toward the zenith, which alone, to say nothing of the figures, and the composition itself as a study, would richly repay a visit; '*The Past and the Present*,' two most effective scenes, especially the second, which is overflowing with the mingled graces of poetry and art; a glorious composition, '*An Italian Scene*,' of which we shall speak hereafter; as well as of the view of '*Ruined Aqueducts in the Campagna di Roma*,' fading into dimness toward the imperial city, and of '*The Notch in the White Mountains*' of New-Hampshire. Apropos: we perceive by a letter from an American at Rome, in one of the public journals, that THORWALDSEN, the great sculptor, was an enthusiastic admirer of Mr. COLE's pictures, particularly of his '*Voyage of Life*,' which he pronounced 'original, and new in art.' 'He could talk of nothing else,' says the writer, 'for a long time; and every time he speaks of him, he adds: "*Ma che artista, che grand' artista, quel vostro compatriota! Che fantasia! quanto studio della natura!*"' But what an artist, what a great artist, is this countryman of yours! What fancy, what study of nature! . . . We are aware of a pair of 'bonny blue een' swimming in light, that will 'come the married woman's eye' over a kind but most antiquarian husband, when the following is read, some two weeks from now, in their 'little parlor' in a town of the far west. It reaches us in the ms. of a Boston friend: 'Old Colonel W—, formerly a well-known character in one of our eastern cities, was remarkable for but one passion out of the ordinary range of humanity, and that was for buying at auction any little lot of trumpery which came under the head of 'miscellaneous,' for the reason that it could n't be classified. Though close-fisted in general, he was continually throwing away his money by fives and tens upon such trash. In this way he had filled all the odd corners in his dwelling and out-houses with a collection of nondescript articles, that would have puzzled a philosopher to tell what they were made for, or to what use they could ever be put. This however, was but a secondary consideration with the Colonel; for he seldom troubled his head about such articles after they were once fairly housed. Not so with his wife however, who was continually remonstrating against these purchases, which served only to clutter up the house, and as food for the mirth of the domestics. But the Colonel, though he often submitted to these remonstrances of his better-half, could n't resist his passion; and so he went on adding from week to week to his heap of miscellanies. One day while sauntering down the street, he heard the full, rich tones of his friend C—, the well-known auctioneer, and as a matter of course stepped in to see what was being sold. On the floor he observed a collection that looked as if it might have been purloined from the garret of some museum, and around which a motley group was assembled; while on the counter stood the portly auctioneer, in the very height of a mock-indignant remonstrance with his audience. 'Nine dollars and ninety cents!' cried the auctioneer. 'Gentlemen, it is a shame, it is barbarous, to stand by and permit such a sacrifice of property! Nine dol-lars and ninety — Good morning, Colonel! A magnificent lot of — of — antiques — and all going for nine dollars and ninety cents. Gentlemen, you'll never see another such lot; and all going — going — for nine dollars and ninety cents. Colonel W—, can you permit such a sacrifice?' The Colonel glanced his eye over the lot, and then with a nod and a wink assured him he could not. The next instant the hammer came down, and the purchase was the Colonel's, at ten dollars. As the articles were to be paid for and removed immediately, the Colonel lost no time in getting a cart, and having seen every thing packed up and on their way to his house, he proceeded to his own store, chuckling within himself that now at least he had made a bargain at which even his wife could n't grumble. In due time he was seated at the dinner-table, when lifting his eyes, he observed a cloud upon his wife's brow. 'Well, my dear!' said he, inquiringly. 'Well!' repeated his wife; 'it is

not well, Mr. W.; I am vexed beyond endurance. You know C——, the auctioneer?' 'Certainly,' replied the Colonel; 'and a very gentlemanly person he is too.' 'You may think so,' rejoined the wife, 'but I don't, and I'll tell you why. A few days ago I gathered together all the trumpery with which you have been cluttering up the house for the last twelve-month, and sent it to Mr. C——, with orders to sell the lot immediately to the highest bidder for cash. He assured me he would do so in all this week, at farthest, and pay over the proceeds to my order. And here I've been congratulating myself on two things: first, on having got rid of a most intolerable nuisance; and secondly, on receiving money enough therefor to purchase that new velvet hat you promised me so long ago. And now what do you think? This morning, about an hour ago, *the whole load came back again, without a word of explanation!*' The Colonel looked blank for a moment, and then proceeded to clear up the mystery. But the good vrouw was pacified only by the promise of a ten-dollar note beside that in the hands of the auctioneer; on condition, however, that she should never mention it.' Of course she kept her word! . . . How seldom it is that one encounters a good sonnet! Most sonnetteers of our day are like feeble-framed men walking in heavy armor; 'the massy weight on 't galls their laden limbs.' We remember two or three charming sonnets of LONGFELLOW's; PARK BENJAMIN has been unwontedly felicitous in some of his examples; and H. T. TUCKERMAN has excelled in the same poetical rôle. Here is a late specimen of his, from the 'Democratic Review,' which we regard as very beautiful:

DESOLATION.

THINK ye the desolate must live apart,
By solemn vows to convent walls confined?
Ah! no; with men may dwell the cloistered heart,
And in a crowd the isolated mind:
Tearless behind the prison-bars of fate
The world sees not how sorrowful they stand,
Gazing so fondly through the iron grate
Upon the promised, yet forbidden land;
Patience, the shrine to which their bleeding feet,
Day after day, in voiceless penance turn;
Silence the holy cell and calm retreat
In which unseen their meek devotions burn;
Life is to them a vigil that none share,
Their hopes a sacrifice, their love a prayer.

'OUR Ancient,' the editor of the handsome 'Lady's and Gentleman's Magazine' hight 'The Columbian,' (which is to run a brisk competition, as we learn, with the other 'pictorials,' GODEY's, GRAHAM's, and SNOWDEN's,) should have enabled us to speak of it from an examination of *our own copy*, instead of being obliged to filch an idea of its merits from the counter of those most obliging gentlemen, Messrs. BURGESS AND STRINGER. The work is a 'gay one externally, and spirited internally; having several good articles from good writers, male and female. One of the best things in it, however, is the paper on 'Magazine Literature,' by the Editor. How many writers, now well known both at home and abroad, who began and continue their literary career in the KNICKERBOCKER, can bear testimony to the truth of the following remarks:

'We have said that this is the age of magazines; adverting not merely to their number, but even more especially to their excellence. They are the field, chiefly, in which literary reputation is won. Who ever thinks of JOHN WILSON as the learned professor, or as the author of bound volumes? Who does not, when WILSON's name is mentioned, instantly call to mind the splendid article-writer, the CHRISTOPHER NORTH of Blackwood? CHARLES LAMB was long known only as the ELIA of the New Monthly. Most of the modern French celebrities; SUE, JANIN, and half a hundred others, have made their fame in the *feuilletons* of the Parisian journals; a more decided graft, by the way, than is elsewhere seen, of the magazine upon the newspaper. In our own country, how many there are whose names are known from the St. Lawrence to the Gulf of Mexico, that are as yet innocent of books, but have nevertheless contributed largely and well to the growing stock of American literature. How many more who are bringing themselves into notice by their monthly efforts in the pages of some popular magazine. In fact, the magazine is the true channel into which talent should direct itself for the acquisition of literary fame. The newspaper is too ephemeral; the book is not of sufficiently rapid and frequent production. The monthly magazine just hits the happy medium, enabling the

writer to present himself twelve times a year before a host of readers, in whose memories he is thus kept fresh, yet allowing him space enough to develop his thought, and time enough to do his talent justice in each article. Then, too, on the score of emolument, justly recognised now as a very essential matter, and legitimately entitled to grave consideration, the magazine offers advantages not within the reach of either book or newspaper. . . . But after all, the great point is, that magazines are more read than any other kind of publications. They just adapt themselves to the leisure of the business man, and the taste of the idler; to the spare half hours of the notable housewife and the languid inertia of the fashionable lady. They can be dropped into a valise or a carpet-bag as a welcome provision for the wants of a journey by steam-boat or rail-road, when the country through which the traveller passes offers nothing attractive to be seen, or the eyes are weary of seeing; they while away delightfully the tedious hours of a rainy day in summer, and afford the most pleasant occupation through the long evenings of winter.'

Touching the matter of payment for magazine articles: Mr. WILLIS informs us that many of the American magazines pay to their more eminent contributors nearly three times the amount for a printed page that is paid by English magazines to the best writers in Great-Britain; and he instances GODEY and GRAHAM as paying often twelve dollars a page to their principal contributors. This refers to a few 'principal' writers only, as we have good reason to know, having been instrumental in sending several acceptable correspondents to those publications, who have received scarcely one-fourth of the sum mentioned. Mr. WILLIS adds, however, that many good writers write for nothing, and that 'the number of clever writers has increased so much that there are thousands who can get no article accepted.' All this is quite true. There is no magazine in America that has paid so large sums to distinguished native writers as the KNICKERBOCKER. Indeed, our most distinguished American writer was never a contributor to any other of our Monthlys than this. The books of this Magazine show, that independent of the Editor's division of its profits as joint proprietor, or his salary as editor, (a matter which its publishers have always kept distinct from, and in all respects unconnected with, the payments to contributors,) annual sums have heretofore been paid for literary *matériel* greater than the most liberal estimate we have seen of any annual literary payment by our widely-circulated contemporaries. To the first poet in America, (not to say in the world, at this moment,) we have repeatedly paid fifty dollars for a single poem, not exceeding, in any instance, two pages in length; and the cost of prose papers from sources of kindred eminence has in many numbers exceeded fifteen dollars a page. Again: we have in several instances paid twice as much for the MS. of a continuous novel in these pages as the writer could obtain of any metropolitan book-publisher; and after appearing in volumes, it has been found that the wide publicity given to the work by the KNICKERBOCKER has been of greatest service to its popularity, in more than one subsequent edition. We should add, however, that we have had no lack, at any period, of excellent articles for our work at moderate prices; while many of our more popular papers have been entirely gratuitous, unless indeed the writers consider the honorable reputation which they have established in these pages as some reward for intellectual exertion. But 'something too much of this.' We close with a word touching the pictorial features of the '*Columbian*.' It has four 'plates' proper, with an engraving of the fashions; is neatly executed by Messrs. HOPKINS AND JENNINGS, and published by ISRAEL POST, Number Three, Astor-House. . . . SAINT VALENTINE'S DAY is just at hand; and a pleasant correspondent, in enclosing us the following lines, begs us to mention the fact, and to refer to the festivities of the day. We know of one 'festivity' that will be a very *recherché* and brilliant affair, on the evening of that day; namely, '*The Bachelors' Ball*,' to be given with unwonted splendor at the Astor-House, under the supervision of accomplished managers, whose taste and liberality have already been abundantly tested. 'Take it as a matter granted,' says our friend, 'that very many of your lady-readers will commit matrimony before the year is done; and tell them so plainly; for it will gratify their palpitating hearts; and even should it not be true in every individual case, the disappointed ones will never complain of you for the pleasing delusion; for it was their own fault, of course, not yours. It behooves you, moreover, as a conservator of the general weal, to give the young wives that are to be some goodly counsel; and to aid you in the laudable office of advice-giver, I send you some appropriate verses, which some fifteen

years ago went the rounds of the press, and met with 'acceptance bounteous.' The moral of the stanzas, I take it, is unexceptionable, whatever may be said of their execution:—

E P I S T L E

ADDRESSED TO A YOUNG LADY JUST MARRIED.

On matrimony's fickle sea
I hear thou'rt ventured fairly;
Though young in years, it may not be
Thy bark is launched too early.
Each wish of mine to heaven is sent,
That on the stormy water
Thou'lt prove a wife obedient,
As thou hast been a daughter.

If every wish of mine were bliss,
If every hope were pleasure,
Thou wouldst with him find happiness,
And he in thee a treasure:
For every wish and hope of mine,
And every thought and feeling,
Is for the weal of thee and thine,
As true as my revealing.

To please thy husband in all things,
Forever be thou zealous;
And bear in mind that Love has wings,
Then never make him jealous:
For if Love from his perch once flies,
How weak are Beauty's jesses!
In vain might plead thy streaming eyes,
And thy dishevelled tresses.

Be prudent in thy thoughts of dress,
Be sparing of thy parties;
Where fashion riots in excess,
O! nothing there of heart is!
And can its palling sweets compare
With love of faithful bosom?
Then of the fatal tree beware,
There's poison in its blossom!

Each thought and wish in him confide,
No secret from him cherish;
Whenever thou hast aught to hide,
The better feelings perish.
In whatsoe'er ye do or say,
O never with him palter;
Remember too, thou saidst 'obey'
Before the holy altar.

Bear and forbear, for much thou'lt find
In married life to tease ye,
And should thy husband seem unkind,
Averse to smile, or please ye,
Think that amid the cares of life
His troubles fret and fear him;
Then smile as it becomes a wife,
And labor well to cheer him.

Aye answer him with loving word,
Be each tone kindly spoken,
For sometimes is the holy cord
By angry jarring broken.
Then curb thy temper in its rage,
And fretful be thou never;
For broken once, a fearful change
Frowns over both forever.

Upon thy neck light hang the chain,
For Hymen now hath bound ye,
O'er thee and thine may pleasure reign,
And smiling friends surround ye.
Then fare ye well, and may each time
The sun smiles, find ye wiser:
Pray kindly take the well-meant rhyme
Of thy sincere adviser.

THROUGH the kindness of Messrs. MASON AND TUTTLE, Nassau-street, (who import the *originals* for immediate circulation to American subscribers,) we have our copies of the foreign Monthlys, as well as of the 'Edinburgh,' 'Foreign,' and 'Quarterly' Reviews for the current quarter. The 'Quarterly, so savage and tartarly,' has a notice of the '*Change for American Notes*,' which is not conceived in the kindest spirit toward this country. It reviews PRESCOTT'S late work, however, at great length, and welcomes it with cordial commendation. Among other 'good words,' the reviewer observes: 'He is full and copious, without being prolix and wearisome; his narrative is flowing and spirited, sometimes very picturesque; his style is pure, sound English.' In conclusion, the reviewer says: 'We close with expressing our satisfaction that Mr. PRESCOTT has given us an opportunity at this time of showing our deep sympathy, the sympathy of kindred and of blood, with Americans who like himself do honor to our common literature. Mr. PRESCOTT may take his place among the real good English writers of history in modern times.' The 'Foreign Quarterly' opens with a paper upon '*The Poets and Poetry of America*,' ostensibly based upon Mr. GRISWOLD'S book. It is not altogether a review, however, but a very coarse and evidently malignant tirade against America, her people, institutions, manners, customs, literature; every thing, in short, that she is and that she contains. We annex a hasty synopsis of the *critical* portion of the article in question. HALLECK is 'praised, and that highly too.' His 'Marco Bozzaris' is pronounced 'a master-piece,' and the 'most perfect specimen of versification in American literature'; and himself as possessing 'a complete knowledge of the musical mysteries of his art.' A quotation is made, with much laud, from his 'RED-JACKET,' but the lines are spoiled by two gross errors; one in the last line

of the third, and the other in the first line of the fifth stanza. The highest encomiums are justly bestowed upon BRYANT, as a 'purely American poet,' who 'treats the works of Nature with a religious solemnity, and brings to the contemplation of her grandest relations a pure and serious spirit. His poetry is reflective but not sad; grave in its depths but brightened in its flow by the sunshine of the imagination. He never paints on gauze; he is always earnest, always poetical; his manner is every where graceful and unaffected.' The illustrative quotation is from 'An Evening Reverie,' written by Mr. BRYANT for the KNICKERBOCKER. LONGFELLOW is pronounced to be 'unquestionably the first of American poets; the most thoughtful and chaste; the most elaborate and finished. His poems are distinguished by severe intellectual beauty, by dulcet sweetness of expression, a wise and hopeful spirit, and a complete command over every variety of rhythm. They are neither numerous nor long, but of that compact texture which will last for posterity.' SPRAGUE is represented as having in certain of his poems imitated SHAKESPEARE and COLLINS rather too closely for all three to be original. 'PIERPONT is crowded with coincidences which look very like plagiarisms;' 'but,' adds the reviewer, 'it is reserved for CHARLES FENNO HOFFMAN to distance all plagiarists of ancient and modern times in the enormity and openness of his thefts. He is MOORE hocused for the American market. His songs are *rifacimientos*. The turns of the melody, the flowing of the images, the scintillating conceits, are all MOORE. Sometimes he steals his very words.' Mrs. SIGOURNEY's poetry is said to be characterized by 'feeble verbosity' and 'lady-like inanity,' and Mrs. OSGOOD is represented as being in the same category. After quoting certain characteristic lines of Mr. JOHN NEAL, describing the eye of a poet as '*brimful of water and light*,' and his forehead as being '*alarmingly bright*,' the reviewer adds: 'We find a pleasant relief from these distressing hallucinations, in the poems of ALFRED B. STREET. He is a descriptive poet, and at the head of his class. His pictures of American scenery are full of *gusto* and freshness; sometimes too wild and diffuse, but always true and beautiful.' So some are praised and some are blamed — 'thus runs the world away!' . . . We are made aware, and we would not have our correspondents ignorant of the fact, that there is a critical eye monthly upon our pages, that is keen to discover errors (as well as beauties) in language and construction of sentences. See: 'By the by, what a miserable language is our English in some respects; so awkward, so incompact! Look at the phrase 'unheard of,' and compare it with the Latin '*inauditus*.' What a pity we were not born Romans or Greeks, with Yankee notions! Tell your Gotham friends that if they are speaking of a ruinous brick wall, they must say *dilaterated*, from 'later,' a brick, and not '*dilapidated*,' from 'lapis,' a stone. One might as well say a man is 'stoned' to death with brick-bats.' . . . WHAT sad and startling contrasts are presented to the eye and mind of one who attentively looks over the illustrated newspapers of the British metropolis! On one hand, pictures of triumphal processions, arches, bonfires, illuminations, rich presents, gorgeous equipages, state-beds, 'royal poultry-houses, owleries, and pigeonries,' accompanied by elaborate descriptions, arrest the attention; on the other, there is a picture of a city 'Asylum for the Destitute,' where poor naked wretches find a temporary refuge from the pitiless winter storm without: huddling round a dim fire, or sunk exhausted upon the straw in the human 'stalls,' or clutching at their bowls of pauper-soup; a scene whose true character is enforced by accounts of poor women making shirts for a *farthing apiece*, a hard day's work; sleeping four in a bed; purchasing with the scanty pittance tea-leaves to boil over again! Hardly-entreated brothers and sisters of humanity! not always shall the glaring inequality that surrounds you, crush your spirits to the earth! . . . THERE is a pleasant pen in our metropolitan '*Aurora*,' which occasionally dashes off sententious paragraphs that flash and sparkle like snow-crust in a moon-lit night in winter. There is evidently a FOSTER-ing hand over its columns; and *through* them (let us add, as it is *that* of which we especially wish to speak,) over the reputation of Mr. WILLIS. The remarks in a late number of that journal, under the head of '*Mr. Willis's Defence*' against a scurrilous attack on his private character in a down-eastern print, were equally just and felicitous. Had it been generally

known in his native town who was the instigator of that attack, we have good authority for saying that, gross as it was, Mr. WILLIS would have considered it utterly beneath his notice. As it was, however, he deemed it not amiss at one and the same time to punish skulking envy and impotent malignity; to vindicate his reputation with his townsmen against unprovoked calumny; and to render the repetition of any obnoxious remarks from the same source altogether 'of none effect' and unworthy of heed. This he accomplished by his 'Defence' and the 'terrors of the law,' which speedily produced a satisfactory sample of wholesale word-eating. . . . Of all the Polichinellos we have ever encountered, we consider '*Punch, or the London Charivari*,' the best. His fun is exhaustless. He ought to be knighted and appointed court-jester to King ENNUI. 'Laughter,' he tells us, 'is a divine faculty. It is one of the few, nay, the only one redeeming grace in that thunder-cased, profligate old scoundrel JUPITER, that he sometimes laughs: he is saved from the disgust of all respectable people by the amenity of a broad grin.' We ourselves hold with the pleasant LINCOLN RAMBLE: 'I love a hearty laugh; I love to *hear* a hearty laugh above all other sounds. It is the music of the heart; the thrills of those chords which vibrate from no bad touch; the language Heaven has given us to carry on the exchange of sincere and disinterested sympathies.' And to the end that 'laughter free and silvery from the heart may escape the reader, doing rightful honor to PUNCH, and bestowing cheerfulness and health upon the laughter,' we proceed to present a few excerpts which arrested our attention in looking over late files. We suspect that the annexed report of the 'doings of Royalty' in the country have more than once had a precedent. Prince ALBERT is here at Dayton-Manor, the seat of Sir ROBERT PEEL: 'Her Majesty slept extremely well; but whether it was the air of Dayton, or the conversation of the host, did not transpire. At eleven o'clock in the morning, Prince Albert went out to shoot. The guns were ordered at ten and the game was desired to be in attendance at half-past. The Prince first went in a boat on the water, where several ducks were appointed to be in waiting. Having granted an audience to the whole of them, and unintentionally honored two by shooting them, though it was another duck who had the distinguished gratification of being aimed at and missed, his Royal Highness landed. A numerous meeting of hares and pheasants having been called to pay their respects to the Prince, the game-keepers forming an outer circle, with their guns pointed to keep the game well up to the mark, His Royal Highness shot sixty pheasants, twenty-five head of hares, eight rabbits and one wood-cock, who would cock his bill opposite the muzzle of Royalty.' The poetical advertisement of one MOSKES, a slop-shop clothes-man, is pleasantly 'reviewed.' Of his 'Prince ALBERT coats,' PUNCH says: 'Whatever may be the resemblance between the Prince and the coat, the similarity certainly ends with the price; one costing thirty shillings and the other thirty thousand pounds per annum.' Here is a touch at MOSKES' sea-coats:

'These coats for nautical pursuits
Have qualities no one disputes;
The very texture of their cloth
Seems to defy the ocean's wrath:
And then their form and make as well
Are suited to the billows' swell.'

What can be happier than the allusion to the fact mentioned in the last two lines; namely, that the coat is quite a match for the billows, being as great a swell as any of them? The poet dashes off a few lines on trowsers, finishing with the following couplet, which is not likely to encourage purchasers. It is stated, and we dare say truly, that if any one puts on a pair of MOSKES' trowsers he becomes at once an object of general observation:

'While oft such cries as these escape:
Look! there's a figure! there's a shape!'

It is a very natural consequence, no doubt, of disporting one's-self in doe-skins made for seven-pence a pair; but the cries of 'There's a figure! there's a shape!' must make the

trowers rather dear to any one who wishes to walk about peaceably, unmolested by this species of street-criticism.' Under the head of 'Bolsters for Behindhand Botanists,' we find these original questions and answers: 'What are the most difficult roots to extract from the ground?' The cube-root. 'What is the pistil of a flower?' It is that instrument with which the flower shoots. 'What is meant by the word stamina?' It means the pluck or courage which enables the flower to shoot.' 'The reversionary interest of a life-crossing, with retail lucifer business attached,' is offered by a street-sweeper near the Bank of England, he having 'prigged vat vas n't his 'n, and gone to pris'n.' 'He effected an irregular transfer at the bank one day, which, whatever his doubts upon the subject might previously have been, led to his ultimate conviction.' The 'Comic BLACKSTONE' enlightens us upon one of the 'King's prerogatives: 'The King is the fountain of justice, from which are supplied all the leaden reservoirs in Westminster-Hall, and the pumps at the inferior tribunals.' Among the public inquiries is the following: 'At a crowded meeting at Islington, on the question of granting a theatrical license, the papers state that the judges declined at first, but upon the urgent appeal of an advocate, *'the bench gave way.'* Are we to understand from this that the opposition fell to the ground?' In 'PUNCH's Almanac' for 1844, we find among other side-remarks, the annexed: under May seventh: 'WASHINGTON IRVING on his way to Madrid as American Ambassador, is entertained in London, 1842. America takes the hand of Spain, and puts her best pen into it.' June sixth: 'The first cargo of ice comes from America, 1843, for the relief of those who had burnt their fingers with Pennsylvania bonds.' 'Time is money; but it does n't follow that man is a capitalist who has a great quantity of it on his hands.' PUNCH's 'Literary Intelligence' is very full. From it we gather that the author of the 'Mothers,' 'Wives,' 'Maids,' and 'Daughters' of England has another work in press, entitled '*The Grandmothers of England.*' 'No grandmother's education will be complete till she has read and re-read '*The Grandmothers of England.*' The book is the very best guide to oval suction extant.' So says an '*Evening Paper.*' . . . We should be glad to be informed of the name of any real or pretended lover of the turf and its manifold interests, or of an admirer of one of the most entertaining weekly journals on this continent, who could ask more than is offered by the '*Spirit of the Times*' to all new subscribers to that widely-popular sheet; being no less than any five of those fine large quarto engravings on steel, from original paintings, of Col. JOHNSON and M'lie AUGUSTA, among 'us humans,' and among our four-footed friends 'of the lower house,' Ripton, Confidence, Boston, Wagner, Monarch, Leviathan, Argyle, Black-Maria, Grey-Eagle, Shark, Hedgeford, John Bascombe, and Monmouth-Eclipse. On the second day of March a new volume commences; when we hope that this accredited organ of the sporting world, which has raised the prices of blood-stock in this country beyond all precedent, and which in its literary and dramatic departments is without a rival in this or any other country, will take a long lease of a healthful existence, and go on 'prospering and to prosper.' . . . THE reader will be amused we think with the '*Veritable Sea-Story*,' told by our friend HARRY FRANCO, in a species of poetry run mad, in preceding pages. He writes us: 'I send you an epic poem for the KNICKERBOCKER, founded on facts within my own personal experience. I mention this lest you should deem it destitute of merit; for it possesses the greatest merit that any human composition can possess; namely, truth. And in this respect, if in no other, my poem is beyond dispute superior to the Iliad and Paradise Lost. However, tastes differ, I am aware; and you may possibly prefer those two epics to mine! They are longer, it is true; but then I think it will be conceded, even by the critics of the Pon school, that my metre is sufficiently long, even though my story is short. While others measure their verse by the 'feet,' I measure mine by the yard.' . . . D.'s paper, (of Georgia,) so thickly interlarded with French, and Italian synonymes for far more expressive English words, reminds us of an old 'ignorant ramus' in the country, who was always eking out his meaning by three or four familiar Latin terms, which he almost invariably misapplied. He observed one day to a neighbor, who was speaking disrespectfully of a deceased townsman, 'Well, he's gone to be judged. *E pluribus*

unum—'speak no evil of the dead'—as the Latin proverb says!' . . . 'The New World' enters upon a new year in a very beautiful dress, and with renewed attractions in all its internal departments. Its large clear types, impressed upon good paper, are exceedingly pleasant to the eye, and what they convey to the reader is equally agreeable to the mind 'studious of novelty' and variety. The success which it deserves, we are glad to learn it abundantly receives. The 'Brother Jonathan' has changed proprietors, cast its old skin, and comes out as bright and fresh as a June morning. The versatile Mrs. ANN STEPHENS (a lady of fine intellect, who has produced better prose tales and home-sketches than any one of her gifted contemporaries) and Messrs. M'LACHLIN and SNOW, the resident editors of the 'Jonathan,' discharged their functions to due public acceptance; but a name so *invariably* connected with unsuccessful publications that it has come to be justly regarded as the sure precursor and inevitable cause of failure, was at the head of the journal as 'principal editor;' and 'down east' editorial-ings, transmitted by the yard, and endless unreadable tales, claiming a kindred paternity, gradually 'choked its wholesome growth,' and finally brought it to a temporary end. The new proprietor however has wisely declined this 'principal' incumbrance; and having secured the services of an able editor in the person of HENRY C. DEMING, Esq., a gentleman of high literary distinction, and of popular correspondents, the journal is already, as we learn, rejoicing in a rapidly-enhancing list of subscribers. Success to thee, 'BROTHER JONATHAN!' . . . THE 'Yankee Trick' described by our Medford (Mass.) correspondent is on file for insertion. It is in *one* of its features not unlike the anecdote of an old official Dutchman in the valley of the Mohawk, who one day stopped a Yankee pedler journeying slowly through the valley on the Sabbath, and informed him that he must 'put up' for the day; or 'if it vash *nesheessary* dat he should travel, he must pay de fine for de pass.' It was necessary, it seems; for he told the Yankee to write the pass, and he would sign it; 'that he could do, though he did n't much write, nor read writin'.' The pass was written and signed with the Dutchman's hieroglyphics, and the pedler went forth 'into the bowels of the land, without impediment.' Some six months afterward, a brother Dutchman, who kept a 'store' farther down the Mohawk, in 'settling' with the pious official, brought in, among other accounts, an order for twenty-five dollars' worth of goods. 'How ish dat?' said the Sunday-officer; 'I never give no order; let me see him.' The order was produced; he put on his spectacles and examined it. 'Yaäs, dat ish mine name, sartain—yaäs; but—*it ish dat d—d Yankee pass!*' . . . Our town-readers, many of them, will remember the bird MINO, who was so fond of chatting in a rich mellow voice with the customers at the old Quaker's seed-store in Nassau-street. His counterpart may at this moment be seen at 'an hostel' near by; but the associations and language of the modern bird are very dissimilar. 'How are you?' is his first salutation; 'do you smoke?' his next: 'What 'll you drink? Brandy-and water?—glass o' wine?' It has a most whimsical effect, to hear such anti-temperance invitations from the bill of a bird, whose bright eye is fixed unwinkingly upon you. The Washingtonians should 'look out for him.' . . . THE editor of the *Albion* has issued to his subscribers a very fine large quarto engraving, in mezzo-tint by SADD, of HEATH'S celebrated line-engraving of WASHINGTON. Its size is twenty by twenty-seven inches, and represents the PATER PATRIÆ in his most elevated character; that of a Chief Magistrate elevated by the free suffrages of his countrymen, after having voluntarily laid down his military authority. This print cannot fail to be acceptable to every reader of the *Albion*, unless he shall be too narrow-minded to honor true nobleness and dignity of character in one who by force of circumstances once stood in a warlike relation to his country. Apropos of the 'Albion:' is our friend the Editor aware that 'The Evening before the Wedding,' published as original in a late issue, was translated for the KNICKERBOCKER! . . . 'Oh dem! dem!' There is on the *tapis* a new daily journal, to be called 'THE EXCLUSIVE,' which is to be the very antithesis of every thing in the 'cheap and vulgar' line; no slanders, no crim. con.'s, no horrible accidents; 'no nothing' of that sort. The affair is already creating some excitement among the *beau-monde*. The reputed editors are literary men of the world, who

'know their way.' Circulars in gold-edged and perfumed paper are already flying about. *On dit*: that the carriers are to be dressed in uniform, and deliver the paper in white kid gloves; that pastiles are to be kept burning in the publication-office, to disinfect the air of the room of ink and damp sheets; and that only those of the first respectability and acknowledged standing in gay society, are permitted to subscribe to or receive the journal at all! . . . HERE is a rich specimen of *clerical catachresis*, which we derive from an eastern correspondent: 'Our good dominie gave us on Sunday a sermon on the ocean; its wonders, its glories, its beauties; its infinity, its profundity, its mightiness, etc., 'But,' said he, 'what is all this? *It is but a drop in the bucket of God's infinity!*' I wonder what is outside of it!' . . . It is not the wont of the Editor of this Magazine, as those of its readers who have followed us through twenty-two volumes of the KNICKERBOCKER can bear witness, to trumpet in its pages the many kind things that are said of us by the public press; but as a fragment is wanted to fill out this page; as we are just at the commencement of a new volume; and as we are more than pleased at the cordiality with which the first number of it has been received; we shall venture to select from a great number of testimonials one or two for insertion here, which are the more gratifying, that they evince the regard in which the 'OLD KNICK.' is held at home, and by those who have known us the longest and most intimately. The *New-York Courier and Enquirer* says of our last number:

'This sterling Monthly is always punctual to a day in its issues, promptly appearing with the dawn of the month, though our notices of it frequently lag sadly behind it. It is yet, however, by no means too late to say that it enters upon the year '44 and its twenty-third volume with ability and zeal unabated, and that it is yet, as it has been heretofore, by far the handsomest, ablest, and most interesting literary Monthly issued in this country. Each number contains over a hundred pages, and in the Editor's Table alone is often found more matter than the entire body of some of its rivals contains. It has a long list of zealous correspondents, bound to it not more by interest than affection, and numbering among them the most gifted and distinguished writers in the country. The 'Quod Correspondence,' a novel which is running through the successive numbers, is one of the best works of the kind ever written; its scenes possess a deep dramatic interest, and throughout the whole, moral principles are clearly and powerfully evolved. 'The Idleberg Papers' is the general title of another capital series, and the work is otherwise filled with excellent prose and generally good poetry. The 'Editor's Table' is by far the most racy and entertaining collection of anecdotes, humorous and pathetic passages, slight criticisms, etc., to be met in any magazine. We cordially commend the old and excellent KNICKERBOCKER to the continued love and patronage of the public.'

The *Evening Post* bestows upon the number praise equally warm and cordial. It adverts to its typographical appearance, with the remark that 'it is beautifully printed; that even those parts which are put in the smallest characters are so distinctly impressed that the dimmest eyes may read them.' It lauds especially the article on 'Descriptive Poetry,' the 'Idleberg Papers,' the 'Sketches of East Florida,' and some of the poetry; and the editor, WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT, Esq., is kind enough to add, that 'no part is better than the Editor's Table, which presents as excellent a Salmagundi as was ever served up.' We scarcely dare claim to have *earned* these high encomiums; but we are anxious to evince to our subscribers, and especially to those new friends (and *their* friends) who have begun the year with us, that we shall spare no pains to *deserve* them. It will be our constant aim not only to *maintain* the reputation which the KNICKERBOCKER now sustains, but in return for the *affection* with which it seems to be every where regarded, and the liberal patronage which it has always retained, and which is now generously increased by our friends, to *enhance* it by every means in our power. But, to make use of two French words which have never before been quoted in America, to our knowledge — '*Nous Verrons!*'

. Owing to an unlucky accident, at a late hour, a 'LITERARY RECORD' of several excellent publications, from the following houses in Philadelphia, New-York, and Boston, is unavoidably omitted from the present number. The 'copy,' however, of the notices is preserved, and they will appear in our next: LEA AND BLANCHARD, R. P. BIRBY AND COMPANY, M. W. DODD, HARPER AND BROTHERS, WILEY AND PUTNAM, J. AND H. G. LANGLEY, D. APPLETON AND COMPANY, GEORGE G. CHANNING, J. WINCHESTER, JAMES MUNROE AND COMPANY, B. G. TREVELL AND COMPANY, MARK H. NEWMAN, STANFORD, SWORDS AND COMPANY, LINDSAY AND BLACKISTON, MORRIS, WILLIS AND COMPANY. In a similar category are some half dozen subsections of 'Gossip,' (including two or three pleasant favors from favorite contributors, notice of articles received and filed, etc.,) which were in type, and which now 'bide their time.'

THE KNICKERBOCKER.

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No. 3.

WHAT IS TRANSCENDENTALISM?

—
BY A THINKING MAN.
—

THIS question has often been asked but seldom answered satisfactorily. Newspaper editors and correspondents have frequently attempted a practical elucidation of the mystery, by quoting from their own brains the rarest piece of absurdity which they could imagine, and entitling it 'Transcendentalism.' One good hit of this kind may be well enough, by way of satire upon the fogginess of certain writers who deem themselves, and are deemed by the multitude, transcendental *par excellence*. COLERIDGE however thought that to parody stupidity by way of ridiculing it, only proves the parodist more stupid than the original blockhead. Still, one such attempt may be tolerated; but when imitators of the parodist arise and fill almost every newspaper in the country with similar witticisms, such efforts become 'flat and unprofitable;' for nothing is easier than to put words together in a form which conveys no meaning to the reader. It is a cheap kind of wit, asinine rather than attic, and can be exercised as well by those who know nothing of the subject as by those best acquainted with it. Indeed, it is greatly to be doubted whether one in a hundred of these witty persons know any thing of the matter; for if they possess sense enough to make them worthy of being ranked among reasonable men, it could be proved to them in five minutes that they are themselves transcendentalists, as all thinking men find themselves compelled to be, whether they know themselves by that name or not.

'Poh!' said a friend, looking over my shoulder; 'you can't prove *me* a transcendentalist; I defy you to do it; I despise the name.'

Why so? Let us know what it is that you despise. Is it the sound of the word? Is it not sufficiently euphonious? Does it not strike your ear as smoothly as Puseyite, or Presbyterian?

'Nonsense!' said he; 'you do n't suppose I am to be misled by the sound of a word; it is the meaning to which I object. I despise transcendentalism; therefore I do not wish to be called transcendentalist.'

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Very well ; but we shall never 'get ahead' unless you define transcendentalism according to your understanding of the word.

'That request is easily made, but not easily complied with. Have you Carlyle or Emerson at hand?'

Here I took down a volume of each, and read various sentences and paragraphs therefrom. These passages are full of transcendental ideas ; do you object to them?

'No,' said my friend ; 'for aught I can perceive, they might have been uttered by any one who was *not* a transcendentalist. Let me see the books.'

After turning over the leaves a long while, he selected and read aloud a passage from Carlyle, one of his very worst ; abrupt, nervous, jerking, and at the same time windy, long-drawn-out, and parenthetical ; a period filling a whole page.

'There,' said he, stopping to take breath, 'if that is not enough to disgust one with transcendentalism, then I know nothing of the matter.'

A very sensible conclusion. Bless your soul, that is *Carlyle-ism*, not transcendentalism. You said but now that you were not to be misled by the sound of a word ; and yet you are condemning a principle on account of the bad style of a writer who is supposed to be governed by it. Is that right ? Would you condemn Christianity because of the weaknesses and sins of one of its professors ?

'Of course not,' replied he ; 'I wish to be fair. I cannot express my idea of the meaning of transcendentalism without tedious circumlocution, and I begin to despair of proving my position by quotations. It is not on any particular passage that I rest my case. You have read this work, and will understand me when I say that it is to its general intent and spirit that I object, and not merely to the author's style.'

I think I comprehend you. You disregard the mere form in which the author expresses his thoughts ; you go beyond and behind that, and judge him by the thoughts themselves ; not by one or by two, but by the sum and *substance* of the whole. You strip off the husk to arrive at the kernel, and judge of the goodness of the crop by the latter, not the former.

'Just so,' said he ; 'that's my meaning precisely. I always strive to follow that rule in every thing. 'Appearances,' you know, 'are deceitful.'

That is to say, you go beyond or transcend appearances and circumstances, and divine the true meaning, the substance, the spirit of that on which you are about to decide. That is practical transcendentalism, and you are a transcendentalist.

'I wish you would suggest another name for it,' said my friend, as he went out of the door ; 'I detest the sound of that word.'

I wish we could, said I, but he was out of hearing ; I wish we could, for it is an abominably long word to write.

'I wish we could,' mutters the printer, 'for it is an awfully long word to print.'

'I wish we could,' is the sober second thought of all ; for people will always condemn transcendentalism until it is called by another name. Such is the force of prejudice.

I have been thinking over our conversation of yesterday,' said my friend next morning, on entering my room.

'Oh, you have been writing it down, have you? Let me see it.' After looking over the sketch, he remarked:

'You *seem* to have me fast enough, but after all I believe you conquered merely by playing upon a word, and in proving me to be a transcendentalist you only proved me to be a reasonable being; one capable of perceiving, remembering, combining, comparing and deducing; one who, amid the apparent contradictions with which we are surrounded, strives to reconcile appearances and discover principles; and from the outward and visible learn the inward and spiritual; in fine, arrive at truth. Now every reasonable man claims to be all that I have avowed myself to be. If this is to be a transcendentalist, then I am one. When I read that I must hate my father and mother before I can be a disciple of Jesus, I do not understand that passage literally; I call to mind other precepts of CHRIST; I remember the peculiarities of eastern style; I compare these facts together, and deduce therefrom a very different principle from that apparently embodied in the passage quoted. When I see the Isle of Shoals doubled, and the duplicates reversed in the air above the old familiar rocks, I do not, as I stand on Rye-beach, observing the interesting phenomenon, believe there are two sets of islands there; but recalling facts which I have learned, and philosophical truths which I have acquired and verified, I attribute the appearance to its true cause, refraction of light. When in passing from room to room in the dark, with my arms outspread, I run my nose against the edge of a door, I do not therefrom conclude that my nose is longer than my arms! When I see a man stumble in the street, I do not at once set him down as a drunkard, not considering that to be sufficient evidence, although some of our Washingtonian friends do; but I compare that fact with the state of the streets, and what I know of his previous life, and judge accordingly.'

Well, said I, you are an excellent transcendentalist; one after my own heart, in morals, philosophy and religion. To be a transcendentalist is after all to be *only* a sensible, unprejudiced man, open to conviction at all times, and spiritually-minded. I can well understand that, when you condemn transcendentalism, you object not to the principle, but to the practice, in the superlative degree, of that principle. Transcendentalism is but an abstract mode of considering morals, philosophy, religion; an application of the principles of abstract science to these subjects. All metaphysicians are transcendentalists, and every one is transcendental so far as he is metaphysical. There are as many different modifications of the one as of the other, and probably no two transcendentalists ever thought alike; their creed is not yet written. You certainly do not condemn spiritualism, but ultra spiritualism you seem to abhor.

'Precisely so. I did not yesterday give you the meaning which I attached to transcendentalism; in truth, practically you meant one thing by that term, and I another, though I now see that in principle they are the same. The spiritualism which I like, looks through nature and revelation up to God; that which I abhor, condescends hardly to make

use of nature at all, but demands direct converse with God, and declares that it enjoys it too; a sort of continual and *immediate* revelation. Itself is its own authority. The ultra-spiritualist contains within himself the fulness of the Godhead. He allows of nothing external, unless it be brother spirits like himself. He has abolished nature, and to the uninitiated seems to have abolished God himself, although I am charitable enough to believe that he has full faith in God, after his own fashion. He claims to be inspired; to be equal to Jesus; nay superior; for one of them lately said: 'Greater is the container than the contained, therefore I am greater than God, for I contain God!' The ultra-spiritualist believes only *by* and *through* and *in* his own inward light. Let him take care, as Carlyle says, that his own contemptible tar-link does not, by being held too near his eyes, extinguish to him the sun of the universe. Now the true spiritualist makes use not only of his own moral and religious instincts, but all that can be gathered by the senses from external nature, and all that can be acquired by untiring consultation with the sages who have gone before him; and from these materials in the alembic of his mind, with such power as God has given him, he distils truth.'

Truth! Ah, that is the very point in question. 'What is truth?' has been the ardent inquiry of every honest mind from the days of Adam to the present time, and the sneering demand of many an unbeliever. Eve sought it when she tasted the forbidden fruit. But since then, thank God! no prohibition has been uttered against the search after truth, and mankind have improved their liberty with great industry for six thousand years; and what is the result? Is truth discovered? How much? and how much of falsehood is mixed up with what *is* known to be true? These questions are constantly suggesting themselves to thinkers, and to answer them is the labor of their lives. Let them have free scope, ultra-spiritualists and all. Even these latter go through the same operation which you have just claimed to be peculiar to the true spiritualist. All do, whether they will or not, make use of observation, learning, and the inward light. Some arrive at one result, and some at another, because the elements differ in each. If any two could be found whose external observations, learning, intellect and inward light or instincts were precisely equal in volume and proportion, can it be doubted that these two would arrive at precisely similar results? But they are *not* equal; and so one comes to believe in external authority, and the other refers every thing to a standard which he thinks he finds within himself. The latter is deemed by the public to be a representative of pure transcendentalism, and he is condemned accordingly as self-sufficient.

And privately, between you and me, my good friend, I cannot help thinking it rather ungrateful in him, after becoming so deeply indebted to his senses, to books, and the Bible for his spiritual education, to turn round and despise these means of advancement, and declare that they are mere non-essential *circumstances*, and that a man may reach the same end by studying himself *in* himself. It is as if a man should use a ladder to reach a lofty crag, and then kick it over contemptuously, and aver that he could just as well have flown up, and ask the crowd

below to break up that miserable ladder and try their wings. Doubtless they *have* wings, if they only knew it. But seriously, I am not inclined to join in the hue-and-cry against even the ultra-transcendentalist. He has truth mixed up with what I esteem objectionable, and some truth to which others have not attained ; and as I deem the eclectic the only true mode of philosophy, I am willing to take truth where I can find it, whether in China or Boston, in Confucius or Emerson, Kant or Cousin, the Bible or the Koran ; and though I have more reverence for one of these sources than all others, it is only because I think I find there the greatest amount of truth, sanctioned by the highest authority. To put the belief in the Bible on any other ground, is to base it on educational prejudice and superstition ; on which principle the Koran should be as binding on the Mahometan as the Bible on us. Do we not all finally resort to *ourselves* in order to decide a difficult question in morals or religion ? and is not the decision more or less correct accordingly as we refer it to the better or to the baser portion of our nature ?

‘Most certainly ! I have often said I would not and could not believe in the Bible, if it commanded us to worship Sin and leave our passions unbridled.’

Well said ! And in so saying, you acknowledge yourself to be governed by the same principle which actuates the ultra-transcendentalist ; the moral sense or instinct, similar to the ‘inward light’ of the Friends. After all, I apprehend the true point in which men differ is, whether this moral sense is really an instinct, or whether it is evolved and put in operation by education. How much is due to nature ? is the true question. But to solve it, is important only theoretically, for practically we all act alike ; we cannot, if we would, separate the educational from the natural moral sense ; we cannot *uneducate* it, and then judge by it, freed from all circumstantial bias. But whether more or less indebted either to nature or education, it is to this moral and religious sense that the ultra-transcendentalist refers every question, and passes judgment according to its verdict. It is sometimes rather vaguely called the ‘Pure Reason ;’ but that is only a *term*, hardly a ‘mouthful of articulate wind.’

‘You and I shall agree very well together, I see,’ replied my friend. ‘If we dispute at all, it will be foolishly about the meaning of a word. All the world have been doing that ever since the confusion of tongues at Babel. That great event prophetically shadowed forth the future ; for now, as then, the confusion and disputation is greatest when we are striving most earnestly to reach heaven by our earth-built contrivances. We may draw a lesson therefrom ; not to be too aspiring for our means ; for our inevitable failure only makes us the more ridiculous, the higher the position we seem to have attained.’

Very true ; but we should never arrive at the height of wisdom, which consists in knowing our own ignorance and weakness, unless we made full trial of our powers. The fall of which you speak should give us a modesty not to be otherwise obtained, and make us very careful how we ridicule others, seeing how open to it we ourselves are. Every man may build his tower of Babel, and if he make a right use of his failure, may in the end be nearer heaven than if he had never made the

use of nature at all, but demands direct converse with God, and declares that it enjoys it too; a sort of continual and *immediate* revelation. Itself is its own authority. The ultra-spiritualist contains within himself the fulness of the Godhead. He allows of nothing external, unless it be brother spirits like himself. He has abolished nature, and to the uninitiated seems to have abolished God himself, although I am charitable enough to believe that he has full faith in God, after his own fashion. He claims to be inspired; to be equal to Jesus; nay superior; for one of them lately said: 'Greater is the container than the contained, therefore I am greater than God, for I contain God!' The ultra-spiritualist believes only *by* and *through* and *in* his own inward light. Let him take care, as Carlyle says, that his own contemptible tar-link does not, by being held too near his eyes, extinguish to him the sun of the universe. Now the true spiritualist makes use not only of his own moral and religious instincts, but all that can be gathered by the senses from external nature, and all that can be acquired by untiring consultation with the sages who have gone before him; and from these materials in the alembic of his mind, with such power as God has given him, he distils truth.'

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below to break up that miserable ladder and try their wings. Doubtless they *have* wings, if they only knew it. But seriously, I am not inclined to join in the hue-and-cry against even the ultra-transcendentalist. He has truth mixed up with what I esteem objectionable, and some truth to which others have not attained; and as I deem the eclectic the only true mode of philosophy, I am willing to take truth where I can find it, whether in China or Boston, in Confucius or Emerson, Kant or Cousin, the Bible or the Koran; and though I have more reverence for one of these sources than all others, it is only because I think I find there the greatest amount of truth, sanctioned by the highest authority. To put the belief in the Bible on any other ground, is to base it on educational prejudice and superstition; on which principle the Koran should be as binding on the Mahometan as the Bible on us. Do we not all finally resort to *ourselves* in order to decide a difficult question in morals or religion? and is not the decision more or less correct accordingly as we refer it to the better or to the baser portion of our nature?

‘Most certainly! I have often said I would not and could not believe in the Bible, if it commanded us to worship Sin and leave our passions unbridled.’

Well said! And in so saying, you acknowledge yourself to be governed by the same principle which actuates the ultra-transcendentalist; the moral sense or instinct, similar to the ‘inward light’ of the Friends. After all, I apprehend the true point in which men differ is, whether this moral sense is really an instinct, or whether it is evolved and put in operation by education. How much is due to nature? is the true question. But to solve it, is important only theoretically, for practically we all act alike; we cannot, if we would, separate the educational from the natural moral sense; we cannot *uneducate* it, and then judge by it, freed from all circumstantial bias. But whether more or less indebted either to nature or education, it is to this moral and religious sense that the ultra-transcendentalist refers every question, and passes judgment according to its verdict. It is sometimes rather vaguely called the ‘Pure Reason;’ but that is only a *term*, hardly a ‘mouthful of articulate wind.’

‘You and I shall agree very well together, I see,’ replied my friend. ‘If we dispute at all, it will be foolishly about the meaning of a word. All the world have been doing that ever since the confusion of tongues at Babel. That great event prophetically shadowed forth the future; for now, as then, the confusion and disputation is greatest when we are striving most earnestly to reach heaven by our earth-built contrivances. We may draw a lesson therefrom; not to be too aspiring for our means; for our inevitable failure only makes us the more ridiculous, the higher the position we seem to have attained.’

Very true; but we should never arrive at the height of wisdom, which consists in knowing our own ignorance and weakness, unless we made full trial of our powers. The fall of which you speak should give us a modesty not to be otherwise obtained, and make us very careful how we ridicule others, seeing how open to it we ourselves are. Every man may build his tower of Babel, and if he make a right use of his failure, may in the end be nearer heaven than if he had never made the

attempt. Ridicule is no argument, and should only be used by way of a *jeu d'esprit*, and never on solemn subjects. It is very hard, I know, for one who has mirthfulness strongly developed, to restrain himself on all occasions; and what is solemn to one may not be so to another; hence we should be very charitable to all; alike to the bigots, the dreamers, and the laughers; to the builders of theoretic Babel-towers, and the grovellers on the low earth.

'There is one kind of transcendentalism,' replied my friend, 'which you have not noticed particularly, which consists in believing in nothing except the spiritual existence of the unbeliever himself, and hardly that. It believes not in the external world at all.'

If you are on *that* ground, I have done. To talk of that, would be wasting our time on nothing; or 'our eternity,' for with that sect time is altogether a delusion. It *may* be true, but the believer, even in the act of declaring his faith, must practically prove himself persuaded of the falsity of his doctrine.

'You wanted a short name for Transcendentalism; if a long one will make *this* modification of it more odious, let us call it *Incomprehensibilitypsityivityalityqionpntnessism!*'

My friend said this with a face nearly as long as the word, made a low bow, and departed. I took my pen and reduced our conversation to writing. I hope by this time the reader has a very lucid answer to give to the question, *What is Transcendentalism?* It will be a miracle if he can see one inch farther into the fog-bank than before. I should like to take back the boast made in the beginning of this paper, that I could prove in five minutes any reasonable man a transcendentalist. My friend disconcerted my plan of battle, by taking command of the enemy's forces, instead of allowing me to marshal them on paper to suit myself; and so a mere friendly joust ensued, instead of the utter demolition of my adversary, which I had intended.

And this little circumstance has led me to think, what a miserable business controversialists would make of it, if each had his opponent looking over his shoulder, pointing out flaws in his arguments, suggesting untimely truths, and putting every possible impediment in the path of his logic; and if, moreover, he were obliged to mend every flaw, prove every such truth a falsehood, and remove every impediment before he could advance a step. Were such the case, how much less would there be of fine-spun theory and specious argument; how much more of practical truth! Always supposing the logical combatants did not lose their patience and resort to material means and knock-down arguments; of which, judging by the spirit sometimes manifested in theological controversies, there would really seem to be some danger. Oh! it is a very easy thing to sit in one's study and demolish an opponent, who after all is generally no opponent at all, but only a man of straw, dressed up for the occasion with a few purposely-tattered shreds of the adversary's cast-off garments.

NOTE BY THE 'FRIEND.'—The foregoing is a *correct* sketch of our conversations, especially as the reporter has, like his congressional bro-

ther, corrected most of the bad grammar, and left out some of the vulgarisms and colloquialisms, and given me the better side of the argument in the last conversation; it is *very* correct. But it seems to me that the question put at the commencement is as far from being solved as ever. It is as difficult to be answered as the question, What is Christianity? to which every sect will return a different reply, and each prove all the others wrong.

J. K. Jr.

Portsmouth, (N. H.)

L I N E S S E N T W I T H A B O U Q U E T .

BY TALK BENJAMIN.

I.

I've read in legends old of men
 Who hung up fruits and flowers
 Before the altar-shrines of those
 They called Superior Powers:
 It was, I think, a blessed thought
 That things so pure and sweet
 Should be esteemed an offering
 For gods and angels meet.

II.

I imitate that charming rite
 In this our sober day,
 And, when I worship, strew sweet flowers
 Along my angel's way:
 And, if my heart's fond prayer be heard,
 The offering I renew;
 For flowers like books have leaves that speak.
 And thoughts of every hue.

III.

They are Love's paper, pictured o'er
 With gentle hopes and fears;
 Their blushes are the smiles of Love,
 And their soft dew his tears!
 Ah! more than poet's pen can write
 Or poet's tongue reveal
 Is hidden by their folded buds
 And by their rosy seal.

IV.

Mute letters! yet how eloquent!
 Expressive silence dwells
 In every blossom Heaven creates,
 Like sound in ocean shells.
 Press to my flowers thy lips, beloved,
 And then thy heart will see
 Inscribed upon their leaves the words
 I dare not breathe to thee!

THE ALMS HOUSE.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

It is not my purpose in the following narrative to point out all the evils arising from the modern practice of relieving the wants of the poor and destitute which prevails in this country and in England, where the arm of the law compels that pittance which should be the voluntary donation of benevolence; one consequence of which system is, that the poor claim support as a *debt* due from society at large, and feel no gratitude toward any of the individuals paying the tax. The payer of the tax, on the other hand, feeling that he can claim no merit for surrendering that which is wrung from him by force, and expecting no thanks for the act, and knowing that in many cases it operates as a bounty on idleness, hates the ungrateful burthen thus imposed upon him, and strives to reduce it to the least possible amount. In this way the ties which should bind together the poor and the rich are sundered. The benevolence of the patron and the gratitude of the dependent, which formerly existed, is changed to dislike and suspicion on the one part, and envy and ingratitude on the other.

Doubtless one design of Providence in suffering want and misery to exist in the world, is that the benevolent virtues should be kept in exercise. He who was benevolence itself, seemed thus to think, when he said: 'The poor ye have always with you.' But man in his selfishness virtually says: 'The poor we will not have with us; we will put them out of our sight.' For in many towns in New-England, and probably in other States, it is customary to contract with some individual for their support; or, in other words, to sell them by auction, to him who will support them by the year, for the least sum per head. To illustrate some of the results of this system, the following incidents are related from memory, having been witnessed by me in my native place (an interior town in New-England) at an age when the feelings are most susceptible. And so deep was the impression then made on my mind, that I am enabled to vouch for the accuracy of the details.

A meeting for the purpose of disposing of the poor of the town for the ensuing year was held at the house of the person who had kept them the previous year, (and where these unfortunates still were) as well because it was supposed he would again bid for them, as that those who wished to become competitors might ascertain their number and condition. It was in the afternoon of a day in November, one of those dark and dreary days so common to the season and climate, adding gloom to the surrounding objects, in themselves sufficiently cheerless. The house was situated on an obscure road in a remote part of the town, surrounded by level and sandy fields; and the monotony of the prospect only broken by scattered clumps of dwarf-pine and shrub-oak; a few stunted apple-trees, the remains of an orchard which the barren soil had refused to nourish; some half ruinous out-houses, and a meagre

kitchen garden enclosed with a common rough fence, completed the picture without.

Still more depressing was the scene within. The paupers were collected in the same room with their more fortunate townsmen, that the bidders might be enabled to view more closely their condition, and estimate the probable expense of supporting them through the year. Many considerations entered as items into this sordid calculation ; such as the very lowest amount of the very coarsest food which would suffice, (not to keep them in comfort, but to sustain their miserable existence for the next three hundred and sixty-five days, and yet screen the provider from the odium of having starved his victims,) the value of the clothes they then wore, and thus the future expense of their clothing ; and other such considerations, which I will not farther disgust the reader by enumerating.

They were about twenty in number, and not greatly distinguished from the ordinary poor of a country town in New-England ; unless by there being present three idiot daughters of one poor man, whose low and narrow foreheads, sunken temples, fixed but dead and unmeaning eyes, half opened and formless mouths, indicating even to childhood the absence of that intellectual light, which in those who possess it shines through the features. Insanity also was there, that most dreadful infliction of Providence ; the purpose of which lies hidden in the darkness which surrounds His throne. Its unhappy subject was with them, but not of them. His eyes were fixed upon the scene, but the uncertain fire which illumined his features was caused by thoughts which had no connection with the passing scene.

Vice, too, had its representatives ; for in a community where wealth is nearly the only source of distinction, and where Mammon is consequently worshipped as the true god, the destiny of the unfortunate and of the vicious is nearly the same. And the 'poor-house' was used, as in other towns in New-England, as a house of correction, and at this time contained several professors of vice of each sex. Alas ! of that sex which when corrupt is more dangerous than the other in a like condition, as the most rich and grateful things are in their decay the most noxious !

The remaining number consisted of the aged and childless widow, the infirm and friendless old man, the sick, the deformed, and the cripple ; the virtuous poor, in forced and loathed contact with vice and infamy. Those of society who in life's voyage had been stranded on the bleak and barren coast of charity, and who were now waiting for death to float them into the ocean of eternity. While this scene was passing at the alms-house, another connected with it, and fitted to excite still deeper feelings, was acting in another part of the town.

A person who was that year one of the select-men,* and a deacon in the church, was delegated by his colleagues to bring to the alms-house the 'lone woman' who forms the chief subject of our homely story. The widow Selden (a brief history of whom it will be necessary to

* MEN who are yearly selected by the inhabitants to superintend the business of the town, and who, among other duties, have the charge of managing the poor.

give) had received an education suited rather to the respectability and former wealth of her family, than to its subsequent reduced condition, became in early life the wife of a merchant of our village, a man of good character and fair prospects, to whom she was much attached. Traders in New-England where wealth is so eagerly sought, are, especially in country towns, men of much consideration, as engaged in a money-making business. Mrs. Selden, therefore, independently of her personal merits, was not likely to be neglected. Her company was sought by the best society of our place, and she exchanged visits on equal terms even with the families of the clergyman and the village lawyer.

A few years of quiet enjoyment passed, happily varied by the accession of a fair and delicate little girl, who might be seen at their cheerful meals seated in her high chair, the common object of their care and attention; and not only affording in her fragile little person the strongest bond of union, but the never-tiring subject of conversation. Sad indeed was the change in this once happy family, when the widow and orphan sat alone at the cheerless board. Death had entered and taken from them the sun of their little world. The bereaved wife might have sunk under this calamity, had not maternal solicitude been mixed with grief. With that admirable fortitude and submission to duty so common to those of her sex in similar circumstances, she at once devoted herself with increased solicitude to the remaining object of her care and affection.

For a time but little change was visible in the family arrangements, for though a sensitive she was a spirited woman. Her garden, which had been the pride and delight of her husband, still flourished in perfect neatness. After the usual time of decent seclusion, she again interchanged visits with her friends and neighbors, and continued to maintain the stand in the village society which had always been conceded to her. But this state of things did not long continue, for alas! the *gathering* as well as the *protecting* hand was removed. Her more aristocratic acquaintances now began to remark that her table showed less of plenty and variety than formerly, and that her dress, though perfectly neat, was less new and fashionable than they expected in *their* associates; for no where is the distinction between the rich and poor more rigidly enforced than in country villages. Most offensively marked is this distinction in the house of God, where if any where this side the grave ought the rich and the poor to meet on a level, before Him who regards not the outward estate of his creatures. But modern Christians have contrived to evade the rebuke of the apostle by the cunning device of introducing the noisy auctioneer, and under a show of fairness and equality, 'the man in goodly apparel and having a gold ring' is assigned the highest seat; and albeit a skeptic, by the weight of his purse crowds the humble worshippers to the wall and into the corners of their Father's house.

It was observed that the lone woman declined competition for those seats so eagerly sought by the more wealthy, and selected those of a humbler character, and eventually retired to the 'widow's pew,' a pew set apart, in country churches, for the gratuitous accommodation of

those in that unhappy condition. Sincerely religious, the Christian widow still waited upon God in the house of prayer, but felt the whole sting of poverty when slowly and humbly wending her way to her obscure corner, her faded and well-worn dress was brushed by the new and rich garments of her former equals as they swept past her to their high seats. The neat and handsome dwelling with its trim garden was at length resigned for one which barely sheltered the mother and child from the weather, and was totally devoid of the cheap luxury of fruit and flowers which had enriched and beautified their former home.

Time wore on, and Want with its train of sordid attendants visited their dwelling. Her former associates, one after another declined her society as an equal. Occasionally calling, they were eloquent in excuses for their neglect; for when did the prosperous lack an excuse for neglecting the unfortunate? Counsel and advice were lavished upon her; for I have observed that advice is the only thing that the rich impart freely to the poor. Religion too was the frequent subject of their conversation; for how can benevolence be shown more strongly than by a concern for the well-being of the soul, which is to exist forever, in comparison with which, the transient wants of the body are as nothing? Accordingly, the poor widow, after her scanty meal, and over her dim and cheerless hearth, was exhorted by her fur-clad and well-fed *friends*, to disregard the evils of this fleeting life, and receive with resignation the chastenings of Providence; for we all needed correction, being by nature utterly sinful and depraved. And after some vague and indefinite offers of assistance, the good women would take their leave. A way of discharging duty discovered by modern philanthropists; and when accompanied by the Societies' tract, seldom fails to convince the unfortunate object of charity that to Heaven alone should they look for assistance and sympathy.

This lady, as we have intimated, possessed a large share of that generous spirit so common in her sex, which enabled her to sustain herself amid the evils which oppressed her. And nobly did the mother strive to shield from want and ignorance the little orphan, now her only care. Her own education enabled her in some measure to supply the place of teachers, which she was unable to employ. And never was maternal care better rewarded than by the improvement of the gentle being under her charge. But in this blessed employment the poor mother was interrupted. While health continued, she had been enabled by the most unremitted exertion to prevent the approach of absolute want, slight indeed as were her earnings. (The modern improvements in machinery having destroyed domestic manufacture, properly so called, and left but little for the female to earn who is not attending its motions in the noisy factory.) But illness had intervened, and diminished even that small resource; and it was apparent to all that the want of suitable food assisted in blanching still more the fair face of the poor child. Maternal love had conquered the honest pride of the poor mother so far as to constrain her to accept the slight and uncertain donations of her neighbors. But this assistance, scanty as it was, could not continue. The tax-paying husbands of the benevolent ladies who furnished it, complained that the poor-rates were heavy, and that they had already helped to pay for a

house of refuge for the poor and the destitute, could not, in addition to this, support them out of it.

She was told it was her duty to place her daughter in some family to be brought up as a servant. In vain did she assert her ability to maintain herself and child when health should return. Her advisers could little sympathize with her feelings, and reproached her with pride. And she was now harassed with the fear that her delicate and cultivated little girl would be torn from her, and made a factory slave or household drudge; for such power had the laws given to the rulers of the town. But this fear, miserable as it was, was now overpowered by another. The suggestion had reached the ear of the unhappy woman that she and her child would be conveyed to the house of the town's poor, the place we have attempted to describe. God grant that no fair reader of this homely but too true story should ever feel the misery which this fear inflicted on the mind of this friendless mother! Oh, that true Charity had been present in the person of her best representative on earth, a sensible, affectionate and liberal-minded woman, to minister to the wants, to soothe the mind of her unhappy sister-woman, and cheer her exertions for self-support! None such appeared, and the heart of the poor woman sank within her. Her exertions were paralyzed; for struggle as she might to avoid it, the alms-house, with its debased and debasing society, was ever before her eyes as her ultimate destiny. It was in vain that she endeavored to prepare her mind for this result. She could endure any degree of privation, but not degradation and infamy.

Time wore on, without any renewed hints of interference, and she began to hope that she was forgotten. Delusive hope! It was felt as a disgrace that she should suffer, when the law had provided a remedy, and they had paid for it. And it was therefore decreed by the magistrates of the town that she must be removed, and the day had arrived (with which we commenced our narrative,) on which the paupers were to be disposed of for the coming year. Deacon S—— was the person deputed by his colleagues, as we have mentioned, to convey Mrs. Selden and her daughter to the alms-house.

However prepared we may suppose ourselves to meet misfortune, the moment of its arrival takes us by surprise. We will not attempt to picture the utter desolation of mind and the despair which filled her heart, when this man arrived at her door, to convey herself, and oh! far worse, her innocent and intelligent child, to that scene of vice and debasement. Although her dislike to the measure was known, yet from her quiet and reserved manners, little opposition was anticipated. The evils of life had accumulated upon her in a regular gradation, and she had been enabled to bear their weight, up to this point, with outward composure; looking forward to, but yet hoping this last cup of bitterness would never be presented; or if presented, that some means might be found to avert it. But the dreadful crisis had arrived. Had the whole board of authority been present, I should be glad to believe, for the honor of humanity, that they would have been moved to relent, as they would not have been able to shift the responsibility from one to the other, as is the wont of such bodies when the members act separately.

When the poor woman had so far recovered from the first shock as to

be enabled to articulate, she pleaded her ability to maintain herself without assistance, and her choice rather to starve than be removed. She appealed to him as the father of a daughter, and painted the ruin which would fall upon her own, exposed to the corruption and example of the place to which he was taking her. She appealed to him as a Christian, and reminded him that they had sat together before the sacred desk, and partaken of the symbols of the body and blood of the Son of Him who was in a peculiar manner the father of the widow and orphan. But her auditor was destitute of the imagination which enables the possessor to enter into the feelings of another; and these affecting appeals fell dead upon his worldly and unsympathizing nature. The man even extended his hand to urge her forward to the conveyance provided! At that moment, when all hope was dead within her, and the worst that could happen in her opinion had arrived, a change came over the unhappy woman. She suffered herself unresistingly to be led forward to her doom. The fine chords of the mind and heart, lately so intensely strung, had parted; her countenance relaxed, and her features settled down into a dead, unmeaning apathy; never again, during the short remainder of her life, to be animated by one gleam of the feelings which had so lately illumined but to destroy.

My kind, my indulgent mother! Her generous heart needed not the eloquence of my youthful feelings to induce her to rescue the poor orphan, and to cherish her as her own child. And never was kindness more richly —

I had proceeded thus far in writing this narrative, when I discovered that I was overlooked; and a gentle voice over my shoulder said: 'You should not praise your own wife; it is the same as if you should praise yourself!'

E. B.

A P O S T R O P H E T O H E A L T H .

HYGEIA! most blest of the powers
That tenant the mansions divine,
May I pass in thy presence the hours
That remain, ere in death I recline!

Dwell with me, benevolent charm!
Without the attendance of health
Not the smiles of affection can warm.
And dull are the splendors of wealth.

The pageant of empire is stale
That lifts men like gods o'er their race,
And the heart's thrilling impulses fail
When Love beckons on to the chase.

Whate'er in itself joy can give,
Or that springs from sweet respite of pain,
That mortals or gods can receive,
Blest HYGEIA! is found in thy train!

Thy smile kindles up the fresh spring,
The glad, verdant bloom of the soul;
Thee absent, our pleasures take wing,
And Sorrow usurps her control.

I S A B E L .

HUSH ! her face is chill,
 And the summer blossom,
 Motionless and still,
 Lieth on her bosom.
 On her shroud so white,
 Like snow in winter weather,
 Her marble hands unite,
 Quietly together.

How like sleep the spell
 On her lids that falleth !
 Wake, sweet Isabel !
 Lo ! the morning calleth.
 How like Sleep ! — 'tis Death !
 Sleep's own gentle brother ;
 Heaven holds her breath —
 She is with her mother !

ONE READING FROM TWO POETS .

— My imagination
 Carries no favor in it but Bertram's.
 I am undone ; there is no living, none,
 If Bertram be away.

SHAKESPEARE.

Should God create another Eve and I
 Another rib afford, yet loss of thee
 Would never from my heart.

MILTON.

I HAVE this evening, while seated in my lonely chamber, ventured — not, I hope, with profane hands — to draw one inappreciable gem from out of the carcanet of each of the two unrivalled masters of the poetry of our language. I was curious to see the effect to be produced by a close juxtaposition of these two exquisite specimens of the soul's light ; of the revealment of its original genius ; of the intense brilliancy of its Truth, falling as it does in one ray upon two objects so diverse in their character as the virgin love of the retired and comparatively humble but devoted Helena, and the married constancy of the Father of our race.

The effect reminds me of an *échappée de lumière* that I once beheld in the gallery of the Vatican, when a sudden emergence of light brightened with the same gleam the calm face of the Virgin of the clouds, (called di Foligno,) and at the same instant illuminated the whole principal figure in the Transfiguration of Raffaele ; floating as it does, and tending almost with a movement upward, in the air of 'the high mountain' where the miracle took place — as these two grand paintings then stood, side by side, in the solemn, in the holy quiet of that lofty and sequestered apartment. O moment ! never to be forgotten, never to be obscured by any lapse of after time !

And thus, although in a less palpable world, do these two passages of immortal verse, wearing each its beam of golden light, stand in their effulgence before the sympathies of the observer alive to the charms and influences of moral beauty! Surely no other poet has the world produced comparable to Shakspeare for the revelation of the love of the yet unwedded girl; and who is there to be named with Milton, in the tenderness and truth with which he has touched upon conjugal relationship; and that necessity, that inappeasable requirement of intercommunion that accompanies, as its immediate consequence, the sacrament of the nuptial rite where there is destined to exist the real, the **progressive**, the indissoluble intermarriage of soul with soul!

How effectually and with what truth does the dramatic Bard raise the veil and exhibit to us the imagination of this retired girl, bred up in all the deep earnestness of mind that a country life and comparative seclusion could induce, dwelling and brooding over the form of one individual brought into intimate association with her, 'seeing him every hour' where she had little else to interest her, nor any thing to contemplate, but, as she says,

'sit and draw
His arched brows, his hawking eye, his curls,
In our heart's table: heart too capable
Of every trick and line of his sweet favour.

— it hurts not him
That he is loved of me: I follow him not
With any token of presumptuous suit.
I know I love in vain, strive against hope,
Yet, in this captious and intenable sieve,
I still pour in the waters of my love
And lack not to love still!

Behold her as she sits, the beautiful creation!—delighting to magnify the qualities of the idol of her affections and to depreciate herself in the comparison; overlooking, perhaps incapable of once imagining the thought of his harsh and selfish and impracticable nature, and constantly endowing him with all the fresher breathings of her spiritual existence—like the Rainbow of the Waterfall, that clothes, with its own celestial dyes, the dark and shapeless mass of Rock upon whose bosom it appears to dwell! faltering, trembling, quivering, fading, disappearing; returning, resting;—glowing, yet never dazzling; liquid, yet sustained!

'It were all one
That I should love a bright particular star
And seek to wed it, he is so above me:
In his bright radiance and collateral light
Must I be comforted, not in his sphere.
The hind that would be mated by the lion
Must die for love!

This is the way in which these precious irradiations of joy beam and hover over man; startled and frightened often out of the presence even of his image while they thus adorn and decorate him; and then they love him for what they fondly dream to be the halo of his proper spirit; for the light and tenderness, the purity, the gentleness, the refinement and grace, that have their life and element and colour, only in the deep yet overflowing heart of Woman in her Love!

But then comes Wedlock ; and often, with wedlock, comes marriage ; or succeeds it ; the marriage that God bestowed on man in Eve, when, according to that scriptural and exquisite conception, *they twain become one*. When the Rock shall as by a miracle receive into all its crevices, interstices, and pores, the beautiful existence that has played upon it ! When the soul of man opens at every noble passion in succession and at every pulse, to embrace, imbibe, absorb, receive, possess, acquire, the being that we call WOMAN ! finds her in every former want, or present wish, or bright, or unfrequented passage of the soul ; now all occupied, all satisfied by her ; fancies thoughts to be his thoughts which are her thoughts ; and blesses himself, when he discovers it, that imaginations in themselves so sweet, should in some visit of her delicate spirit have been breathed into his ESSENCE from a source so pure ! is near her, when distant ; is present with her, when absent ; converses with her, without words ; gazes upon her, without sight ; listens to her, without sound ; watches her, without motion ; and has not yet lost her balmy presence when Death shall long have removed forever that precious image from his corporal sense. This is MARRIAGE.

Out of this state descends that profound expression of the soul in Milton, (God make us thankful for him !) when he intends the verb that he escapes in the passage that adorns my Essay, should be supplied by a pulsation in the breast of Eve :

‘yet loss of thee
Would never — from my heart.’

Would never ? — would never be torn, out-rooted, obliterated, banished, extinguished, forgotten, diminished, obscured, from his heart. The throb of her spirit is to supply the word, or mould the thought, and vivify the pause so as to satisfy her full affection to its utmost contentment and desire. *This* is marriage. This is attainment to that state of more perfect existence which terrestrial life procures for the soul of man, never thenceforth in all its future changes to be lost. The incorporeal mingling, the mystical union of two varied emanations of life ; as Light and Heat intermarry in their offset and passage from the sun ; and Truth and Love from the breast of THE INEFFABLE !

How can I live without thee ! how forego
Thy sweet converse and love so dearly join'd
To live again in these wild woods forlorn ?
Should God create another Eve and I
Another rib afford, yet loss of thee
Would never from my heart : no, no, I feel
The link of nature draw me.
Bone of my bone thou art and from thy state
Mine never shall be parted, bliss or woe.

And shall the passage of one such soul across the mere brook of Death dissolve affiances so deep, so latent, and so pure as this ? This Life of Life, is it to be so suddenly quenched in man, and man himself continue to exist ? Shall the soul that lingers here still retaining its identity lose that which has chiefly formed for it a distinctive being ? Or entering into a happier state of existence shall it be dispossessed of all that treasure of recollection and delight on which its joys and hopes have been

so largely founded? These long remembrances of mutual beneficence and good, these intertwining and interwoven affections, and the unbounded and mingling love of their common offspring, shall these all perish and the soul itself yet be styled immortal? Or, — shall the first-gone spirit meet its arriving mate upon the border of that further shore, bless it with the radiant welcome of celestial companionship and guidance, and lead it on to higher virtue in a happier state, as it hath beamed upon it and in part educated it on Earth? — Doubt this not, my Heart! Doubt this not, my Soul!

JOHN WATERS.

W H E R E I S T H E S P I R I T - W O R L D ?

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

PERHAPS the World of Spirits
Is the invisible air,
And every soul inherits
Its endless portion there,
When mortal lays its mortal by,
And puts on immortality.

Then round us and above us
Unseen, the souls of those
That hate us and that love us
In motion or repose,
To plan and work our good or ill,
As when on earth, are busy still.

For Enmity surviveth
This transitory life;
Spirit with spirit striveth
In an unending strife;
All roots of evil planted now
Eternally shall live and grow.

So friendship ever liveth
Immortal as the soul,
And purer pleasure giveth
As longer ages roll;
And hope and joy and inward peace
Forever heighten and increase!

Our homes and dwelling-places,
The country of our birth,
The old familiar faces
Endeared to us on earth,
And every source and scene of joy
Our spirits' senses shall employ.

So shall our true affections,
To earthly objects given,
Form intimate connections
Between our world and heaven;
And all our long existence move
In an unbroken stream of love.

THE TYRANNY OF AFFECTION.

BY MRS. FENNELL.

METHINKS those who preach up the dignity of human nature, and expatiate upon its original perfections, must look upon it through magic glasses: to some perceptions at least, it presents even in its best estate a picture of such abortive aims, such woful short-comings, such clouded brightness, that even in those better natures, where we feel sure that the sun of virtue *does* shine, the noxious vapors of human frailty, pride in all its various ramifications, selfishness under its many disguises, prejudice with its endless excuses, etc., etc., do so envelope it that we cannot hope to feel the warmth of its rays until some wholesome trial, some aptly-apportioned cross, clear away these paralyzing influences and force it into action.

What seems at the first glance freer from this dross than the love of man to man? the love of the creature for his fellow; the ordained test of his love to his Creator? What seems more preëminently pure than the affection of the parent for the child, who owes him not only life but the nurture which has maintained and elevated that life? Yet even here, even over this fair garden of peace, the trail of the serpent may be detected. The tyranny of deep affection is seen in every relation of life: we love a cherished object, it may be with every fibre of our heart, ay, even idolatrously; we would willingly spend and be spent to surround the beloved one with materials for enjoyment; but these materials must be of *our* selection; we would sacrifice ourselves to lead them to happiness, but *we* must point out the road to them; we will bear every thing, endure every thing, but the mortification of seeing them receive good at other hands than our own. Ah! there are some rare exceptions to this rule, but surely not more than enough to constitute it a rule.

Who that enjoyed the privilege of domestic intercourse with the venerable and venerated father of the lovely Lucy Lee; he the most beloved as well as respected inhabitant of the small town of —; she not only the prettiest but by far the most winning in her deportment of all the young female circle of the place, of whom she was beyond all question the ornament. Who that witnessed the fond pride with which the good old man gazed upon her, as she glided around him, ministering to his wants with that watchful ingenuity which characterizes woman's affection; who that heard the tone of tenderness which marked even the most trifling word addressed to her; a tenderness that seemed as if it might by its deep pathos invoke every beneficent spirit to watch over her for good; his early morning greeting, always accompanied by an upward look, which proclaimed a daily aspiration of gratitude to the great Giver for the precious gift; the nightly benediction which ever seemed as if it might grow into a prayer for her welfare during the hours of darkness; who that witnessed all this — and they could not be seen to

gether without many such hourly demonstrations of the father's love for his child shining through his every word and action — but would have felt assured that this love fashioned his every plan, and marked his estimate of the things of life?

Ah! of a certainty, it must have been so; her happiness must have been safe in his keeping; and in truth, happiness had hitherto seemed her's by prescriptive right. But all lanes however long turn at last, and those most richly strewn with flowers are generally alas! by far the shortest. Eighteen summers had flown since that which saw the little Lucy installed sole possessor and sole solace of her bereaved father's heart; sole pledge of a love which deeply rooted in a breast no longer subject to the changeful fancies of youth, (for he had more than attained the prime of middle-age when the original of the precious little miniature first enchained his affections,) never revived for any other, but spent itself in a doting fondness for this fair image of the lost one. Indeed it seemed that every throb came with a double import from his burdened heart; the parent's fondness ever mingling a tribute to the memory of her whose life had been the price of the costly gift.

It is not always that the devotion of a parent is so entirely appreciated as in this case; all Mr. Lee's efforts to promote his daughter's happiness were crowned with entire success, and until the period mentioned above, no one had ever detected on her lovely brow the semblance of a cloud. But the course of nature cannot be altered; the petted child will one day grow into the wilful woman; and however it may have been only a pleasant task to follow the windings of the childish fancy ingenious in its caprice; and only amusing to submit to the childish tyranny which pursues its own beau-ideal of sport with reckless pertinacity; there sometimes comes a change when the spoiled darling takes her first step upon the threshold of maturity; when, with all the fresh vigor of youth in her untutored will, she begins to assert her privilege, to cater for her own happiness, and fashion her future according to the visions of her own fancy. Then comes in the world with its many and diversified claims; claims so vigorously enforced, but from which it is the first impulse of the young heart to turn with loathing: it cannot bear to believe its happy independence of all such considerations at an end; it does not submit easily to these new trammels. Ah! how differently has passed the previous life! Something holy gathers round a child; it seems to move superior to the base claims of the world and its paltry rewards; and although often, it must be confessed, the young intellect is early impressed with the idea that its best efforts should be devoted to the insuring of worldly approbation, still the little one's course of life is so distinct from the busy race to which we would train it, that we cannot if we would entirely chain down its thoughts; nay, we shrink before the pure innocence which cannot even understand our weakness; and often yield a tribute to its superior dignity by concealing our own care for such distinctions.

To those too who have seen much of life, and learnt to feel its hollowness, real childishness of thought and feeling is so refreshing, that they love rather to prolong the period than to shorten it. To Mr. Lee the little Lucy seemed so entirely perfect in her infantine simplicity and

purity, that had he breathed a wish for the future, it would probably have been that she should always continue his *little Lucy* ; he cared for no change, and as it appeared, perceived none in her. Time passed on however, and before he had become well aware that the little fairy whose tiny form must needs so short a while since clamber on his knee to stroke and pat his cheek, had now shot up into a tall girl, who could take his arm in a long walk, or canter beside him all the morning on her well trained pony, there came a change over the course of his quiet household little startling. Visitors began to throng the hall ; not those staid personages who had hitherto been wont to gather round the warm hearth in winter, or the sheltered piazza in the hot days of summer, and with feet upreared on mantel-piece or bannister, discuss the affairs of state, and the price of crops ; new editions of these respected individuals now appeared ; nephews and sons came in their train ; young friends, more perhaps than these gentlemen were before aware of possessing, sought an introduction at their hands, or came without any, on the plea perhaps of having met at a tea-party, or some such strong necessity for acquaintanceship with the fair Lucy ; while the good Mr. Lee, often to his not very pleased surprise, found on awaking from his afternoon's nap, that the book whose contents he had purposed should perform their daily office of inspiring his dreams had been laid aside, while the voice which had lulled him to sleep was now charming other and younger ears in merry though perhaps suppressed cadences. The variety in these visitors too grew somewhat annoying ; new people came, and Mr. Lee liked not new people. He was a man of warm but very exclusive feelings ; he loved but a few, and he liked no others : his prejudices were strong, and having lived a very secluded life, the routine of which presented no very decided obstacle to those prejudices, his estimate of men and things had not altered with the general course of the world around him. Liberal to an extreme in his dealings with men, his intercourse with them, except in matters of business, was confined to a very limited circle. Absolute in his requisitions from such as approached him as intimates, his friendship was given only to those who met his views in every respect ; especially whose political opinions coincided with his own. Indeed this seemed to be with him the one grand test. Though never meddling in his own person with public life, he had such an abstract love for its intricacies that he could at all times warm into actual enthusiasm over a newspaper ; a single paragraph from the pen one of his own way of thinking sufficing to kindle his feelings into a glow of patriotism, while a civil word of dissent would seem to chill his sympathies for his kind ; strong disapprobation blinding his perceptions to any good possible in those differing from his established standard. Now it was not to be expected that the young Lucy's circle would be modelled according to such restrictions ; she loved her kind old father with the clinging fondness of an unweaned infant for its mother ; but though again and again she would, to gratify him, toil through a whole pamphlet, its meaning as dark to her perceptions as the close and blurred print to his failing eyes, it may well be imagined that her girlish brain failed to receive any other impression from the contents than of their excessive tedium ; certainly if she formed therefrom any opinion regarding his favorite

party, it was most probably the not very flattering one that its members were all especially tiresome and prolix.

Either from this notion, or a contradiction natural to human nature, it so happened that among the rivals for the lovely Lucy's smiles, none seemed to possess such power in riveting her attention as a certain young gentleman, who although not only the son of a leading man in the opposition, but holding himself a somewhat prominent place in the ranks of the condemned party, yet continued with a boldness much to be wondered at to engross the young lady's time by frequent visits of most unfashionable length, in spite of Mr. Lee's open vituperations of all the manœuvres of the said party. The undaunted aspirant turned a deaf ear however to this, taking every thing that was said in good part, until one day, when suddenly his patience seemed to give out.

News had just been received of the marriage of a former school-mate of Lucy's, the daughter of an old esteemed comrade, orthodox in all his views, to an individual decidedly in the wrong on the one important point. First, how astonished, next how entirely shocked, was the good old gentleman! 'What a falling off! to give his child to——! Pshaw! what would the world come to! Where were his principles? where his wisdom? where his *honor*?' etc., etc. Lucy, frightened perhaps at her father's vehemence, turned pale. Dr. Kent, the friend and physician of the family, who chanced to be present, endeavored to calm him, but with little success; and Mr. Lillburgh, unable as it seemed to join in condemning this 'mis-alliance,' left the house somewhat abruptly. Soon after this, however, an opportune influx of papers and pamphlets caused a salutary diversion in Mr. Lee's irritated feelings; and as Lucy's most monopolizing visitor seemed quite to have disappeared, he could now enjoy his favorite luxury of drinking in, through the medium of the voice he loved so well, the words of wisdom he honored so highly.

Whether these tiresome lectures proved too burdensome for her young spirits, or some other cause operated to injure her health, did not appear; but just at this time, when Mr. Lee seemed to find his life especially comfortable and pleasant, his hitherto blooming daughter gradually began to droop; her spirits, formerly so even, were now constantly fluctuating: at times she would sit pale and *distracted* among a gay and laughing circle of her young associates, while at others, a ring at the bell, a step in the hall, would suffice to call the color to her cheek and kindle animation in her eye. It was this variation perhaps, together with certain animating plans of his own, which rendered her father insensible to her condition; for by a strange contradiction in the course of things, he seemed just at this time especially occupied with forming brilliant plans for her future. Fairly aware now of her being no longer a child, he would comment upon her dress, urge her to more ornament, and then with a knowing look speak of his anticipated pleasure in the society of two expected visitors, one staunch old veteran of the true faith, and his son, a worthy descendant, one who deserved the smiles of the fair for the brilliant speech he had made the last session. Poor Lucy at each reference to this subject would look more and more uncomfortable; but her father, thinking that she might be perhaps a little wayward, while he grew daily more enamoured of his plan, redoubled his tenderness, seek-

ing to study her whims in every other respect. It is cruel to loose every bond but that which galls most sorely, to pluck away every thorn but that which pricks most sharply : all the perceptions gather to that point, and the suffering is in consequence tenfold more acute. Such were Lucy's sensations, though she was perhaps scarcely conscious of them herself ; while at every demonstration of her father's tenderness, the feelings which she knew to be rebels to his dearest wishes would seem to spring up and accuse her of ingratitude. This struggle could not last ; at length the fond father became suddenly aware that some strange blight had fallen upon his darling, and his whole soul was convulsed at the thought that evil might possibly threaten her ; he felt ready to send a proclamation through the world to summon all its skill to spend itself for her restoration. Upon second thoughts he made up his mind that there was but one man in the world to whom he would confide the precious trust ; yes, he was fully assured that in the brain of Dr. Kent, the only lineal descendant of Esculapius, were to be found all the best resources of the art of healing ; he must always and on all occasions, be more right than any one else. Why ? But why ask why, when he had formed this opinion ever since Dr. Kent first assumed the M. D., and had always held it firmly. Dr. Kent was summoned and soon appeared ; the startled girl, sorely against her will, was called into the room ; all the usual ceremony gone through ; the pulse tested, the tongue examined, etc., and then suffered to slip out of the room. Mr. Lee listened with a beating heart for the doctor's decision : this last did not deny that the young lady's appearance was strangely altered since he had last seen her, which indeed was not since the evening above alluded to, of Mr. Lee's violent irritation against his old friend. But the cause ; the next thing for the doctor to do was to discover the cause. Now Dr. Kent, although some people did say that he was no student, had a considerable portion of what is called *mother-wit* ; and if he did not possess the stores of learning which might have been amassed by poring over his books, he was at least without the abstraction which much scientific research is thought to occasion ; he looked around him with a shrewd eye, and simply by putting two and two together, often made very successful calculations. He hesitated, reflected and recollected ; 'perhaps she wanted excitement,' he said ; 'perhaps there was too little variety in her life for one so young.' Mr. Lee assured him that she had always appeared very indifferent to society ; that until very lately she had always seemed as happy as the day was long, and to desire no other company than that of the visitors who dropped in upon them occasionally.

'Well, we must have something more amusing for her than *visiting* ; something more exciting. The doctor here mused again for a few moments : 'You say she has seemed happy until very lately ?'

'Yes, it is only lately that she has seemed to droop.'

'Well, perhaps she's been particularly dull lately ; now by way of experiment, suppose you at once summon a large party to your house ; let it be a very general invitation ; all your acquaintances, that is the young ones, *her* acquaintances ; all who have ever visited at the house ; and as *you* may not be able to remember them all, it will be best to direct her to do it in your name ; this will of itself furnish her with

a rather exciting occupation. All this is by way of experiment I say, for it may *not* be that she needs amusement, but by the effect that company and gayety have upon her, which I shall take care to be by and watch, I have a notion that I shall be enabled to decide upon the character of her indisposition. One thing however; remember you must give me *carte-blanc* as to the course of treatment to be pursued; your prejudices, you confess you have them, must not hamper me.'

'My prejudices!' replied Mr. Lee; 'why what can they have to do with your prescriptions? You know me well enough to be aware that I do not undertake to meddle with matters I do not understand; the art of medicine for instance, to which I make no pretensions; of course I shall not interfere; only tell me what is to be done for my child, and you may be very sure no difficulty will arise on my part, should it be that I must take her to Egypt or Kamtschatka.'

'It is not probable that I shall call upon you for any such effort; on the contrary, I have a strong impression that a very simple course will answer; I was afraid you might not like its simplicity.'

'Really,' said Mr. Lee, 'that is too bad; am I that sort of person? Do n't tantalize me, Doctor, but just tell me what ought to be done for my poor child, and you must be assured that I will not object.'

'Of course, no father would,' said Dr. Kent.

'Then why the deuce do you imagine for an instant that I would?'

'Nay now,' said the physician, 'it is only a whim of mine, and every one must be allowed some whims: but good day; remember your promise.'

'Oh yes, only make up your mind at once.'

Great was Lucy's surprise, when upon being again summoned by her father, she received from him the commission just determined upon. At one moment to have her pulse felt, and the next to be told that she must prepare for entertaining a large party! What did it mean? The good father, startled at her agitation, assured her that he himself felt the want of a little more society, and that he thought it would do *him* good to have a company of gay young people about him for an evening. Lucy was afraid she could not recollect all her acquaintances. 'Well, no matter; only invite all she *could* remember; he should be satisfied with her arrangement of the affair.'

Whatever may have been the efforts of Lucy's memory, it is certain that only a moderate number of tickets were sent out for the appointed evening; indeed it might have been feared that the doctor's experiment could scarcely have a fair scope in so limited a circle; but finding that his patient had had her own way in the whole, *he* seemed to feel quite assured of success. Before etiquette would have permitted the arrival of any other guest, he had taken his place close beside the fair mistress of the revels, and even after the room began to fill, seemed determined to yield his envied position to no one. Those who said Dr. Kent was no student, should have seen him then; his eye riveted on her fair young countenance, there could be no doubt he was conning *that* closely. At every fresh arrival, how he watched the eager glance of inquiry! how his gaze followed the course of the eloquent blood as it left the transparent cheek, again to burden the disappointed heart!

The doctor was still puzzled ; the gay company had by no means yet wrought the change he looked for ; how was this ? — but he held to his watch. And now once more the door was thrown open, and a young gentleman, with a decidedly hesitating air and step, approached the youthful hostess. Ah ! now the light no longer flickered in her clear blue eye ; it literally danced : the awakened color left her cheek it is true, as before, but how soon it came again ! ‘ You positively have stood long enough, and must sit down now,’ said Dr. Kent, taking Lucy’s hand ; not the tip-ends of her fingers ; no, the doctor was not one either to be satisfied with any such superficial plan of action, or to forego his privileges ; on the contrary, availing himself of his position of friend of the family, he possessed himself of the whole of the little delicate hand, when, old habit it might be, leading him to measure with some exactness the slender wrist thereto belonging, he pressed it most cordially, and after one or two moments of such demonstration of his affectionate regard, yielded his place beside her to the last corner.

Mr. Lee now joined him as he lounged upon a sofa, with an air of entire inattention to what was going on around him, yet turning from time to time a heedful glance upon Lucy who sat just opposite, replying more by blushes than words to the depressed tones of young Mr. Lilliburgh’s voice. ‘ Well, Doctor, and how goes on the experiment ?’ The anxious father tried to speak calmly, but his voice trembled.

‘ I am quite satisfied with my *experiment*,’ replied Dr. Kent ; ‘ but I will confess (you know I am a candid man) that the result makes me feel a little serious.’ Dr. Kent knew, as we all have an opportunity of knowing, that a danger, however startling, for which we are at once provided with a remedy, is soon scorned ; that it must stare us very decidedly in the face, before we are willing to appreciate the said remedy. ‘ Yes,’ continued he, ‘ I had no idea of the deep root the disease had taken.’

‘ Good heavens ! my friend,’ exclaimed Mr. Lee, grasping Dr. Kent’s hand in the utmost agitation ; ‘ and the remedy you thought of — is the case too serious for it to be available ?’

‘ I trust not,’ replied the Doctor ; ‘ I believe indeed that if I can apply the proper remedy in time, all may be well ; but as I said just now, I am a candid man, and do n’t like to raise false hopes : I tell you frankly this case is not one to be trifled with ; it requires nice management : the young lady is delicate, very delicate ; her nervous system is now decidedly deranged.’

‘ But do n’t you think, Doctor, do n’t you think, my good friend, that she looks a little better this evening ? See how animatedly she is listening to that young man : by-the-by, who is he ?’

‘ Oh, no matter who he is, so he amuses Miss Lucy. But with regard to her case ; I will study it seriously to-night, and tell you what result I have come to to-morrow about noon. I shall give all my mind to it, for I know how precious she must be to you ; I know that nothing the world has to give, can make up to you for the most trifling evil that can assail her.’

‘ Oh, nothing, nothing ; but what tormenting apprehensions you fill me with ! Gracious heaven ! my dear Sir, she is my all ; my past, my

present, my future are made by her ; but you will help me if you can. May Almighty wisdom aid you !' And the agitated father rushed out of the room, unable any longer to control himself.

Dr. Kent looked after him with something of commiseration in his countenance ; but being a decided enemy to homœopathic innovation, he had made up his mind that a strong dose of apprehension was positively necessary ; and now, only gratified at its powerful effect, he resumed his surveillance with a heartlessly satisfied air. This was no doubt rendered the more easy to him by Mr. Lee's continued absence from the room : the young Lucy, thus relieved from the observation which she unconsciously dreaded, growing more and more at her ease, enabled him to settle his opinion regarding her completely.

The evening finished, as all evenings will ; the night also took its course as usual ; but when on the following morning Dr. Kent appeared according to promise in his friend's parlor at the appointed hour, he saw at once that it had been passed by both in a manner very different from those lately preceding it. Lucy looked as if some new impetus had been given to her whole being ; too much agitated for happiness, yet with animation glowing in every feature, while the poor old father's care-burdened brow proclaimed that anxious apprehension had completely usurped the hours destined to repose. Dr. Kent really began to fear he had been too violent in his measures ; at any rate, feeling sure, as he said to himself, that the instrument had been wound up to the striking point, he took his old friend by the arm, saying he wished to speak to him in the next room on business. Of course Mr. Lee was no sooner out of hearing of his daughter, than he began to question his visitor with the utmost eagerness ; upon which the doctor slowly and warily proceeded to unfold his suspicions, or rather his convictions.

It was curious to observe the changes passing over the countenance of the hearer as Dr. Kent made this disclosure. Pleased surprise was evidently the first emotion excited, but painful perplexity soon usurped its place.

'My good friend,' said he, as Dr. Kent finished speaking, 'I am greatly relieved to find that you think the cause of my child's illness so superficial ; but as to the remedy you propose, believe me, I cannot consent to it ; I do not believe it necessary.'

'Believe it or not, as you will ; I tell you it *is* necessary.'

'But I tell you, Doctor, that my child is a part of myself, my own flesh and blood ; and can you counsel me to become an apostate to my own principles ? It has been my dearest thought that I should one day enjoy in my own seclusion the reflected lustre of my child's brilliant position in the world, and that that position should be by the side of one whose course in life my own ripe judgment approves entirely. A man of Mr. Lillburgh's principles cannot make her happy ; I will not believe that he can. No, I have always cared for my daughter's happiness ; I will care for it still, by settling this matter for her as I best know how. No ; again I say no ; my only child shall not be so sacrificed !' And Mr. Lee stamped on the floor, as if to add force to his speech.

'When you are cool,' said Dr. Kent, looking any thing but cool himself, 'I will remind you of your promise, your positive promise ; there

is Mr. Lillburgh now approaching the house ; ask both your heart and conscience how he ought to be received. Good morning to you.'

Without stopping to consult either of these counsellors, Mr. Lee hastily rang the bell. 'We are both engaged, and cannot see the gentleman who is now coming to the door,' said he to the servant. The door-bell was heard at the instant, and the servant hastened to obey his master's directions.

The doctor was gone. Mr. Lee, pacing the parlor alone, imagined to himself all sorts of arguments to satisfy his conscience that he was in the right. Yet, thought he, my little darling must be made happy ; all young girls love trinkets and finery ; I will take her out with me this morning, and she shall indulge every caprice of her pretty fancy ; pretty in every thing else but fixing itself on that Mr. Lillburgh. Pshaw ! he shall *not* have her ; call Miss here,' he continued to a servant who entered at the moment. The servant returned after a few minutes, saying that he had knocked repeatedly at her door, but received no answer. Vaguely apprehensive of something wrong, Mr. Lee hastened himself to her chamber ; but how was he shocked on entering, to find his daughter lying senseless in a swoon near an open window. Ah ! what voice whispered him that she had seen and heard at that window what her delicate nerves could not endure ! He raised her tenderly in his arms, and having with some difficulty restored her to consciousness, placed her on the bed. 'Good heavens !' thought he, 'can it be indeed so serious !' But he could not long speculate upon this subject ; Lucy's cheek, but just now so pale and marble-like, soon began to glow with fever ; her pulse, but just restored to action, now told with momentarily increasing hurry that illness had seized the delicate frame ; the sudden revulsion from new-born hope to despair had been too much for it. Poor Mr. Lee ! what did his heart say now ? Did it yet upbraid him ? Dr. Kent, who had set out on a course of visits, could not at once be found, and the wretched father sat gazing in agonizing helplessness on his suffering child until the decline of the day. What would he have given to live over again the last few hours ! At length the physician appeared : 'Now,' said he, on accosting Mr. Lee, 'do you think I know my own business or not ? Do I make mountains of mole-hills or not ? I knew what I was about, did n't I ?'

'Alas, yes !' replied the other, in a self-accusing tone, 'and I did not ; but oh ! merciful Providence ! is it too late now ?'

'Too late ? Heaven knows, poor young lady ! she 'd have been better off if she 'd been an ugly twelfth daughter, with no one to trouble themselves much about her, instead of a beautiful darling, that must have one particular sort of happiness and no other.'

'Spare me ! spare me, my friend !' implored Mr. Lee.

'I wish you had spared yourself,' grumbled Dr. Kent.

The Doctor was, it must be allowed, a little rough ; but he had been so thoroughly annoyed, after having, as he thought, with unparalleled cunning and discretion detected the difficulty and provided a remedy, to find his plans thwarted by an obstinate wilfulness, that he could not help boiling over a little : his kind feelings however soon got the ascendancy ; the deep contrition of the poor father touched his heart, and the

lovely girl who had only increased his interest in her by making good his words, received from him the most attentive care; nor could he doubt that at length his advice *was* appreciated, when he heard Mr. Lee take every opportunity of mentioning Mr. Lillburgh's name with approbation and kindness, always regretting that he had made such a mistake as to send him away the last time he had called at the house.

But who may venture to choose their own time for showing kindness? Who may, having refused to 'do good when it was in the power of his hand to do it,' resume at will the precious privilege? Dr. Kent, satisfied with his friend's repentance, was willing to take any step which might avail to retrieve the mischief; but when this last would have lured back by civilities the repulsed lover, he was found to have left home the very day after his mortifying dismissal.

Let those who only by looking *back* can see the road by which misery might have been escaped, while *before* the vista seems quite closed up, conceive the deep and agonizing perplexity of the anxious father. His daughter, comforted no doubt by his frequent recurrence to the subject near her heart, and the manner in which he treated it, slowly raised her drooping head; but he, (the entire amende being still out of his power) hung over her night and day, oppressed by a constant sensation of guilt, scarcely aware of her partial restoration. For some days this ordeal lasted; there seemed a risk that the lover might in the bitterness of his disappointment prolong his stay indefinitely; what availed it then that the prejudice and ambition which had exiled him were now annihilated? The eagerly coveted-prize for which he would have sacrificed his daughter's peace, had turned to ashes in his grasp.

But the door to returning happiness was not completely closed. Dr. Kent's skill, aided no doubt by Lucy's young confidence in her lover's steadfastness, kept danger at bay, until one of those opportune accidents of life, which like many of the best things in it look threateningly until time takes off the veil, occurred in the shape of a fire on the premises of the wanderer; which news, forcing him to return, the indefatigable Dr. Kent at once offered to divert his mind from this untoward circumstance, by taking him to join the family dinner of his friend Mr. Lee. The sequel may be imagined; on the strength of this friendly invitation, aided no doubt by sundry blushes and smiles on Lucy's part, Mr. Lillburgh ventured to resume his visits, and Lucy's cheek always looked so particularly rosy on such occasions, that Mr. Lee soon became too entirely happy in the result, to cavil any longer at the cause of her renovated health and spirits. Sometimes, also, memory would recall for an instant that terrible period of anxiety, and then he would treat Mr. Lillburgh with such pointed cordiality, that before very long that young gentleman was emboldened to take advantage of his civility, and make some disclosure of his *own* plans for the fair Lucy's happiness, according to the liberty of speech young gentlemen generally allow themselves when desirous of securing their own. Mr. Lee had gone too far to recede, and he soon found himself reduced to the necessity of resting all his hopes for the gratification of his favorite fancies and prejudices upon the anticipated course through life of another generation, whose future being happily so distant, promised him a long period of hope.

T H E F R A T R I C I D E ' S D E A T H .

A R H A P P O R T .

THE following effort of a wild and maddened imagination, rioting in its own unreal world, is by the 'AMERICAN OPIUM-EATER,' whose remarkable history was given in the KNICKERBOCKER for July, 1842. The MS. is stained in several places with the powerful drug, to the abuse of which the writer was so irresistibly addicted. The subjoined remarks precede the poem: 'This extravaganza is worthy of preservation only as 'a psychological curiosity,' like Coleridge's 'Kubla Khan,' which was composed under similar circumstances; if that indeed can be called composition, in which all the images rose up before the writer as THINGS, with a parallel production of the correspondent expressions, without any sensation or consciousness of effort. On awaking, he appeared to have a distinct recollection of the whole: taking his pen, ink and paper, he instantly and eagerly wrote down the lines that are here preserved. The state of corporeal sleep but intellectual activity, during the continuance of which the phenomenon above described occurred, was caused by a very large dose of opium, and came upon me while reading the 'Confession of a Fratricide,' published by the priest who attended him in his last moments. I should warn the reader that the fraticide, like the author, could not be said to possess the 'mens sana in corpore sano,' both having been deranged.' L.D. KNICKERBOCKER.

THE universe shook as the monarch passed
On the way to his northern throne;
His robe of snow around him he cast,
He rode on the wings of the roaring blast,
And beneath him dark clouds were blown.

His furrow'd and hoary brow was wreathed
With a crown of diamond frost;
Even space was chill'd wherever he breathed,
And the last faint smiles which summer bequeathed,
Ere she left the world, were lost.

The leaves which wan Autumn's breath had scared
Stern Winter swept away;
Dark and dreary all earth appeared—
The very beams of the bright sun feared
To pursue their accustom'd way.

Mirth's merry laugh at that moment fled.
And Pleasure's fair cheek grew pale:
The living sat like the stony dead,
The rough torrent froze in its craggy bed,
And Heaven's dew turned to hail.

The forest trees waved their heads on high,
And shrunk from the storm's fierce stroke;
The lightning flash'd as from God's own eye,
The thunderbolt crash'd through the startled sky,
As it split the defying oak.

The proud lion trembled and hush'd his roar,
The tigress crouch'd in fear;
The angry sea beat the shuddering shore,
And the deafening voice of the elements' war
Burst terribly on the ear.

I stood by the bed where the prisoner lay:
The lamp gave a fitful light:
His soul was struggling to pass away;
Oh, God! how I pray'd for the coming of day!
Death was awful in such a night.

His cheek was hollow, and sunk, and wan,
 And his lips were thin and blue ;
 The unearthly look of that dying man,
 As his tale of horror he thus began,
 Sent a chill my warm heart through :

• The plague-spots of crime have sunk deep in my heart,
 And withered my whirling brain ;
 The deep stamp of murder could never depart
 From this brow, where the Angel of Death's fiery dart
 Had graven the curse of *CAIN*.

• Remorse has oft waved his dusky wings
 O'er the path I was doom'd to tread ;
 Despair has long frozen Hope's warm springs ;
 I have felt the soul's madness which Memory brings,
 When she wakes up the murder'd dead.

• Tell me not now of God's mercy or love !
 All hope of pardon is past :
 A brother's blood cries for vengeance above ;
 This brand on my brow will my foul crime prove —
 My torment for ever must last !

• Thou needst not tremble ; this arm is bound,
 And its iron strength is gone ;
 Despair came down in the hollow sound
 Of my fetters, which clank'd on the loathing ground
 Where my wearied limbs I had thrown.

• I snatched the knife from my jailor's side
 And buried it in my breast,
 But they cruelly staunch'd the gushing tide,
 And closed the wound, though 't was deep and wide,
 And *still* I might not rest !

• Day after day I had gnawed my chain,
 Till I sharpened the stubborn link ;
 But when I had pierced the swollen vein,
 And was writhing in death's last dreadful pain,
 While just on eternity's brink :

• Even then the leech's skill prevailed ;
 I was saved for a darker fate !
 My very guards 'neath my stern glance quailed,
 And with their cloaks their faces veiled
 As they passed the fast-barred grate.

• I *LOVED* ! Thou know'st not half the power
 Of woman's love-lit eye ;
 Her voice can soothe death's gloomy hour,
 Her smiles dispel the clouds which lower
 When Affliction's sea rolls high.

• My heart seemed cold as the frozen snow
 Which binds dark *Ætna's* form,
 But *Love* raged there with the lava's flow,
 And madden'd my soul with the scorching glow
 Of strong passion's thunder-storm.

- ' I told my love: O God! even still
I hear the Tempter's voice,
Which whispered the thought in my mind, to fill
My page of crime with a deed of ill
That made all hell rejoice.
- ' I knelt at her feet, and my proud heart burn'd
When she spoke of my brother's love;
Affection's warmth to deep hate was turn'd;
His proffered hand in my wrath I spurn'd —
Not all his prayers could move.
- ' At dead of night to his room I crept,
As noiseless as the grave;
Disturbed in his dreams, my brother wept,
And softly murmur'd *her* name while he slept;
That word new fury gave!
- ' The sound from his lip had scarcely passed,
When my dagger pierced his heart:
One dying look on me he cast —
That awful look in my soul will last
When body and soul shall part!
- ' When the deed was done, in horror I gazed
On the face of the murder'd dead;
His dark and brilliant eye was glazed:
When I thought for a moment his arm he raised,
I hid my face in the bed.
- ' I could not move from the spot where I stood;
A chilliness froze my mind:
My clothes were dyed with my brother's blood,
The body lay in a crimson flood,
Which clotted his hair behind!
- ' And over my heart that moment pass'd
A vision of former years,
Ere sin upon my soul had cast
It's withering blight, it's poison-blast,
It's cloud of guilty fears.
- ' The home where our youth's first hours flew by,
In its beauty before me rose;
The holy love of our mother's eye,
Our childhood's pure and cloudless sky
And its light and fleeting woes.
- ' When our hearts in strong affection's chain
Were so closely, fondly tied,
That our thoughts and feelings, pleasure and pain,
Were one: why did we not remain
Through life thus side by side?
- ' And my brother's gentle voice then fell
Upon my tortured ear;
Those tones I once had loved so well,
Now wither'd my soul like a flame from hell
With vain remorse and fear!

' All, all that memory still had kept
In her hidden and silent reign,
My youth's warm feelings, which long had slept,
Like a torrent of fire that moment swept
In madness o'er my brain.

' For before me there *his* pallid face
In death's cold stillness lay;
Even murder could not all efface
Its beauty, whose sad and shadowy trace
Still lingered round that clay.

' Sternly I bent me over the dead,
And strove my breast to steel,
When the dagger from hilt to point blood-red,
Flash'd on my sight, and I madly fled,
The torture of life to feel.

' Since that dread hour o'er half the earth
My weary path has lain;
I have stood where the mighty Nile has birth,
Where Ganges rolls his blue waves forth
In triumph to the main.

' In the silent forest's gloomy shade
I have vainly sought for rest;
My sunless dwelling I have made
Where the hungry tiger nightly stray'd,
And the serpent found a nest.

' But still, where'er I turn'd, there lay
My brother's lifeless form;
When I watched the cataract's giant play
As it flung to the sky its foaming spray,
When I stood 'midst the rushing storm:

' Still, still that awful face was shown,
That dead and soulless eye;
The breeze's soft and soothing tone
To *me* still seemed his parting groan —
A sound I could not fly!

' In the fearful silence of the night
Still by my couch he stood,
And when morn came forth in splendor bright,
Still there, between me and the light,
Was traced that scene of blood!

He paused: Death's icy hand was laid
Upon his burning brow;
That eye, whose fiery glance had made
His sternest guards shrink back afraid,
Was glazed and sightless now.

And o'er his face the grave's dark hue
Was in fixed shadow cast;
His spasm-drawn lips more fearful grew
In the ghastly shade of their lurid blue;
With a shudder that ran that cold form through,
The murderer's spirit passed!

SICILIAN SCENERY AND ANTIQUITIES.

 N O T E .

WE proceed, in another and concluding paper, as promised in the last number of the KNICKERBOCKER, to direct the reader's attention to the *Architectural Antiquities of Sicily*, especially those of Grecian structure, which will be described in the order in which they were visited. The first are those of Egesta, or Segeste, as it is sometimes called; a city said to have been built in the remote age of the Siculi, and which was destroyed by Agathocles, the potter's son, who reduced all Sicily two hundred and eighty years before the Christian era. It lies about forty or fifty miles from Palermo, among the mountains which cluster round the famed Mount Erix, on which once stood a temple dedicated to Venus. On leaving Alcamo, which may be called a city of convents, midway between Palermo and Segeste, the broad slopes of an ample valley lie before the traveller, which though almost treeless, are waving with beans, and grain and grass. In the depth, is a river meandering among fragrant oleanders; on the left, the valley is intersected by a range of distant mountains; on the right is a beautiful bay of the Mediterranean. Across the valley the mountains form a green amphitheatre, and high in its remotest part is seen the Temple of Segeste, but merely as a point of light and shade upon the bosom of the mountain. The next view, if he takes our route, is from the ancient Grecian city of Catafini, itself perched on a mountain's top. He looks down a deep luxuriant vale, and on a grassy knoll about three miles distant, lifted from the depths of the valley by precipitous crags, stands the solitary temple; and if seen as we saw it, receiving the last golden rays of the setting sun while all below is wrapped in shade. The next day, would he visit the temple, his road lies through the valley of which I have last spoken. And surely he never passed through such an Arcadian scene as this. Almond and orange trees fill the air with fragrance; his path struggles through the tangled flowers, the cistus and the blue convolvulus, and he disturbs the nightingale in her pleasant haunt. At length, emerging from the valley, and climbing the steep side of a mountain, he stands before the temple. It is a majestic pile, about two hundred feet in length and eighty-eight in breadth, having fourteen columns on each side and six at each end, in all thirty-six columns, of about six feet in diameter; not fluted, as is usual in Grecian Doric temples, but having a very peculiar form. It stands on a platform raised on three gigantic steps. All the columns are standing; the entablatures and pediments are in pretty good preservation, but it is roofless, and flowers and weeds are now waving where once trode the white-robed priests. The breezes from the fragrant mountains and the distant sea, of which it commands a fine view, sigh through it in harmony with its sad and solitary grandeur.

On a neighboring hill are the vestiges of the ancient city, a few ruined towers, probably of the citadel, and a theatre, the stone seats of which are almost entire; part of the sculptured figure of a faun still remains on the proscenium; wild shrubs shade a great part of the ruin, and where manhood and beauty once sat, listening to the tragedies of an Eschylus or Euripides, the adder and the lizards sun themselves. The next ruins we visited were those of Selinunte, anciently Selinus or Selinuntium, which lies on the southern coast of the island. This city was founded by a colony of Greeks about twenty-five hundred years ago. It was taken during the Carthaginian wars, and in a great measure destroyed by Hannibal the son of Giscon, four hundred and nine years before CHRIST. The country on approaching Selinunte is a dreary plain covered with the palmetto. On gazing toward the sea, when distant two or three miles, the traveller's eye catches what he would take for a rocky hill, were it not for a few mutilated columns which rise above the blue horizon. As he approaches, the stupendous scene of ruin strikes him with awe. There in a mighty heap lie column and capital, metope and cornice; and the mind is lost in wonder at the power that raised these giant structures, and the power that overthrew them. Only one complete column, and that without its capital, and several mutilated ones, remain standing of the great temple supposed to be of Neptune; the rest are prostrate; and all lying in one direction, bear evidence that they have been thrown down by an earthquake.

The first temple is Grecian Doric, as are all those of which I shall speak. Its columns are about eleven feet across, and they must have been, including their capitals, more than sixty feet high. Above these lofty columns was placed the architrave, one of the stones of which, that we measured, was twenty-five feet in length, eight in height, and six in thickness; but another is still larger; forty feet long, seven broad, and three deep. To transport these enormous masses of stone from their quarry, which is several miles distant, with a deep valley and river intervening, would trouble the modern engineer; but to poise and place them on the top of the columns, seventy feet from the ground, with our mechanical means, were indeed a great feat. The columns were not of single pieces, but composed of several, and they now lie, to use an unpoetical phrase, like rows of enormous cheeses. The great temple was three hundred and thirty-four feet long, one hundred and fifty-four wide; its porticoes at each end were four columns in depth, eight in width; a double row on the sides of the cella or interior edifice, which in all Grecian temples was the sanctum sanctorum. In *all*, there must have been eighty columns. There is one remarkable feature about this temple, which is, that none of the columns were fluted except those of the eastern end. About thirty paces from this ruin, which the Sicilians call the *Pileri di Giganti*, or Pillars of the Giants, are the remains of another temple which was about two hundred feet long: its entablature was supported by thirty-six fluted columns of seven feet in diameter and thirty-five feet long, each of a single piece of stone. Only a few fragments of the columns remain standing in their places. Treading another thirty paces, you come to a temple which is of rather larger dimensions than the one last mentioned. The columns of this were also fluted,

but no part of the edifice is standing, except a solitary pilaster, which was probably a portion of the cella. These temples were built of a hard but porous stone, of a light color, and were probably covered with a thin coat of cement. They command an extensive view both of sea and land, and in their primal days must, with their tower-like columns, their sculptured entablatures and pediments, have risen above the scene in majestic grandeur.

Three quarters of a mile from these temples was the ancient port, now choked with sand, and near it are the remains of edifices supposed to have been the magazines. On an adjoining hill are remnants of three temples and two towers, in almost undistinguishable ruin. We left Selinunte with a lasting but melancholy impression, and were reminded of the lines :

‘Two or three columns and many a stone,
Marble and granite, with grass o’ergrown :

Remnants of things which have passed away,
Fragments of stone rear’d by creatures of clay.’

Girgenti, anciently called Agragas and Agrigentum, is situated on the southern coast of Sicily, in a delicious country ; the modern city was built by the Saracens on the summit of a hill upward of eleven hundred feet above the level of the sea. The site of the ancient city is lower, and about a mile distant. It was probably founded in the eighth century before CHRIST. In its flourishing state it contained two hundred thousand inhabitants, who were celebrated for their hospitality, their love of the arts and luxurious style of living. Plato was so much struck with the solidity of their buildings and the sumptuousness of their dinners, that he said they ‘built as though they thought themselves immortal, but ate as though they never expected to eat again.’ The horses of Agrigentum were celebrated ; and one of the citizens returning from the Olympic games, on entering his native town, was followed by three hundred chariots, each drawn by four white horses sumptuously caparisoned. The government of this little state, whose inhabitants never amounted to more than eight hundred thousand, was at first monarchical, afterward democratic ; but neither the forms of its institutions, nor its riches and grandeur, could save it from misfortune : it was besieged several times by the Carthaginians, and at length, after a siege of three years, was taken and sacked by Hannibal, the son of Gisco. In alluding to these misfortunes, the historian says : ‘Yet of all the Sicilian cities, the fate of Agrigentum seemed the most worthy to be deplored, from the striking contrast of its fallen state with its recent splendor and prosperity. The natural beauties of Agrigentum were secured by strength and adorned with elegance ; and whoever considered either the innumerable advantages of the city itself, or the gay cultivation of the surrounding territory, which abounded in every luxury of the sea and land, was ready to pronounce the Agrigentines the most favored inhabitants of the earth. The exuberant fertility of the soil, particularly the rich luxuriance of the vines and olives, exceeded every thing that is related of the happiest climates, and furnished the means of lucrative commerce with the populous coast of Africa, which was sparingly provided with those

valuable plants. The extraordinary wealth of the Agrigentines was displayed in the magnificence of public edifices and in the splendid enjoyment of private fortunes. They had begun and almost completed the celebrated Temple of Jupiter, built in the grandest style of architecture, employed by the Greeks on the greatest and most solemn occasions.'

The ancient city of Agragas stood on an elevated platform or table of land, three sides of which fell off in steep precipices; the fourth side was surmounted by the lofty hill on which the modern city stands. These steep precipices were the natural walls of the city, and were made more available for defence by excavation on the inside, so as to leave a solid wall of rock rising round the city. On the verge of this platform, which gradually sinks from east to west, and on the side next the sea, which is about a mile distant, are seen the remains of no fewer than six temples. They stood in a general line, but at irregular intervals, and must have formed one of the most magnificent spectacles that the art of man has ever presented to the eye. The remains of three other temples exist, but they lie at a distance from this grand range. On the eastern and highest part of the platform, where the natural wall of which I have spoken makes an angle, stood the Temple of Juno Lucina; next came the Temple of Concord; next the Temple of Hercules, near which was the Temple of Jupiter, called of the Giants; next came the Temple of Venus, and lastly that of Castor and Pollux. The approach to the ruins of these temples from the modern city is over the site of the ancient, now shaded by olive, almond, and carruba trees. The Temple of Juno is a picturesque ruin; all the columns on the northern side are standing, also several at the ends, and part of the entablature; the rest of the building, corroded by time or entirely prostrate, lies under an exuberant growth of flowers and shrubs.

Descending from this temple, we pass through a sort of wild garden, with here and there an olive-tree or dark carruba; on the left are the ruins of the ancient rock-wall, huge fragments of which in places have fallen down the precipice; other parts are perforated as with windows or loop-holes, or with deep cell-like excavations: these are the tombs of the ancient Agrigentines, now tenantless and void. Those window-like apertures were evidently made so by the action of the elements or the violence of man; and it is related that in consequence of the Agrigentines having made their tombs in the walls, they were so much weakened that the Carthaginians by means of their engines were enabled to batter them down and obtain an entrance. We now come to the Temple of Concord, one of the most beautiful specimens of Grecian Doric in existence. It is roofless, but otherwise almost perfect. It has twenty-four columns; it is, like the temple of Juno, raised on a platform of several steps, and about one hundred and fifty-four feet in length and fifty-five in breadth. It seems that this temple was used in times past for a Christian church, and the sides of its cella are perforated by arched openings. The next temple is near one of the ancient city gates, and is supposed to have been dedicated to Hercules: it was celebrated in ancient times for having in it a fine picture of Alcmena; but it is now a confused heap of ruin, with only one column standing, which proves it to have been of larger dimensions than the temples just mentioned.

Turning a little to the right, we come upon the Temple of Jupiter Olympius, commonly called of the Giants, the largest sacred edifice in Sicily, and one of the most stupendous works of the ancients. It was in length three hundred and sixty-eight feet, in breadth one hundred and eighty; the breadth or diameter of its columns at the base thirteen feet four inches; the height of the columns must have been seventy-five feet; above these rose a massive entablature, and the top of the pediments could not have been less than one hundred and twenty feet high! The grandeur of the door and vestibule corresponded to the simple majesty of the whole building, whose sculptured ornaments represented, with the finished elegance and laborious accuracy that distinguished each particular figure, the 'Defeat of the Giants and the Taking of Troy.' In the interior ranged twenty-four antæ, or square pillars, of fifty feet in height; on the top of each was a sculptured giant twenty-seven feet in height, which with his hands clasped over his head supported the lofty roof. One can scarcely conceive any thing more noble and majestic than this wonderful edifice, in comparison with which, though covering much more ground, St. Peter's in Rome is a splendid gew-gaw. But what remains of this great temple? A wide heap of ruin; the interior of which, the columns and walls having fallen outward, is a flowery field, in which lie some fragments of those huge giants that once supported the roof. One of these is tolerably entire: the curls of his hair form a sort of garland: it lies with its face upward, and when I stood by it, my own head scarcely reached as high as the brow of the statue. It is composed of several pieces of stone, as are the columns of this temple, and most of the others of Agrigentum. On every side of this elevated field lie the walls, entablatures, and columns in enormous fragments: the capitals of the columns look like huge rocks that have been hurled there by some violent convulsion of nature.

A short distance from this temple are the ruins of the Temple of Venus, and another of Castor and Pollux, of which two of the columns and part of the entablature are entire, and the thin coat of cement or stucco which covered them is in some parts as perfect as ever. The stone of which the temples were constructed is of a very porous nature, a sort of tufa, full of sea-shells, and when seen in the sunlight, of a golden hue; but they were all covered with stucco, which, judging from what remains, was nearly as hard as porcelain, and gave a beautiful and finished appearance to the otherwise rude material. Of the other remains in Agrigentum, the limits of this article will not allow me to speak. But the reader would ask, how came these temples in such a state of ruin? On this subject there has been some dispute; but their destruction may most reasonably be attributed to a mightier agency than man's. Earthquake has shattered these gorgeous temples; the time *when* is not recorded. I am inclined to believe that they were destroyed, as well as those of Selinus, by the dreadful earthquakes that shook Italy and Sicily in the dark age of Valens and Valentinian, three hundred and sixty-five years after CHRIST.

Let us now proceed to Syracuse, once the capital of Sicily, and the birth-place of the great Archimedes. It was founded by Archias, one of the Heraclidæ, more than seven hundred years before the Christian

era, and according to some authors contained within its walls at one time, one million two hundred thousand inhabitants ; could maintain an army of one hundred thousand foot, ten thousand horse, with a navy of five hundred armed vessels. Little now remains of a place once so populous and so powerful, save the shrunken modern city of *Syracusa*, containing about nine thousand inhabitants, and a few almost unintelligible ruins scattered among vineyards, olive-groves, and fields of corn, or over the high wastes of the barren *Epipole*, on the summit of which the curious will find ruined walls and fortresses of massive and beautiful masonry. From these the eye commands the whole site of the ancient city. *There* lies, at the distance of three miles, the small island of *Ortygia*, on which is the modern town ; on its right is the narrow entrance from the sea, which lies beyond, to the greater harbor, that appears like a beautiful lake, and is about two miles long and one and a half broad. On the left of the island of *Ortygia* is all that remains of the lesser port of *Syracuse*. On this side the island is connected with the main land by means of a draw-bridge. In *Ortygia* is the famous fountain of *Arethusa* : the spring is yet clear and copious ; but the only nymphs I was fortunate enough to see were engaged in the necessary vocation of cleansing the soiled linen of *Syracusa*. The remains of a beautiful temple of *Minerva* form a part of the cathedral church. Near the small river *Anapus* are two columns, the remnants of a temple of *Jupiter*, which once contained a statue of that god, wearing a robe of gold ; but *Dionysius* the tyrant stripped it off, saying ‘ it was too cold for winter and too hot for summer.’ Among the seats of a noble theatre now stands a mill, that is supplied with water diverted from an ancient aqueduct close by : a strange metamorphosis indeed ! This aqueduct conveys the water thirty miles. It may have been of Greek construction originally, but that part of it which I have seen is evidently *Saracenic*. The rocky site of *Syracuse* is in many parts perforated with tombs ; the roads are literally honey-combed with them. There is a street excavated in the limestone rock which on either side is full of cells, and it may indeed be said of *Syracuse* that it is a great burying-ground. The oranges, vines, and figs of *Syracuse* are still flourishing, and the earth yet yields its hundred fold ; but its glory is departed, and the traveller looks in vain for satisfactory vestiges of that mighty city.

There are many other interesting remains of antiquity in *Sicily*, but I must hasten to a conclusion. I trust the reader will have found the subject of this article interesting, although treated briefly and imperfectly. The traveller is unworthy of his privilege, and forgetful of duty if he extracts not from the scenes described some moral lesson or religious truth. The reader has accompanied me in imagination through classic *Sicily*. He has seen the lonely temple of *Segeste*, standing among the mountains like a widowed thing, mourning in silence the departed. Where is the multitude that once thronged around its walls ? *Mount Erix* still battles with the clouds, as in the days of *Agathocles*. He has clambered with me among the prostrate columns of *Selinunte* : once, from beneath those massive porticoes, the *Selinuntine*, in the pride of his heart, looked upon the crowded port and distant mountains as we look on the *Hudson*, with its white sails and swift steamers, and the

neighboring hills. Where and what are they? The distant mountains stand, but the great works which he erected to be a living honor to his name and country, are perished forever. He has lingered with me among the ruins of the splendid Agrigentum. Its numerous temples are dilapidated, or crumbling on the earth; its walls, once its vaunted strength, are strewed in shattered fragments on the steeps around. The dust of its multitudes serves to fertilize the soil of its ancient site! But the stream still flows which gave its name to the city, and the hills around yet produce the oil, the wine, and the grain. We have sojourned for a time among the melancholy vestiges of Syracuse; the scene of battles far more bloody than this land has ever known. The army which the Athenians, inflated with pride and presumption, sent against Syracuse, was here defeated. In yonder land-locked bay the Athenian fleet, the mightiest that republic had ever sent forth, and which they believed *invincible*, was destroyed. And the Roman orator has eloquently said, that not only the navy of Athens, but the glory and the empire of that republic, suffered shipwreck in the fatal harbor of Syracuse. It was there the wonderful mechanical skill of Archimedes was displayed against the Roman fleet, and those quiet waters have been strewed with the dying and the dead. From this deserted citadel, called of 'Labdalus,' the eye embraces the whole site of the once populous Syracuse; and what does it behold? On the distant island of Ortygia, an insignificant town, with a few small craft at anchor in the bay; nearer, a desert of rocky hills, a goat-herd, and a few straggling goats. Turning away from the melancholy scene, we behold afar off the snow-clad Ætna. What a contrast is this to what we have just reviewed in the mind's eye! That is the work of God! Since its huge pyramid arose, nation after nation has possessed its fertile slopes. The Siculi have labored on its sides; the Greek, the Carthaginian and the Roman; the Norman and the Saracen have struggled for mastery at its foot; but the roar of the battle is past; the chariot and the chariotceer are mingled in the dust. Yet yon earth-born giant, fed by continual fires, each century augments, and in all probability will continue to do so until

'The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, yea the great globe itself
Shall dissolve, and like the baseless fabric
Of a vision, leave not a wreck behind!'

May we not in these things read deep lessons applicable to ourselves? The history of the people whose noble works I have endeavored to describe, should in the first place teach us how noble a thing it is to construct works of beauty and utility, not only for our own gratification, but for the benefit of posterity also. The selfish and unreflecting, even the modern utilitarian, will perhaps laugh at the thought, and say: 'What folly to undertake such labors for the benefit of posterity! We will labor for ourselves.' I would ask such persons, what would have been our state if the ancients had entertained such grovelling notions? Do they not know that most of the elegant as well as the useful, is the rich bequest of these ancients whom they affect to despise? There is not in the whole city of New-York a house, however lowly, but in some part of it I could point out a moulding or an ornament that comes from the

ancients. But there are other points of view perhaps of higher consequence. Their temples were erected to the gods; mistaken as they were in their religious notions, we Christians may be put to shame by the devotion of the pagan. Not to man were their temples erected. Man enjoyed their beauty; gazed with admiration on their exquisite forms, and lingered under their shady porticoes; but the eye of the god to whom each temple was dedicated was supposed to be on the work, and the aim of the builders was perfection in every part; and even that which the eye of the multitude never rested on, was finished with elaborate care. I would ask, is there such a lofty feeling among us? Are we willing to expend toil and cost on that which will never gratify our senses? You will answer no. Is not this then a lesson to us? Another view of the matter: These works of art were the objects of veneration and love; city vied with city in their construction; it was a noble emulation — think you not nobler than the competition for sordid gold? The citizen gazed with pride upon the marble triumphs of his native place; he loved it more than ever, and felt his patriotism kindle as he gazed.

Let us not think that rail-roads and canals are the only works worthy of modern civilization. If we look to intents, (and what ought we to look at?) I doubt much but the ancients rose superior to us. We are in the enjoyment of many advantages of which they knew nothing. The wonder-working press was unknown to them; and above all, the beautiful light of Christianity had not been shed on the world. We have the broad day; they wrought in the twilight gloom. What majestic monuments of art! what enduring legacies of beauty! what objects to make a man love his country more and more, could have been erected with the means expended a few years ago in reckless speculations! Instead of turning with melancholy loathing to those broken bubbles on which the hopes and fortunes of many of us were suspended, we could at least look with admiration on the marble pile, and exclaim, 'I also can be proud of the genius and taste of my country!' Another lesson we may learn from the fate of ancient states: it is to beware of presumptuous pride and overweening conceit: these are the result of inconsiderate ignorance. It was through presumptuous pride that Athens fell, as I have before intimated. We have reason to fear there are many, some unconscious of the injury they do, and perhaps with just intentions, who feed this appetite for undue praise. Others, for mere popularity or the applause of the day, minister with adroitness the sweet though poisonous morsel for which our vanity and self-love are open-mouthed; which (to carry on the simile,) puffs us up with the comfortable notion that we are superior in every respect to all other nations, ancient or modern. It would be well to turn a deaf ear to this syren's song: let us learn if possible to *know* ourselves; let us remember that there is no perfection, either in men or their institutions; and by avoiding a vain and presumptuous spirit, and scanning with a careful eye the causes of the greatness which under Providence we possess, we shall be most likely to approach the perfection which we all desire. We can have little doubt that the Agrigentine considered the institutions of his country as perfect as we do ours; and the citizens of greater states, Athens, even Rome itself, in-

dulged in the same pleasing thought. Our only means of judging of the future is the past. We see that nations have sprung from obscurity, risen to glory, and decayed. Their rise has in general been marked by virtue; their decadence by vice, vanity, and licentiousness. Let us beware!

I would not have the reader censure me for commencing this article as a traveller and ending it with an attempt to moralize. In reviewing in my mind the interesting scenes I have endeavored to describe, I have been led back to the thoughts that arose when I trode among the ruins of prostrate temples, and they were *connected* in my mind; and I will venture again to say, that he is unworthy of the privilege of travelling who gleans not from the fields he visits some moral lesson or religious truth.

T. C.

S T A N Z A S .

WRITTEN AT BEVERLY, MASSACHUSETTS, BY REV. WILLIAM B. TAPPAN.

I.

In Beverly, the building I sought the other day,
Where forty years ago my sire his infant gave away;
I sought it, for I coveted where he had placed his foot,
My honored, sainted father! mine in filial love to put.

II.

I entered it: most holy appeared the house of prayer;
Yet more than common holiness its beauty seemed to wear;
For there the waters bathed me, and solemn words were said,
And Father, Son, and Paraclete invoked above my head.

III.

Of all the congregation who looked in reverence on,
The elders and the blooming youth, each worshipper was gone;
And he, with hairs of winter, whose office 't was to lave
My baby brow, and name my name, was hidden in the grave!

IV.

What years have passed of sorrow, that hour and this between!
What moments of enjoyment in that interval I've seen!
I wept that I had measured the half of being's track;
I smiled that worlds were poor to bribe the weary pilgrim back.

V.

I sighed that in the journey where blessings are so few
For even the most favored, I but scanty portion knew;
And chiefly in the season of confidence and pride,
My youth was forced the dangerous way, without my earthly guide.

VI.

Where is my sainted father, who took me in his arms.
And held me to the minister, and kissed away alarms?
I feel his presence near me! he blesses me once more!
Ay, where he gave me up to God, just forty years before!

THE QUOD CORRESPONDENCE.

Harry Harson.

CHAPTER XXII.

It was not the failure of his plans, nor the dread of detection, which broke Rust down. He had been prepared for that, and had nerved himself to meet it; but it was a blow coming from a quarter where he had not dreamed of harm, and wounding him where alone he could feel a pang, that crushed him. There was something so abject in the prostration of that iron-willed man, who had often endured what would have wrung the very souls of other men, without exhibiting any other feeling than contempt, that for a moment awed even the hard man who had struck the blow. In proportion as Rust's control over his emotions had been great, so now the reaction was terrible. He seemed paralyzed in body and mind. No cry escaped him, but his breath rattled as he drew it; his long hair hung loosely over his face, and upon the floor; his eyes were closed; his features livid and distorted; and but for his struggling breath, and the spasmodic jerking of his fingers, he seemed dead.

'Lift him up, Bill,' said Grosket, in a subdued tone. 'It's been too much for him. Who'd have thought he had a heart?'

Jones smiled grimly, as he said: 'I'm glad you did it, Mr. Grosket. It was better than murdering him. He was n't afeard of dying. Is it a fit he's got?'

Without waiting for a reply, he placed his arms under him and raised him up. Rust lay heavily against him, his head falling back, and his arms dangling at his side. They carried him to the bench, and placed him on it, Grosket standing behind him, and supporting his back.

'I guess he's done for,' said Jones, pushing the hair from his face; 'pity it was n't three days ago—that's all.'

'Get some water, or brandy,' said Grosket; 'I suppose we may as well bring him to. It would be an ugly business if he should die on our hands.'

Jones stooped down, and picking up his great coat, commenced fumbling in its pocket, and drew out the bottle from which he and Craig had drank, as they were starting on their expedition on the previous night. He held it up and looked at it, then muttered: 'It's no use; it's no use.'

'What are you talking about, there?' demanded Grosket, impatiently: 'is it empty?'

Jones shook it.

'No; there's a drop or two in it. D——n him! I don't like his

drinking out of this bottle, I do n't; I use it myself; and blow me, if I do n't think his mouth 'ud p'ison it.'

Grosket cut his scruples short by taking the bottle from him, uncorking it, and pouring its contents in Rust's mouth.

'It's a waste,' muttered Jones, eyeing his proceedings with a very dissatisfied look. 'I begrudged it to poor Tim; and cuss *him*, it's going down *his* gullet! I hope it'll choke him.'

Grosket paid no attention to him, but supported Rust, occasionally shaking him by way of stirring up his ideas. Either the liquor or the shakings had an effect; for the deadly paleness gradually disappeared from Rust's face; his breath grew less short and gasping; and finally he sat up, and looked about him. His eye was wandering and vacant, and sad and heart-broken indeed was his tone.

'My own dear child!' said he, in a voice so mild and winning, and so teeming with fondness, that none would have recognized it as Rust's. 'I've had a strange dream, my poor little Mary, about you, whom I have garnered up in my heart of hearts.'

His voice sank until his words were unintelligible, and then he laughed feebly, and passed his hand backward and forward in the air, as if caressing the head of a child. 'Your eyes are very bright, my little girl, but they beam with happiness; and so they shall, *always*. So they shall—so they shall. Kiss me, my own darling!' He extended his arms, and drew them toward him, as if they enfolded the child, and then bending down his cheek, rocked to and fro, and sang a song, such as is used in lulling an infant to sleep.

'My God! He's clean gone mad!' said Jones, staring at him with starting eyes. 'Dished and done up in ten minutes! That's what I call going to Bedlam by express.'

Although Grosket uttered not a word of comment, his keen gray eye, bright as a diamond; his puckered brows; his compressed lips, and his hands tightly clasped together, showed that he viewed his work with emotions of the most powerful kind. At length he said, in low tone, as if communing with himself rather than addressing the only person who seemed capable of hearing him: 'If he goes mad he'll spoil my scheme. He'll not reap the whole harvest that I have sown for him. He must live; ay, and in his sane mind, to feel its full bitterness. *I, I have lived,*' said he, striking his breast; '*I have borne up against the same curse that now is on him. I have had the same feeling gnawing at my heart, giving me no rest, no peace. He must suffer. He must not take refuge from himself in madness. He shall not,*' said he, savagely. 'Ha! ha! who would have thought that the flint which the old fellow calls his heart had feeling in it?'

Whether these remarks reached Rust's ear, or whether it was that his mind, after the first shock of the intelligence was over, was beginning to rally, is a matter of doubt; but from some cause or other, he suddenly discontinued his singing, passed his hand across his forehead, held his long hair back from his face, and stared about him; his eye wandering from Grosket to Jones, and around the room, and then resting on the floor. He sat for some time looking steadfastly down, his face gradually regaining its stern, unbending character; his thin lips com-

pressing themselves, until his mouth had assumed its usual expression of bitterness, mingled with resolution.

The two men watched, without speaking, the progress of this metamorphosis. At last he rose, and turning to Grosket, said in a calm voice :

‘You’ve done your worst; yet you see Michael Rust can bear it;’ and then bowing to him, he said: ‘Good bye, Enoch. Whatever may have happened to *my* child, *I* am blameless. *I* never sold her happiness to gratify my avarice. If she has become what Enoch’s child *was*, the sin does not lie at *my* door. I do n’t know how it is with *you*.’

Turning to Jones, he said, in the same quiet tone: ‘Murderer of your bosom-friend, good bye.’ The door closed, and he was gone.

A bitter execration from the two men followed him. From Jones, it burst forth in unbridled fury, and he sprang forward to avenge the taunt, but was withheld by Grosket, who grasped his arm, then as suddenly relinquished his hold, and said :

‘Quick! quick! Jones. Drag him back! It concerns your safety and my plans to get him back.’

The man dashed to the door and down the stairs. In a moment he reappeared :

‘It’s too late. He’s in the street.’

‘Curse it! that was a blunder! We should have searched him. He carries all his papers with him.’

But almost at the same moment he seemed to overcome his vexation, for he said: ‘Well, it can’t be helped, so there’s no use in grumbling about it. And now, Bill Jones,’ said he, turning to the other, ‘you know what you’ve done, and who set you on. So do I. He’s worse than you are. If you were him, I’d arrest you on the spot. As it is, I say you had better make yourself scarce. Your neck is in danger, for although the death of Tim, if the rumor is true, was accidental——’

‘It was, it *was*, Mr. Grosket,’ interrupted Jones. ‘D—n it, if it was Rust, if it was only *him*, I would n’t mind it. I’d die myself, to see *him* swing.’

‘Well, hear me,’ continued Grosket. ‘You were committing a felony when you killed Craig, and his death, although accidental, is murder. I’m no lawyer, but I know *that*. You must run for it.’

‘I’d cuss all danger,’ said Jones, gnawing his lip, ‘if I could only lug Rust in it too.’

‘Well, well,’ returned Grosket, ‘you must take your own course; but remember I’ve warned you. You have some good traits about you, Bill, and that’s more than Rust has. Good bye!’ He extended his hand to the burglar. Jones grasped it eagerly.

‘Thank you! thank you, Mr. Grosket,’ said he, the tears starting to his eyes. ‘If you only knew how I was brought up, how I suffered, what has made me what I am, you would n’t think so hard of me as some do. But there is blood on me, now; that’s worse than all. I’ll never get over *that*. I might, if it was n’t Tim’s. Good bye, God bless ye, Mr. Grosket! My blessing won’t do you much good, but it can’t hurt you.’

Grosket shook his hand, and left the room; and the desperate man,

whom he left melted by a transient word of kindness, which had found its way to his rugged heart, buried his face in his hands, and wept.

Once in the street, Rust endeavored to bear up against his fortune. But he could not. His mind was confused, and all his thoughts were strange, fantastic and shadowy. He paused; dashed his hand impatiently against his forehead, and endeavored to shake off the spell. No, no! it would not leave him. Failure in his schemes! dishonor in his child! He could think of them, and of *them* only. Once on this theme, his mind became more bewildered than ever; and yielding himself to its impulses, he fell into a slow pace, and sauntered on, with his chin bent down on his breast.

From the thickly-settled parts of the town he went on, until he came to streets where the bustle and crowd were less; then to others, which were nearly deserted; then on he went, until he reached a quarter where the houses stood far apart, with vacant lots between them. Still he kept on. Then came fields, and cottages, and farm-houses, surrounded by tall trees. Still on he went, still wading through a mass of chaotic fancies, springing up, and reeling and flitting through his mind; shadows of things that had been, and might be; ghosts of the past; prophets of the future. He had become a very child. At last he stood on the bank of the river; and then for the first time he seemed to awaken from his trance.

It was a glorious day, whose sunshine might have found its way even into his black heart. Oh! how soft, and mellow, and pure, the hurricane of the last night had left it! Not a cloud in the sky, not a breath to ripple the water, or to wave the long trailing locks of the hoary willows, which nodded over its banks.

Rust looked about him, with a bewildered gaze, until his eye became fixed upon the water. 'It's very quiet, *very* quiet,' said he; 'I wonder if a man, once engulfed in it, feels peace.' He pressed his hand to his breast, and muttered: '*Here* it is gone forever!'

He loitered listlessly on, under the trees. His step was feeble; and he stooped and tottered, as if decrepid. He stopped again, shook his head, and went on, looking upon the ground, and at times long and wistfully at the river.

An old man, leaning on a stout cane, who had been watching him, at last came up. Raising his hat, as he did so, he said:

'You seem, like myself, to be an admirer of this noble river?'

Rust looked up at him sharply, ready to gather in his energies, if necessary. But there was nothing in the mild, dignified face of the speaker to invite suspicion, and he replied in a feeble tone:

'Yes, yes; it is a noble river.'

'I've seen many, in my long life,' said the other, 'and have never met its equal.'

Rust paused, as if he did not hear him, and then continued in a musing tone:

'How smooth it is! how calm! Many have found peace there, who never found it in life. Drowning's an easy death, I'm told.'

The stranger replied gravely, and even sternly:

'They have escaped the troubles of life, and plunged into those of

eternity ;' and then, as if willing to give Rust an opportunity of explaining away the singular character of the remark, he said : ' I hope *you* do not meditate suicide ?'

' No,' replied Rust, quietly, ' not at present ; but I 've often thought that many a wrecked spirit will find *there* what it never found on earth—peace.'

' The body may,' returned the other, ' but not the soul.'

Rust smiled doubtfully, and walked off. The man watched, and even followed him ; but seeing him turn from the river, he took another direction, occasionally pausing to look back. Not so Rust. From the time he had parted with the stranger, he had forgotten him, and his thoughts wandered back to their old theme. It was strange that he should believe so implicitly Grosket's tale, coming as it did from one whom he knew hated him. Yet he *did* believe it. There was proof of its truth in Grosket's manner ; in his look ; in his tone of assured triumph. Yet although Rust brooded over nothing else that livelong day, he could not realize it ; he could not appreciate how desolate and lonely he was. He could only fancy how life would be, if what Grosket had told him *had* happened. ' This is not all a dream, I suppose,' muttered he, pausing as he went, and passing his hand across his forehead. ' No, no ; I'm awake—wide awake ; and *I* am Michael Rust ; that's more strange than all.'

After hours of wandering, he found himself at his office. He ascended the stairs, opened the door, and went in. It was dark, for the lights had been twinkling in the shop-windows before he left the street ; but he sat down without observing it ; and there he remained until Kornicker came in with a light.

Rust made no reply to the salutation which he received. Kornicker placed the light on the table ; and after loitering round the room, and busying himself with a few papers which he had arranged on the table, to give it a business-like appearance, he asked :

' Do you want me any more, to-night ?'

' No ; you may go.'

The dismissal and departure of Mr. Kornicker were almost simultaneous. His heavy foot went thumping from step to step, and finally the street-door banged after him. Rust sat without moving, listening to every tramp of his heavy foot, until the door shut it out.

' So, he's gone,' said he, drawing a long breath, and cuddling himself up on his chair. ' He'll be in my way no more to-night.'

He shivered slightly ; and then got up and drew his chair nearer the grate, although there was no fire in it. And *this* is then the end of my scheme,' muttered he ; ' I have gone on for years in the same beaten track, fighting off all who could interfere with me. The affection of those who would have loved me ; friends, relatives, those nearest to me, with the same blood in our veins, nursed in the same arms, who drew life from the same source ; this cold heart has repulsed, until they have all abandoned me !'

He leaned his head on his hands, and tears, scalding tears, gushed from his eyes. ' I did it for *her*. It was to get gold to lavish on *her*. I would have chained myself for life to that old man's daughter, to get

wealth ; I would have added the murder of those children to the catalogue of my crimes, that I might have grasped their inheritance, to have showered all that I had gathered by toil and crime upon *her*. She was my hope, my pride, my own dear darling child ; but she is shipwrecked now ; she has withered my heart. I would have shed its last blood for her. I would—I *would* ; indeed I would ! But it's useless to think of it. She can never *be* what she *was* ; the bright, pure-souled, spotless child whom I worshipped. Yes, yes ; I *did* worship her ; Why deny it ? Better, far better, she had died, for then I might still have cherished her memory. It's too late. She's become a castaway now.'

He paused. From a state of deep and querulous despondency, he gradually recovered composure ; then his mood grew sterner and sterner ; until his compressed lips and flashing eye showed that he had passed from one extreme to the other.

'Is there nothing left to live for ?' exclaimed he ; '*nothing* left ? One thing can yet be done. I must ascertain her disgrace beyond a doubt. Then atonement can and shall be made, or *he* had better never have been born !'

Rust stood up, with an expression of bold, honest indignation, such as he had rarely worn, stamped on every feature. '*This* must be accomplished,' said he. 'Every thing else must be abandoned : *this* done, let me die ; for I cannot love her as I did, and I might hate her : Better die !'

CHAPTER TWENTY-THIRD.

RICHARD HOLMES, Esq. was sitting in his office, two days after the events narrated in the last chapter, with his nose within a few inches of a law-book which rested on his knees, when he was aroused by the opening of the door, and the entrance of a man. Holmes was so much out of the world, and out of the current of business, that he did what a practitioner at the bar of his age and standing rarely does ; that is, he looked up without waiting till he was addressed.

'Ah, Harson ?—it's you, is it ?' said he, laying aside his book, but without rising.

Harry walked up, shook hands with him, and seated himself.

'We've been hard at work, and have made some progress,' said he, taking off his hat, and placing it on the table. 'We've got the woman.'

'What woman ?'

'Blossom,' replied Harson ; 'I've brought her here to answer for herself. She was in Rust's employ, and received the children from him. She's below.'

'What news of the boy ?' inquired Holmes.

'Grosket is after him. He knows where he is. Would you like to see the woman ?'

'It would be as well,' said Holmes, drumming on the table. 'We'll hear what she has to say. Does she communicate what she knows willingly or under compulsion ?'

'She's not very talkative ;' answered Harson, 'and seems terribly afraid of Rust.'

‘I think we can squeeze the truth out of her,’ replied Holmes. ‘Bring her up.’

Harrison went out, and in a few minutes reappeared with Mrs. Blossom at his heels. The lawyer pointed to a chair, into which the lady sank, apparently in a state of great exhaustion and agitation; for she moaned and rocked to and fro, and wrung her hands.

‘Your name’s Blossom, I think,’ said Holmes, evincing no sympathy whatever with her sufferings.

‘Ah’s me! ah’s me! I’m very old! I’m very old!’ exclaimed the lady, moaning from the very bottom of her lungs, but without making any reply to the question.

‘Hark ye,’ said Holmes, in a stern tone, ‘I have not sent for you, to listen to your moaning, nor to be trifled with in any other way. You have come here to disclose the deeds of a scoundrel; and disclose them you must. You shall answer all my questions, truly, honestly, and without equivocation, or it will be the worse for you. I am aware of offences committed by you, which, if punished as they merit, would send you to prison. I tell you this, that you may know exactly how we stand with reference to each other. If you wish to serve yourself, you will find true and prompt replies to whatever I ask. What’s your name?’

Mrs. Blossom oscillated in her chair, glanced at the wall, replied ‘Blossom,’ and buried her face in a rag of a shawl.

‘Good! Where do you live?’ demanded the lawyer. The woman answered, and Holmes wrote it down.

‘Do you know a man by the name of Michael Rust?’

Mrs. Blossom’s chair became very uneasy, and she was seized with a violent cough. The lawyer waited until her cough was better, and repeated the question, accompanying it by a look which produced an answer in the affirmative.

‘What other name did you ever know him to bear?’

Mrs. Blossom suddenly found her voice, and replied boldly: ‘No other;’ and here she spoke the truth; for Rust had trusted her no farther than was absolutely necessary.

‘How long have you known him?’

Mrs. Blossom again lost her voice, but found it instantly on meeting the eye of Holmes; and she answered bluntly, ‘About four years.’

‘What led to your acquaintance?’

The woman cast a shrewd suspicious glance at him, as if calculating how far she might trifle with impunity; but there was something in his manner that was not encouraging, and she replied, ‘that she could not remember.’

Holmes laid down his pen, and pushing back his chair so that he faced her, said in a quiet but very decided manner:

‘Mrs. Blossom, you have been brought here for the purpose of giving us such information as will enable us to do justice to a person who has been greatly injured by this man Rust. I mention this, not because I suppose the motive will have any great weight with you, but to let you see that the object of our investigation is nothing against yourself. Your answers are important to us; for at present we know no other

than yourself, of whom we can obtain the information we require. I do not conceal this, nor will I conceal the fact that unless you *do* answer me, you shall leave this room for a prison. I told you so before; I repeat it now; I will *not* repeat it a third time. I already know enough of the matter on which I am interrogating you, to be able to detect falsehood in your answers.'

There was something either in the words of the lawyer or in the formation of her chair that caused Mrs. Blossom to move very uneasily; and at the same time to cast a glance behind her, as if there existed a strong connection between her thoughts and the door. She was however used to trying circumstances, and did not lose her presence of mind. She made no reply, but sat with every faculty, which long training had sharpened to a high degree of cunning, on the alert; but she was not a little taken by surprise when Holmes, after taking from the table a packet of papers, selected one, and having spent a few minutes in examining it, said to her:

'To convince you that we are perfectly acquainted with the nature of your dealings with Rust, I will enter into a few details, which may perhaps enable you to recollect something more. Four years since, on the sixteenth of December, a man by the name of Blossom, with whom you lived, and whose name you bear, although you are not his wife, proposed to you to take charge of two children, a boy and girl. At first you refused, but finally agreed to do it on receiving five hundred dollars, and the assurance that no inquiry would be made as to the treatment they received at your hands, and that whether they lived or died was a matter of indifference to the person who placed them in your charge, and would not be too closely investigated. The children came. They were quite young. You had them for a week, and were then informed that they must go, for a time, to the country. You asked no questions, but gave them up, and they were sent away, the money for their support being furnished by the same hand that threw them upon your mercy. In a year or so they were brought back, and were again entrusted to you, with instructions to break them down, and if possible to send them to their graves; but if their bodies were proof against cruelty, *then* so to pollute their very souls, and familiarize them with crime, that they should forget what they had been; and that even those who should have loved them best would blush to see what they were. You began your work well, for you had a stern, savage master over you—Michael Rust. Thus much,' said he, 'I know; but I must know more. You must identify the children as the same first delivered to you by Rust. You must disclose the names of the persons with whom they lived in the country. You must also give me such information as will enable us to fasten this crime on Rust. Another person could have proved all this—the man Blossom; but you know he is dead.'

He paused, for Mrs. Blossom's face grew deadly pale as he spoke. It was momentary, however; and might have passed away entirely, had not a strange suspicion fastened itself on his mind. He added in a slow tone: 'What ailed him, *you* know best.'

Mrs. Blossom's thin lips grew perfectly white; and moved as if she were attempting to speak.

'Will you give me the information I require? or will you accept the alternative?' said Holmes, still keeping his eye upon her.

'Go on; what do you want?' demanded she, in a quick husky voice.

'You are acquainted with Michael Rust?'

'I am,' replied she, in the same quick, nervous manner.

'How did you first become acquainted with him?'

'You know all that,' was the abrupt reply. 'Why should I go over it again? It's all true, as you said it.'

Holmes paused to make a note of it, and then asked:

'What is the name of the person, in the country, who took charge of the children?'

'I do n't know,' replied the woman. 'Michael Rust sent a man for them, who took them off.'

'Who was this man?'

'I do n't know; I never saw him. Mr. Blossom gave the children to him, and never told me his name.'

'Good,' said Holmes, in his short, abrupt manner: 'Where are these children now?'

'One's at *his* house,' replied she, pointing to Harson. 'The other, by this time, is with a man named Grosket. He's been arter him, and I suppose has got him by this time.'

'Enoch Grosket?' inquired Holmes.

The woman nodded. 'I told him where he'd find him. He went straight off to fetch him.'

'Will you swear that they are the same children brought to you four years since?' said Holmes, pausing in his writing, and running his eye over the notes which he had made. 'Do you know them to be the same?'

'The man said so, who brought 'em back at the end of the year. That's all I know about it. They never left me arter that.'

'Who was that man?'

'Tim Craig,' replied the woman.

'And he's dead. The only person who could reveal their place of concealment during that year, and the name of those who had the care of them. The chain is broken, by which to identify them as the lost children of George Colton. Who can aid us in this?'

'I CAN!' said a voice.

All three started, for there, at their very elbow, stood Michael Rust; but Rust, fearfully altered, worn down, wan, haggard, with sunken cheeks, and features rigid and colorless, as if cut from wax, and with an eye of fire. But wrecked as he was, there was still that strange sneering smile on his lip, which seemed as if only parting to utter sarcasm and mockery. But now he was serious in his mood, for he repeated:

'I can, and without my aid the secret must be hid forever.'

Holmes rose, angrily, from his seat.

'What brought *you* here?' demanded he.

'Be seated, I beg of you,' said Rust, bowing, and speaking in a low, mocking tone. 'What brought me here? *You* called upon *me*, I think; it was but civil to return the visit. I have come to do so.'

'This is idle, Sir,' replied Holmes, coldly. 'You came for some purpose. Name it. The sooner this interview is over, the more agreeable I suppose it will be for both of us.'

'For me, certainly,' said Rust, in a manner so constrained and different from his usual one, that the lawyer was in doubt whether he was in jest or earnest. Then he added, in a bitter tone: 'You ask what brought me here. Destiny, folly, revenge perhaps against my own heart's blood. Call it what you will; here I am; and ready to assist in the very matter which now perplexes you. What more do you want?'

Holmes replied with a sarcastic smile: 'The assistance of Michael Rust is likely to be as great as his sincerity. We certainly should place great reliance on it.'

Rust, perfectly unmoved by the taunt, answered in a tone so bitter, so full of hatred to himself, so replete with the outpouring of a cankered heart, so despairing and reckless, that the lawyer felt that even in him there might be some truth:

'I care not whether you trust me or not; I care not whether you believe me or not. If Michael Rust could ever have been swayed by the opinions of others, it would have been before this; it's too late to begin now. I came here because I have failed in all I undertook; because I am beginning to hate the one for whom I have toiled, until I grew gray with the wearing away of mind and body; because the soul of life is gone. I do it out of revenge against that person. There is no remorse; no conscience; but it's revenge. Look at me: that person has blasted me. Do I not show it in every feature and limb? Now you understand me. My schemes are abandoned; and I shall soon be where neither man nor law can reach me. My secret can do me no good; why should I keep it? Perhaps the recollection of past days and of past favors from one whom I have wronged, may have had its weight; perhaps not. I've come to tell the truth. If you will hear it, well; if not, I go, and it goes with me.'

Holmes and Harson exchanged looks, and Harson nodded, as if in acquiescence to some proposition which he supposed the looks of the other to indicate.

'Well, Sir,' replied Holmes, 'we will hear what you have to say.'

'Stop,' said Rust; 'before uttering a word, I must have a promise.'

The lawyer looked at him, and then at Harson, as much as to say: 'I expected it. There's some trick in it.'

Rust observed it, and said: 'Spare your suspicions; I have come here to be frank and honest in word and deed; and Michael Rust can be so, when the fancy seizes him. The promise I require is this; whatever I may reveal, no matter what the penalty, you will not set the blood-hounds of the law on my track within forty-eight hours. I have yet one act to perform in the great farce of life. *That* accomplished, you may do your worst.'

'This is all very strange,' said Holmes, eyeing the thin, excited features of his visiter, as if not altogether sure of his sanity; 'if you fear the punishment of your misdeeds, why reveal them? Why place yourself in our power, or run the risk of our interfering with your future movements?'

Rust replied bitterly : ' You shall hear. My whole life has been spent for one person, my own child. Every faculty of mind and body has been devoted to her, and every crime I have committed was for her. Scruples were disregarded ; ties of blood set at defiance ; every thing that binds man to man, that deters from wrong, were disregarded, if they stood in the way of that one grand aim of life. *She* forgot all ! She has broken me down, heart and spirit. Love and devotion were crushed with them, and revenge has sprung up from their ruins. Ay ! revenge against my own child ! Should any thing prevent my doing what I have yet to do, and should my brother die, and his children not be found, *she* would be his heir. I would have labored and *succeeded*, for one who has disgraced me, and made me what you see me !'

He stretched out his thin hands, displaying the large veins, coursing beneath the skin, and apparently full to bursting. ' How wasted they are !' He smiled as he looked at them, and then asked : ' Will you promise ?'

The lawyer turned to Harson, and then said : ' I promise ; do you, Harson ?' Harry nodded.

' Good !' said Rust, abruptly. ' You know my name, and much of my history. All the facts which you detailed to me at my office a short time since are true—true almost to the very letter. Michael Rust and Henry Colton are one. The plodding, scheming, heartless, unprincipled Henry Colton, who could sell his brother's own flesh and blood for gold ; who could forget all the kindnesses heaped upon him, and stab his benefactor, and this wreck of Michael Rust, are one !'

He struck his hand against his chest, and strode up and down the room, biting his lips. ' *He* was rich, and *I* was poor : he gave me the means of living, but I wanted more. I had my eye on his entire wealth, and I wanted him to be in his grave. But he thwarted me in that. Feeble and sickly, so that a breath might have destroyed him, he lived on, and at last, as if to balk me farther, he married. Two children were born ; two more obstacles between me and my aim. Two children !—two more of the same blood for me to love. Ho ! ho ! how Michael Rust loved those babes !' exclaimed he, clutching his fingers above his head, and gasping as he spoke. He turned, and fastening his glaring eye on the lawyer, gripped his fingers together, with his teeth hard set and speaking through them, said in a sharp whisper : ' I could have strangled them !'

He paused ; and then went on : ' At last came the thought of removing them. At first it was vague : it came like a shadow, and went off ; then it came again, more distinct. Then it became stronger, and stronger, until it grew into a passion—a very madness. At last my mind was made up, and my plans formed. I trusted no one, but carried them off myself, and delivered them to the husband of that woman,' pointing to Mrs. Blossom. ' I told him nothing of their history : he was paid to take charge of them, and asked no questions. Then came the clamor of pursuit. I daily met and comforted my broken-hearted brother and his wife : I held out hopes which I knew were false ; I offered rewards ; I turned pursuit in every direction except the right one. They both thanked me, and looked upon me as their best friend ; and

so I was, for I kept up hope ; and what is life without it ? At last the search approached the neighborhood where the children really were, and they were sent to the country. A man by the name of Craig took them. The only person who was in the secret was Enoch Grosket ; but he knew nothing respecting the history of the children, nor where they went ?

‘Where was it ?’ inquired Holmes, anxiously, ‘and to whom did you entrust them ?’

‘I have prepared it all,’ said Rust ; he drew a letter from his pocket and handed it to him. ‘You’ll find it there, and the names of the persons ; they know nothing of the children ; but they can identify them as those left with them four years ago ; and they still have the clothes which they wore at the time ; but the girl’s resemblance to her mother will save all that trouble.’

He paused, with his dark eyes fastened on the floor, and his lips working with intense emotion.

‘And is it possible that the love of gold can lead one to crimes like these !’ said Holmes, in a subdued tone.

‘Love of gold !’ exclaimed Rust, fiercely ; ‘what cared I for gold ? Ho ! ho ! Michael Rust values gold but as dross ; but it is the world ; the cringing, obsequious, miser-hearted world, that kisses the very feet of wealth, which set Michael Rust on ; it was this that lashed him forward ; but not for himself. I married a woman whom I loved,’ said he, in a quick, stern tone ; ‘she abandoned me and became an outcast, and paid the penalty by an outcast’s fate : she died in the streets. The love which I bore her I transferred to my child. I was poor, and I resolved that she should be rich. Can you understand my motive now ? I loved my own flesh and blood better than my brother’s. I have now relinquished my plans, and have told you why.’

A pause of some moments ensued, and Rust said : ‘Is there any thing more that you want ? If so, tell me at once, for after to-day we shall never meet again.’

Holmes ran his eye over the papers, and selecting two letters, handed them to Rust, and said :

‘How do you account for the difference of that hand-writing, if Michael Rust and Henry Colton are one ?’

‘Michael Rust wrote one hand, Henry Colton another,’ said Rust ; ‘but I wrote both.’ He seized a pen, wrote a few words, signed the names Michael Rust and Henry Colton, and flung it on the table. ‘The game had been well studied before it was played.’

‘Your writing is well disguised indeed,’ said the lawyer, comparing it with the letters ; ‘it solves that difficulty.’

‘Any thing else ?’ demanded Rust, impatiently ; ‘my time is limited.’

Holmes shook his head ; but Harson said : ‘A few words about Jacob Rhoneland.’

‘Well ?’

‘You accuse him of forgery ; what does that mean ?’

‘He was a fool : I wanted to marry his daughter ; I represented myself to him as very rich, to tempt his avarice ; that failed. I added

entreaties; *they* failed. Then I tried the effect of fear. He was not deaf to that for a long time, but at last he overcame even that.'

'And the tale?

'Was well fabricated, but false.'

'And Ned Somers?'

'I had to get rid of him: what could I do while he was dallying round the girl? I *did* get rid of him: a few lies whispered to the old man sent him adrift. But I'm tired of this; I came to tell what I pleased, and nothing more, and I must be at work. You must respect your promise,' said he, turning to Holmes.

'I shall, and I hope your present errand at least is an honest one.'

'It is,' said Rust, with a strange smile; 'it is to punish a criminal.' He opened the door and went off without another word.

N I G H T A N D M O R N I N G .

"To-morrow to fresh fields and pastures new!"

LYCIDAS.

Yes! I have been for many a changeful year,
 Studious or sensual, gay or wild, or sad,
 An earnest votary of Evening. She
 Had something wondrous winning to my eye,
 So soft she was, and quiet. Often too,
 Absorbed in books, which were perchance a bane,
 Perchance a blessing; or in glittering crowds,
 Gazing all rapt on woman's eloquent face,
 Nature's most witching and most treacherous page;
 Or high in mirth with those whose senseless wit
 Outflashed the rosy wines that warmed its flow,
 I've held my vigils till the brow of Night
 Grew pale and starless, and her solemn pomp,
 Out-glared by day, faded in hueless space.
 I do repent me of my worship. Night
 Was given for rest: who breaks this natural law
 Wrongs body and soul alike. One vigorous hour
 Of sober day-light thought is worth a night's
 Slow oscillations of a drowsy mind.
 'Neath Eve's pale star the desolate heart reverts
 To those far moments, when the sky was blue,
 And earth was green, as earth and sky to eyes
 Once disenchanted, can appear no more.

We *all* are mourners. Good men must deplore
 Lost hours, lost friends, lost pleasures; and the bad
 Are racked by throes of impotent remorse,
 Dark, fierce, and bitter; for *themselves* are lost,
 And still neglecting what remains of life,
 They strive by backward reachings to redeem
 The irredeemable. *Why* pass the hours,
 The fleeting hours, in fruitless regrets,
 When each regret but lops *another* bough,
 Full of green promise, from the tree of life?
 You, who in your bereavement truly feel
 This truth, expressed so sadly and so well:
 'Joy's recollection is no longer joy,

While Sorrow's memory is sorrow still ;
I counsel to recant your vows, and come
With me to worship at a better shrine,
'The shrine of Morning.

Morning is the hour
Of vigorous thought, unconquerable hope,
And high endeavor. All our powers, in sleep
Bathed, nurtured, clad, and strung with nerves of steel,
Rise from their brief oblivion keen with health,
And strong for struggling, and we feel that toil
Is toil's own recompense. I deem that Man
Is not a retrospective being ; for his course
Is on, still on ; and never should his eyes
Turn back, but to detect his errors past,
And shun them in his future steps. Too long,
Ah ! much too long, O world ! and oft I've gazed
In awe and wonder on thy midnight sleep,
While magic Memory, singly or in groups,
Upon her faded tablets re-produced
Fair and familiar forms of Love and Joy.
Oh ! so familiar were they, and so fair,
Though dim, those blessed faces, that my eyes
Grew tremulous with the dew of unshed tears.
The gaze hath hurt me. It hath taken their rest
And natural joy from body and spirit, and worn
Too fast the wheel-work of this frail machine.
And now, oh ! sleeping Nature ! while the stars
Smile on thy face, and I in fancy hear
The low pulsations of thy dormant life,
And feel thy mighty bosom heave and fall
With regular breathings ; through *my* little world
I feel Disease advancing on his sure
And stealthy mission. Well I know his step,
The wily traitor ! when I mark my short,
Quick respirations ; and his call I know,
As, in the hush of night, my ear alarmed
By the heart's death-march notes, repeats its strange
And audible beatings.

Down ! grim spectre, down !
Flap not thy wings across my face, nor let
Thy ghastly visage, horrible shadow ! freeze
My staring eye-balls ! Let me fly, O Death !
Thy chilling presence, and implore thy soft
And merciful brother,* dewy Sleep, to drip
Papaverous balsam on my eyes, and lull
My throbbing temples on his lap to rest !

The day-spring reddens : the first few, faint streaks,
Mingling and brightening o'er the eastern skies,
Announce the upward chariot of the Sun.
Light leaps from Darkness ! In the grave of Night
Day lays aside his burial-robes, and dons
His regal crown, and Nature smiles to see
His resurrection, shouting, ' Hail ! oh, hail !
Eve's younger brother ! and again, all hail !
Thou bright-eyed Morning ! fairest among all
Of God's fair creatures ! Rise, bright prince, and shine
O'er this green earth, from brooding Darkness won,
From wild, waste Chaos, and the womb of Night !'

Let me too burst the leaden bands of Sleep,
And while the blinking stars, all faint and pale

* Εὐθα δὲ Νυκτὸς παύσας ἱερμῆς οὐκ ἔχουσιν, Ὑπνὸς καὶ Θάνατος, κ. τ. λ. ΗΣ. ΤΡΟΟ.

1. 708, & c.

† Observe the order of collocation in GENESIS 1: 5. 'And the EVENING and the MORNING were the first day.'

With their long watch, recall their courier-rays
 To their far orbits; and our earthly stars,
 The stars of Fashion, sick and wan as they,
 Are wheeling homeward to their feverous rest,
 Let *me* walk forth among the silent groves,
 Or through the cool vales snuff the morning air.
 How fresh! how breathing! Every draught I take
 Seems filled with healthiest life, and sends the blood
 Rushing and tingling through my quickened veins,
 Like inspiration! How the fluent air,
 Fanned into motion by thy breezy wings,
 O, fragrant Morning! blows from off the earth
 The congregated vapors, dank and foul,
 By yesterday coagulate and mixed!
 Miasmas steaming up from sunless fens;
 The effluvia of vegetable death;
 Disease exhaled from pestilential beds,
 And Lust's rank pantings and the fumes of wine;
 All these, condensed in one pernicious gas
 By Noon's hot efflux and the reeking Night,
 Thy filtering breezes make as fresh and sweet
 As infant slumbers; pure as the virgin's breath
 Whispering her first love in the eager ear
 Of her heart's chosen.

On this climbing hill,
 While, lost in ecstasy, I stand and gaze
 On the fresh beauties of a world disrobed,
 How does thy searching breath, oh, infant Day!
 Inspire the languid frame with new-born life,
 And all its sinking powers rejuvenate,
 Freshening the murky hollows of the soul!
 Good Heaven! How glorious this morning hour,
 Nature's new birth-time! All her mighty frame,
 In lowly vale, on lofty mountain-top,
 And wide savannah, stirs, with sprightly life,
 Life irrepressible, whose eager thrill
 Shoots to her very finger-tips, and makes
 Each little flower through all her delicate threads
 Each fibrous plant, each blade of corn or grass,
 And each tall tree, through all its limbs and leaves,
 Quiver and tremble.

The increasing light
 Reveals the outlines of the shadowy hills,
 And, charm by charm, the landscape all comes forth,
 Wood, stream, and valley; while above that green
 And waving ocean swells an endless vault
 Of blue serenity, and round its verge
 Kindles and flashes with rubescent gleams
 The far horizon; till the whole appears
 A sapphire dome, which, edged with golden rim,
 Spans the green surges of an emerald sea.
 The Sun is still unseen; yet far before
 His chariot-wheels a train of glory marks
 His kindling track, and all the air is now
 A luminous ocean. Whence these floods of light,
 Rich with all hues? Say! have the spheréd stars,
 Powdered in shining atoms, fallen and filled
 The ambient air with their invisible dews?
 Or have the fugitive particles of light,
 The Sun's lost emanations, which all night
 Lay hid in hollows of the earth, or slept
 In vegetable cells, come forth to greet
 Their monarch's coming? Are they pioneers
 Sent to prepare his way, and raise his bright
 Victorious banner, that their sovereign's eye
 From his serene pavilion may behold
 No lingering shadow from the gloomy host
 Of hateful Darkness, who hast westward borne

His routed army and his fading flag?
 Alas ! proud Science, Fancy's sneering foe,
 Says they are but the Sun's refracted rays,
 And scintillations from his burning wheels.

EARTH's bride-groom rises. Round his glittering head
 He shakes his streamy locks, and fast and far
 Sheds showers of splendor ; and his blushing bride,
 Recumbent on her grassy couch, scarce opens
 Her bashful eyes to meet his ardent gaze.
 While at the advent of her lord, the Earth,
 Marking his shining footsteps, with a smile
 Remembers the espousals of her youth,
 When morning stars rang out the nuptial song*
 In jubilant chorus ; on her milky breast,
 All the green nurslings of his favor raise
 Their dewy heads, and welcome his approach
 With thankful greetings ; and each gentle flower
 Turns her fair face to the munificent god
 Of her idolatry, and well repays
 His warm caresses with her perfumed breath.

But while inanimate nature takes the shows
 Of life, and joy, and deep and passionate sense,
 The animal kingdom sleeps not ; all its tribes
 Swell the glad anthem. Birds, that all night long
 Slept and dreamed sweetly 'neath their folded wings,
 At nature's summons are awakening now ;
 Nor unmelodiously ; for from their throats,
 In many a warbling trill, or mingled gush,
 Comes music of such sweet and innocent strength,
 As might force tears from the black murderer's eyes,
 And make the sighing captive, while he weeps
 His own hard wrongs, lift his chained hands, and pray
 For his oppressor more than for himself.

Thou, too, my soul, if wearing years have left
 Aught of high feeling in thy wasted powers,
 Of gratitude for mercies undeserved,
 Or hope of future favors, here and now,
 Upon this breezy hill-top, in the eye
 Of the bright day-god rising from his sleep,
 Perform thine orisons :

‘ Father and King,
 While here thy quickening breezes round me play,
 And yonder comes thy visible delegate
 With his bright scutcheon, to diffuse again
 All day the rays of thy beneficence
 Over this lovely earth, thy six days' work ;
 To Thee, ALMIGHTY ONE ! thy child would raise
 A loud thanksgiving. And if this, my strain
 Of joy and thanks, and supplication, be
 Or cold, or weak, or insincere in aught,
 (As our poor hearts deceive themselves so oft,)
 Thou ! O OMNIPOTENT ! canst make it warm, —
 Warm as thy love, strong as thy Son's strong tears,
 And pure as thine own essence. Formed by Thee,
 Saved by thy mercy from thy wrath, we all
 Are guilty ingrates, and the best of men
 Hath sins perchance which might outweigh the worth
 Of all the angels. I, at least, have sinned,
 Sinned long and deeply ; and if still my heart,
 Warped by its own bad passions, or allured
 By the world's glitter and the arts of him,

* * WHEN the morning stars sang together,' etc. JOB : xxxviii., 7. In the same chapter observe the astonishing boldness of scripture personification, and the unequalled pomp of oriental imagery.

Thy foe and our destroyer, should forget
 Its source and destiny, and breathe its vows
 Again to idols, yet reject Thou not
 This present offering. Let thy Grace surround
 My steps as with a muniment of rocks,
 And guide me in the uneven paths of life,
 A pilgrim shielded by thy hollow hand.
 And as the grateful earth sends up all day
 Her exhalations through the bibulous air
 To the sun, her monarch; and receives them back
 Rich, soft, and fertile, in the still small shower,
 That falls invisible from the morning's womb:
 So may my fervent heart exhale to Thee
 Daily, the breathings of its thankful prayer,
 And praise spontaneous; which thy heavenly grace
 Shall render back in a perpetual dew
 Of benedictions, making all the waste
 Green with cool verdure.

Oh! the time hath been,
 When thy benighted children lost the creed
 Of thy true worship, and to brutes bowed down,
 And senseless stones, and, kneeling in sincere
 But vain devotion, to the creature gave
 The adoration due to Thee alone,
 The mighty Maker. Others strove to turn
 Thine anger from them, by the streaming blood
 Of human victims; and the reverend priest
 Stood up, and in the name of people and king,
 Prayed Thee, or some vain substitute, to bless
 The holy murder. Even thy chosen, thine own
 Peculiar nation, did forget that Thou
 Lov'st the oblation of a grateful heart,
 A holocaust self-sacrificed to God,*
 And trusted to the blood of bulls and goats,
 And whole burned offerings. And *still* mankind
 Kneel in blind worship. Every heart sets up
 Its separate Dagon. Fierce Ambition breathes
 His burning vow, and, to secure his prayer,
 Makes the dear children of his heart, his own
 Sweet home's affections and delights, pass through
 The fire of Moloch: Avarice at the shrine
 Of greedy Mammon, gluts his eyes with gold:
 Some to Renown bend low the obsequious knee,
 Praying to be eternized by a blast
 From her shrill trumpet: in the glittering halls
 Of sensual Pleasure some sing songs, and bind
 Their fair young brows with chaplets steeped in wine;
 Though soon the chaplets turn to chains, the wines
 To gall and wormwood, and the festal song
 To howls and hootings. High above these shrines
 The great arch-demon and parental Jove
 Of all the Pantheon, a god unknown
 But every where adored, omnipotent
 And omnipresent to the tribes of men,
 SELF, rears his temple.

But the day shall come,
 When far and wide o'er the regenerate world,
 From each green vale and ancient hill, thy sons
 Duly to Thee shall bring their evening thanks
 And morning homage. Round each cheerful hearth,
 Or kneeling in the spreading door-tree's shade,
 Each human heart, brim-full of love and hope,
 And holy gratitude, shall send aloft
 A pure oblation, and the throbbing earth
 Be one great censer, breathing praise to Thee.

* This line is from one of GRIMKE's polished and most scholar-like orations.

THE LEGEND OF DON RODERICK.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE SKETCH BOOK.

WHEN in the year of Redemption 701, WITIZIA was elected to the Gothic throne, his reign gave promise of happy days to Spain. He redressed grievances, moderated the tributes of his subjects, and conducted himself with mingled mildness and energy in the administration of the laws. In a little while, however, he threw off the mask and showed himself in his true nature, cruel and luxurious. Considering himself secure upon the throne, he gave the reins to his licentious passions, and soon by his tyranny and sensuality acquired the appellation of WITIZIA the Wicked. How rare is it to learn wisdom from the misfortunes of others! With the fate of WITIZIA full before his eyes, DON RODERICK was no sooner established as his successor, than he began to indulge in the same pernicious errors, and was doomed in like manner to prepare the way for his own perdition.

As yet the heart of Roderick, occupied by the struggles of his early life, by warlike enterprises, and by the inquietudes of newly-gotten power, had been insensible to the charms of women; but in the first voluptuous calm the amorous propensities of his nature assumed their sway. There are divers accounts of the youthful beauty who first found favor in his eyes, and was elevated by him to the throne. We follow, in our legend, the details of an Arabian chronicler, authenticated by a Spanish poet. Let those who dispute our facts produce better authority for their contradiction.

Among the few fortified places that had not been dismantled by Don Roderick was the ancient city of Denia, situated on the Mediterranean coast, and defended on a rock-built castle that overlooked the sea.

The Alcayde of the castle, with many of the people of Denia, was one day on his knees in the chapel, imploring the Virgin to allay a tempest which was strewing the coast with wrecks, when a sentinel brought word that a Moorish cruiser was standing for the land. The Alcayde gave orders to ring the alarm bells, light signal-fires on the hill tops, and rouse the country; for the coast was subject to cruel maraudings from the Barbary cruisers.

In a little while the horsemen of the neighborhood were seen pricking along the beach, armed with such weapons as they could find; and the Alcayde and his scanty garrison descended from the hill. In the meantime the Moorish bark came rolling and pitching toward the land. As it drew near, the rich carving and gilding with which it was decorated, its silken bandaroles, and banks of crimson oars, showed it to be no war-like vessel, but a sumptuous galleot, destined for state and ceremony. It bore the marks of the tempest: the masts were broken, the oars shat-

tered, and fragments of snowy sails and silken awnings were fluttering in the blast.

As the galleot grounded upon the sand, the impatient rabble rushed into the surf to capture and make spoil; but were awed into admiration and respect by the appearance of the illustrious company on board. There were Moors of both sexes sumptuously arrayed, and adorned with precious jewels, bearing the demeanor of persons of lofty rank. Among them shone conspicuous a youthful beauty, magnificently attired, to whom all seemed to pay reverence.

Several of the Moors surrounded her with drawn swords, threatening death to any that approached; others sprang from the bark, and, throwing themselves on their knees before the Alcayde, implored him, by his honor and courtesy as a knight, to protect a royal virgin from injury and insult.

‘You behold before you,’ said they, ‘the only daughter of the King of Algiers, the betrothed bride of the son of the King of Tunis. We were conducting her to the court of her expecting bridegroom, when a tempest drove us from our course, and compelled us to take refuge on your coast. Be not more cruel than the tempest, but deal nobly with that which even sea and storm have spared.’

The Alcayde listened to their prayers. He conducted the princess and her train to the castle, where every honor due to her rank was paid her. Some of her ancient attendants interceded for her liberation, promising countless sums to be paid by her father for her ransom; but the Alcayde turned a deaf ear to all their golden offers. ‘She is a royal captive,’ said he; ‘it belongs to my sovereign alone to dispose of her.’ After she had reposed, therefore, for some days at the castle, and recovered from the fatigue and terror of the seas, he caused her to be conducted, with all her train, in magnificent state to the court of Don Roderick.

The beautiful Elyata entered Toledo more like a triumphant sovereign than a captive. A chosen band of Christian horsemen, splendidly armed, appeared to wait upon her as a mere guard of honor. She was surrounded by the Moorish damsels of her train, and followed by her own Moslem guards, all attired with the magnificence that had been intended to grace her arrival at the court of Tunis. The princess was arrayed in bridal robes, woven in the most costly looms of the orient; her diadem sparkled with diamonds, and was decorated with the rarest plumes of the bird of paradise; and even the silken trappings of her palfrey, which swept the ground, were covered with pearls and precious stones. As this brilliant cavalcade crossed the bridge of the Tagus, all Toledo poured forth to behold it; and nothing was heard throughout the city but praises of the wonderful beauty of the princess of Algiers. King Roderick came forth attended by the chivalry of his court, to receive the royal captive. His recent voluptuous life had disposed him for tender and amorous affections, and, at the first sight of the beautiful Elyata, he was enraptured with her charms. Seeing her face clouded with sorrow and anxiety, he soothed her with gentle and courteous words, and, conducting her to a royal palace, ‘Behold,’ said he, ‘thy habitation where no one shall molest thee; consider thyself at home in the mansion of thy father, and dispose of any thing according to thy will.’

Here the princess passed her time, with the female attendants who had accompanied her from Algiers; and no one but the king was permitted to visit her, who daily became more and more enamoured of his lovely captive, and sought, by tender assiduity, to gain her affections. The distress of the princess at her captivity was soothed by this gentle treatment. She was of an age when sorrow cannot long hold sway over the heart. Accompanied by her youthful attendants, she ranged the spacious apartments of the palace, and sported among the groves and alleys of its garden. Every day the remembrance of the paternal home grew less and less painful, and the king became more and more amiable in her eyes; and when, at length, he offered to share his heart and throne with her, she listened with downcast looks and kindling blushes, but with an air of resignation.

One obstacle remained to the complete fruition of the monarch's wishes, and this was the religion of the princess. Roderick forthwith employed the Archbishop of Toledo to instruct the beautiful Elyata in the mysteries of the Christian faith. The female intellect is quick in perceiving the merits of new doctrines: the archbishop, therefore, soon succeeded in converting, not merely the princess, but most of her attendants; and a day was appointed for their public baptism. The ceremony was performed with great pomp and solemnity, in the presence of all the nobility and chivalry of the court. The princess and her damsels, clad in white, walked on foot to the cathedral, while numerous beautiful children, arrayed as angels, strewed the path with flowers; and the archbishop, meeting them at the portal, received them, as it were, into the bosom of the church. The princess abandoned her Moorish appellation of Elyata, and was baptised by the name of Exilona, by which she was thenceforth called, and has generally been known in history.

The nuptials of Roderick and the beautiful convert took place shortly afterward, and were celebrated with great magnificence. There were jousts, and tournaments, and banquets, and other rejoicings, which lasted twenty days, and were attended by the principle nobles from all parts of Spain. After these were over, such of the attendants of the princess as refused to embrace Christianity, and desired to return to Africa, were dismissed with munificent presents; and an embassy was sent to the King of Algiers, to inform him of the nuptials of his daughter, and to proffer him the friendship of King Roderick.

For a time Don Roderick lived happily with his young and beautiful queen, and Toledo was the seat of festivity and splendor. The principal nobles throughout the kingdom repaired to his court to pay him homage, and to receive his commands; and none were more devoted in their reverence than those who were obnoxious to suspicion, from their connection with the late king.

Among the foremost of these was Count Julian, a man destined to be infamously renowned in the dark story of his country's woes. He was of one of the proudest Gothic families, lord of Consuegra and Algeziras, and connected by marriage with Witizia and the Bishop Oppas; his wife, the Countess Frandina, being their sister. In consequence of this connection, and of his own merits, he had enjoyed the highest dignities and

commands : being one of the Espatorios, or royal sword-bearers ; an office of the greatest confidence about the person of the sovereign. He had, moreover, been intrusted with the military government of the Spanish possessions on the African coast of the strait, which at that time were threatened by the Arabs of the East, the followers of Mahomet, who were advancing their victorious standard to the extremity of Western Africa. Count Julian established his seat of government at Ceuta, the frontier bulwark, and one of the far-famed gates of the Mediterranean Sea. Here he boldly faced, and held in check, the torrent of Moslem invasion.

Don Julian was a man of an active, but irregular genius, and a grasping ambition ; he had a love for power and grandeur, in which he was joined by his haughty countess ; and they could ill brook the downfall of their house as threatened by the fate of Witizia. They had hastened, therefore, to pay their court to the newly elevated monarch, and to assure him of their fidelity to his interests.

Roderick was readily persuaded of the sincerity of Count Julian ; he was aware of his merits as a soldier and a governor, and continued him in his important command ; honoring him with many other marks of implicit confidence. Count Julian sought to confirm this confidence by every proof of devotion. It was a custom among the Goths to rear many of the children of the most illustrious families in the royal household. They served as pages to the king, and handmaids and ladies of honor to the queen, and were instructed in all manner of accomplishments befitting their gentle blood. When about to depart for Ceuta, to resume his command, Don Julian brought his daughter Florinda to present her to the sovereigns. She was a beautiful virgin, that had not as yet attained to womanhood. 'I confide her to your protection,' said he to the king, 'to be unto her as a father ; and to have her trained in the paths of virtue. I can leave with you no dearer pledge of my loyalty.'

King Roderick received the timid and blushing maiden into his paternal care ; promising to watch over her happiness with a parent's eye, and that she should be enrolled among the most cherished attendants of the queen. With this assurance of the welfare of his child, Count Julian departed, well pleased, for his government at Ceuta.

The beautiful daughter of Count Julian was received with great favor by the queen Exilona, and admitted among the noble damsels that attended upon her person. Here she lived in honor and apparent security, and surrounded by innocent delights. To gratify his queen, Don Roderick had built for her rural recreation, a palace without the walls of Toledo, on the banks of the Tagus. It stood in the midst of a garden, adorned after the luxurious style of the east. The air was perfumed by fragrant shrubs and flowers ; the groves resounded with the song of the nightingale ; while the gush of fountains and waterfalls, and the distant murmur of the Tagus, made it a delightful retreat during the sultry days of summer. The charm of perfect privacy also reigned throughout the place ; for the garden walls were high, and numerous guards kept watch without to protect it from all intrusion.

In this delicious abode, more befitting an oriental voluptuary than a Gothic king, Don Roderick was accustomed to while away much of that

time which should have been devoted to the toilsome cares of government. The very security and peace which he had produced throughout his dominions, by his precautions to abolish the means and habitudes of war, had effected a disastrous change in his character. The hardy and heroic qualities which had conducted him to the throne, were softened in the lap of indulgence. Surrounded by the pleasures of an idle and effeminate court, and beguiled by the example of his degenerate nobles, he gave way to a fatal sensuality that had lain dormant in his nature during the virtuous days of his adversity. The mere love of female beauty had first enamoured him of Exilona ; and the same passion, fostered by voluptuous idleness, now betrayed him into the commission of an act fatal to himself and Spain. The following is the story of his error, as gathered from an old chronicle and legend.

In a remote part of the palace was an apartment devoted to the queen. It was like an eastern harem, shut up from the foot of man, and where the king himself but rarely entered. It had its own courts, and gardens, and fountains, where the queen was wont to recreate herself with her damsels, as she had been accustomed to do in the jealous privacy of her father's palace.

One sultry day, the king, instead of taking his siesta, or mid-day slumber, repaired to this apartment to seek the society of the queen. In passing through a small oratory, he was drawn by the sound of female voices to a casement overhung with myrtles and jessamines. It looked into an interior garden, or court, set out with orange trees, in the midst of which was a marble fountain, surrounded by a grassy bank, enamelled with flowers.

It was the high noontide of a summer day, when, in sultry Spain, the landscape trembles to the eye, and all nature seeks repose, except the grasshopper, that pipes his lulling note to the herdsman as he sleeps beneath the shade.

Around the fountain were several of the damsels of the queen, who, confident of the sacred privacy of the place, were yielding in that cool retreat to the indulgence prompted by the season and the hour. Some lay asleep on the flowery bank ; others sat on the margin of the fountain, talking and laughing, as they bathed their feet in its limpid waters, and King Roderick beheld delicate limbs shining through the wave, that might rival the marble in whiteness.

Among the damsels was one who had come from the Barbary coast with the queen. Her complexion had the dark tinge of Mauritania, but it was clear and transparent, and the deep rich rose blushed through the lovely brown. Her eyes were black and full of fire, and flashed from under long silken eye-lashes.

A sportive contest arose among the maidens, as to the comparative beauty of the Spanish and Moorish forms ; but the Mauritanian damsel revealed limbs of voluptuous symmetry that seemed to defy all rivalry.

The Spanish beauties were on the point of giving up the contest, when they bethought themselves of the young Florinda, the daughter of Count Julian, who lay on the grassy bank, abandoned to a summer slumber. The soft glow of youth and health mantled on her cheek ; her fringed eyelashes scarcely covered their sleeping orbs ; her moist and

ruby lips were lightly parted, just revealing a gleam of her ivory teeth ; while her innocent bosom rose and fell beneath her bodice, like the gentle swelling and sinking of a tranquil sea. There was a breathing tenderness and beauty in the sleeping virgin, that seemed to send forth sweetness like the flowers around her.

‘Behold,’ cried her companions exultingly, ‘the champion of Spanish beauty!’

In their playful eagerness they half disrobed the innocent Florinda before she was aware. She awoke in time, however, to escape from their busy hands ; but enough of her charms had been revealed to convince the monarch that they were not to be rivalled by the rarest beauties of Mauritania.

From this day the heart of Roderick was inflamed with a fatal passion. He gazed on the beautiful Florinda with fervid desire, and sought to read in her looks whether there was levity or wantonness in her bosom ; but the eye of the damsel ever sunk beneath his gaze, and remained bent on the earth in virgin modesty.

It was in vain he called to mind the sacred trust reposed in him by Count Julian, and the promise he had given to watch over his daughter with paternal care ; his heart was vitiated by sensual indulgence, and the consciousness of power had rendered him selfish in his gratifications.

Being one evening in the garden where the queen was diverting herself with her damsels, and coming to the fountain where he had beheld the innocent maidens at their sport, he could no longer restrain the passion that raged within his breast. Seating himself beside the fountain, he called Florinda to him to draw forth a thorn which had pierced his hand. The maiden knelt at his feet to examine his hand, and the touch of her slender fingers thrilled through his veins. As she knelt, too, her amber locks fell in rich ringlets about her beautiful head, her innocent bosom palpitated beneath the crimson bodice, and her timid blushes increased the effulgence of her charms.

Having examined the monarch’s hand in vain, she looked up in his face with artless perplexity.

‘Senior,’ said she, ‘I can find no thorn, nor any sign of wound.’

Don Roderick grasped her hand and pressed it to his heart. ‘It is here, lovely Florinda!’ said he, ‘It is here ! and thou alone canst pluck it forth!’

‘My lord!’ exclaimed the blushing and astonished maiden.

‘Florinda!’ said Don Roderick, ‘dost thou love me?’

‘Senior,’ said she, ‘my father taught me to love and reverence you. He confided me to your care as one who would be as a parent to me, when he should be far distant, serving your majesty with life and loyalty. May God incline your majesty ever to protect me as a father.’ So saying, the maiden dropped her eyes to the ground, and continued kneeling ; but her countenance had become deadly pale, and as she knelt she trembled.

‘Florinda,’ said the king, ‘either thou dost not or thou wilt not understand me. I would have thee love me, not as a father, nor as a monarch, but as one who adores thee. Why dost thou start ? No one shall

know our loves; and, moreover, the love of a monarch inflicts no degradation like the love of a common man; riches and honors attend upon it. I will advance thee to rank and dignity, and place thee above the proudest females of my court. Thy father, too, shall be more exalted and endowed than any noble in my realm.'

The soft eye of Florinda kindled at these words. 'Senior,' said she, 'the line I spring from can receive no dignity by means so vile; and my father would rather die than purchase rank and power by the dishonor of his child. But I see,' continued she, 'that your majesty speaks in this manner only to try me. You may have thought me light and simple and unworthy to attend upon the queen. I pray your majesty to pardon me, that I have taken your pleasantry in such serious part.'

In this way the agitated maiden sought to evade the addresses of the monarch; but still her cheek was blanched, and her lip quivered as she spake.

The king pressed her hand to his lips with fervor. 'May ruin seize me,' cried he, 'if I speak to prove thee! My heart, my kingdom, are at thy command. Only be mine, and thou shalt rule absolute mistress of myself and my domains.'

The damsel rose from the earth where she had hitherto knelt, and her whole countenance glowed with virtuous indignation. 'My Lord,' said she, 'I am your subject, and in your power; take my life if it be your pleasure; but nothing shall tempt me to commit a crime which would be treason to the queen, disgrace to my father, agony to my mother, and perdition to myself.' With these words she left the garden, and the king, for the moment, was too much awed by her indignant virtue to oppose her departure.

We shall pass briefly over the succeeding events of the story of Florinda, about which so much has been said and sung by chronicler and bard: for the sober page of history should be carefully chastened from all scenes that might inflame a wanton imagination; leaving them to poems and romances, and such-like highly seasoned works of fantasy and recreation.

Let it suffice to say, that Don Roderick pursued his suit to the beautiful Florinda, his passion being more and more inflamed by the resistance of the virtuous damsel. At length, forgetting what was due to helpless beauty, to his own honor as a knight, and his word as a sovereign, he triumphed over her weakness by base and unmanly violence.

There are not wanting those who affirm that the hapless Florinda lent a yielding ear to the solicitations of the monarch, and her name has been treated with opprobrium in several of the ancient chronicles and legendary ballads that have transmitted, from generation to generation, the story of the woes of Spain. In very truth, however, she appears to have been a guiltless victim, resisting, as far as helpless female could resist, the arts and intrigues of a powerful monarch, who had nought to check the indulgence of his will, and bewailing her disgrace with a poignancy that shows how dearly she had prized her honor.

In the first paroxysm of her grief she wrote a letter to her father, blotted with her tears, and almost incoherent from her agitation. 'Would to God, my father,' said she, 'that the earth had opened and

swallowed me ere I had been reduced to write these lines ! I blush to tell thee, what it is not proper to conceal. Alas ! my father ; thou hast entrusted thy lamb to the guardianship of the lion. Thy daughter has been dishonored, the royal cradle of the Goths polluted, and our lineage insulted and disgraced. Hasten, my father, to rescue your child from the power of the spoiler, and to vindicate the honor of your house !

When Florinda had written these lines, she summoned a youthful esquire, who had been a page in the service of her father. 'Saddle thy steed,' said she, 'and if thou dost aspire to knightly honor, or hope for lady's grace—if thou hast fealty for thy lord, or devotion to his daughter—speed swiftly upon my errand. Rest not, halt not, spare not the spur ; but hie thee day and night until thou reach the sea ; take the first bark, and haste with sail and oar to Ceuta, nor pause until thou give this letter to the count my father.'

The youth put the letter in his bosom. 'Trust me, lady,' said he, 'I will neither halt nor turn aside, nor cast a look behind, until I reach Count Julian.' He mounted his fleet steed, sped his way across the bridge, and soon left behind him the verdant valley of the Tagus.

THE heart of Don Roderick was not so depraved by sensuality, but that the wrong he had been guilty of toward the innocent Florinda, and the disgrace he had inflicted on her house, weighed heavy on his spirits, and a cloud began to gather on his once clear and unwrinkled brow.

Heaven, at this time, say the old Spanish chronicles, permitted a marvellous intimation of the wrath with which it intended to visit the monarch and his people, in punishment of their sins ; nor are we, say the same orthodox writers, to startle, and withhold our faith, when we meet in the page of discreet and sober history with these signs and portents, which transcend the probabilities of ordinary life ; for the revolutions of empires and the downfall of mighty kings are awful events, that shake the physical as well as the moral world, and are often announced by forerunning marvels and prodigious omens. With such-like cautious preliminaries do the wary but credulous historians of yore usher in a marvellous event of prophecy and enchantment, linked in ancient story with the fortunes of Don Roderick, but which modern doubters would fain hold up as an apocryphal tradition of Arabian origin.

Now, so it happened, according to the legend, that about this time, as King Roderick was seated one day on his throne, surrounded by his nobles, in the ancient city of Toledo, two men of venerable appearance entered the hall of audience. Their snowy beards descended to their breasts, and their gray hairs were bound with ivy. They were arrayed in white garments of foreign or antiquated fashion, which swept the ground, and were cinctured with girdles, wrought with the signs of the zodiac, from which were suspended enormous bunches of keys of every variety of form. Having approached the throne and made obeisance : 'Know, O King,' said one of the old men, 'that in days of yore, when Hercules of Libya, surnamed the strong, had set up his pillars at the

ocean strait, he erected a tower near to this ancient city of Toledo. He built it of prodigious strength, and finished it with magic art, shutting up within it a fearful secret, never to be penetrated without peril and disaster. To protect this terrible mystery he closed the entrance to the edifice with a ponderous door of iron, secured by a great lock of steel; and he left a command that every king who should succeed him should add another lock to the portal; denouncing wo and destruction on him who should eventually unfold the secret of the tower.

'The guardianship of the portal was given to our ancestors, and has continued in our family, from generation to generation, since the days of Hercules. Several kings, from time to time, have caused the gate to be thrown open, and have attempted to enter, but have paid dearly for their temerity. Some have perished within the threshold, others have been overwhelmed with horror at tremendous sounds, which shook the foundations of the earth, and have hastened to re-close the door, and secure it with its thousand locks. Thus, since the days of Hercules, the inmost recesses of the pile have never been penetrated by mortal man, and a profound mystery continues to prevail over this great enchantment. This, O King, is all we have to relate; and our errand is to entreat thee to repair to the tower and affix thy lock to the portal, as has been done by all thy predecessors.' Having thus said, the ancient men made a profound reverence and departed from the presence chamber.

Don Roderick remained for some time lost in thought after the departure of the men: he then dismissed all his court, excepting the venerable Urbino, at that time archbishop of Toledo. The long white beard of this prelate bespoke his advanced age, and his overhanging eye-brows showed him a man full of wary counsel.

'Father,' said the king, 'I have an earnest desire to penetrate the mystery of this tower.' The worthy prelate shook his hoary head: 'Beware, my son,' said he; 'there are secrets hidden from man for his good. Your predecessors for many generations have respected this mystery, and have increased in might and empire. A knowledge of it, therefore, is not material to the welfare of your kingdom. Seek not then to indulge a rash and unprofitable curiosity, which is interdicted under such awful menaces.'

'Of what importance,' cried the king, 'are the menaces of Hercules, the Lybian? Was he not a pagan? and can his enchantments have aught avail against a believer in our holy faith? Doubtless, in this tower are locked up treasures of gold and jewels, amassed in days of old, the spoils of mighty kings, the riches of the pagan world. My coffers are exhausted; I have need of supply; and surely it would be an acceptable act in the eyes of Heaven, to draw forth this wealth which lies buried under profane and necromantic spells, and consecrate it to religious purposes.'

The venerable archbishop still continued to remonstrate, but Don Roderick heeded not his counsel, for he was led on by his malignant star. 'Father,' said he, 'it is in vain you attempt to dissuade me. My resolution is fixed. To-morrow I will explore the hidden mystery, or rather the hidden treasures of this tower.'

The morning sun shone brightly upon the cliff-built towers of Toledo, when King Roderick issued out of the gate of the city, at the head of a numerous train of courtiers and cavaliers, and crossed the bridge that bestrides the deep rocky bed of the Tagus. The shining cavalcade wound up the road that leads among the mountains, and soon came in sight of the necromantic tower.

Of this renowned edifice marvels are related by the ancient Arabian and Spanish chroniclers; 'and I doubt much,' adds the venerable Agpaida, 'whether many readers will not consider the whole as a cunningly devised fable, sprung from an oriental imagination; but it is not for me to reject a fact which is recorded by all those writers who are the fathers of our national history: a fact, too, which is as well attested as most of the remarkable events in the story of Don Roderick. None but light and inconsiderate minds,' continues the good friar, 'do hastily reject the marvellous. To the thinking mind the whole world is enveloped in mystery, and every thing is full of type and portent. To such a mind the necromantic tower of Toledo will appear as one of those wondrous monuments of the olden time; one of those Egyptian and Chaldaic piles, storied with hidden wisdom and mystic prophecy, which have been devised in past ages, when man yet enjoyed an intercourse with high and spiritual natures, and when human foresight partook of divination.'

This singular tower was round, and of great height and grandeur; erected upon a lofty rock, and surrounded by crags and precipices. The foundation was supported by four brazen lions, each taller than a cavalier on horseback. The walls were built of small pieces of jasper, and various colored marbles, not larger than a man's hand; so subtly joined, however, that but for their different hues they might be taken for one entire stone. They were arranged with marvellous cunning, so as to represent battles and warlike deeds of times and heroes long since passed away; and the whole surface was so admirably polished that the stones were as lustrous as glass, and reflected the rays of the sun with such resplendent brightness as to dazzle all beholders.*

King Roderick and his courtiers arrived wondering and amazed, at the foot of the rock. Here there was a narrow arched way cut through the living stone; the only entrance to the tower. It was closed by a massive iron gate, covered with rusty locks of divers workmanship, and in the fashion of different centuries, which had been affixed by the predecessors of Don Roderick. On either side of the portal stood the two ancient guardians of the tower, laden with the keys appertaining to the locks.

The king alighted, and, approaching the portals, ordered the guardians to unlock the gate. The hoary-headed men drew back with terror. 'Alas!' cried they, 'what is it your majesty requires of us? Would you have the mischiefs of this tower unbound, and let loose to shake the earth to its foundations?'

The venerable archbishop Urbino likewise implored him not to dis-

* From the minute account of the good friar, drawn from the ancient chronicles, it would appear that the walls of the tower were pictured in mosaic work.

turb a mystery which had been held sacred from generation to generation, within the memory of man; and which even Cæsar himself, when sovereign of Spain, had not ventured to invade. The youthful cavaliers, however, were eager to pursue the adventure, and encouraged him in his rash curiosity.

‘Come what come may,’ exclaimed Don Roderick, ‘I am resolved to penetrate the mystery of this tower.’ So saying, he again commanded the guardians to unlock the portal. The ancient men obeyed with fear and trembling, but their hands shook with age, and when they applied the keys, the locks were so rusted by time, or of such strange workmanship, that they resisted their feeble efforts; whereupon the young cavaliers pressed forward and lent their aid. Still the locks were so numerous and difficult, that with all their eagerness and strength a great part of the day was exhausted before the whole of them could be mastered.

When the last bolt had yielded to the key, the guardians and the reverend archbishop again entreated the king to pause and reflect. ‘Whatever is within this tower,’ said they, ‘is as yet harmless, and lies bound under a mighty spell: venture not then to open a door which may let forth a flood of evil upon the land.’ But the anger of the king was roused, and he ordered that the portal should be instantly thrown open. In vain, however, did one after another exert his strength; and equally in vain did the cavaliers unite their forces, and apply their shoulders to the gate: though there was neither bar nor bolt remaining, it was perfectly immovable.

The patience of the king was now exhausted, and he advanced to apply his hand; scarcely, however, did he touch the iron gate, when it swung slowly open, uttering, as it were, a dismal groan, as it turned reluctantly upon its hinges. A cold, damp wind issued forth, accompanied by a tempestuous sound. The hearts of the ancient guardians quaked within them, and their knees smote together; but several of the youthful cavaliers rushed in, eager to gratify their curiosity, or to signalise themselves in this redoubtable enterprise. They had scarcely advanced a few paces, however, when they recoiled, overcome by the baleful air, or by some fearful vision. Upon this, the king ordered that fires should be kindled to dispel the darkness, and to correct the noxious and long imprisoned air: he then led the way into the interior; but, though stout of heart, he advanced with awe and hesitation.

After proceeding a short distance, he entered a hall, or antechamber, on the opposite side of which was a door; and before it, on a pedestal, stood a gigantic figure, of the color of bronze, and of a terrible aspect. It held a huge mace, which it whirled incessantly, giving such cruel and resounding blows upon the earth as to prevent all further entrance.

The king paused at sight of this appalling figure; for whether it were a living being, or a statue of magic artifice, he could not tell. On its breast was a scroll, whereon was inscribed in large letters, ‘I do my duty.’ After a little while Roderick plucked up heart, and addressed it with great solemnity: ‘Whatever thou be,’ said he, ‘know that I come not to violate this sanctuary, but to inquire into the mystery it contains; I conjure thee, therefore, to let me pass in safety.’

Upon this the figure paused with uplifted mace, and the king and his train passed unmolested through the door.

They now entered a vast chamber, of a rare and sumptuous architecture, difficult to be described. The walls were incrustated with the most precious gems, so joined together as to form one smooth and perfect surface. The lofty dome appeared to be self-supported, and was studded with gems, lustrous as the stars of the firmament. There was neither wood, nor any other common or base material to be seen throughout the edifice. There were no windows or rather openings to admit the day, yet a radiant light was spread throughout the place, which seemed to shine from the walls, and to render every object distinctly visible.

In the centre of this hall stood a table of alabaster, of the rarest workmanship, on which was inscribed in Greek characters, that Hercules Alcides, the Theban Greek, had founded this tower in the year of the world three thousand and six. Upon the table stood a golden casket, richly set round with precious stones, and closed with a lock of mother-of-pearl; and on the lid were inscribed the following words:

‘In this coffer is contained the mystery of the tower. The hand of none but a king can open it; but let him beware! for marvellous events will be revealed to him, which are to take place before his death.’

King Roderick boldly seized upon the casket. The venerable archbishop laid his hand upon his arm, and made a last remonstrance. ‘Forbear, my son!’ said he; ‘desist while there is yet time. Look not into the mysterious decrees of Providence. God has hidden them in mercy from our sight, and it is impious to rend the veil by which they are concealed.’

‘What have I to dread from a knowledge of the future?’ replied Roderick, with an air of haughty presumption. ‘If good be destined me, I shall enjoy it by anticipation: if evil, I shall arm myself to meet it.’ So saying, he rashly broke the lock.

Within the coffer he found nothing but a linen cloth, folded between two tablets of copper. On unfolding it, he beheld painted on it figures of men on horseback, of fierce demeanor, clad in turbans and robes of various colors, after the fashion of the Arabs, with scimitars hanging from their necks, and cross-bows at their saddle backs, and they carried banners and pennons with divers devices. Above them was inscribed in Greek characters, ‘Rash monarch! behold the men who are to hurl thee from thy throne, and subdue thy kingdom!’

At sight of these things the king was troubled in spirit, and dismay fell upon his attendants. While they were yet regarding the paintings, it seemed as if the figures began to move, and a faint sound of warlike tumult arose from the cloth, with the clash of cymbal and bray of trumpet, the neigh of steel and shout of army; but all was heard indistinctly, as if afar off, or in a reverie or dream. The more they gazed, the plainer became the motion, and the louder the noise; and the linen cloth rolled forth, and amplified and spread out, as it were, a mighty banner, and filled the hall, and mingled with the air, until its texture was no longer visible, or appeared as a transparent cloud: and the shadowy figures become all in motion, and the din and uproar

became fiercer and fiercer; and whether the whole were an animated picture, or a vision, or an array of embodied spirits, conjured up by supernatural power, no one present could tell. They beheld before them a great field of battle, where Christians and Moslems were engaged in deadly conflict. They heard the rush and tramp of steeds, the blast of trump and clarion, the clash of cymbal, and the stormy din of a thousand drums. There was the clash of swords, and maces, and battle-axes, with the whistling of arrows, and the hurling of darts and lances. The Christians quailed before the foe; the infidels pressed upon them and put them to utter rout; the standard of the cross was cast down, the banner of Spain was trodden under foot, the air resounded with shouts of triumph, with yells of fury, and with the groans of dying men. Amidst the flying squadrons, King Roderick beheld a crowned warrior, whose back was turned toward him, but whose armor and device were his own, and who was mounted on a white steed that resembled his own war horse Orelia. In the confusion of the flight, the warrior was dismounted, and was no longer to be seen, and Orelia galloped wildly through the field of battle without a rider.

Roderick stayed to see no more, but rushed from the fatal hall, followed by his terrified attendants. They fled through the outer chamber, where the gigantic figure with the whirling mace had disappeared from his pedestal; and on issuing into the open air, they found the two ancient guardians of the tower lying dead at the portal, as though they had been crushed by some mighty blow. All nature, which had been clear and serene, was now in wild uproar. The heavens were darkened by heavy clouds; loud bursts of thunder rent the air, and the earth was deluged with rain and rattling hail.

The king ordered that the iron portal should be closed; but the door was immovable, and the cavaliers were dismayed by the tremendous turmoil, and the mingled shouts and groans that continued to prevail within. The king and his train hastened back to Toledo, pursued and pelted by the tempest. The mountains shook and echoed with the thunder, trees were uprooted and blown down, and the Tagus raged and roared and flowed above its banks. It seemed to the affrighted courtiers as if the phantom legions of the tower had issued forth and mingled with the storm; for amidst the claps of thunder and the howling of the wind, they fancied they heard the sound of the drums and trumpets, the shouts of armies and the rush of steeds. Thus beaten by tempest, and overwhelmed with horror, the king and his courtiers arrived at Toledo, clattering across the bridge of the Tagus, and entering the gate in headlong confusion, as though they had been pursued by an enemy.

In the morning the heavens were again serene, and all nature was restored to tranquillity. The king, therefore, issued forth with his cavaliers and took the road to the tower, followed by a great multitude, for he was anxious once more to close the iron door, and shut up those evils that threatened to overwhelm the land. But lo! on coming in sight of the tower, a new wonder met their eyes. An eagle appeared high in the air, seeming to descend from heaven. He bore in his beak a burning brand, and lighting on the summit of the tower, fanned

the fire with his wings. In a little while the edifice burst forth into a blaze as though it had been built of rosin, and the flames mounted into the air with a brilliancy more dazzling than the sun; nor did they cease until every stone was consumed and the whole was reduced to a heap of ashes. Then there came a vast flight of birds, small of size and sable of hue, darkening the sky like a cloud; and they descended and wheeled in circles round the ashes, causing so great a wind with their wings that the whole was borne up into the air and scattered throughout all Spain, and wherever a particle of those ashes fell it was as a stain of blood. It is furthermore recorded by ancient men and writers of former days, that all those on whom this dust fell were afterwards slain in battle, when the country was conquered by the Arabs, and that the destruction of this necromantic tower was a sign and token of the approaching perdition of Spain.

‘Let all those,’ concludes the cautious friar, ‘who question the verity of this most marvellous occurrence, consult those admirable sources of our history, the chronicle of the Moor Rasis, and the work entitled ‘The Fall of Spain,’ written by the Moor, Abulcasim Tarif Abentarique. Let them consult, moreover, the venerable historian Bleda, and the cloud of other Catholic Spanish writers, who have treated of this event, and they will find I have related nothing that has not been printed and published under the inspection and sanction of our holy mother church. God alone knoweth the truth of these things; I speak nothing but what has been handed down to me from times of old.’

A N A C R E O N T I C .

Τὸ δὲ χεῖλος, σὺκ ἔτ οἶδα
Τί μοι προῶ ποιήσεις.

MAIDEN! first did Nature seek
Lilies for thy spotless cheek;
When with roses came she next
Half delighted, yet more vex'd,
For the lilies there, to see
Blushing at their purity!
Since her labor now was lost,
Roses to the wind she tost.
One, a bud of smiling June,
Falling on thy lips, as soon
Left its color, and in death
Willed its fragrance to thy breath!
Then two drops of crystall'd dew
From the hyacinth's deep hue,
Brought she for thine eyes of blue;
And lest they should miss the sun,
Bade thy soul to shine thereon.
Lilies, Nature gave thy face —
Say, thy heart do lilies grace?

St. Paul's College.

G. H. H.

L I T E R A R Y N O T I C E S .

A CHRISTMAS CAROL, IN PROSE: Being a Ghost-Story of Christmas. By CHARLES DICKENS.
New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

IF in every alternate work that Mr. DICKENS were to send to the London press he should find occasion to indulge in ridicule against alleged American peculiarities, or broad caricatures of our actual vanities, or other follies, we could with the utmost cheerfulness pass them by unnoted and uncondemned, if he would only now and then present us with an intellectual creation so touching and beautiful as the one before us. Indeed, we can with truth say, that in our deliberate judgment, the 'Christmas Carol' is the most striking, the most picturesque, the most truthful, of all the limnings which have proceeded from its author's pen. There is much mirth in the book, says a competent English critic, but more wisdom; wisdom of that kind which men possess who have gazed thoughtfully but kindly on human life, and have pierced deeper than their fellows into all the sunny nooks and dark recesses of the human breast. The barbarous notion has long been exploded, that comic writers were only to be esteemed for their jests, and useful for provoking laughter. CERVANTES, first among the moderns, sent it out of fashion, and blessed that union of wit, sense, and pathos, which so many renowned writers have since confirmed; until it has come to be acknowledged, that rich genuine humor is rarely an inmate of the mind, if there be not a corresponding depth of earnestness and feeling in the heart. Many of DICKENS' writings, it is justly claimed, exhibit this fine, healthy, benevolent spirit. 'His sympathy for human suffering is strong and pure, and he reserves it not for imaginary and and fictitious distress, but for the real grinding sorrows of life.' And this sympathy is more finely displayed in the work under notice, than in any of his previous productions. The design is very fanciful, and there is crowded into it, brief as it is, a world of character and observation. It is truly a reflection of life in miniature. Before proceeding to a few illustrative extracts, we shall avail ourselves in part of a clear synopsis of the inception and progress of the story, from the pen of a London contemporary.

SCROOGE is a very rich citizen; a 'squeezing, grinding, grasping, scraping, clutching, covetous old sinner.' He has lost all recollection of what he once was, and what he once felt; is dead to all kindly impulses, and proof against the most moving tale. He is almost as keen and gruff as old RALPH NICKELBY, to whom he bears a strong family resemblance, and uses his poor clerk, BOB CRATCHITT, just as badly, and has as little feeling for his merry-hearted nephew, who has married for love. The 'carol' begins on Christmas-eve. SCROOGE calls his nephew a lunatic for wishing him 'A merry Christmas!' and sends him home, sad as harsh words can make him. He keeps his poor shivering clerk in a small tank-like ground-room till the last minute of his stipulated time, and then dismisses him with an angry growl. He goes to his usual melancholy tavern to eat his melancholy dinner, amuses himself in the evening with his banker's book, and then retires to his dreary chambers. He had once a partner, a counterpart of himself, who has been dead for many

a year; and while sitting in his lonely room, over a low fire, the ghost of the deceased partner enters, although the door is double-locked. He wears a heavy chain, forged of keys and safes; and, like Hamlet's ghost, tells of the heavy penance he is doomed to suffer in spirit for sins committed in the flesh. He has come to warn his partner, and to give him a chance of amendment. He tells him he will be visited by three Spirits, on the three following nights, and bids him mark well what they shall disclose. SCROOGE instantly falls asleep, and does not wake till the appointed hour. The three spirits are of Christmas Past, Christmas Present, and Christmas to Come. The ghost of Christmas Past stands by SCROOGE'S bedside, of an uncertain form, though the belt round its body is wondrous light, and a flame shoots up from its head. Yet the figure fluctuates in distinctness, now one part being visible and now another. The spirit seizes the hand of SCROOGE, and they float through the air together. The old man is taken to the haunts of his childhood, and he is conscious of 'a thousand odors floating in the air, each one connected with a thousand thoughts, and hopes, and joys, and cares long, long forgotten.' Each circumstance of the time past is restored. The village school; a boy left deserted in the school-room, whom SCROOGE recognises as his former self reading 'Robinson Crusoe;' till at last a lovely girl, who throws her arms round the boy's neck, and bids him come home to a 'merry, merry Christmas.' Then the scene changes, and SCROOGE is once more in the house of the kind-hearted master of his youth, who loved to keep Christmas as it was kept in the olden time, and he recognises himself the most joyous of the joyous group. Then comes the scene of his manhood, when he deserted his betrothed for a wealthier bride; and last, he views the girl he had deserted, the mother of a happy blooming family. This picture is delightfully sketched; it is enough to make a bachelor in love with wedlock. The scene is too affecting for the changed and worldly miser; he implores to be removed from the familiar place; he wrestles with the spirit, and awakened by the struggle, finds himself once more in his own room, and in darkness.

Again he has a long sleep. Christmas Present comes in the shape of a giant, with a holly-green robe. SCROOGE perceives him seated in his room, with his noble head crowned with holly wreath studded with icicles, reaching to the ceiling. His throne is a wine-cask and his foot-stool a twelfth-cake. In his hand he bears a blazing torch, from which he sprinkles down gladness upon every threshold he enters. An immense fire glows and crackles in the grate, the walls and ceiling are hung with living green, and all around are heaped up the choice provisions collected to make Christmas glad. The giant leads SCROOGE forth. They pass through streets and lanes, with every house bearing token of rejoicing by its roaring fire or its sprig of holly, till they come to the dwelling of poor BOB CRATCHIT, old SCROOGE'S clerk. And here ensues a picture worthy of WILKIE in his best days:

'PERHAPS it was the pleasure the good Spirit had in showing off his power, or else it was his own kind, generous, hearty nature, and his sympathy with all poor men, that led him straight to Scrooge's clerk's; for there he went, and took Scrooge with him, holding to his robe; and on the threshold of the door the Spirit smiled, and stopped to bless Bob Cratchit's dwelling with the sprinkling of his torch. Think of that! Bob had but fifteen 'Bob' a week himself; he pocketed on Saturdays but fifteen copies of his Christian name; and yet the Ghost of Christmas Present blessed his four-roomed house!

'Then up rose Mrs. Cratchit, Cratchit's wife, dressed out but poorly in a twice-turned gown, but brave in ribands, which are cheap and make a goodly show for sixpence; and she laid the cloth, assisted by Belinda Cratchit, second of her daughters, also brave in ribands; while Master Peter Cratchit plunged a fork into the saucepan of potatoes, and getting the corners of his monstrous shirt-collar (Bob's private property, conferred upon his son and heir in honor of the day) into his mouth, rejoiced to find himself so gallantly attired, and yearned to show his linen in the fashionable Parks. And now two smaller Cratchits, boy and girl, came tearing in, screaming that outside the baker's they had smelt the goose, and known it for their own; and basking in luxurious thoughts of sage-and-onions, these young Cratchits danced about the table, and exalted Master Peter Cratchit to the skies, while he (not proud, although his collar nearly choked him) blew the fire, until the slow potatoes, bubbling up, knocked proudly at the sauce-pan lid to be let out and peeled.

'What has ever got your precious father, then?' said Mrs. Cratchit. 'And your brother, Tiny Tim; and Martha warn't as late last Christmas Day by half-an-hour!'

'Here's Martha, mother!' said a girl, appearing as she spoke.

'Here's Martha, mother!' cried the two young Cratchits. 'Hurrah! There's such a goose, Martha!'

"Why, bless your heart alive, my dear, how late you are!" said Mrs. Cratchit, kissing her a dozen times, and taking off her shawl and bonnet for her, with officious zeal.

"We'd a deal of work to finish up last night," replied the girl, "and had to clear away this morning, mother!"

"Well! Never mind so long as you are come," said Mrs. Cratchit. "Sit ye down before the fire, my dear, and have a warm, Lord bless ye!"

"No, no! There's father coming," cried the two young Cratchits, who were every where at once. "Hide, Martha, hide!"

So Martha hid herself, and in came little Bob, the father, with at least three feet of comforter, exclusive of the fringe, hanging down before him; and his thread-bare clothes darned up and brushed, to look reasonable; and Tiny Tim upon his shoulder. Alas for Tiny Tim, he bore a little crutch, and had his limbs supported by an iron frame!

"Why, where's our Martha?" cried Bob Cratchit looking round.

"Not coming," said Mrs. Cratchit.

"Not coming!" said Bob, with a sudden declension in his high spirits; for he had been Tim's blood horse all the way from church, and had come home rampant. "Not coming upon Christmas Day!"

Martha did not like to see him disappointed, if it were only in joke; so she came out prematurely from behind the closet door, and ran into his arms, while the two young Cratchits hustled Tiny Tim, and bore him off into the wash-house, that he might hear the pudding singing in the copper.

"And how did little Tim behave?" asked Mrs. Cratchit, when she had rallied Bob on his credulity, and Bob had hugged his daughter to his heart's content.

"As good as gold," said Bob, "and better. Somehow he gets thoughtful sitting by himself so much, and thinks the strangest things you ever heard. He told me, coming home, that he hoped the people saw him in the church, because he was a cripple, and it might be pleasant to them to remember upon Christmas Day who made lame beggars walk, and blind men see."

Bob's voice was tremulous when he told them this, and trembled more when he said that Tiny Tim was growing strong and hearty.

His active little crutch was heard upon the floor, and back came Tiny Tim before another word was spoken, escorted by his brother and sister to his stool beside the fire; and while Bob, turning up his cuffs, as if, poor fellow, they were capable of being made less shabby, compounded some hot mixture in a jug with gin and lemons, and stirred it round and round, and put it on the hob to simmer; Master Peter and the two ubiquitous young Cratchits went to fetch the goose, with which they soon returned in high procession.

"Such a bustle ensued that you might have thought a goose the rarest of all birds; a feathered phenomenon, to which a black swan was a matter of course; and, in truth, it was something very like it in that house. Mrs. Cratchit made the gravy (ready before-hand in a little saucepan) hissing hot; Master Peter mashed the potatoes with incredible vigour; Miss Belinda sweetened up the apple-sauce; Martha dusted the hot plates; Bob took Tiny Tim beside him in a tiny corner at the table; the two young Cratchits set chairs for every body, not forgetting themselves, and, mounting guard upon their posts, crammed spoons into their mouths, lest they should shriek for goose before their turn came to be helped. At last the dishes were set on, and grace was said. It was succeeded by a breathless pause, as Mrs. Cratchit, looking slowly all along the carving-knife, prepared to plunge it in the breast; but when she did, and when the long expected gush of stuffing issued forth, one murmur of delight arose all round the board, and even Tiny Tim, excited by the two young Cratchits, beat on the table with the handle of his knife, and feebly cried Hurrah!

"There never was such a goose," Bob said; he did not believe there ever was such a goose cooked. Its tenderness and flavor, size and cheapness, were the themes of universal admiration. Eked out by the apple-sauce and mashed potatoes, it was a sufficient dinner for the whole family; indeed, as Mrs. Cratchit said with great delight (surveying one small atom of a bone upon the dish,) they had not ate it all at last! Yet every one had had enough, and the youngest Cratchits in particular, were steeped in sage and onion to the eyebrows! But now, the plates being changed by Miss Belinda, Mrs. Cratchit left the room alone—too nervous to bear witnesses—to take the pudding up, and bring it in.

"Suppose it should not be done enough! Suppose it should break in turning out! Suppose somebody should have got over the wall of the back-yard, and stolen it, while they were merry with the goose: a supposition at which the two young Cratchits became livid! All sorts of horrors were supposed.

"Hullo! A great deal of steam! The pudding was out of the copper. A smell like a washing-day! That was the cloth. A smell like an eating house, and a pastry cook's next door to each other, with a laundress's next door to that! That was the pudding. In half a minute Mrs. Cratchit entered: flushed, but smiling proudly: with the pudding, like a speckled cannon-ball, so hard and firm, blazing in half-a-quarter of ignited brandy, and bedight with Christmas holly stuck into the top.

"Oh, a wonderful pudding!" Bob Cratchit said, and calmly too, that he regarded it as the greatest success achieved by Mrs. Cratchit since their marriage. Mrs. Cratchit said that now the weight was off her mind, she would confess she had had her doubts about the quantity of flour. Everybody had something to say about it, but nobody said or thought it was at all a small pudding for a large family. It would have been flat heresy to do so. Any Cratchit would have blushed to hint at such a thing.

"At last the dinner was all done, the cloth was cleared, the hearth swept, and the fire made up. The compound in the jug being tasted and considered perfect, apples and oranges were put upon the table, and a shovel-full of chestnuts on the fire. Then all the Cratchit family drew round the hearth, in what Bob Cratchit called a circle, meaning half a one; and at Bob Cratchit's elbow stood the family display of glass: two tumblers, and a custard-cup without a handle.

"These held the hot stuff from the jug, however, as well as golden goblets would have done: and Bob served it out with beaming looks, while the chestnuts on the fire spluttered and crackled noisily. Then Bob proposed:

"A Merry Christmas to us all, my dears. God bless us!"

"Which all the family re-echoed.

"God bless us every one!" said Tiny Tim, last of all.

'He sat very close to his father's side, upon his little stool. Bob held his withered little hand in his, as if he loved the child, and wished to keep him by his side, and dreaded that he might be taken from him.'

Could any thing be more life-like, more beautiful, more touching, than this description? But let us skip the journeyings of Christmas Present for a moment, that we may accompany Christmas to Come to the dwelling of poor BOB CRATCHIT:

'THE GHOST conducted him through several streets familiar to his feet; and as they went along, Scrooge looked here and there to find himself, but nowhere was he to be seen. They entered poor Bob Cratchit's house; the dwelling he had visited before; and found the mother and the children seated round the fire.

'Quiet. Very quiet. The noisy little Cratchits were as still as statues in one corner, and sat looking up at Peter, who had a book before him. The mother and her daughters were engaged in sewing. But surely they were very quiet!

'And He took a child, and set him in the midst of them.'

Where had Scrooge heard those words? He had not dreamed them. The boy must have read them out, as he and the Spirit crossed the threshold. Why did he not go on?

'The mother laid her work upon the table, and put her hand up to her face.

'The color hurts my eyes,' she said.

'The color? Ah, poor Tiny Tim!

'They're better now again,' said Cratchit's wife. 'It makes them weak by candle-light; and I would not show weak eyes to your father when he comes home, for the world. It must be near his time.'

'Past it, rather,' Peter answered, shutting up his book. 'But I think he's walked a little slower than he used, these few last evenings, mother.'

'They were very quiet again. At last she said, and in a steady, cheerful voice, that only faltered once:

'I have known him walk with—I have known him walk with Tiny Tim upon his shoulder, very fast, indeed.'

'And so have I,' cried Peter. 'Often.'

'And so have I!' exclaimed another. So had all.

'But he was very light to carry,' she resumed, intent upon her work, 'and his father loved him so, that it was no trouble—no trouble. And there is your father at the door.'

'She hurried out to meet him; and Bob in his comforter—he had need of it, poor fellow—came in. His tea was ready for him on the hob, and they all tried who should help him to it most. Then the two young Cratchits got upon his knees and laid, each child a little cheek, against his face, as if they said, 'Don't mind it, father. Don't be grieved!'

'Bob was very cheerful with them, and spoke pleasantly to all the family. He looked at the work upon the table, and praised the industry and speed of Mrs. Cratchit and the girls. They would be done long before Sunday, he said.

'Sunday! You went to-day then, Robert?' said his wife.

'Yes, my dear,' returned Bob. 'I wish you could have gone. It would have done you good to see how green a place it is. But you'll see it often. I promised him that I would walk there on a Sunday. My little, little child!' cried Bob. 'My little child!'

'He broke down all at once. He could n't help it. If he could have helped it, he and his child would have been further apart, perhaps, than they were.

'He left the room, and went up stairs into the room above, which was lighted cheerfully, and hung with Christmas. There was a chair set close beside the child, and there were signs of some one having been there lately. Poor Bob sat down in it, and when he had thought a little and composed himself, he kissed the little face. He was reconciled to what had happened, and went down again quite happy.'

'Let not that man be trusted' who can read this affecting picture of parental love for a poor little cripple-boy, without feeling the tear-drops swelling to his eyes. But let us return and take one more excursion with the former Spirit. Observe the faithfulness and the range of the writer's imagination:

'AND now, without a word of warning from the Ghost, they stood upon a bleak and desert moor, where monstrous masses of rude stone were cast about, as though it were the burial-place of giants; and water spread itself wheresoever it listed—or would have done so, but for the frost that held it prisoner; and nothing grew but moss and furze, and coarse, rank grass. Down in the west the setting sun had left a streak of fiery red, which glared upon the desolation for an instant, like a sullen eye, and frowning lower, lower, lower yet, was lost in the thick gloom of darkest night.

'What place is this?' asked Scrooge.

'A place where Miners live, who labor in the bowels of the earth,' returned the Spirit. 'But they know me. See!'

'A light shone from the window of a hut, and swiftly they advanced toward it. Passing through the wall of mud and stone, they found a cheerful company assembled round a glowing fire. An old, old man and woman, with their children and their children's children, and another generation beyond that, all decked out gaily in their holiday attire. The old man, in a voice that seldom rose above the howling of the wind upon the barren waste, was singing them a Christmas song; it had been a very old song when he was a boy; and from time to time they all joined in the chorus. So surely as they raised their voices, the old man got quite blithe and loud; and so surely as they stopped, his vigor sank again.

'The Spirit did not tarry here, but bade Scrooge hold his robe, and passing on above the moor, sped

whither? Not to sea? To sea. To Scrooge's horror, looking back, he saw the last of the land, a frightful range of rocks, behind them; and his ears were deafened by the thundering of water, as it rolled, and roared, and raged among the dreadful caverns it had worn, and fiercely tried to undermine the earth.

'Built upon a dismal reef of sunken rocks, some league or so from the shore, on which the waters chafed and dashed, the wild year through, there stood a solitary lighthouse. Great heaps of seaweed clung to its base, and storm-birds—born of the wind one might suppose, as sea-weed of the water—rose and fell about it, like the waves they skimmed.

'But even here, two men who watched the light had made a fire, that through the loophole in the thick stone wall shed out a ray of brightness on the awful sea. Joining their horny hands over the rough table at which they sat, they wished each other a Merry Christmas in their can of grog; and one of them—the elder, too, with his face all damaged and scarred with hard weather, as the figure-head of an old ship might be—struck up a sturdy song that was like a Gale in itself.

'Again the Ghost sped on, above the black and heaving sea—on, on—until, being far away, as he told Scrooge, from any shore, they lighted on a ship. They stood beside the helmsman at the wheel, the look-out in the bow, the officers who had the watch; dark, ghostly figures in their several stations: but every man among them hummed a Christmas tune, or had a Christmas thought, or spoke below his breath to his companion of some bygone Christmas Day, with homeward hopes belonging to it. And every man on board, waking or sleeping, good or bad, had had a kinder word for another on that day than on any day in the year; and had shared to some extent in its festivities: and had remembered those he cared for at a distance, and had known that they delighted to remember him.'

The second of these spirits accompanies SCROOGE to a scene that is well worth seeing, and the like of which many of our readers have doubtless often encountered—a regular Christmas frolic; in the present instance at the residence of his nephew, who has a sister, a lovely, plump damsel, with a lace tucker: she was pretty, exceedingly pretty. 'With a dimpled, surprised-looking, capital face; a ripe little mouth, that seemed made to be kissed, as no doubt it was; all kinds of good little dots about her chin, that melted into one another when she laughed; and the sunniest pair of eyes you ever saw in any little creature's head. Altogether she was what you would have called provoking, you know; but satisfactory, too. Oh, perfectly satisfactory!' Is not the following a most glowing sketch of a well known pastime?

'But they did n't devote the whole evening to music. After a while they played at forfeits; for it is good to be children sometimes, and never better than at Christmas, when its mighty Founder was a child himself. Stop! There was first a game at blindman's buff. Of course there was. And I no more believe Topper was really blind than I believe he had eyes in his boots. My opinion is, that it was a done thing between him and Scrooge's nephew; and that the Ghost of Christmas Present knew it. The way he went after that plump sister in the lace tucker, was an outrage on the credulity of human nature. Knocking down the fire-irons, tumbling over the chairs, bumping up against the piano, smothering himself among the curtains, wherever she went, there went he. He always knew where the plump sister was. He would n't catch anybody else. If you had fallen up against him, as some of them did, and stood there; he would have made a feint endeavoring to seize you, which would have been an affront to your understanding: and would instantly have sidled off in the direction of the plump sister. She often cried out that it was n't fair; and it really was not. But when, at last, he caught her; when, in spite of all her silken rustlings, and her rapid flutterings past him, he got her into a corner whence there was no escape; then his conduct was the most execrable. For his pretending not to know her; his pretending that it was necessary to touch her head-dress, and farther to assure himself of her identity by pressing a certain ring upon her finger, and a certain chain about her neck; was vile, monstrous! No doubt she told him her opinion of it, when, another blindman being in office, they were so very confidential together, behind the curtains.

The Ghost of Christmas to Come is the third spirit. It is a stately figure, surrounded in black and impenetrable drapery. It leads SCROOGE into the heart of the city, and he hears his acquaintance talking jestingly of one departed; into the Exchange, and he sees another standing against his peculiar pillar; into a haunt of infamy, where wretches are dividing the spoils and hoardings of the dead; into a wretched room, where a corpse lies shrouded, whose face SCROOGE dares not uncover; into dwellings made miserable by the grasping avarice of those who had wealth they could not use; into his nephew's house, shorn of its comforts, where the inmates, care-worn and weary, are wringing their hands with distress; into poor BOB CRATCHIT's abode, made cheerless by death; and lastly, into a sad churchyard, where, on the stone of a neglected grave, is inscribed his own name! He implores the spirit to say whether these shadows may not be changed by an altered life. Its trembling hand seems to give consent. He pleads earnestly for a more decisive sign, and while he does so, the phantom dwindles down into a bed-post, and SCROOGE sits upright in his bed. Who cannot imagine the conclusion? It is broad day. He looks out of the window:

the bells are ringing; the people are going to church; all proclaim it as Christmas Day. The future is yet before him, and he is resolved to make the most of it. The prize turkey is got in haste from the neighboring poulterer's, and sent by a cab to BOB CRATCHIT'S; and SCROOGE hastens off to his nephew's to dinner, where he finds the vision of the spirit realized. SCROOGE from that hour is another and a better man. We have in conclusion but three words to say to every reader of the KNICKERBOCKER who may peruse our notice of this production: READ THE WORK.

WANDERINGS OF A JOURNEYMAN TAILOR THROUGH EUROPE AND THE EAST. Between the years 1834 and 1840. By P. D. HOLTHAUS, Journeyman Tailor, from Werdohl, in Westphalia. Translated from the third German edition, by WILLIAM HOWITT. J. WINCHESTER: 'New World' Press.

AN air of great simplicity and truth pervades this wander-book of the German schneider. Mr. HOWITT tells us, that when in the autumn of 1840 he returned to his native village, a great reputation preceded him, and all came, eager to see the brave traveller, and to listen to the relation of his adventures. He never sought purposely to turn conversation upon the subject of his travels, nor to impress an idea of his own importance; but when he was drawn into discourse, it was speedily found that he had noted and deeply impressed on his mind every thing with a truly admirable interest, and an acute spirit of observation, for one of his rank and education; that he had not merely passed through the countries, but had gleaned valuable matter on his journey; various things which he had brought with him testified this interest, such as different kinds of coin, engravings, plans of cities, etc. We have found, on an examination necessarily cursory, the commendatory remarks of the Berlin *Gesellschafter* upon this work to be well deserved: 'We see in the individual expressions almost every where the evidence of its being the production of immediate observation. There prevails through the whole a noble simplicity and singleness of purpose, a genuinely German sound mode of thinking; here and there is not wanting a humorous and pithy remark. The author sees in every place nature and men without spectacles, and thence it arises that we acquire from his book a more living and actual view of foreign countries, especially of Egypt, Palestine, and Turkey, than was the case from the travelled labors of many a learned and celebrated man. Frequently, nay almost always, it is a fact, that the learned are destitute of the opportunity of acquiring a knowledge of the real life of the people, while it is exactly here that the greatest peculiarity of the manners and customs of foreigners is to be found. Our honest hand-worker lived among the people, and therefore possessed the best means to describe them in graphic characters.' There is something very forcible and comprehensive in the subjoined passage from the author's preface. It is indeed a sort of compendium of the most interesting portion of the writer's journeyings:

'FROM my youth up, it was my most living desire to see the world. When I heard or read of foreign lands, I became sad at heart, and thought: 'Wert thou but of years that thou couldst travel!' Now are all the wishes of my youth fulfilled. I have made the attempt by land and water, and that in three quarters of the world. I have wandered several times through GERMANY, POLAND, HUNGARY, and WALLACHIA; I was a long time in BUDAREST and CONSTANTINOPLE; and undertook, with the money which I had saved there, a pilgrimage through EGYPT to the HOLY LAND. I kneeled at the BIRTH-PLACE and the SEPULCHRE of the SAVIOUR; stood in adoration on the holy MOUNT ZION, on TABOR, GOLGOTHA, and the MOUNT OF OLIVES; bathed in JORDAN; washed myself in the LAKE of GENNESARETH; looked in vain around me on the DEAD SEA for living objects; was in the workshop of ST. JOSEPH; and in many other holy places of which the sacred Scriptures make mention. Thence I returned to Constantinople, and betook myself through Athens, where I worked nearly a year, and thence through Italy, France, and Belgium, homeward to my Fatherland.'

The first German edition of fifteen hundred copies of the work was at once exhausted; a second speedily followed; a third was soon announced; and the fourth is doubtless ere this before a wide class of German readers. We cheerfully commend the book to the public acceptance.

BENTHAMIANA: OR SELECT EXTRACTS FROM THE WORKS OF JEREMY BENTHAM. With an Outline Opinion on the Principal Subjects discussed in his Works. In one volume. pp. 446. Philadelphia: LEA AND BLANCHARD. New-York: WILEY AND PUTNAM.

THIS work contains a copious selection of those passages in the works of JEREMY BENTHAM which appear to be chiefly distinguished for merit of a simply rhetorical character; which, appearing often in the midst of long and arduous processes of reasoning, or in the course of elaborate descriptions of minute practical arrangements, demanding from an active mind severe thought and unflagging attention, have scarcely had their due weight with the general reader, nor secured their just meed of admiration. He was singularly careless, writes his editor, in distributing his pleasing illustrations of playfulness, or pathos, or epigrammatic expression. His 'mission' he considered to be that of an instructor and improver; and the flowers which, equally with more substantial things, were the produce of his vigorous intellect, he looked upon as scarcely worthy of passing attention, and deserving of no more notice than to be permitted to grow wherever the more valued objects of his labors left them a little room. The volume comprehends a vast variety of sound opinion, and able though brief argument upon themes which relate to the social, moral and religious well-being of mankind. Touching the style of the writer, as evinced in these selections, we should say that it was formed mainly upon a due avoidance of prolixity, (an observance not always characteristic of BENTHAM's writings,) concerning which he himself very justly remarks: 'Prolixity may be where redundancy is not. Prolixity may arise not only from the multifarious insertion of unnecessary articles, but from the conservation of too many necessary ones in a sentence; as a workman may be overladen not only with rubbish, which is of no use for him to carry, but with materials the most useful and necessary, when heaped up in loads too heavy for him at once.' A useful hint this, to unpractised writers.

THE CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN BURNS AND CLARINDA. With a Memoir of Mrs. M'LEHOSE, (CLARINDA.) Arranged and edited by her Grandson, W. C. M'LEHOSE. In one volume. pp. 293. New-York: R. P. BIXBY AND COMPANY.

WE have no doubt that the contents of this well-executed little volume are altogether authentic; full particulars relative to the custody and authenticity of the correspondence and the state of preservation of the original manuscripts being given in the preface. But we are very sorry to say so much against the book as this fact implies. It would be far better for the reputation of the immortal Bard of Scotland, if some hereditary friend, chary of his undying fame, were to come before the public with a pamphlet disproving entirely the agency of BURNS in this correspondence. To those who are acquainted with previous records in the private history of the world-renowned poet, it is painful to convict him, out of his own mouth, of duplicity in matters of the heart; of insincerity in the profession of simultaneous passion for various lovers; and of other acts which are alike indefensible and disreputable. We must needs marvel too that the 'CLARINDA' of the correspondence should have been doomed by a near descendant to the exposure inseparable from the revelations of this volume. That the treatment which she received at the hands of one whose duty it was to love, cherish, and protect her, was equally undeserved and inexcusable, we can well believe; but that the 'platonic attachment,' which sprung up in a night, like the gourd of JONAH, and gradually waxed to 'passion at fever-heat,' was justified by these facts, or sanctioned by propriety, or that its history in detail is calculated to elevate the character of woman, or exercise a healthful moral influence, we have just as little reason to doubt. There is a sprinkling of verse in an appendix, which BURNS was good enough to praise. It is of that kind 'which neither gods nor men permit;' and is conclusive, not of BURNS's judgment, but of his 'tender' sycophancy.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

SOME 'SENTIMENTS' ON SONNETS, WITH SUNDRY SPECIMENS. — Thanks to our ever-welcome correspondent, 'T. W. P.' for his pleasant, pertinent and improving sentiments on sonnets. Arriving at too late an hour for a place among our guests at the *table d'hôte*, perhaps he will not object to sit at our humble side-table, and converse familiarly with the reader; since, as honest SANCHEZ remarked of the Duke, 'Wherever *he* sits, there will be the *first place*.' Our friend has a fruitful theme. How many borrowed prose-passages have we seen, with their original brightness dimmed or deflected in a sorry sonnet! Nine in ten of our modern examples in this kind, when one comes to analyze them, will be found to consist of stolen ideas, combined with what SOUTHEY would call 'bubble, and bladder, and tympany.' But perpend the subjoined: 'Ever since the fatal days of PETRARCH and GUIDO CAVALLIANTI, mankind have suffered more or less from the chronic infliction of Sonnets. With them indeed the complaint was constitutional, and came in the natural way; under so mild and gentle a form withal, that little danger was to be apprehended for Italian temperaments, except a degree of languor, general debility, and a disagreeable singing in the ears. It was only when it worked its way into English blood, that the virus assumed its most baneful character. SHAKESPEARE, among other illustrious victims, was afflicted by it in his youth, but seems to have recovered during his residence in the metropolis. Possibly the favor of the royal hand might have proved more beneficial than that of the Earl of Southampton. Perhaps he was *touched* for it by ELIZABETH, as JOHNSON was by QUEEN ANNE for the scrofula. However that may be, we know very well that the disorder is now rooted among us, and that every week produces decided cases of Sonnets, sometimes so severe as to be intolerable. In this condition of the mental health of our country, since the evil cannot be cured, it were a work at once philanthropical and patriotic, so to modify it and regulate its attacks, that it may settle down into a moderate degree of annoyance, like the lighter afflictions of mild measles and mumps. We can always calculate upon the duration of each 'fytte,' as none ever exceeds the fourteenth spasm. When the just dozen-and-two convulsions are past, the danger is over, and the offensive matter may be removed by a newspaper, or discharged into some appropriate magazine. There is good reason for designating the complaint as a *periodical* one.

We intend, one of these days, provided our remarks attract sufficient attention, to publish a volume upon this subject. We have the materiel by us and about us; and as soon as we can make arrangements with Mr. POIT for a puff in the 'North-American Review,' or the 'Southern Literary Messenger,' we shall broach the affair to Mr. FIELDS, the enterprising publisher. We have moreover desired Mr. WHIPPLE to write to his friend Mr. MACAULAY in England, who will doubtless be proud to foster American letters by a hoist in the 'Edinburgh.' There is only one other thing absolutely requisite for the success of the book, and that is the appearance of this article in the KNICKERBOCKER. Befriend me then with your fine taste, renowned HERR DIEDRICH! and give me room. I shall not dive deeply into



the matter now; but for the good of my young countrymen, the labor of whose brains is incompatible with a fruitful developement of whiskers, I wish to put forth a page of advice that may save them a world of fatigue. It is common with those who are far gone in this tuneless disorder to set up late o' nights and tippie coffee. Under my new system, I will engage that they may retire to bed on mulled-punch nightly, at eleven, and yet effect all that they now perform with the greatest injury to their eyes and complexions. But *pocus pallolubras*—enough of this preface: will not the thing speak for itself? There needs no farther introduction for these brief extracts from the aforesaid work:

THE EASIEST WAY OF DISCHARGING A SONNET.

A SONNET (as before stated) consists of fourteen and no more spasms. They are calm, deliberate twinges, however, and upon a homœopathic principle, the great object should be to get over each one in the calmest possible manner; *idem cum eodem*. The thing cannot be treated too coolly, for its very essence is dull deliberation. The name sonnet is probably derived, through the Italian *sonno*, from the Latin word for sleep, in allusion to its lethargic quality. The best mode of encouraging the efflux of the peccant humor is for the patient to have a cigar in his mouth. The narcotic fumes of tobacco are highly favorable to its ejection. The first step then is the selection of rhymes. Fourteen of these in their proper order should be written perpendicularly on the right hand of a smooth sheet of white paper. When this is done, it is necessary to read them over, up and down, several times, until some general idea of a subject or a title suggests itself. Great care must be taken, in the selection of rhymes, to get as original ones as possible, and such as shall strike the eye. Still greater should be the precaution not to choose such incongruous rhymes as may not easily be welded together or amalgamated into one whole by the mercury of fancy. For instance, it would be well to avoid coupling such words as moon and spoon, breeze and cheese and sneeze; Jove and stove; hope and soap; all which it might be difficult to bring together harmoniously. Here the artist, the man of true science, will discover himself. SHELLEY affords a good choice of rhymes; chasm and spasm; rift and drift; ravine and savin, are useful conjunctions. If you have a ravine, it will be very easy to stick in a savin, but you must avoid a *spavin*, or your verse may halt for it. This we call being artistic. *Benissimo!* then. Having fixed upon your subject, all you have to do is to fill up the lines to match the ends, and this, in one evening's practice, will become as easy, the same thing in fact, as the filling up of the blank form of an ordinary receipt.

But the most expeditious and surest way of procuring a good Sonnet is the Division of Labor System. This has often been unconsciously practised by modern poets, but it has never been explicitly set forth till now. Every body knows that even in the fabrication of so small a thing as a needle, the process is facilitated by dividing it among a number of hands; as to one the eye, to another the point, to one the grinding, to another the polishing. In the same way, to render a sonnet pointed and sharp, to polish it and insure it against cutting the thread of its argument, the work should be performed by two or more. Every sonnet, in short, ought to be a translation. I do not say a translation from the German or any other jargon, but a translation from English—from one man's into another man's English. It is absurd for one workman to do both rhyming and thinking. In this go-ahead age and country, that were a palpable waste of time. Take any 'matter-ful' author, cut out a juicy slice of his thought, and make that your material. Trim it, compress it, turn it and twist it upside down and inside out, vary it any way but the author's own, and you will be likely to effect a speedy and wholesome operation. What a saving of time is here! Who will be silly enough to manufacture his own thinkings into verse when the world is so full of excellent stuff as yet unwrought in the great mine of letters? Let us not burn up our own native forests while we can fetch coals from Newcastle. What a pleasant prospect for readers too! A man may be sure *then*, that a sonnet shall contain a thought. He will not be gulled into experiments upon decent-looking, respectable dross and plausible inanity. He

shall not dig hungrily for an idea, and be filled with volumes of wind. With the fourteenth pang his anxiety shall be over, and he shall drop asleep satisfied; *tandem dormitum dimittitur*.

Not to anticipate farther our forthcoming book, nor to forestall the critics in any more extracts, we shall lay before the reader two or three samples of work done according to this system. CARLYLE has furnished our raw material. His pages are so full of poetry that little time need be expended in selecting a fit piece for working up. See now if these be not sonnets which BOWLES might have been proud to claim. Each one is warranted to contain a thought; an hour or so would suffice for the completion of half a dozen such. Observe too, that little deviation is necessary from the original, the words falling naturally into both rhythm and rhyme. We commence with a few translations from CARLYLE. The initial specimen is taken from Herr TEUFELSDRÜCKH's remarks on BONAPARTE. This is the passage:

'THE man (NAPOLEON) was a Divine Missionary, though unconscious of it, and preached through the cannon's throat this great doctrine: *La carrière ouverte aux talents*; 'The Tools to him that can handle them.' . . . Madly enough he preached, it is true, as Enthusiasts and first Missionaries are wont, with imperfect utterance, amid much frothy rant, yet as articulately perhaps as the case admitted. Or call him, if you will, an American Backwoodsman, who had to fell unpenetrated forests, and battle with innumerable wolves, and did not entirely forbear strong liquor, rioting, and even theft; whom notwithstanding the peaceful Sower will follow, and as he cuts the boundless harvest, bless.'

SONNET I.—NAPOLEON.

NAPOLEON was a Missionary merely,
Who through the cannon's throat this truth expressed,
Unconsciously, divinely and sincerely,
The Tools to him that handles 'em the best.
Madly enough, indeed, the man did preach,
Amid much rant, as all Enthusiasts do,
And yet with as articulate a speech
As the strange case, perhaps, allowed him to.
Or call him a Backwoodsman, if you will;
Who, forced to fell unpenetrated woods,
And doomed innumerable wolves to kill,
Got drunk sometimes, and stole his neighbor's goods;
Whom will the Sower follow ne'ertheless,
And as he cuts the boundless harvest, bless.

SARTOR RESARTUS: BOOK II., CHAP. VIII.

Or let us try the following description of the Hotel de Ville in the French Revolution:

'O EVENING sun of July! how at this hour thy beams fall slant on reapers amid peaceful woody fields; on old women spinning in cottages; on ships far out on the silent main; on Balls at the Orangerie of Versailles, where high-rouged dames of the palace are even now dancing with double-jacketed Hussar officers; and also on this roaring Hell-porch of a Hotel de Ville. Babel-tower, with the confusion of tongues, were not Bedlam added with the conflagration of thoughts, was no type of it. One forest of distracted steel bristles endless in front of an Electoral Committee.'

FRENCH REVOLUTION: BOOK V., CHAP. VII.

SONNET II.—THE HOTEL DE VILLE.

O EVENING sun of most serene July!
How at this hour thy slant refulgence pours
On reapers working in the open sky,
And women spinning at their cottage doors,
On ships far out upon the silent main,
On gay Versailles, where through the light quadrille
Hussars are leading forth a high-rouged train,
And on the hell-porch-like Hotel de Ville.
Not Babel's tower with all its million tongues,
Save Bedlam too therewith had added been,
To mingle burning brains with roaring lungs,
Could feebly imitate that dreadful din;
One endless forest of distracted steel
Bristling around that mad Hotel de Ville!

Or to return to Professor TEUFELDRÜCKH's vast chaos of ideas. Let us try another passage therefrom :

'It struck me much as I sat beside the Kubbach, one silent noontide, and watched it flowing, gurgling, to think how this same streamlet had flowed and gurgled through all changes of weather and of fortune, from beyond the earliest date of history. Yes, probably on the morning when JOSHUA forded Jordan ; even as at the midday when CÆSAR, doubtless with difficulty, swam the Nile, yet kept his Commentaries dry ; this little Kubbach, assiduous as Tiber, Eurotas or Siloa, was murmuring on across the wilderness, unnamed, unseen.'

SARTOR RESARTUS: BOOK II., CHAP. III.

SONNET III.—ETERNITY OF NATURE.

ONE silent noontide, as I sat beside
The gurgling flow of Kubbach's little river,
Methought how, even as I saw it glide,
That stream had flowed and gurgled on forever.
Yes, on the day when JOSHUA passed the flood
Of ancient Jordan ; when across the Nile
CÆSAR swam (hardly, doubtless, through the mud,) Yet kept his Commentaries dry the while,
This little Kubbach, like Siloa's rill,
Or Tiber's Tide, assiduous and serene,
Ev'n then, the same as now, was murmuring still
Across the wilderness, unnamed, unseen.
Art's but a mushroom — only Nature's old ;
In yon grey crag six thousand years behold !

From the same chapter of the same book we venture one more extract. It is where the Professor is full of grief and reminiscences ; where, reflecting on his first experience of wo in the death of Father ANDREAS, he becomes once more spirit-clad in quite inexpressible melancholy, and says, 'I have now pitched my tent under a cypress-tree,' etc. :

SONNET IV.—BLISS IN GRIEF.

UNDER a cypress-tree I pitch my tent :
The tomb shall be my fortress ; at its gate
I sit and watch each hostile armament,
And all the pains and penalties of Fate.
And oh ye loved ones ! that already sleep,
Hushed in the noiseless bed of endless rest,
For whom, while living, I could only weep,
But never help in all your sore distress,
And ye who still your lonely burthen bear,
Spilling your blood beneath life's bitter thrall,
A little while and we shall all meet there,
And one kind Mother's bosom screen us all ;
Oppression's harness will no longer tire
Or gall us there, nor Sorrow's whip of fire.

But we are borrowing too much from our embryo volume. Patience, dear Public ! until we can find a publisher. In the mean time, examine the specimens we have presented to you. Can any one tell us where to look for sonnets, more satisfactory than these ? We congratulate our country on the prospect of our soon having an American literature. Let our industrious young aspirants try a work in which they may succeed in producing something of sterling value. A year or two will suffice to turn half the plodding prose writers of Britain into original poets. Every brilliant article that appears in the Quarterly might here renaescent spring forth like Arethusa, in a new and more melodious voice ; bubbling up in a pretty epic or stormy lyric. See, for example, how easily SIDNEY SMITH might be done into rhyme :

SONNET V.

I NEVER meet at any public dinner
A Pennsylvanian, but my fingers itch
To pluck his borrowed plumage from the sinner,
And with the spoil the company enrich.
His pocket-handkerchief I would bestow
On the poor orphan ; and his worsted socks

Should to the widow in requital go
 For having sunk her all in Yankee stocks;
 To John the footman I would give his hat,
 Which only cost six shillings in Broadway;
 As for his diamond ring — I'd speak for that;
 His gold watch too my losses might repay;
 Himself might home in the next steamer hie,
 For who would take him — or his word? Not I.

'LEGENDS OF THE CONQUEST OF SPAIN.'—Some eighteen years ago, a work in a single volume, entitled as above, and written by the author of the 'Sketch-Book,' was issued from the press of MURRAY, the celebrated London book-seller. It would seem to have been put forth as a kind of *avant-courier* of 'The Chronicles of the Conquest of Granada,' but unlike that elaborate work, was never republished in this country, and has never been included in any of the complete editions of Mr. IRVING's writings. We are indebted to the kind courtesy of a gentleman who has been spending some months with our distinguished countryman and correspondent at Madrid, for a copy of the book, which he obtained at that capital. We have good reason to believe that it has been encountered by few if any readers on this side the Atlantic. A very stirring extract from its pages will be found elsewhere in this Magazine. Mr. IRVING introduces the legends to his readers with a few prefatory sentences, in which he states that he has ventured to dip more deeply into the enchanted fountains of old Spanish chronicle than has usually been done by those who have treated of the eventful period of which he writes; but in so doing, he only more fully illustrates the character of the people and the times. He has thrown the records into the form of legends, not claiming for them the authenticity of sober history, yet giving nothing that had not a historical foundation. 'All the facts herein contained,' says the writer, 'however extravagant some of them may be deemed, will be found in the works of sage and reverend chroniclers of yore, growing side by side with long acknowledged truths, and might be supported by learned and imposing references in the margin.' To discard every thing wild and marvellous in this portion of Spanish history is to discard some of its most beautiful, instructive, and national features; it is to judge of Spain by the standard of probability suited to tamer and more prosaic countries. Spain is virtually a land of poetry and romance, where every-day life partakes of adventure, and where the least agitation or excitement carries every thing up into extravagant enterprise and daring exploit. The Spaniards in all ages have been of swelling and braggart spirit, soaring in thought, and valiant though vainglorious in deed. When the nation had recovered in some degree from the storm of Moslem invasion, and sage men sought to inquire and write the particulars of the tremendous reverses which it produced, it was too late to ascertain them in their exact verity. The gloom and melancholy that had overshadowed the land had given birth to a thousand superstitious fancies; the woes and terrors of the past were clothed with supernatural miracles and portents, and the actors in the fearful drama had already assumed the dubious characteristics of romance. Or if a writer from among the conquerors undertook to touch upon the theme, it was embellished with all the wild extravagances of an oriental imagination, which afterward stole into the graver works of the monkish historians. Hence the chronicles are apt to be tinctured with those saintly miracles which savor of the pious labors of the cloister, or those fanciful fictions that betray their Arabian authors. Scarce one of their historical facts but has been connected in the original with some romantic fiction, and even in its divorced state, bears traces of its former alliance. The records in preceding pages are 'illuminated' by these prefatory remarks of our author, if their *truth* be not altogether established! How the Count JULIAN receives the account of the dishonor of his child, and his conduct thereupon; and how Don RODERICK hastens, through various tribulation, to his final overthrow; will be matter for another number. Meanwhile the

reader will not fail to note the great beauty of the descriptions, which in the hands of our great master of the power and beauty of 'the grand old English tongue,' assume form and color, and stand out like living pictures to the eye.

AMERICAN PTYALISM: 'QUID RIDES?'—A pleasant correspondent, whom our readers have long known, and as long admired and esteemed, in a familiar goosip, (by favor of 'Uncle SAMUEL's mail-bag,) with the Editor, gives us the following 'running account' of his ruminations over an early-morning quid of that 'flavorous weed' so well beloved of our friend Colonel STONE. It is in some sort a defence of American ptyalism, and in the tendency of its inculcations, reminds us of the arguments in favor of the cultivation of a refined style of *murder*, which should constitute it one of the fine arts, to which we gave a place many months back: 'After having in my broken dreams perambulated every part and parcel of the universe, and then tossed about for hours on an ocean of bodily discomforts, each a dagger to repose, and mental disquietudes, of which any one was enough to wither all the poppies of Somnus, I rose about four o' my watch, and commenced chewing the narcotic weed of Virginia. For you must know that in childhood almost, through a precocious mannishness and a desire of experimental knowledge, I commenced the habit of tobacco-chewing, and the vice born of a freak, has 'grown with my growth,' till now it holds me as in a 'vice' screwed up and secured by a giant. (Please observe that there's a pun in that last sentence.) Where the conventionalities of society compel me to attitudinize my appearance and customs into the stiffness of gentility, I puff the Havana; but when the privacy of my own room or the solitude of the roads and fields permit me to vulgarize to my liking, I thrust a ball of 'Mrs. MILLER's fine-cut,' or a fragment of the 'natural James' River sweet,' between the sub-maxillary bone and its carnal casement, and then masticate and expectorate 'à la Yankee,' or 'more Americano.' Pah! oh! fie! for shame! and all other interjections indicative of horror, or expressive of disgust. 'Quous-que tandem?' Beg your pardon, Mrs. TROLLOPE. 'Quamdiu etiam?' I implore your commiseration, Captain BASIL. 'Oh, tempora! oh, mores!' Have mercy, illustrious and praise-bespattered, and almost Sir-Waltered Boz. Do not, under the uneasy weight of glory, and in the intoxicating consciousness of a right to the oligarchic exclusiveness of the goose-quill 'haute volée,' strike right and left among your sturdy democratic adorers, because they choose to convert their mandibles into quid-grinders, and their *χασμαρ δόδρωσιν* into ceaseless jet d'eaux of saliva. Reflect that the 'quid' assists in a philosophic investigation of the 'quiddities' of things, and that from this habit alone perhaps we have made such advances in casuistry as to have discovered equity in repudiation, freedom in mobocracy, and the sword of justice in the bowie-knife. Chewing is eminently democratic, since all chewers are 'pro hac vice' on a perfect equality, and a 'millionaire;' or, for that matter, a 'billionaire,' if we had him, would not hesitate to take out of his mouth a moiety of his last 'chew' and give it to an itinerant Lazarus. What can be more admirable than this 'de bon air' plebeianism, and universal right-hand of fellowship? Does not he who extends among the people the use of this democratizing weed, emphatically give them a 'quid pro quo?' Are not slovenliness and filth the virtues of republics, while neatness and elegance are vices of court-growth, and expand into their most ramified and minute perfectness of polish only in the palaces of kings? Furthermore, oh laurelled and triumphant PICKWICK! if expectoration be filthy, it must be because the 'thing expectorated' is unclean; and if so, is it not more decent to become rid of the 'unclean thing' by the readiest process, than to retain it, making the stomach a receptacle of abominations? And are you, Sir Baronet of the realm imaginary, subject to no gross corporeal needs and operations? And if, as you will say, you perform those foul rites in a state of reticacy, are you not adding the sin of hypocrisy to your preëxistent guilt? If it has succeeded to you, as to few penny-a-liners, to have emerged by the sale of your Attic-salt from the attics of Grub-

street into the 'swept and garnished chambers' of the Regent, and if after quaffing the ale of Bow-street, procured by caricatures of Old Baily reports, you have sipped your hockheimer, while standing, scarce yet unbewildered, in the gas-light splendor reflected from the 'vis-à-vis' mirrors of Almack's, yet do not exalt yourself above all that is fleshly. Reflect that you, so lately unrivalled, can now see a EUGENE SUE whose brow is umbraged by laurels of a more luxuriant and lovely green. Cease your expectorations of bile upon a great people; admit that mastication of the 'odorous vegeble' is a Spartan virtue; and we will again vote you an Anak in the kingdom of pen and paper. Then again shall we be led to believe that your praises and your vituperations are equally unpurchasable. Then once more shall we think you would swallow no golden pill, nor suffer your throat to be ulcerated by a silver quinsy.'

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.—If any of our readers are desirous of looking into the *rationale* of irrationality, to employ a highly 'unitive' phrase, let them take up, if they can command it, the '*Annual Report of the Managers of the New-York State Lunatic Asylum*,' one of the clearest and most comprehensive documents in its kind that we have ever perused. It proceeds from the capable pen of A. BRIGHAM, M. D. the superintendent and physician of the institution, and is full upon the definition, causes and classification of insanity; the size and shape of the heads of the patients; the pulse; description of the building; daily routine of business, diet, labor, amusements, religious worship, visitors, suggestions to those who have friends whom they expect to commit to the care of the asylum, etc., etc. The cause of insanity in *fifty* out of two hundred and seventy-six patients is attributed to religious anxiety, produced by long attendance on protracted religious meetings, etc. Want of sleep is decidedly the most frequent and immediate cause of insanity, and one the most important to guard against. 'So rarely (says the superintendent) do you see a recent cause of insanity that is not preceded by want of sleep, that we regard it as almost the sure precursor of mental derangement.' As evidences of the difficulty of arranging the insane in classes, founded on symptoms, Dr. BRIGHAM gives us the following synopsis of individual peculiarities noticed among certain of the inmates of the Asylum:

'In addition to emperors, queens, prophets and priests, we have one that says he is nobody, a non-entity. One that was never born, and one that was born of her grandmother, and another dropped by the devil flying over the world. One has had the throat cut out and put in wrong, so that what is swallowed passes into the head, and another has his head cut off and replaced every night. One thinks himself a child, and talks and acts like a child. Many appear as if constantly intoxicated. One has the gift of tongues, another deals in magic, several in animal magnetism. One thinks he is a white polar bear. A number have hallucinations of sight, others of hearing. One repeats whatever is said to him, another repeats constantly words of the same sound, as door, floor. One is pursued by the sheriff, many by the devil. One has invented the perpetual motion and is soon to be rich; others have already acquired vast fortunes: scraps of paper, buttons and chips are to them, large amounts of money. Many pilfer continually and without any apparent motive, while others secrete every thing they can find, their own articles as well as those of others. A majority are disposed to hoard up trifling and useless articles, as scraps of tin, leather, strings, nails, buttons, etc., and are much grieved to part with them. One will not eat unless alone, some never wish to eat, while others are always starving. One with a few sticks and straws fills his room with officers and soldiers, ships and sailors, carriages and horses, the management of which occupies all his time and thoughts. Some have good memory as regards most things, and singularly defective as to others. One does not recollect the names of his associates, which he hears every hour, yet his memory is good in other respects. One says he is THOMAS PAINÉ, author of the '*Age of Reason*,' a work he has never read; another calls himself General WASHINGTON; and one old lady of diminutive size calls herself General SCOTT, and is never so good-natured as when thus addressed. One is always in court attending a trial, and wondering and asking when the court is to rise. Another has to eat up the building, drink dry the canal, and swallow the Little Falls village, and is continually telling of the difficulty of the task.'

The superintendent prefers a classification founded upon the faculties of the mind that appear to be disordered; and he thinks he could place all his patients in one of the three following classes: *Intellectual Insanity*, or disorder of the intellect without noticeable disturbance of the feelings and propensities; *Moral Insanity*, or derangement of the feelings, affections, and passions, without any remarkable disorder of the intellect; and *General Insanity*,

whither? Not to sea? To sea. To Scrooge's horror, looking back, he saw the last of the land, a frightful range of rocks, behind them; and his ears were deafened by the thundering of water, as it rolled, and roared, and raged among the dreadful caverns it had worn, and fiercely tried to undermine the earth.

'Built upon a dismal reef of sunken rocks, some league or so from the shore, on which the waters chafed and dashed, the wild year through, there stood a solitary lighthouse. Great heaps of seaweed clung to its base, and storm-birds—born of the wind one might suppose, as sea-weed of the water—rose and fell about it, like the waves they skimmed.

'But even here, two men who watched the light had made a fire, that through the loophole in the thick stone wall shed out a ray of brightness on the awful sea. Joining their horny hands over the rough table at which they sat, they wished each other a Merry Christmas in their can of grog; and one of them—the elder, too, with his face all damaged and scarred with hard weather, as the figure-head of an old ship might be—struck up a sturdy song that was like a Gule in itself.

'Again the Ghost sped on, above the black and heaving sea—on, on—until, being far away, as he told Scrooge, from any shore, they lighted on a ship. They stood beside the helmsman at the wheel, the look-out in the bow, the officers who had the watch; dark, ghostly figures in their several stations: but every man among them hummed a Christmas tune, or had a Christmas thought, or spoke below his breath to his companion of some bygone Christmas Day, with homeward hopes belonging to it. And every man on board, waking or sleeping, good or bad, had had a kinder word for another on that day than on any day in the year; and had shared to some extent in its festivities: and had remembered those he cared for at a distance, and had known that they delighted to remember him.'

The second of these spirits accompanies SCROOGE to a scene that is well worth seeing, and the like of which many of our readers have doubtless often encountered—*a regular Christmas frolic*; in the present instance at the residence of his nephew, who has a sister, a lovely, plump damsel, with a lace tucker: she was pretty, exceedingly pretty. 'With a dimpled, surprised-looking, capital face: a ripe little mouth, that seemed made to be kissed, as no doubt it was: all kinds of good little dots about her chin, that melted into one another when she laughed; and the sunniest pair of eyes you ever saw in any little creature's head. Altogether she was what you would have called provoking, you know; but satisfactory, too. Oh, perfectly satisfactory!' Is not the following a most glowing sketch of a well known pastime?

'But they did n't devote the whole evening to music. After a while they played at forfeits; for it is good to be children sometimes, and never better than at Christmas, when its mighty Founder was a child himself. Stop! There was first a game at blindman's buff. Of course there was. And I no more believe Topper was really blind than I believe he had eyes in his boots. My opinion is, that it was a done thing between him and Scrooge's nephew; and that the Ghost of Christmas Present knew it. The way he went after that plump sister in the lace tucker, was an outrage on the credulity of human nature. Knocking down the fire-irons, tumbling over the chairs, bumping up against the piano, smothering himself among the curtains, wherever she went, there went he. He always knew where the plump sister was. He would n't catch anybody else. If you had fallen up against him, as some of them did, and stood there; he would have made a feint endeavoring to seize you, which would have been an affront to your understanding: and would instantly have sidled off in the direction of the plump sister. She often cried out that it was n't fair; and it really was not. But when, at last, he caught her; when, in spite of all her silken rustlings, and her rapid flutterings past him, he got her into a corner where there was no escape; then his conduct was the most execrable. For his pretending not to know her; his pretending that it was necessary to touch her head-dress, and farther to assure himself of her identity by pressing a certain ring upon her finger, and a certain chain about her neck; was vile, monstrous! No doubt she told him her opinion of it, when, another blindman being in office, they were so very confidential together, behind the curtains.

The Ghost of Christmas to Come is the third spirit. It is a stately figure, surrounded in black and impenetrable drapery. It leads SCROOGE into the heart of the city, and he hears his acquaintance talking jestingly of one departed; into the Exchange, and he sees another standing against his peculiar pillar; into a haunt of infamy, where wretches are dividing the spoils and hoardings of the dead; into a wretched room, where a corpse lies shrouded, whose face SCROOGE dares not uncover; into dwellings made miserable by the grasping avarice of those who had wealth they could not use; into his nephew's house, shorn of its comforts, where the inmates, care-worn and weary, are wringing their hands with distress; into poor BOB CRATCHIT'S abode, made cheerless by death; and lastly, into a sad churchyard, where, on the stone of a neglected grave, is inscribed his own name! He implores the spirit to say whether these shadows may not be changed by an altered life. Its trembling hand seems to give consent. He pleads earnestly for a more decisive sign, and while he does so, the phantom dwindles down into a bed-post, and SCROOGE sits upright in his bed. Who cannot imagine the conclusion? It is broad day. He looks out of the window:

the bells are ringing ; the people are going to church ; all proclaim it as Christmas Day. The future is yet before him, and he is resolved to make the most of it. The prize turkey is got in haste from the neighboring poulterer's, and sent by a cab to BOB CRATCHIT's ; and SCROOGE hastens off to his nephew's to dinner, where he finds the vision of the spirit realized. SCROOGE from that hour is another and a better man. We have in conclusion but three words to say to every reader of the KNICKERBOCKER who may peruse our notice of this production : READ THE WORK.

WANDERINGS OF A JOURNEYMAN TAILOR THROUGH EUROPE AND THE EAST. Between the years 1824 and 1840. By P. D. HOLTHAUS, Journeyman Tailor, from Werdohl, in Westphalia. Translated from the third German edition, by WILLIAM HOWITT. J. WINCHESTER: 'New World' Press.

AN air of great simplicity and truth pervades this wander-book of the German schneider. Mr. Howitt tells us, that when in the autumn of 1840 he returned to his native village, a great reputation preceded him, and all came, eager to see the brave traveller, and to listen to the relation of his adventures. He never sought purposely to turn conversation upon the subject of his travels, nor to impress an idea of his own importance ; but when he was drawn into discourse, it was speedily found that he had noted and deeply impressed on his mind every thing with a truly admirable interest, and an acute spirit of observation, for one of his rank and education ; that he had not merely passed through the countries, but had gleaned valuable matter on his journey ; various things which he had brought with him testified this interest, such as different kinds of coin, engravings, plans of cities, etc. We have found, on an examination necessarily cursory, the commendatory remarks of the Berlin *Gesellschafter* upon this work to be well deserved : ' We see in the individual expressions almost every where the evidence of its being the production of immediate observation. There prevails through the whole a noble simplicity and singleness of purpose, a genuinely German sound mode of thinking ; here and there is not wanting a humorous and pithy remark. The author sees in every place nature and men without spectacles, and thence it arises that we acquire from his book a more living and actual view of foreign countries, especially of Egypt, Palestine, and Turkey, than was the case from the travelled labors of many a learned and celebrated man. Frequently, nay almost always, it is a fact, that the learned are destitute of the opportunity of acquiring a knowledge of the real life of the people, while it is exactly here that the greatest peculiarity of the manners and customs of foreigners is to be found. Our honest hand-worker lived among the people, and therefore possessed the best means to describe them in graphic characters.' There is something very forcible and comprehensive in the subjoined passage from the author's preface. It is indeed a sort of compendium of the most interesting portion of the writer's journeyings :

' From my youth up, it was my most living desire to see the world. When I heard or read of foreign lands, I became sad at heart, and thought : ' Wert thou but of years that thou couldst travel ! ' Now are all the wishes of my youth fulfilled. I have made the attempt by land and water, and that in three quarters of the world. I have wandered several times through GERMANY, POLAND, HUNGARY, and WALLACHIA ; I was a long time in BUDAREST and CONSTANTINOPLE ; and undertook, with the money which I had saved there, a pilgrimage through EGYPT to the HOLY LAND. I kneeled at the BIRTH-PLACE and the SEPULCHRE of the SAVIOUR ; stood in adoration on the holy MOUNT ZION, on TABOR, GOLGOTHA, and the MOUNT OF OLIVES ; bathed in JORDAN ; washed myself in the LAKE of GENNESARETH ; looked in vain around me on the DEAD SEA for living objects ; was in the workshop of ST. JOSEPH ; and in many other holy places of which the sacred Scriptures make mention. Thence I returned to Constantinople, and betook myself through Athens, where I worked nearly a year, and thence through Italy, France, and Belgium, homeward to my Fatherland.'

The first German edition of fifteen hundred copies of the work was at once exhausted ; a second speedily followed ; a third was soon announced ; and the fourth is doubtless ere this before a wide class of German readers. We cheerfully commend the book to the public acceptance.

BENTHAMIANA: OR SELECT EXTRACTS FROM THE WORKS OF JEREMY BENTHAM. With an Outline Opinion on the Principal Subjects discussed in his Works. In one volume. pp. 446. Philadelphia: LEA AND BLANCHARD. New-York: WILEY AND PUTNAM.

THIS work contains a copious selection of those passages in the works of JEREMY BENTHAM which appear to be chiefly distinguished for merit of a simply rhetorical character; which, appearing often in the midst of long and arduous processes of reasoning, or in the course of elaborate descriptions of minute practical arrangements, demanding from an active mind severe thought and unflagging attention, have scarcely had their due weight with the general reader, nor secured their just meed of admiration. He was singularly careless, writes his editor, in distributing his pleasing illustrations of playfulness, or pathos, or epigrammatic expression. His 'mission' he considered to be that of an instructor and improver; and the flowers which, equally with more substantial things, were the produce of his vigorous intellect, he looked upon as scarcely worthy of passing attention, and deserving of no more notice than to be permitted to grow wherever the more valued objects of his labors left them a little room. The volume comprehends a vast variety of sound opinion, and able though brief argument upon themes which relate to the social, moral and religious well-being of mankind. Touching the style of the writer, as evinced in these selections, we should say that it was formed mainly upon a due avoidance of prolixity, (an observance not always characteristic of BENTHAM's writings,) concerning which he himself very justly remarks: 'Prolixity may be where redundancy is not. Prolixity may arise not only from the multifarious insertion of unnecessary articles, but from the conservation of too many necessary ones in a sentence; as a workman may be overlaid not only with rubbish, which is of no use for him to carry, but with materials the most useful and necessary, when heaped up in loads too heavy for him at once.' A useful hint this, to unpractised writers.

THE CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN BURNS AND CLARINDA. With a Memoir of Mrs. M'LEHOSE, (CLARINDA.) Arranged and edited by her Grandson, W. C. M'LEHOSE. In one volume. pp. 293. New-York: R. P. BIXBY AND COMPANY.

WE have no doubt that the contents of this well-executed little volume are altogether authentic; full particulars relative to the custody and authenticity of the correspondence and the state of preservation of the original manuscripts being given in the preface. But we are very sorry to say so much against the book as this fact implies. It would be far better for the reputation of the immortal Bard of Scotland, if some hereditary friend, chary of his undying fame, were to come before the public with a pamphlet disproving entirely the agency of BURNS in this correspondence. To those who are acquainted with previous records in the private history of the world-renowned poet, it is painful to convict him, out of his own mouth, of duplicity in matters of the heart; of insincerity in the profession of simultaneous passion for various lovers; and of other acts which are alike indefensible and disreputable. We must needs marvel too that the 'CLARINDA' of the correspondence should have been doomed by a near descendant to the exposure inseparable from the revelations of this volume. That the treatment which she received at the hands of one whose duty it was to love, cherish, and protect her, was equally undeserved and inexcusable, we can well believe; but that the 'platonic attachment,' which sprung up in a night, like the gourd of JONAH, and gradually waxed to 'passion at fever-heat,' was justified by these facts, or sanctioned by propriety, or that its history in detail is calculated to elevate the character of woman, or exercise a healthful moral influence, we have just as little reason to doubt. There is a sprinkling of verse in an appendix, which BURNS was good enough to praise. It is of that kind 'which neither gods nor men permit;' and is conclusive, not of BURNS's judgment, but of his 'tender' sycophancy.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

SOME 'SENTIMENTS' ON SONNETS, WITH SUNDRY SPECIMENS. — Thanks to our ever-welcome correspondent, 'T. W. P.' for his pleasant, pertinent and improving sentiments on sonnets. Arriving at too late an hour for a place among our guests at the *table d'hôte*, perhaps he will not object to sit at our humble side-table, and converse familiarly with the reader; since, as honest SANCHO remarked of the Duke, 'Wherever *he* sits, there will be the *first place*.' Our friend has a fruitful theme. How many borrowed prose-passages have we seen, with their original brightness dimmed or deflected in a sorry sonnet! Nine in ten of our modern examples in this kind, when one comes to analyze them, will be found to consist of stolen ideas, combined with what SOUTHEY would call 'bubble, and bladder, and tympany.' But perpend the subjoined: 'Ever since the fatal days of PETRARCH and GUIDO CAVALLIANTI, mankind have suffered more or less from the chronic infliction of Sonnets. With them indeed the complaint was constitutional, and came in the natural way; under so mild and gentle a form withal, that little danger was to be apprehended for Italian temperaments, except a degree of languor, general debility, and a disagreeable singing in the ears. It was only when it worked its way into English blood, that the virus assumed its most baneful character. SHAKESPEARE, among other illustrious victims, was afflicted by it in his youth, but seems to have recovered during his residence in the metropolis. Possibly the favor of the royal hand might have proved more beneficial than that of the Earl of Southampton. Perhaps he was *touched* for it by ELIZABETH, as JOHNSON was by Queen ANNE for the scrofula. However that may be, we know very well that the disorder is now rooted among us, and that every week produces decided cases of Sonnets, sometimes so severe as to be intolerable. In this condition of the mental health of our country, since the evil cannot be cured, it were a work at once philanthropical and patriotic, so to modify it and regulate its attacks, that it may settle down into a moderate degree of annoyance, like the lighter afflictions of mild measles and mumps. We can always calculate upon the duration of each 'fytte,' as none ever exceeds the fourteenth spasm. When the just dozen-and-two convulsions are past, the danger is over, and the offensive matter may be removed by a newspaper, or discharged into some appropriate magazine. There is good reason for designating the complaint as a *periodical* one.

We intend, one of these days, provided our remarks attract sufficient attention, to publish a volume upon this subject. We have the materiel by us and about us; and as soon as we can make arrangements with Mr. POIR for a puff in the 'North-American Review,' or the 'Southern Literary Messenger,' we shall broach the affair to Mr. FIELDS, the enterprising publisher. We have moreover desired Mr. WHIPPLE to write to his friend Mr. MACAULAY in England, who will doubtless be proud to foster American letters by a hoist in the 'Edinburgh.' There is only one other thing absolutely requisite for the success of the book, and that is the appearance of this article in the KNICKERBOCKER. Befriend me then with your fine taste, renowned HERR DIEDRICH! and give me room. I shall not dive deeply into

several tens of years the money out of which you have duped our people, by means of your destructive drug, amounts I know not to how many tens of thousands of myriads. Your ships, which in former years amounted annually to no more than several tens, now exceed a hundred and several tens, which arrive here every year. I would like to ask you if in the wide earth under heaven you can find such another profit-yielding market as this is? Our great Chinese Emperor views all mankind with equal benevolence, and therefore it is that he has thus graciously permitted you to trade, and become as it were steeped to the lips in gain. If this port of Canton, however, were to be shut against you, how could you scheme to reap profit more? Moreover, our tea and rhubarb are articles which ye foreigners from afar cannot preserve your lives without; yet year by year we allow you to export both beyond seas, without the slightest feeling of grudge on our part. Never was imperial goodness greater than this! Formerly, the prohibitions of our empire might still be considered indulgent, and therefore it was that from all our ports the sycee leaked out as the opium rushed in: now, however, the Great Emperor, on hearing of it, actually quivers with indignation, and before he will stay his hand the evil must be completely and entirely done away with.' But these denunciations are not unmingled with incitements to fear in another direction: 'You are separated from your homes by several tens of thousands of miles, and a ship which comes and goes is exposed to the perils of the great and boundless ocean, arising from curling waves, contrary tides, thunders and lightnings, and the howling tempest, as well as the jeopardy of crocodiles and whales! Heaven's chastisements should be regarded with awe. The majesty and virtue of our Great Emperor is the same with that of heaven itself! Our celestial dynasty soothes and tranquillizes the central and foreign lands, and our favor flows most wide. Our central empire is exuberant in all kinds of productions, and needs not in the slightest degree whatever the goods of the outer seas.' As matters are about proceeding to an open rupture with the 'red-bristled foreigners,' and preparations are making to 'fire upon them with immense guns,' there ensues a bit of Chinese diplomacy, which is especially rich. After a long interview by a committee with the *Chefoo*, during which all sorts of arguments are urged upon Snow, the American Consul, and VAN BASEL, the Netherlands Consul, to induce them to sign a 'duly-prepared bond,' that none of their countrymen shall thenceforth bring opium to China, the audience is suddenly closed with: 'To-morrow the Chefoo will be at the Consol-house, and wait from nine, till night to receive the bonds. *Now go home and go to bed!*' But enough for the nonce of JOHN CHINAMAN. . . . In alluding to Mr. COLE's graphic account of the *Ascent of Mount Atna*, in our last issue, we spoke of its late eruption. While reading the proof of that portion of our 'Gossip,' a friend handed us a letter lately received from an American missionary lady at the Sandwich Islands, from which we extract the subjoined vivid description of the great volcano at Hawaii: 'You know,' says the writer, 'something, I suppose, of the geological character of this island. It seems as though a vast crater had boiled over and poured its fiery liquid in every direction. This lava, having cooled and hardened, forms the basis of the island. The district of Kau is a rich, luxuriant spot, surrounded by desolate fields of scoræ, which renders it difficult of access. We are situated six miles from the sea, sufficiently elevated to give us a commanding view of its vast expanse of waters. We can occasionally spy a sail floating like a speck on its surface. From the shore, the country gradually rises into a range of verdant mountains, whose summits appear to touch the clouds. Proceeding northward toward Hilo, there is a gradual rise, until you reach the Great Volcano, about six miles distant. In making the tour to Hilo, we camped here the second night, on the brink of the burning gulf. Suppose a vast area of earth, as large as the bay of New-York, to have fallen in to the depth of several thousand feet. At the bottom of this great cauldron, you behold the liquid fire boiling and bubbling up, partly covered with a thick black scum. There are two or three inner craters, which have been formed by the lava cooling on its sides while the liquid sunk below. The gentlemen mostly descended into this crater, but I was fully satisfied with a look from above. The earth is cracked all around at the top, and portions

of it are continually falling in. Steam issues from open places in all the region. This volcano has been in action from time immemorial, as the natives all assert, and has been with them an object of idolatrous worship. The range of mountains continues for some thirty miles beyond this, and terminates in the snow-capped summit of Mounadœ. This mountain is in full sight at Hilo, and about thirty miles distant. 'Since we have been here it has been the scene of the most wonderful volcanic eruptions ever yet seen on this island. Mr. P——, in company with Mr. C——, visited it a week or two since, and ascended the mountain to the old crater, from whence the flood of lava proceeded. Fire has not been seen in it within the remembrance of the oldest natives. An immense river of burning lava is at this time running down the side of the mountain, in a subterraneous channel, from three to four miles wide. They had a good view of it through air-holes in the lava, over which they were walking, which was like a sea of glass; frequently sinking in different places in consequence of the intense heat below. It will probably yet find its way to the surface somewhere, and, laying prostrate every thing that opposes it, pursue its devastating course to the sea. Truly we live in a world of wonders!' . . . By the by, speaking of volcanoes: it will be remembered that in 1831 an island was thrown up by volcanic eruption in the Mediterranean sea, off the south coast of Sicily. It presented the form of a round hill, about one hundred and twenty feet above the sea's level, with thick clouds of white smoke issuing from it. As may well be imagined, it excited great wonder and curiosity, and was visited by vast numbers of people. An Austrian, a French and a British vessel met there at the same time. A dispute arose as to what power the island should belong, what it should be named, etc.; when a British sailor leaped on shore, and planted on the topmost peak the union-jack. Nine cheers proclaimed Britannia victorious. On returning shortly after, to take another look at their newly-acquired possession, they found to their dismay that, like Aladdin's palace, the island had disappeared, leaving the Mediterranean as smooth as if the magic wonder had never reared its head! This circumstance suggested the following lines by a correspondent:

FATHER NEPTUNE, one day, as he traversed the seas,
Much wanted a spot to recline at his ease:
For long toiled and tired by the billow's commotion,
'Tis a shame,' cried the god, 'I'm confined to the ocean.
I'll have an island!' To VULCAN he flew,
Saying, 'Help me this time, and in turn I'll help you.
To make a new island 's an excellent scheme;
And I think, my dear VULCAN, we'll raise it by steam.'
'Agreed!' cried the god.

Straight to work they repair,
And throw an abundance of smoke in the air.
This mariners saw, and it did them affright;
They straightway concluded all could not be right.
'We'll to Sicily repair, and appeal to powers civil,
For certainly this is the work of the devil.'
The Austrians and French came the wonder to view:
Said Britain, in anger, 'That isle 's not for you!
For us, us alone, did Britannia design it,
And, d'ye see, we'll be d—d if we ever resign it!
On that island we'll land! there our standard we'll raise!
We will there plant our jack, if the island should blaze!'

The gods, in great wrath, heard all this contention:
'Dear NEPTUNE,' said VUL., 'this has spoiled our invention.'
'It has,' said the god, 'but, I swear by my trident,
The proud sons of Britain shall never abide on't!
It was raised for a god, and no vile worthless mortal
On that island shall dwell, to eat oysters and turtle.
Down! down with it, VUL., that will best end the quarrel,
And I'll be content with my old bed of coral.'

'MILK FOR BABES,' an elaborately-concocted satire upon a certain class of 'learned and pious hand-books for urchins of both sexes,' is not without humor, and ridicules what indeed in some respects deserves animadversion. We affect as little as our correspondent what has been rightly termed 'a clumsy fumbling for the half-formed intellect, a

to know in reference to characters and scenes; and on any great emergency their sudden heat carries the reader away captive.' The admiration expressed by our other accomplished friend for the chaste and graceful essays of a still more accomplished correspondent (there is nothing like disparagement in this comparison) is widely shared, as we have the best reason to know, by our readers on both sides of the Atlantic: 'JOHN WATERS! There is a drab-coated plainness about the name, which is at the same time *liquid* and musical; not more liquid and musical, howbeit, than those charming commentaries of his on every variety of quaint topic; full of an amiable grace, tinged with the most delicate hue of a fine humor; a refined ore drawn from no ordinary mine without alloy; like the compositions of SAPPHO, to which an unerring critic has applied the expression, χρυσολοιπα χρυσον; the very best of gold. Doves never bore choicer *billet-doux* beneath their wings. A beautiful sentiment always touches the heart, though couched in homely phrase; but when one knows how to cull from our mother-tongue the most expressive words, and has gained that enviable mastery, making them fall into their own places, and thus become inseparable from the idea, the perfection of art is gained. Serve us up these choice *morceaux* each month, dear EDITOR; let them not be missed from the generous board, lest the banquet be incomplete. Let me tell you, in passing, that your correspondent HARRY FRANCO's tale is a caution to dowagers. Never have I encountered such a startling incident on the high seas, out of 'DON JUAN.' . . . Did it occur to 'N.' that the change suggested in the mere inscription of his epigram, '*Religious Disputation*,' would be entirely out of keeping? 'Uniting the circumstances,' as Commissioner LIN would say, would produce such discrepancy as was occasioned lately at a democratic meeting in one of the western States, where a certain resolution in favor of our old friend and correspondent, Gen. CASS, was made to undergo a slight metamorphosis by the substitution of the name of Mr. VAN BUREN; causing it to read something like this: 'Whereas Gen. MARTIN VAN BUREN emigrated to the west from New-Hampshire in early life with his knapsack on his back, and unsheathed his sword in repelling the Indians and fighting against the British!' etc. This historical fiction, in the antagonistic excitement of the moment, was carried by an almost unanimous vote! . . . INVERSION of mere words, or involution of phrase and syntax, let us whisper in the ear of our Troy correspondent, is not a very great beauty in poetry. His own good thoughts are spoiled by this affectation. It requires an artist to employ frequent inversion successfully. The opening of the '*Lines on a Bust of Dante*,' by Mr. T. W. PARSONS, affords a pleasing example in this kind. It is clear and musical:

'SEE from this counterfeit of him
Whom Arno shall remember long,
How stern of lineament, how grim
The father was of 'Tuscan song.'

Inversion should be naturally suggested, not forced. . . . It is to be inferred, we fear, that the late 'principal editor' of the '*Brother Jonathan*' does not take it in good part that the new proprietors of that now popular journal saw fit to arrest its rapid decadence, by a removal of the inevitable cause of such a consummation. Lo! how from his distant down-east ambush, with characteristic phrase, he denounces them as 'cowards' and 'puppies!' Whereupon, in a response appropriately brief, the 'brave few' of the 'principal editor's' old readers who have 'endured unto the end,' are informed by the new incumbent, that the tabooed *ci-devant* functionary 'seems disturbed because he was not suffered to kill the 'Brother Jonathan' as he had killed every journal in which he was permitted to pour out his rapid balderdash. He is a perfect BLUEBEARD among newspapers. He no sooner slaughters one, than he manages to get hold of another, and butcher that with the same remorseless indifference.' The editor adds: 'He once enjoyed the honor of some connection with the 'New World,' and would have consigned that well-known sheet to the tomb of the Capulets, had not the publishers foreseen the danger, and escaped in season.' We merely note these facts, as corroborative of a remark or two of our own, in our last

issue. . . . 'An Incident in Normandy,' we shrewdly suspect, is not 'from the French;' if it be, all that we have to say is, that such pseudo-rhapsodists as the writer could never by any possibility love nature. The thing is altogether *over-done*. A Frenchman's opinion, however, COWELL tells us, should never be taken where the beauties of nature are concerned, *unless they can be cooked*. There is another grave objection to the article; which consists in the undue frequency of Italian and French words and phrases, foisted into the narrative. We have a strong attachment to plain, perspicuous *English*. Ours is a noble language, a beautiful language; and we hold fully with SOUTHEY, who somewhere remarks that he can tolerate a Germanism, for family sake; but he adds: 'He who uses a Latin or a French phrase where a pure old English word does as well, ought to be hung, drawn and quartered, for high treason against his mother-tongue.' . . . 'The Song of the New Year,' by Mrs. NICHOLS, in a late number, writes a Boston correspondent, 'is an excellent production, and a fair specimen of the improved style of our occasional American verse. Suppose a book-worm should light on poetry of equal merit among FLATMAN's, FALCONER's, PRIOR's, or PARSELL's collections? Would it not shine forth, think you? Indeed our lady-writers are wresting the plume from our male pen mongers unco fast.' 'That's a fact.' Mrs. NICHOLS has a sister-poet at Louisville, Kentucky, who has a very charming style and a delicious fancy. A late verse of her's in some 'Lines to a Rainbow,' signed 'AMELIA,' which we encountered at a reading-room the other day, have haunted our memory ever since:

'THERE are moments, I think, when the spirit receives
Whole volumes of thought on its unwritten leaves;
When the folds of the heart in a moment unclose,
Like the innermost leaves from the heart of a rose.'

MOORE never conceived a more beautiful simile than this. . . . NUMBER TWO of the 'Reminiscences of a Dartmoor Prisoner' will appear in our next issue. We have received from the writer a very interesting and amusing manuscript-volume, filled with patriotic poetry, containing vivid pictures of scenes and events in the daily routine of the prison, as well as sketches of Melville Island Prison, and reminiscences of striking events in the lives of sundry of the prisoners, in the progress of the American war. We shall refer more particularly to this entertaining collection in an ensuing number. . . . THE Lines on 'Niagara Falls at Night' are entirely too terrific for our pages. They are almost as 'love-lily dreadful' as the great scene itself. 'M.' must 'try again,' that is quite certain; and we are afraid, *more* than once. . . . TU DOCKS! Doubtless many of our young readers, especially in the country, have often pondered over the zig-zag hieroglyphics which covered the tea-chests at the village-store, and marvelled what 'Howqua,' which was inseparable from these inscriptions, could mean. It was the name of the great Hong merchant, 'the friend of Americans,' who died recently at Canton, at an advanced age, leaving his vast wealth to two sons. Here is an elegy written upon his death by his brother-merchant TINGQUA, which is now being sung about Canton to a dolorous air, accompanied by the *yerh-pa* and the *tchung*, a curious sort of guitar and harp in common use. The elegy comprises a little outline, together with hints and allusions, prettily conveyed, of the principal biographical events of Howqua's career, and is entitled

TINGQUA'S TEARS.

I WEEP for Howqua. He was the friend of my youth. We often rose before day-break, and gazed together at the soft blue clouds round the retiring moon.
At that time I smiled on Howqua. We both grew old together. We often went to the tombs of our fathers, side by side, and thought tenderly of the loving dead.
Weep friends of the Hong. All friends at home (literally *Celestial* friends,) and all natives of outside countries weep; weep excessively. For Howqua is no more.
Howqua was a fixed man. He had reason. Loving old laws, old customs, and all things long since established as wise, he therefore hated change.
Howqua was very rich. He had no half-thinkers and third-smokers (meaning *no partners*), and no branch-breakers to his universal tea-dealings.

Also he had lands for rice and pasture, and to play at ball, and villas, and ponds of fish, and fifteen field-bridges of carved wood gilt, and seven domestic bridges inlaid with ivory birds and dragons.

Also he had money in the foreign mysteries (probably meaning the *fiends*.)

Also he had doings with several things of great value, and shares of large ship-loads. But never would he touch the hateful opium-trade, after the recent mad insolences.

Also he had some wives.

Also the GREAT EMPEROR loved him, though HOWQUA was only as the poorest man before that Yellow Illumination of our day and night.

The body of my friend was slight, and easily injured; like the outside of people's pocket-watch when she walk against the sun (that is, an injured watch that *goes wrong*.) But my dear friend for whom I shed these tears had a head with many eyes.

HOWQUA knew what to do with his unnecessary gold. He built a temple to Buddha, and thus made the god a present of 2,000,000 dollars, to the excessive delight of his Essence and Image.

Also, HOWQUA gave 800,000 dollars to assist the ransom of his beloved Canton from the fangs of the late war; to the excessive delight of the Lightning-minded Barbarians.

Weep, then, for HOWQUA, even as I weep. He was the friend of my youth. Together we grew old, walking toward our fathers' tombs. We might have died together; but it is well that one old friend should be left a little while to weep.

THE paper upon '*American Interior and Exterior Architecture*' we are quite certain would not have the tendency which the writer contemplates. It would discourage rather than foster that better taste which is gaining ground among us. In this city, how great have been the improvements in the exterior and interior decorations of our dwellings, within the last eight years! We remember the time as it were but yesterday, when the beautiful muslin window-shades, first introduced among us by Mr. GEORGE PLATT, were considered a luxury of interior decoration—as indeed many of them were. But from these small yet promising beginnings, our accomplished artist has gone on, until his extensive establishment is filled with specimens of rich and elaborate architectural decorations, for the various styles of which the reigns of French and English sovereigns have been put under the most liberal contribution. Our wealthy and tasteful citizens have vied with each other in the enriching and beautifying of their mansions; while, also emulous, a kindred class in our sister-cities have laid requisitions upon Mr. PLATT's architectural and decorative genius, (for in him it is genius, and of no intermediate order,) which have convinced *him* at least, that the 'laggard taste' which our correspondent arraigns, is 'not so slow' as he seems to imagine. . . . WHO was '*Dandy Jim from Caroline*,' of whom every boy in the street is either whistling or singing, and whom we 'have heard spoken of' by musical instruments and that of all sorts, at every party or ball which we have found leisure to attend during the gay season? We are the more anxious to glean some particulars touching the origin and history of this personage, because his fame is rife among our legislators, and the 'lobby-interest' at Albany; if we may judge from a quatrain before us, which hints at a verbal peculiarity of our excellent representative, Alderman VARIAN, whose *v* always takes the form of a *w*, especially in his rendering of a foreign tongue; as witness his being 'just on the *qui-wi-we* for the capitol,' on one occasion, and the subjoined versification of another of his Latin sentences, with cockney 'variations':

'THEN here 's a health to WARI-AN,
That '*Went, widd, wict*' man!
He talk de grammar werry fine,
Like DANDY JIM o' Caroline:
For my ole massa tol' me so,' etc.

THERE is in these humane and benevolent days an increasing sympathy in the public mind for a man condemned to 'march sorrowfully up to the gallows, there to be noosed up, vibrate his hour, and await the dissecting-knife of the surgeon,' who fits his bones into a skeleton for medical purposes. 'There never was a public hanging,' says a late advocate of the abolition of capital punishment, 'that was productive of any thing but evil.' There is an anecdote recorded of WHITFIELD, however, which seems to refute this position, in at least one instance. This eloquent divine, while at Edinburgh, attended a public execution. His appearance upon the ground drew the eyes of all around him, and raised a variety of opinions as to the motives which led him to join in the crowd. The next day,

being Sunday, he preached to a large body of men, women and children, in a field near the city. In the course of his sermon, he adverted to the execution which had taken place the preceding day. 'I know,' said he, 'that many of you will find it difficult to reconcile my appearance yesterday with my character. Many of you will say, that my moments would have been better employed in praying with the unhappy man, than in attending him to the fatal tree, and that perhaps curiosity was the only cause that converted me into a spectator on that occasion: but those who ascribe that uncharitable motive to me are under a mistake. I witnessed the conduct of almost every one present on that occasion, and I was highly pleased with it. It has given me a very favorable impression of the Scottish nation. Your sympathy was visible on your countenances, and reflected the greatest honor on your hearts: particularly when the moment arrived in which your unhappy fellow creature was to close his eyes on this world forever, you all, as if moved by one impulse, turned your heads aside and wept. Those tears were precious, and will be held in remembrance. How different was it when the SAVIOUR of mankind was extended on the cross! The Jews, instead of sympathizing in his sorrows, triumphed in them. They reviled him with bitter expressions, with words even more bitter than the gall and vinegar which they gave him to drink. Not one of them all that witnessed his pains, turned the head aside even in the last pang. Yes, there was one; that glorious luminary, (pointing to the sun,) veiled his bright face and sailed on in tenfold night!' *This is eloquence!* Would that we could have seen the beaming features, the 'melting eye, turned toward heaven,' which indelibly impressed these words upon the heart of every hearer! . . . MANY of our readers will doubtless remember the time when Professor J —, the celebrated 'artist in hair,' was flourishing in his glory, and when his fame was perhaps as rife in New-York and Boston as that of any man living, in his line of art. His advertisements too, so unique in their grandiloquent phraseology, will not soon be forgotten by those who relish such things. The Professor is not now, as regards worldly prosperity, the man he used to be; but his gentlemanly feeling still clings to him, and his pride in his profession is as enthusiastic as ever. We observe by a Boston journal that he is once more trying his luck in our eastern metropolis; and this reminds us of an anecdote concerning him. A friend tells us that some months since he encountered the professor at a coffee-house, where he was rehearsing to a rather verdant customer the former glories of his professional life. Among other things, 'At one time,' said he, 'I was sent for by express, to go to Philadelphia on professional business.' 'To do what?' asked his listener. 'To make wigs for the Signers of the Declaration of Independence!' replied J —, with a pompous air. Now the professor's comrade was not very quick-witted, as we have already hinted, and it did not occur to him at the moment whether the signers were men only of yesterday, or of the last century; and he rejoined, in a tone of wonder: 'What! do they *all* wear wigs?' 'All?' replied the professor, with a look of mingled piety and triumph; 'why, Sir, did you ever know a wax-figure to wear its own hair? Men of flesh and blood, now-a-days, do n't know any better; but the *man of war*, Sir, possesses a truer taste, and always consults the *PERRUQUIER!*' The relator says it would be impossible to convey an adequate idea of the superb manner in which the last word was uttered; the full round tone, and the tonsorial flourish of the right hand, as if it still grasped the magic brush and scissors. . . . THE reader will have gathered from an incidental allusion in an article by Mr. GEORGE HARVEY, in our last number, some idea of the fervent enthusiasm with which he has studied and copied Nature, in her every variety of season and changes of the hour, in executing his beautiful *Landscape Drawings*. We have neither the leisure nor space for an adequate notice of these pictures; but being solicitous that our town readers should participate in the great enjoyment which they have afforded us, we would direct them to Mr. HARVEY's exhibition-room at the old Apollo Gallery, nearly opposite the Hospital, in Broadway. . . . HERE is a pleasant specimen of an '*Unnecessary Disclaimer*,' for which we are indebted to a metropolitan friend: 'A few evenings since, as a gentleman was walking up Broadway, and just as he was crossing the side-walk at the junction of White-street, his feet suddenly slipped from under him, his hat

flew forward with the involuntary jerk, and he measured his length on the side-walk, striking his bare head on the hard ice, till all rang again. At the instant it chanced that a lady and gentleman were just emerging from White-street into Broadway, and the prostrate sufferer, lying directly across their path, interrupted for a moment their farther progress. He soon recovered his feet, however, and with one hand on his newly-developed bump, and the other on his breast, he turned to the couple whose passage he had impeded, and exclaimed with cool gravity: 'Excuse me; *I did n't intend to do it!*' Probably he did n't; at all events, his word was not disputed. . . . Most likely our readers have not forgotten an admirable satire upon the 'Songs of the Troubadours,' from which we extracted some months since the affecting story of 'The Taylour's Daughter.' Something in the same style is '*The Doleful Lay of the Honorable I. O. Uwins*,' a gentleman who threw himself away upon a bailiff's daughter, to escape from the restraints and pungent odors of a sponging-house. The 'whole course of wooing' and the result are hinted at in the ensuing lines:

'THERE he sate in grief and sorrow,
Rather drunk than otherwise,
Till the golden gush of morrow
Dawned once more upon his eyes;
Till the spunging bailiff's daughter,
Lightly tapping at the door,
Brought his draught of soda-water,
Brandy-bottomed as before.

'Sweet REBECCA! has your father,
Think you, made a deal of brass?'
And she answered: 'Sir, I rather
Should imagine that he has.'
UWINS, then, his whisker scratching,
Leer'd upon the maiden's face;
And her hands with ardor catching,
Folded her in his embrace.

'La, Sir! let alone — you fright me!'
Said the daughter of the Jew:
'Dearest! how these eyes delight me!'
Let me love thee, darling, do!'
'Vat is dish?' the bailiff mutter'd,
Rushing in with fury wild;
'Ish your muffins so vell butter'd
Dat you darsh insult ma shild?'

'Honorable my intentions,
Good ABEDNEGO, I swear!
And I have some small pretensions,
For I am a Baron's heir.
If you'll only clear my credit,
And a thousand give or so,
She's a peeress; I have said it!
Don't you twig, ABEDNEGO?'

'Datsh a very different matter!'
Said the bailiff, with a leer;
'But you musht not cut it fatter
Than ta shish will shstand, ma tear!
If you seeksh ma approbation,
You must quite give up your rigsh;
Alsho, you mosht join our nation,
And renounce ta flesh of pigsh.'

At a meeting of the Rabbis,
Held about the Whitsuntide,
Was this thorough-paced Barabbas
Wedded to his Hebrew bride.
All his former debts compounded,
From the spunging-house he came;
And his father's feelings wounded
With reflections on the same.'

It is a very dear marriage for UWINS, for on visiting his father the Baron, that incensed nobleman tells the double-dyed apostate never to cross his threshold again, and directs JOHN the porter to kick him into the street. The order is anticipated:

'FORTH rushed I. O. UWINS, faster
Than all winking, much afraid
That the orders of the master
Would be punctually obeyed;
Sought his club, and there the sentence
Of expulsion first he saw:
No one dared to own acquaintance
With a bailiff's son-in-law.

Uselessly down Bond-street strutting,
Did he greet his friends of yore;
Such a universal cutting
Never man received before.
Till at last his pride revolted;
Pale, and lean, and stern, he grew;
And his wife REBECCA bolted
With a missionary Jew.

Ye who read this doleful ditty,
Ask ye where is UWINS now?
Wend your way through London city,
Climb to Holborn's lofty brow;
Near the sign-post of 'The Nigger,'
Near the baked-potato shed,
You may see a ghastly figure,
With three hats-upon his head.

When the evening shades are dusky,
Then the phantom form draws near,
And, with accents low and husky,
Pours effluvia in your ear;
Craving an immediate barter
Of your trousers or surtout,
And you know the Hebrew martyr,
Once the peerless I. O. U.'

A FRIEND, in a recent letter to the Editor, thus alludes to the '*National Intelligencer*,' one of the ablest and most dignified journals in the country, and to two of its 'special correspondents': 'Mr. WALSH, who writes from Paris, seems an incorporation of European

literature and politics; and his articles are, in my belief, the most valuable now contributed to any journal in the world. WILLIS is the lightest and most mercurial 'knight of the quill' in all the tournament. It is astonishing with what dexterity, felicity, and grace he touches off the veriest trifle of the day, investing the trite with originality, and giving the value of wit and poetry to the worthless and the dry. Pity that this brilliant 'quid nunc' should degenerate into a mere trifling '*arbitrator elegantiarum*,' and expend his buoyant and ductile genius in the indictment of ephemeral paragraphs. His genius, it is true, has little solidity; but if he would rest two or three years on his oars, he might collect the scatterings of wit and poetry, which would in that time accrue to him from his readings and reflections, into a volume of essays, etc., which would be inferior in brilliancy and piquancy to but few of any nation.' Possibly; but in the mean time, let us advise our friend, Mr. WILLIS has the little substantial of every-day life to look after. He 'pleases to write' frequently and *currente calamo*, because he 'pleases to live.' Fame is one thing, and can be waited for; there are other things that cannot tarry so well. Mr. WILLIS has 'seen the elephant.' He knows that KENNY MEADOWS is not far out of the way in his humorous picture of '*The Man of Fame and the Man of Funds*,' wherein a shadowy hand protrudes from cloud-land, holding a pair of steel-yards, to resolve the comparative weight of an appetizing leg-of-mutton, and a huge laurel-wreath. The mutton 'has it' all to nothing, and the wreath 'kicks the beam! . . . PUNCH, up to the latest dates, suddenly makes his appearance in our sanctum. Merriest of Merry Andrews, he is ever welcome! His 'COMIC BLACKSTONE,' must be of great service to legal gentlemen. In it, among other things, we are enlightened as to the '*Rights of the Clergy*.' We subjoin a few items: 'An archbishop is a sort of inspector of all the bishops in his province; but he does not call them out as an inspector would so many policemen, to examine their mitres, and see that their lawn sleeves are properly starched, before going on duty in their respective dioceses. An archbishop may call out the bishops, just as a militia colonel may call out the militia.' 'A bishop (*episcopus*) is literally an overseer, instead of which it is notorious that some of them are overlookers of their duties, and blind to the state of their diocese, though they call it their see.' 'The duties incumbent on a parson are, first to act as the incumbent, by living in the place where he has his living. Formerly, a clergyman had what is called the benefit of clergy in cases of felony; a privilege which, if a layman had asked for, he would have been told that the authorities would 'see him hanged first.' 'A curate is the lowest grade in the church, for he is a sort of journeyman parson, and several of them meet at a house of call in St. Paul's Church-Yard, ready to job a pulpit by the day, and being in fact 'clergyman taken in to bait' by the landlord of the house alluded to.' Concerning '*Subordinate Magistrates*,' as officers of the customs, overseers of the poor, etc., we glean the following information: 'Tide-waiters are overseers of the customs duties, therefore it is their duty to overlook the customs. Custom is unwritten law, and a practice may be termed a custom when it can be proved to have lasted for a hundred years. Now, can any man doubt that the custom of defrauding the customs has endured more than a hundred years? Then the practice has become a law, and for observing this law, which, it seems, is one of our time-revered institutions, and a profitable proof of the wisdom of our ancestors, landing-waiters and tradesmen are to be prosecuted and punished. Monstrous injustice!' 'Overseers of the Poor are functionaries who sometimes literally over-see or over-look the cases of distress requiring assistance. The poor law of ELIZABETH has been superseded by a much poorer law of WILLIAM the Fourth, the one great principle of which is, to afford the luxury of divorce to persons in needy circumstances. It also discountenances relief to the able-bodied, a point which is effected by disabling, as far as possible, any body who comes into the work-house. The Poor Law is administered by three Commissioners, who spend their time in diluting gruel and writing reports; trying experiments how little will suffice to prevent a repeal of the union between the soul and the body.' We have this information concerning the clock heretofore complained of: 'PUNCH has been accused of hitting this clock very hard when it was down;

and it certainly must be admitted that it was wholly unable to strike in return. We are happy to say that the wound has been followed by the clock being at last wound, and we now offer to take it by the hands in a spirit of friendship. We have been told that the long stagnation has been caused by the absurd scruples of the pendulum, which refused to go from side to side, lest it should be accused of inconsistency.' Under the different months, 'PUNCH's Almanack' gives many important directions, one of which is for the proprietors of the public gardens: 'Now trim your lamps, water your lake, graft new noses on statues, plant your money-taker, and if the season be severe, *cut your sticks*.' The following '*Tavern Measure*' is doubtless authentic: Two 'goes' make one gill; two gills one 'lark'; two larks one riot; two riots one cell, or station-house, equivalent to five shillings.' For office-clerks, as follows: Two drams make one 'go'; two goes one head-ache; two head-aches one lecture; two lectures 'the sack.' To those gentlemen who are lovers of the Virginia weed in its native purity, a list of prices, 'furnished by one of the first Spanish houses,' is published. It includes 'choice high-dried dock-leaf regalias,' 'fine old cabbage Cuba's,' 'genuine goss-lettuce Havana's,' and 'full-flavored brown-paper Government Manilla's!' Two scraps under the head of '*University Intelligence*' must close our quotations: 'Given the *force* with which your fist is propelled against a cabman, and the *angle* at which it strikes him; required the *area* of mud he will cover on reaching the *horizontal plane*.' 'Show the incorrectness of using *imaginary quantities*, by attempting to put off your creditors with repeated promises to pay them out of your Pennsylvania dividends.' . . . MANY German physicians and surgeons hold that there remains in the brain of a decollated head some degree of thought, and in the nerves something of sensibility. It is stated by his biographer, that in the case of Sir EVERARD DIGBY, executed for a participation in the Gunpowder Plot, the tongue pronounced several words after the head was severed from the body. After the execution of CHARLOTTE CORDAY, also, it is alleged that the executioner held up her lovely head by its beautiful hair, and slapped the pale cheeks, which instantly reddened, and gave to the features such an expression of unequivocal indignation, that the spectators, struck by the change of color, with loud murmurs cried out for vengeance on barbarity so cowardly and atrocious. 'It could not be said,' writes Dr. SUE, a physician of the first eminence and authority in Paris, 'that the redness was caused by the blow, since no blow can ever recall any thing like color to the cheeks of a corpse; beside, this blow was given on one cheek, and the other equally reddened.' Singular facts. Do they not militate against certain theories of 'nervous sensation' recently promulgated in our philosophical circles? . . . DOES N'T it sicken you, reader, to hear a young lady use that common but horrid commercial metaphor, '*first-rate*?' 'How did you like CASTELLAN, last evening, Miss HUGGINS?' 'Oh, *first-rate*!' 'When a girl makes use of this expression,' writes an eastern friend, 'I mutter inly, 'Your pa' sells figs and salt-fish, I know he does.' And it is all very well and proper, if he *does*; but for the miserable compound itself, pray kill it dead in your Magazine! Hit it hard! By the by, talking of odd phrases, hear this. A young Italian friend of mine, fresh from Sicily as his own oranges, a well-educated, talented person, who has labored hard to get familiar with English letters, and has read our authors, from CHAUCER downward, dilated thus on the poets: 'POPE is very mosh like HORACE; I like him very mosh; but I tink BIRRON was very sorry poet.' 'What!' quoth I, 'BYRON a sorry poet! I thought he was a favorite with Italians?' 'Oh, yes; I adore him very mosh; I almost do admire him; but he was very sorry poet.' 'How so? BYRON a sorry bard?' 'Oh, yes, very sorry; do n't you think so? *molto triste*—very mel-an-choly; do n't you find him so? I always feel very sorry when I read him. I think he's far more sorry than PETRARCA; do n't you?' This will remind the reader of the very strong term used by a Frenchman, who on being asked at a soirée what was the cause of his evident sadness, replied: 'I av just hear my fader he die: I am ver' mosh *dissatisfied*!' . . . WE shall *probably* find a place for the paper entitled '*Foreigners in America*.' The writer touches with a trenchant pen upon 'the social abuses which the first families in the metropolis tolerate at the hands of disreputable exquisites

and titled rascals.' Nervous words, but not undeserved. 'How much more rapidly a fashionable foreigner will move in the high road of preferment than one of your thinking, feeling, complex persons, in whom honor, integrity and reason make such a pother that no step can be taken without consulting them!' . . . We have indulged in one or two sonorous guffaws, and several of Mr. COOPER's 'silent laughs,' over the following 'palpable hit' from a New-Jersey journal: 'A talking-machine,' says the 'Newton Herald,' 'which speaks passable French, capital English, and choice Italian, is now to be seen at New-York. It is made of wood, brass, and gum-elastic.' 'A similar machine,' adds the 'Sussex Register,' 'compounded of buckram, brass, and soap-locks, and familiarly called 'GREEN JOSEY,' is to be seen in Newton, at the Herald office; though we cannot say that it speaks any language 'passably.' It frequently makes the attempt, however, and here is one of its last 'essays': 'Gov. GILMER is understood to have had a standing CART-BALANCE for any appointment under the present administration, which he might choose to *except*; but he will not *except* an appointment of any kind under this administration.' Is n't that 'standing *cart-balance*' rich? The usual phrase *carte-blanche*, which in the sentence quoted might be rendered by 'unconditional offer,' is transmogrified into *cart-balance*! Among all the blunders perpetrated by conceited ignorance in its attempts to *parley-vo*, this stands unequalled. We have seen *hic jacet* turned into *his jacket*, in an obituary; that was a trifle; but CART-BALANCE overcomes our gravity! So it does ours. The anecdote, to adopt the reading of a kindred accomplished linguist whom we wot of, is a 'capital *jesus-de-sprit*!' . . . THE beginning of 'L's 'Stanzas' is by no means unpromising; but what a 'lame and impotent conclusion!'

'Lord HOWE he went out,
And LORD! how he came in!'

The third verse would do credit to STREET, so graphic and poetical are the rural images introduced; but it runs into the fourth, a stanza 'most tolerable, and not to be endured.' Our young friend may be assured that we shall *not* 'regard with indifference' any thing from his pen that may fulfil the *promise* of the lines to which we allude. Na'theless, he must 'squeeze out more of his whey.' . . . THE admirers of one of the most popular contributors that this Magazine ever enjoyed, will be glad to meet with the following announcement:

'BURGESS, STRINGER AND COMPANY, corner of Broadway and Ann-street, New-York, have in press the Literary Remains of the late WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK, including the *Ollapodiana Papers*, with several other of his Prose Writings, not less esteemed by the public; including also his '*Spirit of Life*,' a choice but comprehensive selection from his Poetical Contributions to the Literature of his Country; together with a Memoir: to be edited by his twin-brother, LEWIS GAYLORD CLARK, Editor of the KNICKERBOCKER Magazine. The publishers do not consider it necessary for them to enlarge upon the character of the writings which will compose the above volume. The series of papers under the title of *Ollapodiana* will be remembered with admiration and pleasure, by readers in every section of the United States. Their rich variety of subject; their alternate humor and pathos; the one natural, quiet, and irresistibly laughable; the other warm from the heart, and touching in its tenderness and beauty; won for them the cordial and unanimous praise of the press throughout the Union, and frequent laudatory notices from the English Journals. Reminiscences of early days; expositions of the Ludicrous and the Burlesque, in amusing Anecdote; Limnings from Nature; and 'Records of the Heart,' were among their prominent characteristics. It is not too much to say of the other Prose Writings which the volume will contain, that although of a somewhat different character, they are in no respect inferior to the *Ollapodiana*, in their power to awaken and sustain interest. The *Poetical Writings* of Mr. CLARK are too well known to require comment. They have long been thoroughly established in the national heart, and have secured for the writer an enviable reputation abroad.'

The work will be embraced in four numbers, of ninety-six pages each, stereotyped upon new types in the best manner, and printed upon fine white paper; and the price will be but twenty-five cents for each number. Need we ask the interest of our friends, of the friends of the Departed, in behalf of the volume in question? . . . THE ITALIAN OPERA, at Sig. PALMO's new and beautiful temple in Chambers-street, has taken the town captive. *I Puritani* was first produced, and to overflowing houses at each representation. *Belisario* is now running a similar successful career. We shall have occasion in our next to advert more at large to this very popular establishment, and to notice in detail the *artists* (with

and without the *e*) who compose its prominent attractions. . . . SINCE the direction given by an afflicted widow to some humane persons who had found the body of her husband in a mill-race, full of eels, 'Take the eels up to the house, and *set him again!*' we have seen nothing more affecting than an anecdote of a widower at St. Louis, who, on seeing the remains of his late wife lowered into the grave, exclaimed, with tears in his eyes: 'Well, I've lost sheep, and I've lost cows, but I never had any thing to cut me up like this!' As CARLYLE says, 'his right arm, and spoon, and necessary of life' had been taken away, and he could not choose but weep. . . . THE typographical error to which our Natchez friend alludes was corrected in some two or three thousand sheets; hence we dispense with his trifling errata. 'I remember a clergyman in New-England,' once wrote an accomplished contributor to us, 'that when 'the rains descended and the floods came and the winds blew,' carried away in the pulpit in the height of his ardor the wrong house, and left that *standing* that was built upon the sand. After the service was over I ventured to observe to my uncle, Parson C—, (whose assistant had been preaching) that this seemed to be a new reading to the parable, and that I wondered when Mr. A— had discovered his error, as he did at the time of re-iteration, that he did not correct it. My uncle defended his curate, and observed that if he had *then* corrected himself, he would have carried away *both* houses, which was utterly in opposition to all Scripture. Part of the audience, said he, were asleep; and many of the rest so drowsy that, so long as one of the houses was taken off, the moral was enforced upon their perceptions as well by the one as the other. If he had made a *thorough* correction, he would have roused the attention of the whole parish, and nothing else would have been talked of for nine days. When a man has made an error he had better let other people make a discovery; and this truth, my lad, said he, you will understand better when you grow up.' Let us conclude with an expression of great force and newness: 'Comment is unnecessary.' . . . 'T. N. P.'s article, as he will perceive, is anticipated by the initial paper in the present number. How does he like the new definition of Transcendentalism: '*Incomprehensibilityosityivityalityationmentnessism*?' To us, it seems 'as clear as mud!' . . . THE graceful 'penciller' of the '*New Mirror*' weekly journal copies the beautiful '*Lines to a Cloud*' from our January number, with the remark: 'This BRYANT-like, finished and high-thoughted ('a vile phrase') poetry was written by a young lady of seventeen, and is her first published production. She is the daughter of one of our oldest and best families, resident on the Hudson. If the noon be like the promise of the dawn of this pure intellect, we have here the beginning of a brilliant fame.' We think '*The two Pictures*,' from the same pen, in our February issue fully equal to the fair writer's *coup-d'essai*. By the by, it would have been but simple courtesy, as it strikes us, to have given the KNICKERBOCKER Magazine credit for the lines in question. . . . NUMEROUS articles in prose and verse are on file for insertion, touching which we shall hope soon to have leisure to advise with the writers by letter.

'AMERICA WELL DEFENDED' would not be inappropriate as a true designation of a beautifully printed pamphlet before us, from the press of Mr. BENJAMIN H. GREENE, Boston, containing a 'Letter to a Lady in France on the supposed Failure of a National Bank, the supposed Delinquency of the National Government, the Debts of the several States, and Repudiation: with Answers to Inquiries concerning the Books of Capt. MARRYAT and Mr. DICKENS. We have read this production with warm admiration of its calm and dignified style, the grouping and invariable *pertinence* of its facts and arguments; and the absence of every thing which savors of a *retaliatory* spirit, in its animadversions upon the misrepresentations of the United States by the English press. Expositions are offered of the character of the old United States' Bank, as contradistinguished from the 'United States' Bank of Pennsylvania; of the origin and nature of our public debts, national as well as of the separate States, etc. The themes of love of money, gravity of manners, of slavery, lynch-law, mobs, etc., are next considered; and the pamphlet concludes with some remarks upon the strength of our government, general results of our experiment, and our growing attachment to the Union. The author we under-

stand to be Mr. THOMAS G. CARY, a distinguished merchant, who has brought the observation and knowledge of a *practical* life in aid of his reasoning, throughout his pamphlet. It has passed, we are glad to learn, to a speedy second edition; and we cannot but hope that it may be re-published in England. It could not fail to produce great good, in the rectification of gross errors in relation to this country.

PARLEY'S CABINET LIBRARY.—In this work Mr. GOODRICH proposes to furnish the public with forty numbers, at twenty-five cents each, of biographical, historical and miscellaneous sketches, designed for the family circle, and especially for youth. The first two numbers consist of the lives of famous men of modern times; as SCOTT, BYRON, BONAPARTE, BURNS, BURKE, GORTIE, JOHNSON, MILTON, SHAKSPEARE, BACON, etc. The next two numbers are devoted to famous men of ancient times; as CÆSAR, HANNIBAL, CICERO, ALEXANDER, PLATO, etc. The fifth and sixth numbers contain the 'Curiosities of Human Nature,' as ZERA COLBURN, CASPAR HAUSER, etc. The seventh and eighth contain the lives of benefactors: as WASHINGTON, FRANKLIN, HOWARD, FULTON, BOWDITCH, etc. We notice also, in the biographical series, the lives of celebrated Indians and celebrated women. The historical sketches will present a series of striking pictures, illustrative of the history of the four quarters of the globe. The miscellaneous department will embrace arts, sciences, manners and customs of nations, a view of the world and its inhabitants, etc., etc. The intention of the author is to furnish a library of twenty volumes, devoted to the most interesting portions of human knowledge, with the design of rendering their subjects interesting and attractive to the general reader. Several of the numbers are now issued; and judging from these, we are happy to give the work our hearty approbation. The sketches will not be found to be mere sketches, drawn from cyclopedias: the author has evidently gone to the original sources, and culled with care the most interesting points on each subject. A contemporary expresses surprise that he has been able to say so much that is striking, just and new, in so brief a space; a praise in which we fully concur. The work entitled 'Curiosities of Human Nature' is one of the deepest interest, and is calculated to suggest profound reflections as to the capacities of the human mind. The two numbers devoted to the American Indians, as well as other volumes, present a good deal of new and curious matter. The life of JETAU, the Indian VOLT-AIRE, is very striking. The Benefactors will be read with gratification by every one who loves to dwell upon the actions of those who have been great in doing good. The moral tendency of these works is excellent, and they may be read with pleasure as well as profit by old and young. They are happily adapted to the family as well as the school-library; and we are glad to know that they have been adopted for the latter purpose in some of our principal cities. They will constitute a wholesome check upon, as well as an agreeable substitute for, most of the trashy and pernicious literature that is now so freely poured upon the public. Mr. JOHN ALLEN, at the office of the KNICKERBOCKER, is the agent for this city.

'**WONDERS OF THE HEAVENS.**'—A superb large quarto volume has recently been put forth by Messrs. ROBERT P. BIXBY AND COMPANY, entitled, 'The Wonders of the Heavens: being a Popular View of Astronomy, including a full illustration of the Mechanism of the Heavens; embracing the Sun, Moon, and Stars, with descriptions of the planets, comets, fixed stars, double-stars, the constellations, the galaxy or milky way, the zodiacal light, aurora-borealis or northern-lights, meteors, clouds, falling-stars, aérolites, etc.; illustrated by numerous maps and engravings.' We cannot too highly commend this volume to our readers. The author, Mr. DUNCAN BRADFORD, has kept constantly in view one object, viz: to make his subject plain and interesting to the people. Instead of mingling mathematics with his great theme, to such an extent as to alarm the neophyte at the very threshold of the temple of astronomy, he has with a wise judgment selected from the best works, including the latest, those parts that were least encumbered with the abstruse and the unintelligible; and the illustrations serve to make his sublime teachings still more clear.

ROGERS' POEMS.—We have not seen a more beautiful volume for a twelvemonth than the new illustrated edition of 'Poems' by SAMUEL ROGERS, with revisions and additions by the author, recently issued by Messrs. LEA AND BLANCHARD, Philadelphia. It is indeed in all respects an *exquisite* work; being printed upon the finest drawing-paper, with a large clear type, and illustrated with ten engravings on steel, from paintings by the very first artists in England. The volume opens with the 'Pleasures of Memory,' and contains every thing from the author's pen which his maturest consideration has deemed most worthy of preservation. We cordially commend this admirable work to the attention of every reader of the KNICKERBOCKER to whom it may be accessible.



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A PILGRIMAGE TO PENSHURST.

BY C. A. ALEXANDER.

ONE of the admirers of Goëthe, commenting on his characteristic excellencies, has remarked that he is the most *suggestive* of writers. Were we to seek an epithet by which to describe the architectural remains and historical monuments of England, with reference to their impression on the mind of an observer, perhaps no better could offer itself than that which has been thus applied to the works of the great German. In the property of awakening reflection by bringing before the mind that series of events whose connection with the progress of modern civilization has been most direct and influential, and of recalling names which, to the American at least, sound like household words, they stand unrivalled. Our manners, our customs, our national constitution itself, may be said to have grown up beneath the shelter of these venerable structures, whose associations ally them in a manner scarcely less striking with those wider developments of social and political reason in which we believe the welfare of our species to be involved. Who is there, that, standing within 'the great hall of William Rufus,' can forget how often it has been the theatre of those mighty conflicts, in which, however slowly and reluctantly, error and prejudice have been compelled to relax their hold on the human mind? Dr. Johnson has spoken to us, in his usual stately phrase, of patriotism re-invigorated and of piety warmed amid the scenes of Marathon and Iona; but where is the Marathon which appeals to us so forcibly as the field consecrated by the blood of a Hamden or a Falkland? and where the Iona which is so eloquent with recollections as the walls which have echoed to the voices of a Ridley and a Barrow?

It is true indeed, that the recollections of many other lands, as associated with their monuments, lay much stronger hold upon the imagination than those of England. Of the former we might say that there was about them more of the element of poetry; of the latter, that they furnish an ampler share of materials for reflection. One great moral,

'the comprehensive text of the Hebrew preacher,' the invariable 'vanity of vanities,' is alike inscribed upon all the vestiges of human greatness. For the rest, a serene and touching beauty lingers around and hallows every relic which attests the hand of Phidias, or marks the country of Pericles and Epaminondas. No lapse of time, no process of decay, will ever wholly exorcise that spirit of stateliness and command which sits enthroned amid the ruins of the 'Eternal City,' as her own Marius once sate amid the ruins of a rival capital. But in all that regards a common standard of opinions, institutions and interests, and in the facility of reasoning as respects these, from the experience and practice of one time and people to those of another, we cannot but feel that a vast gulf has interposed between our own age and that which is commemorated by the monuments of Greece and Rome. The venerable genius of antiquity, seated among crumbling arches and broken columns, has but little to say to us respecting those questions which most deeply agitate and unceasingly perplex the busy and the thinking part of mankind at the present day. No response are we to expect from that quarter, concerning our bank-laws and our corn-laws; our systems of credit and of commerce; our endless disquisitions on the balance of power and of parties, on the rights of suffrage and of conscience. While we reserve to the theorist the privilege of adorning his theme by allusions to the polity of Lycurgus and Numa, we are sensible that the practical statesman who trusts himself to such examples will be constantly liable to be deluded by false parallels and imperfect analogies. A voice, like that which is said to have startled the mariner of old on the coasts of Ionia, and to have announced to him the cessation of oracles, comes to us from all the remains of pagan antiquity, warning us that the spirit of that ancient civilization has departed with its forms: and while it bids us look forward to a new destiny for the human race, it teaches us that the maxims and the oracles by which that destiny must be guided, are to be sought elsewhere than in the Republic of Plato and the grottoes of Egeria.

Compared, then, with the monuments of classic antiquity, those of England claim the distinction of being associated with an order of things which is still existing and still in process of development: compared with those of the rest of christian Europe, they recall a progress, which, much more consistently than in other countries, has tended in the direction of popular rights and constitutional liberty. The reader of English history indeed has too often occasion to blush for the vices or mourn for the madness of his species, as the spectator who looks upon the grim fastnesses of the Tower, or into the gloomy purlieus of St. Giles', will need but little else to remind him of the despotism and inequality which have pursued liberty into this her boasted and sea-girt retreat. But the Bastille, certainly, did not look in its day upon scenes of less flagrant atrocity than the 'towers of Julius;' while this advantage has always obtained in favor of the latter, that he who turned with disgust or terror from that image of despotic pride and violence, might behold at no great distance the piles of Westminster, the seats of law and legislation, where the irrepressible spirit of freedom in the bosom of the Commons was still nursing its resentment or muttering its remonstrances at sea-

sons of the deepest gloom and depression. Henry VIII. might have heard that voice mingling with the groans of his victims; Charles II. could not altogether shut it out from the scenes of his midnight revel and debauchery. But no such hopeful contrast meets us in the features or the history of the neighboring continent. Democracy, it is true, the rough and hardy growth of the German forests, struck an earlier root and flourished at first with better promise *there* than in England. But this different fortune awaited it on the continent and the island; that in the former it was soon rooted out, and required in modern times the most violent and sanguinary efforts to reproduce it; in the latter it has constantly survived and struggled through every disaster toward a hopeful development. Such has been the different political fate of two branches of the great Teutonic family; let us observe whether some corresponding difference does not make itself manifest in the aspect of their respective countries.

It might have been readily anticipated that the maintenance of the popular right as a constitutional principle, operating through a long course of ages, would have produced not only a sturdy independence among the bulk of the English nation, but to some extent also, a local independence of the country as regards the capital and the court. It might have been foreseen, that instead of concentrating every separate ray of genius and renown into one grand *halo* around the throne, this habitual effort of the popular mind would have had a tendency to scatter those rays more equally over the land, making the green valley and the sequestered hamlet rejoice, each in the memory of its bard or hero. Such might have been our prognostic from the political condition of England as compared with that of the continent, and such will be found upon observation to have been the result. A French poet aptly describes the centralizing influences of his own capital as regards France, when he tells us that 'at Paris people *live*, elsewhere they only *vegetate*.' One great holocaust of talents, reputations and fortunes forever ascends there to the glory of the Grand Nation, absorbing every thing, assimilating every thing to itself, and leaving the country widowed of its interest and shorn of its appropriate graces. The poet, whose footsteps on the sunny plains of Provence would have long brightened in the traditions of its peasantry; the hero, whose name would have sufficed to confer undying interest on some old *château* of the Jura; the orator, whose leisure hours might have made some French Tusculum on the banks of the Loire forever fresh with the memory of associated honors; all these have alike hastened to Paris, identified themselves once for all with its crowds, and added whatever *prestige* might attend their own names through future ages to the already overshadowing *prestige* of that wonderful city. They point you there to the house where the great Corneille breathed his last; it is hard by the metropolitan church of St. Roche, and scarcely more than a bow-shot from the Tuilleries, as if the poet of Cinna and Polyucte could not render up his breath in peace except in the neighborhood of those high dignitaries, into whose lips he had breathed while living so much of his own grandeur and elevation; but who reminds you of the hills of his native Normandy, or points you to the humble chamber or the peaceful valley where 'gorgeous Tragedy

in sceptred pall' first swept before the eyes of his dawning fancy? No; if you would recall the memory of Corneille through the medium of places familiar with his presence when living, you must repair to the Hotel de Rambouillet, in one of the most noisy and unpoetic quarters of Paris.

Now with respect to England, all this is as nearly as possible reversed. The political influences spoken of before, operating no doubt with others of which it is unnecessary to speak, have acted dispersively on the sum of national reputations, and equitably allotted to almost every part of the fair island some *parcenary* share of fame, some hallowing memory, like a household genius, to preside over and endear its localities. London has not, like Paris, proved itself in this the insatiate Saturn of the national offspring. If you inquire, for instance, for memorials of the life and presence of Shakspeare, it is not probable, as in the case of Corneille, that you will be referred to the crowded streets and squares of the metropolis, though his active life was passed and his unrivalled fame achieved there; but far away to the west, where Nature received him on her flowery lap, beside his own Avon; in the shades where his genius first grew familiar with the shapes of beauty, sublimity, and terror, and whither he retired at last 'to husband out life's taper' amid the common charities of home; to this spot it is that you must repair, if you would drink freshly of that well-spring of associations which hallows the footsteps of England's immortal dramatist. In like manner, one might say, that it is not in the sumptuous galleries of Holland House, neighbored by the crowds and tumult of the parks, that the admirer of Addison would find it most easy to call up the image of the sage; but in that quiet meadow which he used to frequent on the banks of the Cheswell, when evening is gathering on the tops of the lofty elms and around the gray towers of Magdalen, how pleasing and unforced the effort which recalls him to our imaginations!

And so too of others. Gray has not made the country church-yard immortal in song alone, but has laid himself to rest with all the memories of that imperishable strain around him, beneath as green a sod as wraps the head of the humblest peasant for whom his muse implored 'the passing tribute of a sigh.' The pensive shade of Cowper beckons to the groves of Olney; and the melancholy ghost of Chatterton, (kindred to Cowper only in his woes and his genius,) has fled from the crowded thoroughfares of London, where he sank oppressed in the turmoil of life, to haunt forever, in the eyes of the dreaming enthusiast, those dim aisles of St. Mary Redcliffe in Bristol, whence he drew the spells which immortalized but could not preserve him. And thus will it be when the lights of to-day, the bards of living renown, shall have passed away, but not to be forgotten. No one will then think of tracing Wordsworth, or Moore, or Southey, amid the dusky lanes and glittering saloons of the metropolis, but the lakes of Cumberland and the bowers of Wiltshire will still rejoice in the ever-brightening honors of associated genius. Even the hardier spirits of the isle, whose destiny has called them to the rougher paths of life, to the battle-field or the senate, away from the haunts of nature and the Muse; even these have seldom failed, in the intervals of busier life, to remember the charms of the rural life

of England, and in giving their more familiar hours to its enjoyments, have bequeathed to many a fair spot a heritage of memories more precious than wealth, and which the pilgrims of after ages will not willingly let perish.

It is to one of these provincial retreats, (if such they may be called, when the migratory habits of society are rendering them daily more known and frequented) that the foregoing remarks are designed to lead the attention of the indulgent reader.

'The southern district of Kent,' says Gibbon, 'which borders on Sussex and the sea, was formerly overspread with the great forest Anderida; and even now retains the denomination of the Weald, or Woodland.' On the verge of this region, now diversified with the traces of civilization and culture, and at the distance of some thirty miles from London, stands Penshurst, for many generations the domain and seat of the illustrious family of Sydney. The mansion is of that class termed castellated houses, as retaining some of the features of the feudal castle, but accommodated to the more secure and less circumspect usages of a later age. In itself, it presents perhaps no very striking example of the merits or defects of its class, but it claims a much higher distinction in having been the birth-place and paternal home of Sir Philip Sydney.

To what name can we point which is more brightly adorned than his with all the accomplishments of the soldier, the courtier and the scholar? Still rises upon the memory through the mists of three centuries that touching legend of Zutphen, where the wounded hero waived from his lips the cup of water because it was more needed by the dying comrade at his side; and the pure morality and lofty chivalry which animate the 'Arcadia,' still bear witness to us of the personal merit of this pride and ornament of the English court. His sagacious but selfish mistress, Elizabeth, once stood, we are told, between him and the proffered crown of Poland, as being loth to part (so she expressed herself,) with him who was 'the jewel of her time.' She is reported too to have denied him on another occasion the permission which he earnestly sought, of connecting his fame and fortunes with those trans-atlantic enterprises which were already beginning to crown with success and distinction the efforts of such men as Drake and Frobisher. This last is a field of adventure upon which we must still regret that Sir Philip was not allowed to enter. The New World was then no less the region for romantic enterprise than profitable exertion, although the explorers of these distant climes had too often sunk the generosity of the soldier in the rapacity of the spoiler. In Sir Philip Sydney the world of Columbus would have had a visitor of a different order. To the courage of Smith and the accomplishments of Raleigh he would have added a spirit of honor and moderation peculiarly his own, and we should still have delighted to trace the impressions of his genius and virtue in the early annals of our continent. But his fate was destined to a different scene; and his career, though thus limited by a jealous sovereign and an early death, has left little which we can reasonably deplore but its brevity; while that brevity itself throws around his character the last touches of romantic interest, and assigns him the not unenviable lot of having carried off the

rewards of age without its infirmities, and borne a maturity of honors into the safe asylum of a premature grave :

‘Invida quem Lachesis raptum,
Dum numerat palmas, credidit esse senem.’

In this age of literary and multifarious pilgriming, it cannot be unacceptable to propose an excursion to a mansion dignified by its associations with such a name. Neither is it a slight recreation to him who has been confined for weeks and months within the dusky enclosures of London, to break his bounds and emerge into the breathing fields of Surry and Kent. The father of English poetry, and poet of English pilgrims, Chaucer himself, stands ready to accompany us for at least a small portion of our route : it was along the road on which we enter, that he conducted, ages ago, those pilgrims to the shrine of Canterbury who still live in his verses ; and we may glance at the Tabard Inn whence they set forth, and indulge our fancy with the thought of their quaint equipments, while we betake ourselves to the modern ‘hostelrie’ of the Elephant and Castle, and commit our persons to the modern comforts of an English coach. Alas ! for the fickleness of a world which changes its idols almost as often and as easily as its fashions. Time was when we should have found this great highway strewn with devotees hurrying to the shrine of St. Thomas à Becket. But now, though we might detect, no doubt, in the throng around us, the counterpart of each individual whom Chaucer committed to his living canvass ; of the knight who ‘loved chevalrie’ and the Frankelein ‘who loved wine ;’ of the young squire ‘with his locks in presse,’ and the fair lady who

—— ‘of her smiling was ful simple and coy,
Her grettest oathe n’as but by Seint Eloy ;’

all as intent as of old upon objects not less fleeting, and changed in little but the fashion of their attire ; now there is none so poor as to do reverence to the martyr-prelate for the sake of those merits which were once thought a sufficient covering for the sins of countless followers.

As the great eastern artery of London, the road which we have thus far followed begins to distribute its living mass into the successive provincial avenues which diverge from it, we find ourselves included in that portion of the throng, whom the pursuit of health or pleasure conducts toward Tonbridge.* The high and level country which under

* THIS route leads, among other villages, through that of Sevenoaks, famous as the place where Jack Cade and his rabble overthrew the forces of Stafford, in the very same year, (1450,) when Faust and Gutenberg set up the first press in Germany, and long, therefore, before Cade could have justly complained, as Shakspeare has made him do, that the Lord Say had ‘caused printing to be used’ in England, and ‘built a paper-mill.’ But who taxes the sun for his spots or Shakspeare for anachronisms ? He who was born to exhaust and imagine worlds, cannot of course be denied some innocent liberties with chronology. The village in question, however, is more interesting to travellers from being in the vicinity of Knole, the fine old seat of the dukes of Dorset. The stranger is led here through long galleries furnished with furniture of the time of Elizabeth and hung with portraits which at every step recall names of the deepest historical interest. Who can ever forget that which hangs or hung over the door of Lady Betty Germaine’s chamber ? It is Milton in the bloom of manhood, and the immortal epic seems to be just dawning on those mild and pensive features. One chamber, of sumptuous appointments remains, (so runs the legend,) as it was last tenanted by James I., no head less sapient or august having been since permitted to press the pillow. In another, every thing stands as it was arranged for the reception of the second James, who forfeited, it seems, a luxurious lodging at Knole at the same time that he forfeited his crown. The name of

the name of 'Downs'* forms the northern and western boundary of Kent, sinks by a sudden and steep declivity on its eastern edge; which edge the geologists tell us was once washed by a primeval ocean, and is still seamed by the ineffaceable traces of its currents and storms. For ourselves it forms a vantage-ground from which we seem to look at one glance over almost the whole of that fair province which stretches nearly to the continent, and lifts the white cliffs of Albion above the surges of the British channel. We think of the day when the standard bearer of the tenth legion bore the eagle of Cæsar to the shore amid the cries of the opposing Britons; and of the still more signal day when Augustine displayed the cross before the eyes of the softened and repentant Saxons. We think too of the beings with whose memories Shakspeare has peopled this portion of the Isle; of Lear and Cordelia, of Edgar, Gloster, and Kent; of that night of horrors upon the stormy heath, and that scene of unutterable tenderness and heart-break on the sands of Dover. Unbidden, as we gaze over the fair and varied prospect, the words of the same great dramatist rise to our lips, in his appropriation of the sentiments and language of the first conqueror of Britain:

'Kent in the commentaries Cæsar writ,
Is termed the civilst place of all this isle;
Sweet is the country because full of riches,
The people liberal, active, valiant, wealthy.'

But the riches of Kent must be spoken of with due limitations. Those geological changes and formations before alluded to, which have marked the track of wealth across the British islands by deposits of mineral coal, as clearly as if it had been traced in sunbeams, have bequeathed no such sources of sub-terrene affluence to Kent. Nor has nature been more than parsimonious (to say the least) with respect to the superficial qualities of its soil. We have only, however, to cast our eyes on a topographical chart of Kent, to see how beneficently these disadvantages are balanced by considerations of a different sort. Washed along a vast line of coast by the ocean, and bordered to an equal or greater extent by the Thames; penetrated by the navigable Medway, and watered by such fertilizing streams as the Eden and the Ton; traversed through its whole length by that ancient highway of Dover, which figured in the itineraries of the Romans, and which still conveys much of the ceaseless intercourse between England and the Continent; its

Lady Betty Germaine, Swift's friend and correspondent, connects the place with all the celebrities of the reign of Queen Anne. On emerging from the building we view the magnificent groves of the park, fit haunt for nightingales, though Becket is said to have driven them by an anathema from the neighborhood, because their songs interrupted his nocturnal meditations. But the memory of Thomas Sackville, Lord Buckhurst, (once proprietor of Knole,) the best poet of his time, and 'the immediate father-in-verse of Spenser,' sufficiently redresses the stigma of so churlish a proscription, and the nightingales may well claim perpetual franchise under sanction of a name to which the ancient inscription would apply:

Αἱ δὲ καὶ ζῶσιν ἀηδονες, ἥσιν ὁ παντῶν
ἀρπακτήρ Αἰδῆς ἐκ ἐπὶ χεῖρα βαλεῖ.

Yet live thy nightingales of song: on thee
Forgetfulness her hand shall ne'er impose.

* DUNUM or Duna, signifieth a hill or higher ground, whence *Downs*, which cometh of the old French word *dun*. COKE LIT. 235.

coast studded with towers and harbors ; its interior sprinkled with hamlets, parks, cities, and baronial residences ; claiming, finally, to be the episcopal head and fountain of ecclesiastical dignity for the whole British empire ; we can readily see how Kent may vindicate to itself the praise conveyed in the lines of Shakspeare as the abode of a liberal, active, valiant, and even wealthy people:

Nor is this flattering ascription of personal qualities unsupported by the facts of its local history. To the great Roman conqueror the inhabitants of this part of Britain opposed a resistance, which taught him, as he indirectly confesses, to look back with many a wistful glance toward the coast where he had left his transports, but ill-assured against the ocean or the enemy. Against the Norman conqueror, likewise, when all the rest of the island had yielded implicitly to his sway and to the substitution of feudal for native usages, the people of Kent still made good their old hereditary law of *Gavelkind*. More than once in after times, stung by oppression or inflamed by zeal, they have drawn together in a spirit of tumultuous resistance, and borne their remonstrances to the very gates of the national capital. Connecting this history and character with their maritime position, we are led to apply a remark which our American historian Prescott has generalized from the circumstances of a people not dissimilarly situated. 'The sea-board,' says that admirable writer, 'would seem to be the natural seat of liberty. There is something in the very presence, in the atmosphere of the ocean, which invigorates not only the physical but the moral energies of man.' Or as Wordsworth has expressed the same idea, with an extension of it, no less just than poetical, to another class of natural objects :

'Two voices are there ; one is of the sea,
One of the mountains ; each a mighty voice :
In both from age to age thou didst rejoice,
They were thy chosen music, Liberty !

It has already been said that our route lay toward Tonbridge. True, those celebrated wells lie somewhat beyond Penshurst, yet few pilgrims will fail to visit them ; and it may be permitted to glance aside from our immediate object to glean a very few observations from the customs of this fashionable watering-place. But the American visitor must not expect to meet at a watering-place in England precisely that aggregate of circumstances which goes to form his idea of the pleasures and privileges of one in his own country. There are restraints imposed by the circumstances of these elder lands, their necessity more than their choice, which must still at first sight appear forbidding and superfluous to the inhabitant of a new one. The rigid barriers of ceremony ; the appearance of studied isolation and exclusiveness ; the monotonous movement of the great social machine, organized to its minutest details, and regulated through all its processes ; these at first may lead the visitor from the New World to suppose that he has fallen upon some region of persevering formality, where all is frost and show, perpetual glitter and unmeaning barrenness. But pierce these formal barriers of etiquette, dissolve by the requisite appliances this superficial frost-work of the English circles, and none, it is believed, will have any just reason to complain of cold-

ness and reserve. By the social barriers spoken of, **are not** meant the distinctions of rank in European society, or the conventional observances by which they are guarded, for these do not constitute in fact the points of repulsion by which a stranger is apt to be encountered. Still less do they mean those mental habits of suspicion, mystery and indirectness, which may infect communities as well as individuals. For these there is neither extenuation nor excuse. Rousseau has finely said : ' Le premier pas vers le vice est de mettre du mystere aux actions innocentes ; et quiconque aime à se cacher, a tôt ou tard raison de se cacher. Un seul précepte de morale peut tenir lieu de tous les autres, c'est celui-ci : Ne fais, ni ne dis jamais rien que tu ne veuilles que tout le monde voie et entende. J'ai toujours regardé comme le plus estimable des hommes ce Romain qui voulait que sa maison fût construite de manière qu'on vît tout ce qui s'y faisait.' Whether the Englishman would be the first or the last to submit himself to this crucial test of *living in a transparent house*, we do not feel called upon to decide. The barriers, of which some justification has been attempted, are merely those formal observances by which society aims to protect itself from the intrusion of the unworthy and designing ; which all must perceive to be in some degree necessary, even to personal independence ; and which common-sense teaches us must be of greater extent and more rigorous application in a crowded capital than a country village, in an English Almacks than an American drawing-room. No one will deny that these barriers are high and strictly guarded in England ; but it would be unreasonable to impute as a fault what is a dictate of prudence, or to infer that coldness and incivility must of course lurk under forms which have been manifestly imposed by the necessity of constant circumspection.

Duly impressed with these considerations, the stranger will be less disposed to complain when arriving at any place of fashionable resort in England ; at Tonbridge, for instance, one of the most aristocratic ; he finds himself consigned to the solitary comfort of his own apartments, without the prospect of any of those periods of social reunion, which elsewhere tend so strongly to break down the barriers of reserve and facilitate the process of introduction and acquaintance. Cardinal de Retz has told us, that the dinner-bell never fails to disperse a mob in France, and if English travellers are to be believed, it seldom fails to bring one together in an American hotel ; but as a social summons, no such tocsin breaks the uniformity of the English *ménage*. The traveller may dine indeed in the public room, but it is at a separate table, on his separate repast ; he is served with what viands, at what hour, he pleases, but no contiguity of position or interchange of friendly offices can remove the impalpable but impassable partition which divides him from his neighbors. He feels something of the air of the *penitentiary* in the very refinements of his luxurious *hostelrie*. But these are incidents not without their attendant advantages. If the stranger is thus separated from his fellows, he is at least saved, in turn, from the attempts of fraud, and the contact of impertinence. This is, in fact, the meaning of such arrangements, and if not exactly palatable, they are at any rate protective. But there are restrictions with regard to the

fairer part of creation, and his correspondence with them, which admit of no such topics of comfort and alleviation. We nowhere find it stated, by what steps it is permitted to the English suitor to proceed from the distant bow to the morning call, always in the presence of the mother, the aunt, or other watchful guardian; and thence by regular gradations to the heart and hand of the object of his wishes. But it is enough for our stranger to know, that whatever may be the laws of strategy, provided for such cases in other lands, here it is necessary to begin his approaches with the father, and to lay his lines of earliest circumvallation around the watchful mother. These distant out-works must be mastered before there is the slightest chance of communicating even a summons to the citadel. English travellers, therefore, express surprise at the artless confidence with which unmarried ladies in America commit themselves to the solitary chat with a comparative stranger, take his hand or his arm after a few hours' acquaintance, and expose themselves to the surprise of a *declaration* before the extent of his means or the respectability of his connexion have been discussed and settled. Between the merits of these different modes of procedure, the present writer has neither the wish nor the ability to arbitrate. They have their growth in such widely different states of society, that the reformer must be bold who should attempt to transpose or change them. It is sufficient for our present purpose to remark, that if the visitor at Tonbridge should have failed to make those preliminary advances just spoken of, his pleasures here, as an admirer of female loveliness, will most probably be limited to seeing the fair creatures ride on diminutive donkeys (such is the custom of Tonbridge) to the wells, there to drink the chalybeate and promenade the *pantiles*. But what then? If he have not the *entrée* of society, the charms of nature and the attractions of English scenery are spread before him. His guide-book will tell him of grotesque rocks upon lonely heaths where Druids may have worshipped; and of Bayham Abbey, with its mouldering walls and 'antiquary ivy,' which still attests amidst its ruins the luxury and wealth of its ancient masters. He may look in one direction over the broad lands and towering spires of Eridge Castle, or turning in another, soon lose amidst the recollections of Penshurst and in the homage which the heart renders to departed virtue, all sense of the vexatious forms and frivolous though perhaps inseparable distinctions of modern society.

Approaching Penshurst from Tonbridge, we alight at the ancient church which stands in close contiguity with the family mansion. A ramble amidst its graves, a walk through its solemn aisles, a moment's pause among its darkened monuments, seems to be but a suitable preparation for our farther researches. It is scarcely possible to enter one of these venerable religious edifices of the old world, which form so striking a feature in its scenery, without feeling in some degree an impression as if the dim and solemn fane were peopled with shadows; as if indistinct forms were beckoning along its lonely aisles, or waiting the stranger's approach in its deep and vaulted recesses. The building is not always of great extent, (this of Penshurst is not so,) but the impression seems to be the result not more of the solemn style of the building and its accessories, than of the admirable harmony which they preserve

with the recollections and associations of all around them. Hence it may well be doubted whether, if we could transport one of these time-honored structures to our own land, with all its architectural peculiarities, it would have for us exactly the meaning or the charms which it possesses at home. Our career is as yet too brief, our land too full of the sounds of enterprise and excitement; our interest lies too largely and exclusively in the present and the future. The dawning light and the keen air of morning (*scævus equis oriens anhelis*) are not, as represented by the poets, more uncongenial to the spectral shapes of night, than the recent origin and energetic action of our rising country to the dim traditions and mouldering memories which have grown incorporate with the weather-stains and damps of these hoary sanctuaries. At Penshurst in particular, so complete is this harmony between the ideal and the actual, and so strongly does it bring before us the image of the past, that it might seem no unnatural incident of our reverie, were the grave and reverend knight, the ancient head of the Sydneys and patron of the church, once more to enter with his retinue from the neighboring mansion and take his seat in the family chancel. But of that honored name nothing remains to Penshurst except the memory, and those fading inscriptions which inform us that they who slumber here bore it irreproachably in life, and have long since ceased from their earthly labors. Among these, however, we look in vain for the name of Sir Philip Sydney. He fell in a foreign land, and his country, we are told, mourned for him with a loud and poignant lamentation. His remains were afterward transferred to Saint Paul's, where the ruin which fell at a later period upon the great national temple involved also the memorial of Sir Philip Sydney. But it matters less, since the achievements of his pen and sword have made all places where the name of England comes, his monument, and every heart which is alive to honor, a sanctuary for his memory.

Let us then pass on to that venerable mansion which having witnessed many of the incidents of his life may still be considered the lasting memorial of his virtues. Before us rises a building irregular in its design, but presenting an extensive line of front, in which square towers and pointed gables, connected by walls of unequal height, succeed each other with that sort of caprice which is common in mansions of the same age. Entering through a spacious gate-way, we cross a quadrangular court, and gain access by an unfurnished passage to the great hall, which formed the distinguishing feature of the feudal homestead. In the vast extent of this apartment we perceive an image of the pride which gloried more in the number of its retainers than in the luxury or refinement of its accommodations. Oaken tables, and benches of the same homely material, stretched from side to side, show that our ancestors required but rude accessories to recommend to them the substantial enjoyments of their mighty repasts. Through lofty windows strengthened by mullions and decorated with intricate carvings, the light streams softened by neither blind nor curtain. The middle of the hall is occupied by a spacious hearth, around which gathered the friends and followers of the noble house; and the fire-utensils which still remain, and which seem destined for the consumption of entire forests, intimate that

the household gods which presided here dealt in no stinted or penurious economy. There was scarcely need of flue or chimney, for the smoke curling up among the interlacing rafters of the roof, might long gather in its ample cavity without threatening those below with serious inconvenience. It is curious to observe that when at length so obvious a contrivance as the chimney grew into more general use, its introduction was opposed by much the same sort of arguments as have in other ages resisted the encroachments of change and novelty. A moralist of the times has left us his recorded opinion, that nothing but agues and catarrhs had followed the abandonment of that old and genial practice which planted the fire in the middle of the room and left the smoke to spread its sable canopy aloft. Another peculiarity in this picture of ancient manners was the slightly-raised platform called the dais, at the farther extremity of the hall, which reminds us of the distinction that was preserved even in the hours of convivial relaxation, between the family of the lord and its dependants. Nor was this distinction in general one of place alone: in most of the wealthy and noble houses of the period, it portended a corresponding distinction in the quality of the food. Hence in the homely times in which Ben Jonson has apostrophized Penshurst, it is mentioned as an honorable instance of the hospitality of its owner, that

—‘there each guest might eat,
Without his fear, and of the lord’s own meat;
Where the same beer, board, and self-same wine,
That is his lordship’s, shall be also mine.’

‘A strange topic of praise,’ remarks Gifford, ‘to those who are unacquainted with the practice of those times; but in fact the liberal mode of hospitality here recorded was almost peculiar to this noble person. The great dined at long tables, (they had no other in their vast halls,) and permitted many guests to sit down with them; but the gradations of rank and fortune were rigidly maintained, and the dishes grew visibly coarser as they receded from the head of the table.’ To sit below the salt, is a phrase with which the romances of Scott have made us familiar, and which originated, it seems, in the custom of placing a large salt-cellar near the middle of the table, not more for convenience than with reference to the distribution of the guests.

The same spirit which presided over the appointments of this stately hall extended itself to the other apartments and remoter details of the household. Every where there is the same reference to the power and even the supervision of the lord, manifested in the long suites of rooms which open upon each other, (the hall just mentioned is commanded by a small window opening from a superior and adjacent apartment,) as if to give the master at one glance a view of the number and a knowledge of the pursuits of the inmates. The ideas of the architects of that age seem to have been limited in their object, to realizing an image of the great feudal principle of preëminence and protection on the one side, submissiveness and reliance on the other. Hence designs and arrangements so little consistent with the privacy and personal independence which we regard at present as indispensable to every scheme of domestic accommodation. But these artists were not limited alone by a defective

conception of the objects of their art; they were also embarrassed in its execution by the unequal manner in which the different branches of it had been cultivated and improved. It is doubtless a remark which will admit of very general application, that the arts which may be made subservient to embellishment and magnificence, have always far outstripped those which only conduce to comfort and convenience. The savage paints his body with gorgeous colors, who wants a blanket to protect him from the cold; and nations have heaped up pyramids to enhance their sense of importance, who have dwelt contentedly in dens and caves of the earth. Something of the same incongruity may be remarked at Penshurst, and other English mansions of the same age and order; where we sometimes ascend to galleries of inestimable paintings over steps roughly hewn with the axe, and look upon ceilings of the most exquisite and elaborate carving suspended over floors which have never had the benefit of the joiner's plane.

In the tastes, too, and personal habits of that elder period, contrasts of a not less striking nature might be easily pointed out. We may doubt, for instance, whether beauty will ever array itself in apparel of more cost and profusion than that in which the high-born dames of Wresill and Penshurst swept through their stately apartments. Grandeur will never make its presence felt by a greater weight of ceremony, nor ever extend a more watchful and provident care to all the equipage of rank and ostentation. Flattery, we may safely assert, will never offer its incense in a more seductive form, than when it borrowed the pencil of Holbein and the lyre of Spenser. Yet these persons were the same who trode upon floors strewn with rushes, and deemed it a point of nicety and refinement if these were changed sufficiently often to prevent the soiling of their clothes. They are the same who dined without forks, and thought pewter dishes too great a luxury to be used in common by the highest nobility; who transported their ladies on pillions for want of coaches, and themselves struggled through mire for want of pavements; who, with a knowledge of the manufacture of glass, and possessed beyond ourselves of an exquisite skill in coloring it, were yet too frugal or careless to use it freely in lighting their houses. It was an age when the sick were plied with such delicate restoratives as 'mummy and the flesh of hedge-hogs,' and tables loaded with such dainties as cranes, lapwings, sea-gulls, bitterns and curlews. Such is the unequal progress which is often maintained in habits of undistinguishing luxury and habits of genuine refinement; so great the difference between a state of society which aims at the gratification of pride, and one which contents itself with diffusing comfort and promoting security.

It would be easy, no doubt, to draw from this sketch of ancient manners many reflections consoling to our own sense of superior comfort and discernment. But the subject is susceptible of being viewed under aspects not so flattering yet more instructive. Who is there gross enough to pride himself on superior wisdom because Kepler believed that the earth was a vast animal which breathed and reasoned, or to claim the palm of comparative merit because Sir Thomas More listened to the babbling of a pretended prophetess, and Luther waged what he con-

sidered no visionary but actual combats with the powers of darkness. If then we have dwelt on the defects of an age when civilization was still struggling with the remains of barbarism, it is to foster no spirit of vain exultation : it is rather to turn with increased pleasure from those stains which disfigure the picture, to the contemplation of the more prominent and brilliant figures which occupy the fore-ground. We remember that upon times thus backward in many of the refinements of life, and scarcely yet freed from the dregs of mediæval darkness, genius and virtue have thrown a lustre by their presence, not merely sufficient to retrieve them from our scorn, but to make them in some respects the object of our admiration and even envy. Perhaps, if it were submitted to our choice to take our places at will in any circle which genius and merit have ever dignified and adorned, none could justly claim our preference over that of Penshurst, at the time when Sir Philip Sydney sate there in the same group with his lovely sister, the Countess of Pembroke, and with Edmund Spenser, the poet of 'the Faërie Queen.' Of the first of these eminent persons, it is enough to say, that his own age conceded to him the style of 'the Incomparable,' and that posterity has amply ratified the title. The second is known to us by that affectionate tribute of her brother's love, which has identified the name of the Countess of Pembroke with his principal work ; nor will the latest readers of English literature be forgetful of one whose memory Jonson has embalmed in the sweetest inscription that ever flowed from a poet's pen. Of Spenser, the last but not least illustrious of the honored group, it is only necessary to say, that as he shared the hospitality, so he has not left unsung the praises of Penshurst. Where is the circle which shall again combine so many claims to our admiration and respect ? What age shall presume to vaunt itself for genius or for virtue above the age of Sydney and of Spenser ?

Later times have added to the social and literary lustre of Penshurst. It has been still farther illustrated by the talents and fame of Algernon Sydney, whose name never fails to awaken the sympathies of every friend of liberty for his honorable labors and unhappy fate. It has numbered among its guests and its eulogists such men as Jonson, Waller, and Southey ; finally, even in our own time it has seen its horizon momentarily illuminated by the brief but dazzling splendors of the poet Shelly. This last was of the lineage of Sydney, and shared the talents and proud integrity, but not the wisdom and milder virtues of his house. It only remains to say, that the dwelling and estate of the Sydneys has passed into other hands, but finds, it would seem, in Lord De Lisle a proprietor not insensible to the worth nor regardless of the memory of his far-famed predecessors.

Thus the remarks intended, draw to an end. We leave the halls of Penshurst, and the gates of that venerated mansion close behind us forever. Even thus did they close ages ago upon him, the light and honor of that ancient house, who, leaving it in the glow of health, in the pride of manly beauty, in the aspirations of a high but not a haughty spirit, was destined never to cross that paternal threshold more. The blessings that went with him have mouldered on the lips that pronounced them ; the tears that mourned his fall have dried upon the lids from

which they streamed ; all who knew and loved, all who watched and wept for Sir Philip Sydney are silent in the dust to which he himself has long been gathered. Yet does not his spirit commune with ours as we tread the halls once familiar with his presence, or gaze upon those all but animated portraits which Penshurst still numbers among the richest of its treasures ? Does nothing survive here of so much honor, so much courtesy, so much courage, to elevate us by its example and to inspire us with new hope, ere we turn again to tread the toilsome mazes of the world ? Let the acknowledgments of all those who with no unworthy or unreflecting spirit have traced these paths, reply ; or rather let the answer embody itself in the words of a poet, who, while expressing his own sense of the merits of Sydney, has but given a suitable expression to sentiments which find an echo in every bosom :

' *Are days of old familiar to thy mind,
Oh reader ! Hast thou let the midnight hour
Pass unperceiv'd, whilst thou in fancy lived
With high-born beauties and enamor'd chiefs,
Sharing their hopes, and with a breathless joy,
Whose expectation touched the verge of pain,
Following their dangerous fortunes ? If such lore
Has ever thrill'd thy bosom, thou wilt tread
As with a pilgrim's reverential thoughts
The groves of Penshurst. SYDNEY here was born,
Sydney, thou whom no gentler, braver man
His own delightful genius ever feign'd,
Illustrating the vales of Arcady,
With courteous courage and with loyal loves.
Upon his natal day an acorn here
Was planted ; it grew up a stately oak,
And in the beauty of its strength it stood
And flourished, when his perishable part
Had mouldered dust to dust. That stately oak
Itself hath perished now, but Sydney's fame
Endureth in his own immortal works.'*

I L L U S T R A T I O N S .

BEFORE the extension of commerce and manufactories in Europe, the hospitality of the rich and the great, from the sovereign down to the smallest baron, exceeded every thing which in the present times we can easily form a notion of. Westminster Hall was the dining-room of William Rufus, and might frequently perhaps not be too large for his company. It was reckoned a piece of magnificence in Thomas à Becket that he strewed the floor of his hall with clear hay or rushes in the season, in order that the knights and squires who could not get seats might not spoil their fine clothes when they sat down on the floor to eat their dinner. The great Earl of Warwick is said to have entertained every day, at his different manors, thirty thousand people ; and though the number may have been exaggerated, it must however have been very great to admit of such exaggeration. The personal expenses of the great proprietors having gradually increased with the extension of commerce and manufactures, it was impossible that the number of their retainers should not as gradually diminish. Having sold their birth-right, not like Esau, for a mess of pottage in time of hunger and necessity, but in the wantonness of plenty for trinkets and baubles, fitter

to be the play-things of children than the serious pursuits of men, they became as insignificant as any substantial burgher or tradesmen in a city.

WEALTH OF NATIONS: BOOK III., CHAP. IV.

THE *planta-genista* or broom having been ordinarily used for strewing floors, became an emblem of humility, and was borne as such by Fulke, Earl of Anjou, grandfather of Henry II., King of England, in his pilgrimage to the Holy Land. The name of the royal house of Plantagenet is said to be derived from this circumstance.

HUNT'S EXEMPLARS OF TUDOR ARCHITECTURE.

ELEVEN continued to be the dining hour of the nobility, down to the middle of the seventeenth century, though it was still kept up to ten o'clock in the Universities, where the established system is not so easily altered as in private families. . . . The lord and his principal guests sate at the upper end of the first table, which was therefore called the lord's board-end. The officers of his household and inferior guests at long tables below in the hall. In the middle of each table stood a great salt-cellar, and as particular care was taken to place the guests according to their rank, it became a mark of distinction whether a person sate above or below the salt. . . . Pewter plates in the reign of Henry VIII. were too costly to be used in common by the highest nobility. In Rymer's *Fœdera* is a license granted in 1430 for a ship to carry certain commodities for the express use of the King of Scotland, among which are particularly mentioned a supply of pewter dishes and wooden trenchers. '*Octo duodenis vasorum de pewter, mille et ducentis ciphis ligneis.*'

ARCHÆOLOGIA.

THE use of forks did not prevail in England till the reign of James I.

CORYAT.

In the list of birds served up to table were many fowls which are now discarded as little better than rank carrion, such as cranes, lapwings, sea-gulls, bitterns, ruffs, kerlews, etc.

GROSE'S ANTIQ. REPERTORY.

THE use of coaches is said to have been first introduced into England by Fitz-Allan, earl of Arundel, A. D. 1580. Before that time ladies chiefly rode on horseback, either single on their palfreys, or double, behind some person on a pillion. In cases of sickness or bad weather, they had horse-litters and vehicles called chairs, or carrs, or charres. Glazed windows were introduced into England, A. D. 1180.

ANDERSON'S HISTORY OF COMMERCE.

THE ceilings of that part of Wresill Castle left standing by the Commonwealth's soldiers still appear richly carved, and the sides of the rooms are ornamented with a great profusion of ancient sculpture finely executed in wood, exhibiting the ancient bearings, crests, badges and devices of the Percy family, in a great variety of forms, set off with all the advantages of painting, gilding and imagery. . . . NOBLEMEN in HENRY the Eighth's time were obliged to carry all the beds, hangings and furniture with them when they removed. The usual manner of hanging the rooms in the old castles was only to cover the naked walls

with tapestry or arras hung upon tenter hooks, from which they were easily taken down upon every removal. On such an occasion the number of carts employed in a considerable family must have formed a caravan nearly as large as those which traverse the deserts of the East. . . . At the time of the Northumberland House-hold book, glass, though it had perhaps been long applied to the decorating churches, was not very commonly used in dwelling-houses or castles.

ARCHÆOLOGIA.

Rooms provided with chimnies are noticed as a luxury by the author of Pierce Ploughman. 'Now,' says an author still more recent, 'have we many chimnies, and yet our tenderlings complain of rheums, catarrhs and poses, (colds in the head.) Then had we none but *rere doses*, (plates of iron or a coating of brick to enable the wall to resist the flame,) and our heads did never ache. For as the smoke in those days was supposed to be a sufficient hardening for the timber of the house, so it was reputed a far better medicine to keep the good man and his family from the quacke, (ague,) or pose, wherewith, as then, very few were oft acquainted.'

HARRISON'S DESCRIPTION OF ENGLAND PREFIXED TO HOLINSHED.

I D Y L L .

IN IMITATION OF THEOCRITUS, BY WILLIAM CHIDDON.

Thou wanderer where the wild wood ceaseless breathes
The sweetly-murmuring strain, from falling rills
Or soft autumnal gales; O! seek thou there
Some fountain gurgling from the rifted rock,
Of pure translucent wave, whose margent green
Is loved by gentlest nymphs, and all the train
Of that chaste goddess of the silver bow;
For silent, shady groves, by purling springs,
Delight the train, and through the gliding hours
Their nimble feet in mazy trances wind;
And oft at eve, the wondering swain hath heard
The Arcadian pipe and breathing minstrelsy,
From joyous troops of those rude deities
Whose homes are on the steep and rocky mount,
Or by the silver wave in woody dell,
And know the shrine, with flowery myrtles veiled,
All lonely placed by that wild mountain stream,
That from the sacred hills, like Hippocrene,
With warbling numbers, softly glides along.
Kneel humbly there, and at the auspicious time,
Invoke the listening spirit to my aid,
That I may fly the nymph of shapely form,
Whose fragrant brow inwoven wreaths adorn,
Of blushing rose and ivy tendrils green.
Then swear for me to deck the favoring shrine
With flowrets, blooming from the lap of Spring,
And on the sculptured pile, with solemn vow,
The tender kid devote in sacrifice.
So may my heaving bosom rest serene,
Nor winged spells incite the soul again
To love the soft eyed maid Zenophyle.

THE LEGEND OF DON RODERICK.

NUMBER TWO.

THE course of our legendary narration now returns to notice the fortunes of Count Julian, after his departure from Toledo, to resume his government on the coast of Barbary. He left the Countess Frandina at Algeziras, his paternal domain, for the province under his command was threatened with invasion. In fact, when he arrived at Ceuta he found his post in imminent danger from the all-conquering Moslems. The Arabs of the East, the followers of Mahomet, having subjugated several of the most potent oriental kingdoms, had established their seat of empire at Damascus, where, at this time, it was filled by Waled Almanzor, surnamed 'the Sword of God.' From thence the tide of Moslem conquest had rolled on to the shores of the Atlantic; so that all Almagreb, or Western Africa, had submitted to the standard of the prophet, with the exception of a portion of Tingitania, lying along the straits; being the province held by the Goths of Spain, and commanded by Count Julian. The Arab invaders were a hundred thousand strong, most of them veteran troops, seasoned in warfare and accustomed to victory. They were led by an old Arab general, Muza ben Nosier, to whom was confided the government of Almagreb; most of which he had himself conquered. The ambition of this veteran was to make the Moslem conquest complete, by expelling the Christians from the African shores; with this view his troops menaced the few remaining Gothic fortresses of Tingitania, while he himself sat down in person before the walls of Ceuta. The Arab chieftain had been rendered confident by continual success, and thought nothing could resist his arms and the sacred standard of the prophet. Impatient of the tedious delays of a siege, he led his troops boldly against the rock-built towers of Ceuta, and attempted to take the place by storm. The onset was fierce, and the struggle desperate: the swarthy sons of the desert were light and vigorous, and of fiery spirits; but the Goths, inured to danger on this frontier, retained the stubborn valor of their race, so impaired among their brethren in Spain. They were commanded, too, by one skilled in warfare and ambitious of renown. After a vehement conflict, the Moslem assailants were repulsed from all points, and driven from the walls. Don Julian sallied forth, and harassed them in their retreat; and so severe was the carnage, that the veteran Musa was fain to break up his camp, and retire confounded from the siege.

The victory at Ceuta resounded throughout Tingitania, and spread universal joy. On every side were heard shouts of exultation mingled with praises of Count Julian. He was hailed by the people, wherever he went, as their deliverer, and blessings were invoked upon his head. The heart of Count Julian was lifted up, and his spirit swelled within him; but it was with noble and virtuous pride, for he was conscious of having merited the blessings of his country.

In the midst of his exultation, and while the rejoicings of the people were yet sounding in his ears, the page arrived who bore the letter from his unfortunate daughter.

‘What tidings from the king?’ said the count, as the page knelt before him: ‘None, my lord,’ replied the youth, ‘but I bear a letter sent in all haste by the Lady Florinda.’

He took the letter from his bosom and presented it to his lord. As Count Julian read it, his countenance darkened and fell. ‘This,’ said he, bitterly, ‘is my reward for serving a tyrant; and these are the honors heaped on me by my country, while fighting its battles in a foreign land. May evil overtake me, and infamy rest upon my name, if I cease until I have full measure of revenge.’

Count Julian was vehement in his passions, and took no counsel in his wrath. His spirit was haughty in the extreme, but destitute of true magnanimity, and when once wounded turned to gall and venom. A dark and malignant hatred entered into his soul, not only against Don Roderick, but against all Spain: he looked upon it as the scene of his disgrace, a land in which his family was dishonored: and, in seeking to avenge the wrongs he had suffered from his sovereign, he meditated against his native country one of the blackest schemes of treason that ever entered into the human heart.

The plan of Count Julian was to hurl King Roderick from his throne, and to deliver all Spain into the hands of the infidels. In concerting and executing this treacherous plot, it seemed as if his whole nature was changed; every lofty and generous sentiment was stifled, and he stooped to the meanest dissimulation. His first object was to extricate his family from the power of the king, and to remove it from Spain before his treason should be known; his next, to deprive the country of its remaining means of defence against an invader.

With these dark purposes at heart, but with an open and serene countenance, he crossed to Spain, and repaired to the court at Toledo. Wherever he came he was hailed with acclamations as a victorious general, and appeared in the presence of his sovereign radiant with the victory at Ceuta. Concealing from King Roderick his knowledge of the outrage upon his house, he professed nothing but the most devoted loyalty and affection.

The king loaded him with favors; seeking to appease his own conscience by heaping honors upon the father in atonement of the deadly wrong inflicted upon his child. He regarded Count Julian, also, as a man able and experienced in warfare, and took his advice in all matters relating to the military affairs of the kingdom. The count magnified the dangers that threatened the frontier under his command, and prevailed upon the king to send thither the best horses and arms remaining from the time of Witiza, there being no need of them in the centre of Spain in its present tranquil state. The residue, at his suggestion, was stationed on the frontiers of Gallia; so that the kingdom was left almost wholly without defence against any sudden irruption from the south.

Having thus artfully arranged his plans, and all things being prepared for his return to Africa, he obtained permission to withdraw his daughter from the court, and leave her with her mother, the Countess

Frandina, who, he pretended, lay dangerously ill at Algezirás. Count Julian issued out of the gate of the city, followed by a shining band of chosen followers, while beside him, on a palfrey, rode the pale and weeping Florinda. The populace hailed and blessed him as he passed, but his heart turned from them with loathing. As he crossed the bridge of the Tagus, he looked back with a dark brow upon Toledo, and raised his mailed hand and shook it at the royal palace of King Roderick, which crested the rocky height. 'A father's curse,' said he, 'be upon thee and thine! May desolation fall upon thy dwelling, and confusion and defeat upon thy realm!'

In his journeyings through the country, he looked round him with a malignant eye; the pipe of the shepherd, and the song of the husbandman, were as discord to his soul; every sight and sound of human happiness sickened him at heart, and, in the bitterness of his spirit, he prayed that he might see the whole scene of prosperity laid waste with fire and sword by the invader.

The story of domestic outrage and disgrace had already been made known to the Countess Frandina. When the hapless Florinda came in presence of her mother, she fell on her neck, and hid her face in her bosom, and wept; but the countess shed never a tear, for she was a woman haughty of spirit and strong of heart. She looked her husband sternly in the face. 'Perdition light upon thy head,' said she, 'if thou submit to this dishonor. For my own part, woman as I am, I will assemble the followers of my house, nor rest until rivers of blood have washed away this stain.'

'Be satisfied,' replied the count; 'vengeance is on foot, and will be sure and ample.'

Being now in his own domains, surrounded by his relatives and friends, Count Julian went on to complete his web of treason. In this he was aided by his brother-in-law, Oppas, the Bishop of Seville: a man dark and perfidious as the night, but devout in demeanor, and smoothly plausible in council. This artful prelate had contrived to work himself into the entire confidence of the king, and had even prevailed upon him to permit his nephews, Evan and Siseburto, the exiled sons of Witiza, to return into Spain. They resided in Andalusia, and were now looked to as fit instruments in the present traitorous conspiracy.

By the advice of the bishop, Count Julian called a secret meeting of his relatives and adherents on a wild rocky mountain, not far from Consuegra, and which still bears the Moorish appellation of 'La Sierra de Calderin,' or the mountain of treason. When all were assembled, Count Julian appeared among them, accompanied by the bishop and by the Countess Frandina. Then gathering around him those who were of his blood and kindred, he revealed the outrage that had been offered to their house. He represented to them that Roderick was their legitimate enemy; that he had dethroned Witiza, their relation, and had now stained the honor of one of the most illustrious daughters of their line. The Countess Frandina seconded his words. She was a woman majestic in person and eloquent of tongue; and being inspired by a mother's feelings, her speech aroused the assembled cavaliers to fury.

The count took advantage of the excitement of the moment to unfold his plan. The main object was to dethrone Don Roderick, and give the crown to the sons of the late King Witiza. By this means they would visit the sins of the tyrant upon his head, and, at the same time, restore the regal honors to their line. For this purpose their own force would be sufficient; but they might procure the aid of Muza ben Nosier, the Arabian general in Mauritania, who would no doubt gladly send a part of his troops into Spain to assist in the enterprise.

The plot thus suggested by Count Julian received the unholy sanction of Bishop Oppas, who engaged to aid it secretly with all his influence and means: for he had great wealth and possessions, and many retainers. The example of the reverend prelate determined all who might otherwise have wavered, and they bound themselves by dreadful oaths to be true to the conspiracy. Count Julian undertook to proceed to Africa and seek the camp of Muza, to negotiate for his aid, while the bishop was to keep about the person of King Roderick, and lead him into the net prepared for him.

All things being thus arranged, Count Julian gathered together his treasure, and taking his wife and daughter and all his household, abandoned the country he meant to betray; embarking at Malaga for Ceuta. The gate in the wall of that city, through which they went forth, continued for ages to bear the name of *Puerta de la Cava*, or the gate of the harlot; for such was the opprobrious and unmerited appellation bestowed by the Moors on the unhappy Florinda.

When Count Julian had placed his family in security in Ceuta, surrounded by soldiery devoted to his fortunes, he took with him a few confidential followers, and departed in secret for the camp of the Arabian Emir, Muza ben Nozier. The camp was spread out in one of those pastoral vallies which lie at the feet of the Barbary hills, with the great range of the Atlas mountains towering in the distance. In the motley army here assembled were warriors of every tribe and nation, that had been united by pact or conquest in the cause of Islam. There were those who had followed Muza from the fertile regions of Egypt, across the deserts of Barca, and those who had joined his standard from among the sun-burnt tribes of Mauritania. There were Saracen and Tartar, Syrian and Copt, and swarthy Moor; sumptuous warriors from the civilized cities of the east, and the gaunt and predatory rovers of the desert. The greater part of the army, however, was composed of Arabs; but differing greatly from the first rude hordes that enlisted under the banner of Mahomet. Almost a century of continual wars with the cultivated nations of the east had rendered them accomplished warriors; and the occasional sojourn in luxurious countries and populous cities, had acquainted them with the arts and habits of civilized life. Still the roving, restless, and predatory habits of the genuine son of Ishmael prevailed, in defiance of every change of clime or situation.

Count Julian found the Arab conqueror Muza surrounded by somewhat of oriental state and splendor. He was advanced in life, but of a noble presence, and concealed his age by tinging his hair and beard with henna. The count assumed an air of soldier-like frankness and decision when he came into his presence. 'Hitherto,' said he, 'we

have been enemies ; but I come to thee in peace, and it rests with thee to make me the most devoted of thy friends. I have no longer country or king. Roderick the Goth is an usurper, and my deadly foe ; he has wounded my honor in the tenderest point, and my country affords me no redress. Aid me in my vengeance, and I will deliver all Spain into thy hands : a land far exceeding in fertility and wealth all the vaunted regions thou hast conquered in Tingitania.'

The heart of Muza leaped with joy at these words, for he was a bold and ambitious conqueror, and having overrun all western Africa, had often cast a wistful eye to the mountains of Spain, as he beheld them brightening beyond the waters of the strait. Still he possessed the caution of a veteran, and feared to engage in an enterprise of such moment, and to carry his arms into another division of the globe, without the approbation of his sovereign. Having drawn from Count Julian the particulars of his plan, and of the means he possessed to carry it into effect, he laid them before his confidential counsellors and officers, and demanded their opinion. 'These words of Count Julian,' said he, 'may be false and deceitful ; or he may not possess the power to fulfil his promises. The whole may be a pretended treason to draw us on to our destruction. It is more natural that he should be treacherous to us than to his country.'

Among the generals of Muza was a gaunt swarthy veteran, scarred with wounds ; a very Arab, whose great delight was roving and desperate enterprise ; and who cared for nothing beyond his steed, his lance, and his scimitar. He was a native of Damascus ; his name was Taric ben Zeyad ; but, from having lost an eye, he was known among the Spaniards by the appellation of Taric el Tuerto, or Taric the one-eyed.

The hot blood of this veteran Ishmaelite was in a ferment when he heard of a new country to invade, and vast regions to subdue ; and he dreaded lest the cautious hesitation of Muza would permit the glorious prize to escape them. 'You speak doubtingly,' said he, 'of the words of this Christian cavalier, but their truth is easily to be ascertained. Give me four galleys and a handful of men, and I will depart with this Count Julian, skirt the Christian coast, and bring thee back tidings of the land, and of his means to put it in our power.'

The words of the veteran pleased Muza ben Nosier, and he gave his consent ; and Taric departed with four galleys and five hundred men, guided by the traitor Julian. This first expedition of the Arabs against Spain took place, according to certain historians, in the year of our Lord seven hundred and twelve ; though others differ on this point, as indeed they do upon almost every point in this early period of Spanish history. The date to which the judicious chroniclers incline is that of seven hundred and ten, in the month of July. It would appear from some authorities, also, that the galleys of Taric cruised along the coasts of Andalusia and Lusitania, under the feigned character of merchant barks : nor is this at all improbable, while they were seeking merely to observe the land, and get a knowledge of the harbors. Wherever they touched, Count Julian despatched emissaries, to assemble his friends and adherents at an appointed place. They gathered together secretly at

Gezira Alhadra, that is to say, the Green Island ; where they held a conference with Count Julian in presence of Taric ben Zeyad. Here they again avowed their readiness to flock to his standard whenever it should be openly raised, and made known their various preparations for a rebellion. Taric was convinced, by all that he had seen and heard, that Count Julian had not deceived them ; either as to his disposition or his means to betray his country. Indulging his Arab inclinations, he made an inroad into the land, collected great spoil and many captives, and bore off his plunder in triumph to Muza, as a specimen of the riches to be gained by the conquest of the Christian land.

On hearing the tidings brought by Taric el Tuerto, and beholding the spoil he had collected, Muza wrote a letter to the Caliph Waled Almanzor, setting forth the traitorous proffer of Count Julian, and the probability, through his means, of making a successful invasion of Spain. 'A new land,' said he, 'spreads itself out before our delighted eyes, and invites our conquest : a land, too, that equals Syria in the fertility of its soil, and the serenity of its sky ; Yemen, or Arabia the happy, in its delightful temperature ; India, in its flowers and spices ; Hegias, in its fruits and flowers ; Cathay, in its precious minerals ; and Aden, in the excellence of its ports and harbors ! It is populous also, and wealthy ; having many splendid cities, and majestic monuments of ancient art. What is to prevent this glorious land from becoming the inheritance of the faithful ? Already we have overcome the tribes of Berbery, of Zab, of Derar, of Zaara, Mazamuda, and Sus ; and the victorious standard of Islam floats on the towers of Tangier. But four leagues of sea separate us from the opposite coast. One word from my sovereign, and the conquerors of Africa will pour their legions into Andalusia, rescue it from the domination of the unbeliever, and subdue it to the law of the Koran.'

The Caliph was overjoyed with the contents of the letter. 'God is great !' exclaimed he, 'and Mahomet is his prophet ! It has been foretold by the ambassador of God, that his law should extend to the ultimate parts of the west, and be carried by the sword into new and unknown regions. Behold, another land is opened for the triumphs of the faithful ! It is the will of Allah, and be his sovereign will obeyed !' So the Caliph sent missives to Muza, authorizing him to undertake the conquest.

Upon this there was a great stir of preparation ; and numerous vessels were assembled and equipped at Tangier, to convey the invading army across the Straits. Twelve thousand men were chosen for this expedition : most of them light Arabian troops, seasoned in warfare, and fitted for hardy and rapid enterprise. Among them were many horsemen, mounted on fleet Arabian steeds. The whole was put under the command of the veteran, Taric el Tuerto, or the one-eyed, in whom Muza reposed implicit confidence, as in a second self. Taric accepted the command with joy : his martial fire was roused at the idea of having such an army under his sole command, and such a country to overrun ; and he secretly determined never to return unless victorious.

He chose a dark night to convey his troops across the Straits of Hercules ; and, by break of day they began to disembark at Tarifa, before

the country had time to take the alarm. A few Christians hastily assembled from the neighborhood and opposed their landing, but were easily put to flight. Taric stood on the sea-side, and watched until the last squadron had landed; and all the horses, armour, and munitions of war were brought on shore: he then gave orders to set fire to the ships. The Moslems were struck with terror when they beheld their fleet wrapped in flames and smoke, and sinking beneath the waves. 'How shall we escape,' exclaimed they, 'if the fortune of war should be against us?' 'There is no escape for the coward!' cried Taric: 'the brave man thinks of none: your only chance is victory.' 'But how, without ships, shall we ever return to our homes?' 'Your home,' replied Taric, 'is before you; but you must win it with your swords.'

While Taric was yet talking with his followers, says one of the ancient chroniclers, a Christian female was described, waving a white pennon on a reed, in signal of peace. On being brought into the presence of Taric she prostrated herself before him. 'Senior,' said she, 'I am an ancient woman; and it is now full sixty years, past and gone, since, as I was keeping vigils one winter's night by the fireside, I heard my father, who was an exceeding old man, read a prophecy, said to have been written by a holy friar; and this was the purport of the prophecy: that a time would arrive when our country would be invaded and conquered by a people from Africa, of a strange garb, a strange tongue, and a strange religion. They were to be led by a strong and valiant captain, who would be known by these signs: on his right shoulder he would have a hairy mole, and his right arm would be much longer than the left; and of such length as to enable him to cover his knee with his hand without bending his body.'

Taric listened to the old beldame with grave attention; and, when she had concluded, he laid bare his shoulder, and lo! there was the mole as it had been described; his right arm, also, was, in verity, found to exceed the other in length, though not to the degree that had been mentioned. Upon this the Arab host shouted for joy, and felt assured of conquest.

The discreet Antonio Agapida, though he records this circumstance as it is set down in ancient chronicle, yet withholds his belief from the pretended prophecy, considering the whole a cunning device of Taric to increase the courage of his troops. 'Doubtless,' says he, 'there was a collusion between this ancient sybil and the crafty son of Ishmael; for these infidel leaders were full of damnable inventions, to work upon the superstitious fancies of their followers, and to inspire them with a blind confidence in the success of their arms.'

Be this as it may, the veteran Taric took advantage of the excitement of his soldiery, and led them forward to gain possession of a stronghold, which was, in a manner, the key to all the adjacent country. This was a lofty mountain, or promontory, almost surrounded by the sea; and connected with the mainland by a narrow isthmus. It was called the rock of Calpe, and, like the opposite rock of Ceuta, commanded the entrance to the Mediterranean Sea. Here, in old times, Hercules had set up one of his pillars, and the city of Heraclea had been built.

As Taric advanced against this promontory, he was opposed by a

hasty levy of the Christians, who had assembled under the banner of a Gothic noble of great power and importance, whose domains lay along the mountainous coast of the Mediterranean. The name of this Christian cavalier was Theodomir, but he has universally been called Tadmir by the Arabian historians ; and is renowned as being the first commander that made any stand against the inroad of the Moslems. He was about forty years of age ; hardy, prompt, and sagacious ; and had all the Gothic nobles been equally vigilant and shrewd in their defence, the banner of Islam would never have triumphed over the land.

Theodomir had but seventeen hundred men under his command, and these but rudely armed ; yet he made a resolute stand against the army of Taric, and defended the pass to the promontory with great valor. He was, at length, obliged to retreat ; and Taric advanced, and planted his standard on the rock of Calpe, and fortified it as his stronghold, and as the means of securing an entrance into the land. To commemorate his first victory, he changed the name of the promontory, and called it Gíbel Taric, or the mountain of Taric ; but, in process of time, the name has gradually been altered to Gibraltar.

In the mean time, the patriotic chieftain, Theodomir, having collected his routed forces, encamped with them on the skirts of the mountains, and summoned the country round to join his standard. He sent off missives, in all speed, to the king ; imparting, in brief and blunt terms, the news of the invasion, and craving assistance with equal frankness. 'Senior,' said he, in his letter, 'the legions of Africa are upon us, but whether they come from heaven or earth I know not. They seem to have fallen from the clouds, for they have no ships. We have been taken by surprise, overpowered by numbers, and obliged to retreat ; and they have fortified themselves in our territory. Send us aid, senior, with instant speed ; or, rather, come yourself to our assistance.'

When Don Roderick heard that legions of turbaned troops had poured into the land from Africa, he called to mind the visions and predictions of the necromantic tower, and great fear came upon him. But, though sunk from his former hardihood and virtue, though enervated by indulgence, and degraded in spirit by a consciousness of crime, he was resolute of soul, and roused himself to meet the coming danger. He summoned a hasty levy of horse and foot, amounting to forty thousand ; but now were felt the effects of the crafty council of Count Julian, for the best of the horses and armour intended for the public service had been sent into Africa, and were really in possession of the traitors. Many nobles, it is true, took the field with the sumptuous array with which they had been accustomed to appear at tournaments and jousts ; but most of their vassals were destitute of weapons, and cased in cuirasses of leather, or suits of armor almost consumed by rust. They were without discipline or animation ; and their horses, like themselves pampered by slothful peace, were little fitted to bear the heat, the dust, and toil, of long campaigns.

This army Don Roderick put under the command of his kinsman Ataulpho, a prince of the royal blood of the Goths, and of a noble and generous nature ; and he ordered him to march with all speed to meet the foe, and to recruit his forces on the way with the troops of Theodomir.

In the mean time, Taric el Tuerto had received large re-inforcements from Africa, and the adherents of Count Julian, and all those discontented with the sway of Don Roderick, had flocked to his standard; for many were deceived by the representations of Count Julian, and thought that the Arabs had come to aid him in placing the sons of Witiza upon the throne. Guided by the count, the troops of Taric penetrated into various parts of the country, and laid waste the land; bringing back loads of spoil to their stronghold at the rock of Calpe.

The prince Ataulpho marched with his army through Andalusia, and was joined by Theodomir with his troops; he met with various detachments of the enemy foraging the country, and had several bloody skirmishes; but he succeeded in driving them before him, and they retreated to the rock of Calpe, where Taric lay gathered up with the main body of his army.

The prince encamped not far from the bay which spreads itself out before the promontory. In the evening he despatched the veteran Theodomir, with a trumpet, to demand a parley of the Arab chieftain, who received the envoy in his tent, surrounded by his captains. Theodomir was frank and abrupt in speech, for the most of his life had been passed far from courts. He delivered, in round terms, the message of the Prince Ataulpho; upbraiding the Arab general with his wanton invasion of the land, and summoning him to surrender his army, or to expect no mercy.

The single eye of Taric el Tuerto glowed like a coal of fire at this message. 'Tell your commander,' replied he, 'that I have crossed the strait to conquer Spain, nor will I return until I have accomplished my purpose. Tell him I have men skilled in war, and armed in proof, with whose aid I trust soon to give a good account of his rabble host.'

A murmur of applause passed through the assemblage of Moslem captains. Theodomir glanced on them a look of defiance, but his eye rested on a renegado Christian, one of his own ancient comrades, and a relation of Count Julian. 'As to you, Don Greybeard,' said he, 'you who turn apostate in your declining age, I here pronounce you a traitor to your God, your king, and country; and stand ready to prove it this instant upon your body, if field be granted me.'

The traitor knight was stung with rage at these words, for truth rendered them piercing to the heart. He would have immediately answered to the challenge, but Taric forbade it, and ordered that the Christian envoy should be conducted from the camp. 'Tis well,' replied Theodomir; 'God will give me the field which you deny. Let yon hoary apostate look to himself to-morrow in the battle, for I pledge myself to use my lance upon no other foe until it has shed his blood upon the native soil he has betrayed.' So saying, he left the camp; nor could the Moslem chieftains help admiring the honest indignation of this patriot knight, while they secretly despised his renegado adversary.

The ancient Moorish chroniclers relate many awful portents, and strange and mysterious visions, which appeared to the commanders of either army during this anxious night. Certainly it was a night of fearful suspense, and Moslem and Christian looked forward with doubt to the fortune of the coming day. The Spanish sentinel walked his pen-

sive round, listening occasionally to the vague sounds from the distant rock of Calpe, and eyeing it as the mariner eyes the thunder cloud, pregnant with terror and destruction. The Arabs, too, from their lofty cliffs beheld the numerous camp-fires of the Christians gradually lighted up, and saw that they were a powerful host; at the same time the night breeze brought to their ears the sullen roar of the sea which separated them from Africa. When they considered their perilous situation, an army on one side, with a whole nation aroused to re-enforce it, and on the other an impassable sea, the spirits of many of the warriors were cast down, and they repented the day when they had ventured into this hostile land.

Taric marked their despondency, but said nothing. Scarce had the first streak of morning light trembled along the sea, however, when he summoned his principal warriors to his tent. 'Be of good cheer,' said he: 'Allah is with us, and has sent his prophet to give assurance of his aid. Scarce had I retired to my tent last night, when a man of a majestic and venerable presence stood before me. He was taller by a palm than the ordinary race of men; his flowing beard was of a golden hue, and his eyes were so bright that they seemed to send forth flashes of fire. I have heard the Emir Bahamet, and other ancient men, describe the prophet, whom they had seen many times while on earth, and such was his form and lineament. 'Fear nothing, O Taric, from the morrow,' said he, 'I will be with thee in the fight. Strike boldly, then, and conquer. Those of thy followers who survive the battle will have this land for an inheritance; for those who fall, a mansion in paradise is prepared, and immortal houris await their coming.' He spake and vanished; I heard a strain of celestial melody, and my tent was filled with the odors of Arabia the Happy.' 'Such,' says the Spanish chroniclers, 'was another of the arts by which this arch son of Ishmael sought to animate the hearts of his followers;' and the pretended vision had been recorded by the Arabian writers as a veritable occurrence. Marvellous, indeed, was the effect produced by it upon the infidel soldiery, who now cried out with eagerness to be led against the foe.

The gray summits of the rock of Calpe brightened with the first rays of morning, as the Christian army issued forth from its encampment. The Prince Ataulpho rode from squadron to squadron, animating his soldiers for the battle. 'Never should we sheath our swords,' said he, 'while these infidels have a footing in the land. They are pent up within yon rocky mountain, we must assail them in their rugged hole. We have a long day before us: let not the setting sun shine upon one of their host, who is not a fugitive, a captive, or a corpse.'

The words of the prince were received with shouts, and the army moved toward the promontory. As they advanced, they heard the clash of cymbals and the bray of trumpets, and the rocky bosom of the mountain glittered with helms and spears and scimitars; for the Arabs, inspired with fresh confidence by the words of Taric, were sallying forth, with flaunting banners, to the combat.

The gaunt Arab chieftain stood upon a rock as his troops marched by; his buckler was at his back, and he brandished in his hand a double-pointed spear. Calling upon the several leaders by their names,

he exhorted them to direct their attacks against the Christian captains, and especially against Ataulpho; 'for the chiefs being slain,' said he, 'their followers will vanish from before us like the morning mist.'

The Gothic nobles were easily to be distinguished by the splendor of their arms; but the Prince Ataulpho was conspicuous above all the rest for the youthful grace and majesty of his appearance, and the bravery of his array. He was mounted on a superb Andalusian charger, richly caparisoned with crimson velvet, embroidered with gold. His surcoat was of like color and adornment, and the plumes that waved above his burnished helmet were of the purest white. Ten mounted pages, magnificently attired, followed him to the field, but their duty was not so much to fight as to attend upon their lord, and to furnish him with steed or weapon.

The Christian troops, though irregular and undisciplined, were full of native courage; for the old warrior spirit of their Gothic sires still glowed in their bosoms. There were two battalions of infantry, but Ataulpho stationed them in the rear; 'for God forbid,' said he, 'that foot soldiers should have the place of honor in the battle, when I have so many valiant cavaliers.' As the armies drew nigh to each other, however, it was discovered that the advance of the Arabs was composed of infantry. Upon this the cavaliers checked their steeds, and requested that the foot soldiery might advance and disperse this losel crew, holding it beneath their dignity to contend with pedestrian foes. The prince, however, commanded them to charge; upon which, putting spurs to their steeds, they rushed upon the foe.

The Arabs stood the shock manfully, receiving the horses upon the points of their lances; many of the riders were shot down with bolts from cross-bows, or stabbed with the poniards of the Moslems. The cavaliers succeeded, however, in breaking into the midst of the battalion and throwing it into confusion, cutting down some with their swords, transpiercing others with their spears, and trampling many under the hoofs of their horses. At this moment, they were attacked by a band of Spanish horsemen, the recreant partisans of Count Julian. Their assault bore hard upon their countrymen, who were disordered by the contest with the foot soldiers, and many a loyal Christian knight fell beneath the sword of an unnatural foe.

The foremost among these recreant warriors was the renegade cavalier whom Theodomir had challenged in the tent of Taric. He dealt his blows about him with a powerful arm and with malignant fury, for nothing is more deadly than the hatred of an apostate. In the midst of his career he was espied by the hardy Theodomir, who came spurring to the encounter: 'Traitor,' cried he, 'I have kept my vow. This lance has been held sacred from all other foes to make a passage for thy perjured soul. The renegade had been renowned for prowess before he became a traitor to his country, but guilt will sap the courage of the stoutest heart. When he beheld Theodomir rushing upon him, he would have turned and fled; pride alone withheld him; and, though an admirable master of defence, he lost all skill to ward the attack of his adversary. At the first assault the lance of Theodomir pierced him through and through; he fell to the earth, gnashed his teeth as he rolled in the dust, but yielded his breath without uttering a word.

The battle now became general, and lasted throughout the morning with varying success. The stratagem of Taric, however, began to produce its effect. The Christian leaders and most conspicuous cavaliers were singled out, and severally assailed by overpowering numbers. They fought desperately, and performed miracles of prowess; but fell, one by one, beneath a thousand wounds. Still the battle lingered on throughout a great part of the day; and as the declining sun shone through the clouds of dust, it seemed as if the conflicting hosts were wrapped in smoke and fire.

The Prince Ataulpho saw that the fortune of battle was against him. He rode about the field calling out the names of the bravest of his knights, but few answered to his call; the rest lay mangled on the field. With this handful of warriors he endeavored to retrieve the day, when he was assailed by Tenderos, a partisan of Count Julian, at the head of a body of recreant Christians. At sight of this new adversary, fire flashed from the eyes of the prince, for Tenderos had been brought up in his father's palace. 'Well dost thou, traitor!' cried he, 'to attack the son of thy lord, who gave thee bread; thou, who hast betrayed thy country and thy God!'

So saying, he seized a lance from one of his pages, and charged furiously upon the apostate; but Tenderos met him in mid career, and the lance of the prince was shivered upon his shield. Ataulpho then grasped his mace, which hung at his saddle bow, and a doubtful fight ensued. Tenderos was powerful of frame and superior in the use of his weapons, but the curse of treason seemed to paralyze his arm. He wounded Ataulpho slightly between the greaves of his armor, but the prince dealt a blow with his mace that crushed through helm and skull, and reached the brains; and Tenderos fell dead to the earth, his armor rattling as he fell.

At the same moment a javelin, hurled by an Arab, transpierced the horse of Ataulpho, which sunk beneath him. The prince seized the reins of the steed of Tenderos; but the faithful animal, as though he knew him to be the foe of his late lord, reared and plunged, and refused to let him mount. The prince, however, used him as a shield to ward off the press of foes: while, with his sword, he defended himself against those in front of him. Taric ben Zeyad arrived at the scene of conflict, and paused, for a moment, in admiration of the surpassing prowess of the prince: recollecting, however, that his fall would be a death-blow to his army, he spurred upon him, and wounded him severely with his scimitar. Before he could repeat his blow, Theodomir led up a body of Christian cavaliers to the rescue, and Taric was parted from his prey by the tumult of the fight. The prince sank to the earth, covered with wounds, and exhausted by the loss of blood. A faithful page drew him from under the hoofs of the horses, and, aided by a veteran soldier, an ancient vassal of Ataulpho, conveyed him to a short distance from the field of battle, by the side of a small stream that gushed out from among rocks. They stanching the blood that flowed from his wounds, and washed the dust from his face, and laid him beside the fountain. The page sat at his head, and supported it on his knees; and the veteran stood at his feet, with his brow bent, and his eyes full of sorrow. The

prince gradually revived, and opened his eyes. ‘How fares the battle?’ said he. ‘The struggle is hard,’ replied the soldier, ‘but the day may yet be ours.’

The prince felt that the hour of his death was at hand, and ordered that they should aid him to rise upon his knees. They supported him between them, and he prayed fervently for a short time, when, finding his strength declining, he beckoned the veteran to sit down beside him on the rock. Continuing to kneel, he confessed himself to that ancient soldier; having no priest or friar to perform that office in this hour of extremity. When he had so done, he sunk again upon the earth, and pressed it with his lips, as if he would take a fond farewell of his beloved country. The page would then have raised his head, but found that his lord had yielded up the ghost.

A number of Arab warriors, who came to the fountain to slake their thirst, cut off the head of the prince and bore it in triumph to *Taric*, crying, ‘Behold the head of the Christian leader!’ *Taric* immediately ordered that the head should be put upon the end of a lance, together with the surcoat of the prince, and borne about the field of battle, with the sound of trumpets, atabals, and cymbals.

When the Christians beheld the surcoat, and knew the features of the prince, they were struck with horror, and heart and hand failed them. *Theodimir* endeavored in vain to rally them; they threw by their weapons and fled; and they continued to fly, and the enemy to pursue and slay them, until the darkness of the night. The Moslems then returned, and plundered the Christian camp, where they found abundant spoil.

S T A N Z A S T O E——.

WHERE the young mountain river
Spirgs for the far-off ocean;
Where the fresh leaflets quiver
With a delightful motion;
Oh! thi’her hie, and see
How Nature’s youth doth tell of thee.

Where hang the sweet wild roses,
And the pale lilies drooping;
Where the violet reposes
’Neath young leaves o’er it stooping;
Oh! wander there, and see
How Nature’s beauty speaks of thee.

Where the glad brook is bringing
Sweet music never dying;
Where the bright birds are singing,
And gentle winds are sighing;
Oh! thither go with me,
And list to Nature’s song of thee.

Where ivy is entwining,
The stern tree’s branch down-bending;
Where flowers are e’er combining
Their perfume, heaven-ascending;
Oh! roam thou there, and see
How Nature’s love breathes but of thee.

B E L I S A R I U S .

THE trumpet's voice had stirred the sky,
 And rustling banners waved on high ;
 The shouts of victory went up,
 And wreaths of laurel crowned the cup
 That flowed amid the festal halls,
 Within the crowded city's walls ;
 Stern warriors came in long array
 To grace the conqueror's pageant day :
 Triumphant pealed the clarion's tone
 And spears and glancing armor shone,
 Mid the dust of thousands sweeping by,
 Like meteors in a midnight sky.
 They 'd left behind their hosts of slain
 Upon the far-off battle plain,
 And brought the marks of conquest back ;
 Proud trophies glittered on their track :
 Rich armor from the vanquished won,
 Bright jewels glancing in the sun ;
 A captive monarch's golden throne,
 And heaps of countless treasure shone ;
 But prouder, nobler spoils and high,
 Adorned that mighty pageantry.
 Reluctantly, with lofty form,
 Like strong oaks blasted by the storm
 But not bowed down, the captives came,
 Their dark brows flushed with grief and shame ;
 And he, their sovereign, king no more,
 In mockery the purple wore.
 His the proud step, majestic mien,
 The lip compressed and look serene
 That mark a spirit strong and high,
 A soul that smiles on destiny.
 As surges breaking on the shore,
 Or like the distant torrents roar,
 The shouts of victory rolled afar.
 And shook the hills, as the victor's car
 Gorgeous and bright was borne along
 By the swift rush of the gathered throng.
 A glorious sight on his haughty way,
 With laurel crown, and mail-clad breast,
 With waving plume and princely crest,
 Was the conqueror on that day.

An old man paced the guarded room,
 With quivering lip and brow of gloom,
 And his silver hair in the moonlight shone
 Like the grayish front of a time-worn stone ;
 Nor voice, nor sound the still air woke,
 Till his burning words the silence broke :

I.

' WHERE is the shining car
 And where the gorgeous train ?
 Fled as the falling star
 That sunk behind the main !

II.

Where is the victor's crown ?
 The pageant sweeping past ?
 Gone with the thistle-down,
 Swept by the hurrying blast.

III.

Where is the trump of Fame
That woke the startled air?
'Tis like my branded name,
And like my dying prayer.

IV.

I've braved the din and strife
Of many a battle-plain,
And lavished strength and life;
My guerdon is a chain!

V.

I brought a true heart brave,
A spirit bold and free,
Free as the ocean wave;
My country! unto thee.

VI.

I had not thought to start
Before thy stinging frown;
Wo for the trusting heart!
Wo for the laurel crown!

Shelter Island.

MARY GARDINER.

A V E R I T A B L E G H O S T S T O R Y .

'THERE are more things in heaven and earth
Than are dreamed of in our philosophy.'

SOME forty years since, an elderly English gentleman, who had been successful in his pursuit after wealth in the British metropolis, determined upon purchasing an estate in the country, upon which he might retire and enjoy the residue of life in unostentatious ease and quiet. He was a man of elegant tastes and fond of antiquarian pursuits. This latter predilection induced him, in his various summer journeyings in England, to select from among those old inns or taverns which are invariably to be met with in every ancient borough or market-town, the most respectable one, as the place at which he would put up; and when 'mine host' gave token of being a gentleman, his companionship would generally be requested, through a card by the waiter, bearing the compliments of the guest, with a hope that it might be convenient for the landlord to favor him with his company over a bottle of wine. This was the almost invariable plan adopted, when he was unaccompanied with his 'better half.' It will readily be conceived that in these tête-à-tête gossipings, a great fund of anecdote and legendary tales had been gleaned, which were made subservient to the entertainment of friends when assembled around the social board. It is from this fund of gossip to which I have so often listened, that I propose to select one which, owing to my close relationship to the stout gentleman, has been to me a source of no little interest, even as a 'thrice-told tale.' The incident occurred at the time when he was in search of the estate to which I have alluded in the commencement of this sketch.

It was late in the evening, in the spring of the year, when he arrived at the destined stopping-place for the night, which if I remember rightly was the ancient borough of St. Albans. Here he selected an inn according to his usual taste; an old rambling disjointed patch-work piece of architecture, the gradual accumulation of many preceding generations, where might be seen rude carvings of grinning nondescript monsters supporting the projecting stories as they each hung over the side-walk; large and small casement windows, with square mullions and gothic arches, and many a gabled roof fronting on the street, where at their junction the continuous gutters projected in the form of long pipes, which in rainy weather discharged cataracts of water, deluging the unfortunate pedestrian who should unwittingly prefer the side-walk to the rough paved road. In the centre of this pile of buildings was the gate-way, large enough to admit coaches with outside passengers; and under its ample, shadowy shelter would be found the entrance to the building itself. On one side was the door to the tap-room, used by post-boys, servants, and the like class, while on the opposite side the glazed door led to the coffee-room and the more respectable apartments. Here Boniface would present himself whenever a carriage drove up, to give a hearty welcome to his guests. The interior, in accordance with the outside, was composed of low, spacious rooms, wainscoted in oaken pannels, blackened with age, but brightly polished by continued rubbings. The furniture was of a past century; the floors worm-eaten but of scrupulous cleanliness, their centres covered with modern or perchance Turkish carpets. The mullioned windows with their appropriate leaden-lozenged casements, glazed with glass of various shades of green, were ornamented with curtains, not hung for show but intended to be used nightly.

Into one of these rooms our elderly gentleman was ceremoniously shown by the obsequious waiter; and here, after the hearty meal was ended and the newspaper run through, the evening was spent, as the reader will perhaps anticipate, in company with 'mine host.' It was spring, as I have before said; cold and cheerless without, but within a bright blazing fire, and a table upon which sparkled generous wine, 'that maketh glad the heart of man,' gave earnest of comfortable quarters. You may fancy the stout gentleman and his companion honest Boniface, no shadow, each seated in arm chairs of creditable proportions, whiling away the evening hour with many a tale; a fragment of one of which we will now just touch upon.

'And you really think the tile which you have dug up from below the foundation in the cellar, to be of the date of Julius Cæsar; and infer from it that a roof has sheltered this spot for two thousand years? It is a hallowed thought to reflect upon the crowd of spirits which must hover over and around us, if we suppose, as some do, that when we leave this tabernacle of clay, we shall continue to linger in the midst of our old haunts; and that these spirits are the unseen and unfelt witnesses of our every act. It may be mere fancy, but I am inclined to think there is more truth in the thought than cold philosophy is willing to admit.'

'Then, Sir, you are a believer in ghosts?' observed Boniface.

'Why, no; I cannot say truly that I am, though I have oftentimes

longed to make an acquaintance with one. By the way, I should think this building of nooks and corners was admirably adapted for the carrying out some marvel of the sort. Pray, is there not some hobgoblin or merry sprite playing his antics about your premises, my worthy host ?'

Hereupon Boniface looked doubtingly, and feeling his way before committing himself, he at last admitted that 'there was some idle story of the kind, but for his part, he put no faith in such silly things.'

'Well, of course,' said his guest, 'it must be some particular room that is thus honored ?'

'Well ?' was the deferential rejoinder, in a tone denoting a wish to hear the deduction.

'Then, if it is a bed-chamber, snug and comfortable, do me the favor to apportion it to me for the night.'

'Most certainly, if you are serious,' rejoined Boniface ; 'it shall be made ready immediately ; but I assure you that my patrons seldom give it the preference.'

Hereupon the bell was rung, and the waiter presenting himself, was requested to direct the chamber-maid to prepare the large room, and to see that the bed was well aired, and to tell Boots to take the gentleman's trunk up, to kindle a fire, and to see that every thing was tidy.

The evening was thus whiled away until the hour of eleven had arrived, when the great stillness of the house betokened the time for retiring. Accordingly, the chamber-maid was summoned, and with a candle in each hand, she led the way up a wide stair-case, graced with twisted bannisters and of easy ascent, terminating on a long corridor, the floor full of uncertain undulations, running the entire length of the building. At the end was a door, which upon opening, discovered a room of large proportions, with a low ceiling divided into square compartments. Here our traveller was no sooner installed and left alone, than he locked the door ; then with candle in hand he began to examine each crack and cranny, but could find nothing suspicious. There were few things in it worthy of note, excepting a large bed with drawn curtains of dazzling whiteness ; a most ample hearth, on which was blazing a bundle of dry faggots, sending forth a warm, cheerful light into the room, more powerful than both the candles. This huge fire-place, with its concomitant ornament, a profusely-carved mantel-piece of the usual time-stained oak, was at least five feet high, and more than two feet broad ; its ingenious workmanship occupied his attention, and kept him for some time engaged in curious admiration of its exquisite quaintness. The other furniture consisted of chairs, a chest-of-drawers, and a table, all the work of a former age. An easy chair was placed in the middle of the room, in which the stout gentleman composed himself luxuriously for a short time. The room however was too large to be easily warmed, and he soon abandoned it for the bed, but not before he had raked the remaining brands together and extinguished the candles. Not feeling at once the influence of the drowsy god, he abandoned himself to many fanciful speculations. He marvelled why it was that the concurrence of all ages and nations, enlightened or ignorant, savage or civilized, should have so uniformly led to the belief in good and evil spirits wandering at large on the earth, not subject to the laws of matter, save in

the sensation of sight and hearing. The creditable phalanx of names of distinguished persons who had placed their veracity on the side of believers, as having themselves been visited by the inhabitants of the other world, was opposed by his own experience ; for although he had frequently thought he had been so honored, yet upon investigating the cause, he had invariably found it to be a mere delusion.

It was not long however that he was suffered thus to enjoy himself ; for hearing a slight noise near the fire-place, he turned his head, and saw a deformed, dwarfish body emerge from the shadowy part of the room, proceed stealthily toward the fire, over which he rubbed his thin, attenuated hands, and then placing them under their opposite arms, he hugged himself in evident comfort. The fire had by this time so far dwindled away as to be only a handful of smouldering embers, which cast but an exceedingly feeble and uncertain light, sufficient only to reveal the general outline of the pigmy spectre. The old gentleman, with strained eyes, attentively observed his motions, till from very weariness, caused by looking through a light so dim, he began to doubt whether he saw truly : he reasoned with himself, but with no satisfactory result ; till at last, desirous of 'making assurance doubly sure,' he gently enlarged his look-out in the slightly-opened curtains in order that he might more attentively observe the room ; but all was darkness, save in the immediate vicinity of the fire. The removal of the curtain however had made a rustling noise, which had given the alarm to the spectre-imp, who immediately vanished into the gloom of the apartment on the side of the fire-place.

This was no sooner observed by the wide-awake old gentleman, than he jumped out of bed, resolved to give chase ; but although stout gentlemen are generally no-wise active, not a second had elapsed before he reached the hearth, and scattering the embers in order to obtain more light, he looked carefully around, but no trace of the phantom could be seen. A few seconds more, and one of the candles was lighted, when the room was again subjected to a more rigid scrutiny ; but all to no purpose ; for the door remained locked, and the closet-doors were equally secure ; nothing was under the bed, nor behind the table ; the easy-chair could afford no shelter ; in the front of every lower tier of panels was some article of furniture, which effectually prevented their being used suddenly ; beside, how could the furniture be readjusted ? The upper ones were too high to be at all likely to afford the means of such quick concealment. Hence he was completely mystified, amazed, perplexed. His mental powers were in a whirl ; until at length he became perfectly bewildered, and concluded that he had been dreaming, or had been taking a short trot on a night-mare ; and with this latter idea he returned, shivering like an ague, to his cold bed. The candle was now suffered to burn, and pillowing his head high, so as to see all around, the curtains having been previously withdrawn, he determined to keep vigilant watch. At length becoming composed and comfortably warm, he distinctly recalled the whole train of thought which had preceded the appearance of the strange phantom. Finally, he concluded that if it were all a dream, an illusion, never was a dream or an illusion so like reality. He must from henceforth doubt the evidence of his

in sceptred pall' first swept before the eyes of his dawning fancy? No; if you would recall the memory of Corneille through the medium of places familiar with his presence when living, you must repair to the Hotel de Rambouillet, in one of the most noisy and unpoetic quarters of Paris.

Now with respect to England, all this is as nearly as possible reversed. The political influences spoken of before, operating no doubt with others of which it is unnecessary to speak, have acted dispersively on the sum of national reputations, and equitably allotted to almost every part of the fair island some *parcenary* share of fame, some hallowing memory, like a household genius, to preside over and endear its localities. London has not, like Paris, proved itself in this the insatiate Saturn of the national offspring. If you inquire, for instance, for memorials of the life and presence of Shakspeare, it is not probable, as in the case of Corneille, that you will be referred to the crowded streets and squares of the metropolis, though his active life was passed and his unrivalled fame achieved there; but far away to the west, where Nature received him on her flowery lap, beside his own Avon; in the shades where his genius first grew familiar with the shapes of beauty, sublimity, and terror, and whither he retired at last 'to husband out life's taper' amid the common charities of home; to this spot it is that you must repair, if you would drink freshly of that well-spring of associations which hallows the footsteps of England's immortal dramatist. In like manner, one might say, that it is not in the sumptuous galleries of Holland House, neighbored by the crowds and tumult of the parks, that the admirer of Addison would find it most easy to call up the image of the sage; but in that quiet meadow which he used to frequent on the banks of the Cheswell, when evening is gathering on the tops of the lofty elms and around the gray towers of Magdalen, how pleasing and unforced the effort which recalls him to our imaginations!

And so too of others. Gray has not made the country church-yard immortal in song alone, but has laid himself to rest with all the memories of that imperishable strain around him, beneath as green a sod as wraps the head of the humblest peasant for whom his muse implored 'the passing tribute of a sigh.' The pensive shade of Cowper beckons to the groves of Olney; and the melancholy ghost of Chatterton, (kindred to Cowper only in his woes and his genius,) has fled from the crowded thoroughfares of London, where he sank oppressed in the turmoil of life, to haunt forever, in the eyes of the dreaming enthusiast, those dim aisles of St. Mary Redcliffe in Bristol, whence he drew the spells which immortalized but could not preserve him. And thus will it be when the lights of to-day, the bards of living renown, shall have passed away, but not to be forgotten. No one will then think of tracing Wordsworth, or Moore, or Southey, amid the dusky lanes and glittering saloons of the metropolis, but the lakes of Cumberland and the bowers of Wiltshire will still rejoice in the ever-brightening honors of associated genius. Even the hardier spirits of the isle, whose destiny has called them to the rougher paths of life, to the battle-field or the senate, away from the haunts of nature and the Muse; even these have seldom failed, in the intervals of busier life, to remember the charms of the rural life

of England, and in giving their more familiar hours to its enjoyments, have bequeathed to many a fair spot a heritage of memories more precious than wealth, and which the pilgrims of after ages will not willingly let perish.

It is to one of these provincial retreats, (if such they may be called, when the migratory habits of society are rendering them daily more known and frequented) that the foregoing remarks are designed to lead the attention of the indulgent reader.

'The southern district of Kent,' says Gibbon, 'which borders on Sussex and the sea, was formerly overspread with the great forest Anderida; and even now retains the denomination of the Weald, or Woodland.' On the verge of this region, now diversified with the traces of civilization and culture, and at the distance of some thirty miles from London, stands Penshurst, for many generations the domain and seat of the illustrious family of Sydney. The mansion is of that class termed castellated houses, as retaining some of the features of the feudal castle, but accommodated to the more secure and less circumspect usages of a later age. In itself, it presents perhaps no very striking example of the merits or defects of its class, but it claims a much higher distinction in having been the birth-place and paternal home of Sir Philip Sydney.

To what name can we point which is more brightly adorned than his with all the accomplishments of the soldier, the courtier and the scholar? Still rises upon the memory through the mists of three centuries that touching legend of Zutphen, where the wounded hero waived from his lips the cup of water because it was more needed by the dying comrade at his side; and the pure morality and lofty chivalry which animate the 'Arcadia,' still bear witness to us of the personal merit of this pride and ornament of the English court. His sagacious but selfish mistress, Elizabeth, once stood, we are told, between him and the proffered crown of Poland, as being loth to part (so she expressed herself) with him who was 'the jewel of her time.' She is reported too to have denied him on another occasion the permission which he earnestly sought, of connecting his fame and fortunes with those trans-atlantic enterprises which were already beginning to crown with success and distinction the efforts of such men as Drake and Frobisher. This last is a field of adventure upon which we must still regret that Sir Philip was not allowed to enter. The New World was then no less the region for romantic enterprise than profitable exertion, although the explorers of these distant climes had too often sunk the generosity of the soldier in the rapacity of the spoiler. In Sir Philip Sydney the world of Columbus would have had a visitor of a different order. To the courage of Smith and the accomplishments of Raleigh he would have added a spirit of honor and moderation peculiarly his own, and we should still have delighted to trace the impressions of his genius and virtue in the early annals of our continent. But his fate was destined to a different scene; and his career, though thus limited by a jealous sovereign and an early death, has left little which we can reasonably deplore but its brevity; while that brevity itself throws around his character the last touches of romantic interest, and assigns him the not unenviable lot of having carried off the

coast studded with towers and harbors ; its interior sprinkled with hamlets, parks, cities, and baronial residences ; claiming, finally, to be the episcopal head and fountain of ecclesiastical dignity for the whole British empire ; we can readily see how Kent may vindicate to itself the praise conveyed in the lines of Shakspeare as the abode of a liberal, active, valiant, and even wealthy people.

Nor is this flattering ascription of personal qualities unsupported by the facts of its local history. To the great Roman conqueror the inhabitants of this part of Britain opposed a resistance, which taught him, as he indirectly confesses, to look back with many a wistful glance toward the coast where he had left his transports, but ill-assured against the ocean or the enemy. Against the Norman conqueror, likewise, when all the rest of the island had yielded implicitly to his sway and to the substitution of feudal for native usages, the people of Kent still made good their old hereditary law of *Gavelkind*. More than once in after times, stung by oppression or inflamed by zeal, they have drawn together in a spirit of tumultuous resistance, and borne their remonstrances to the very gates of the national capital. Connecting this history and character with their maritime position, we are led to apply a remark which our American historian Prescott has generalized from the circumstances of a people not dissimilarly situated. 'The sea-board,' says that admirable writer, 'would seem to be the natural seat of liberty. There is something in the very presence, in the atmosphere of the ocean, which invigorates not only the physical but the moral energies of man.' Or as Wordsworth has expressed the same idea, with an extension of it, no less just than poetical, to another class of natural objects :

'Two voices are there ; one is of the sea,
One of the mountains ; each a mighty voice :
In both from age to age thou didst rejoice,
They were thy chosen music, Liberty !

It has already been said that our route lay toward Tonbridge. True, those celebrated wells lie somewhat beyond Penshurst, yet few pilgrims will fail to visit them ; and it may be permitted to glance aside from our immediate object to glean a very few observations from the customs of this fashionable watering-place. But the American visitor must not expect to meet at a watering-place in England precisely that aggregate of circumstances which goes to form his idea of the pleasures and privileges of one in his own country. There are restraints imposed by the circumstances of these elder lands, their necessity more than their choice, which must still at first sight appear forbidding and superfluous to the inhabitant of a new one. The rigid barriers of ceremony ; the appearance of studied isolation and exclusiveness ; the monotonous movement of the great social machine, organized to its minutest details, and regulated through all its processes ; these at first may lead the visitor from the New World to suppose that he has fallen upon some region of persevering formality, where all is frost and show, perpetual glitter and unmeaning barrenness. But pierce these formal barriers of etiquette, dissolve by the requisite appliances this superficial frost-work of the English circles, and none, it is believed, will have any just reason to complain of cold-

ness and reserve. By the social barriers spoken of, are not meant the distinctions of rank in European society, or the conventional observances by which they are guarded, for these do not constitute in fact the points of repulsion by which a stranger is apt to be encountered. Still less do they mean those mental habits of suspicion, mystery and indirectness, which may infect communities as well as individuals. For these there is neither extenuation nor excuse. Rousseau has finely said: 'Le premier pas vers le vice est de mettre du mystère aux actions innocentes; et quiconque aime à se cacher, a tôt ou tard raison de se cacher. Un seul précepte de morale peut tenir lieu de tous les autres, c'est celui-ci: Ne fais, ni ne dis jamais rien que tu ne veuilles que tout le monde voie et entende. J'ai toujours regardé comme le plus estimable des hommes ce Romain qui voulait que sa maison fût construite de manière qu'on vît tout ce qui s'y faisait.' Whether the Englishman would be the first or the last to submit himself to this crucial test of *living in a transparent house*, we do not feel called upon to decide. The barriers, of which some justification has been attempted, are merely those formal observances by which society aims to protect itself from the intrusion of the unworthy and designing; which all must perceive to be in some degree necessary, even to personal independence; and which common-sense teaches us must be of greater extent and more rigorous application in a crowded capital than a country village, in an English Almshouse than an American drawing-room. No one will deny that these barriers are high and strictly guarded in England; but it would be unreasonable to impute as a fault what is a dictate of prudence, or to infer that coldness and incivility must of course lurk under forms which have been manifestly imposed by the necessity of constant circumspection.

Duly impressed with these considerations, the stranger will be less disposed to complain when arriving at any place of fashionable resort in England; at Tonbridge, for instance, one of the most aristocratic; he finds himself consigned to the solitary comfort of his own apartments, without the prospect of any of those periods of social reunion, which elsewhere tend so strongly to break down the barriers of reserve and facilitate the process of introduction and acquaintance. Cardinal de Retz has told us, that the dinner-bell never fails to disperse a mob in France, and if English travellers are to be believed, it seldom fails to bring one together in an American hotel; but as a social summons, no such tocsin breaks the uniformity of the English *ménage*. The traveller may dine indeed in the public room, but it is at a separate table, on his separate repast; he is served with what viands, at what hour, he pleases, but no contiguity of position or interchange of friendly offices can remove the impalpable but impassable partition which divides him from his neighbors. He feels something of the air of the *penitentiary* in the very refinements of his luxurious *hostellerie*. But these are incidents not without their attendant advantages. If the stranger is thus separated from his fellows, he is at least saved, in turn, from the attempts of fraud, and the contact of impertinence. This is, in fact, the meaning of such arrangements, and if not exactly palatable, they are at any rate protective. But there are restrictions with regard to the

fairer part of creation, and his correspondence with them, which admit of no such topics of comfort and alleviation. We nowhere find it stated, by what steps it is permitted to the English suitor to proceed from the distant bow to the morning call, always in the presence of the mother, the aunt, or other watchful guardian; and thence by regular gradations to the heart and hand of the object of his wishes. But it is enough for our stranger to know, that whatever may be the laws of strategy, provided for such cases in other lands, here it is necessary to begin his approaches with the father, and to lay his lines of earliest circumvallation around the watchful mother. These distant out-works must be mastered before there is the slightest chance of communicating even a summons to the citadel. English travellers, therefore, express surprise at the artless confidence with which unmarried ladies in America commit themselves to the solitary chat with a comparative stranger, take his hand or his arm after a few hours' acquaintance, and expose themselves to the surprise of a *declaration* before the extent of his means or the respectability of his connexion have been discussed and settled. Between the merits of these different modes of procedure, the present writer has neither the wish nor the ability to arbitrate. They have their growth in such widely different states of society, that the reformer must be bold who should attempt to transpose or change them. It is sufficient for our present purpose to remark, that if the visitor at Tonbridge should have failed to make those preliminary advances just spoken of, his pleasures here, as an admirer of female loveliness, will most probably be limited to seeing the fair creatures ride on diminutive donkeys (such is the custom of Tonbridge) to the wells, there to drink the chalybeate and promenade the *pantiles*. But what then? If he have not the *entrée* of society, the charms of nature and the attractions of English scenery are spread before him. His guide-book will tell him of grotesque rocks upon lonely heaths where Druids may have worshipped; and of Bayham Abbey, with its mouldering walls and 'antiquary ivy,' which still attests amidst its ruins the luxury and wealth of its ancient masters. He may look in one direction over the broad lands and towering spires of Eridge Castle, or turning in another, soon lose amidst the recollections of Penshurst and in the homage which the heart renders to departed virtue, all sense of the vexatious forms and frivolous though perhaps inseparable distinctions of modern society.

Approaching Penshurst from Tonbridge, we alight at the ancient church which stands in close contiguity with the family mansion. A ramble amidst its graves, a walk through its solemn aisles, a moment's pause among its darkened monuments, seems to be but a suitable preparation for our farther researches. It is scarcely possible to enter one of these venerable religious edifices of the old world, which form so striking a feature in its scenery, without feeling in some degree an impression as if the dim and solemn fane were peopled with shadows; as if indistinct forms were beckoning along its lonely aisles, or waiting the stranger's approach in its deep and vaulted recesses. The building is not always of great extent, (this of Penshurst is not so,) but the impression seems to be the result not more of the solemn style of the building and its accessories, than of the admirable harmony which they preserve

with the recollections and associations of all around them. Hence it may well be doubted whether, if we could transport one of these time-honored structures to our own land, with all its architectural peculiarities, it would have for us exactly the meaning or the charms which it possesses at home. Our career is as yet too brief, our land too full of the sounds of enterprise and excitement; our interest lies too largely and exclusively in the present and the future. The dawning light and the keen air of morning (*scævus equis oriens anhelis*) are not, as represented by the poets, more uncongenial to the spectral shapes of night, than the recent origin and energetic action of our rising country to the dim traditions and mouldering memories which have grown incorporate with the weather-stains and damps of these hoary sanctuaries. At Penshurst in particular, so complete is this harmony between the ideal and the actual, and so strongly does it bring before us the image of the past, that it might seem no unnatural incident of our reverie, were the grave and reverend knight, the ancient head of the Sydneys and patron of the church, once more to enter with his retinue from the neighboring mansion and take his seat in the family chancel. But of that honored name nothing remains to Penshurst except the memory, and those fading inscriptions which inform us that they who slumber here bore it irreproachably in life, and have long since ceased from their earthly labors. Among these, however, we look in vain for the name of Sir Philip Sydney. He fell in a foreign land, and his country, we are told, mourned for him with a loud and poignant lamentation. His remains were afterward transferred to Saint Paul's, where the ruin which fell at a later period upon the great national temple involved also the memorial of Sir Philip Sydney. But it matters less, since the achievements of his pen and sword have made all places where the name of England comes, his monument, and every heart which is alive to honor, a sanctuary for his memory.

Let us then pass on to that venerable mansion which having witnessed many of the incidents of his life may still be considered the lasting memorial of his virtues. Before us rises a building irregular in its design, but presenting an extensive line of front, in which square towers and pointed gables, connected by walls of unequal height, succeed each other with that sort of caprice which is common in mansions of the same age. Entering through a spacious gate-way, we cross a quadrangular court, and gain access by an unfurnished passage to the great hall, which formed the distinguishing feature of the feudal homestead. In the vast extent of this apartment we perceive an image of the pride which gloried more in the number of its retainers than in the luxury or refinement of its accommodations. Oaken tables, and benches of the same homely material, stretched from side to side, show that our ancestors required but rude accessories to recommend to them the substantial enjoyments of their mighty repasts. Through lofty windows strengthened by mullions and decorated with intricate carvings, the light streams softened by neither blind nor curtain. The middle of the hall is occupied by a spacious hearth, around which gathered the friends and followers of the noble house; and the fire-utensils which still remain, and which seem destined for the consumption of entire forests, intimate that

the household gods which presided here dealt in no stinted or penurious economy. There was scarcely need of flue or chimney, for the smoke curling up among the interlacing rafters of the roof, might long gather in its ample cavity without threatening those below with serious inconvenience. It is curious to observe that when at length so obvious a contrivance as the chimney grew into more general use, its introduction was opposed by much the same sort of arguments as have in other ages resisted the encroachments of change and novelty. A moralist of the times has left us his recorded opinion, that nothing but agues and catarrhs had followed the abandonment of that old and genial practice which planted the fire in the middle of the room and left the smoke to spread its sable canopy aloft. Another peculiarity in this picture of ancient manners was the slightly-raised platform called the dais, at the farther extremity of the hall, which reminds us of the distinction that was preserved even in the hours of convivial relaxation, between the family of the lord and its dependants. Nor was this distinction in general one of place alone: in most of the wealthy and noble houses of the period, it portended a corresponding distinction in the quality of the food. Hence in the homely times in which Ben Jonson has apostrophized Penshurst, it is mentioned as an honorable instance of the hospitality of its owner, that

—‘there each guest might eat,
Without his fear, and of the lord’s own meat;
Where the same beer, board, and self-same wine,
That is his lordship’s, shall be also mine.’

‘A strange topic of praise,’ remarks Gifford, ‘to those who are unacquainted with the practice of those times; but in fact the liberal mode of hospitality here recorded was almost peculiar to this noble person. The great dined at long tables, (they had no other in their vast halls,) and permitted many guests to sit down with them; but the gradations of rank and fortune were rigidly maintained, and the dishes grew visibly coarser as they receded from the head of the table.’ To sit below the salt, is a phrase with which the romances of Scott have made us familiar, and which originated, it seems, in the custom of placing a large salt-cellar near the middle of the table, not more for convenience than with reference to the distribution of the guests.

The same spirit which presided over the appointments of this stately hall extended itself to the other apartments and remoter details of the household. Every where there is the same reference to the power and even the supervision of the lord, manifested in the long suites of rooms which open upon each other, (the hall just mentioned is commanded by a small window opening from a superior and adjacent apartment,) as if to give the master at one glance a view of the number and a knowledge of the pursuits of the inmates. The ideas of the architects of that age seem to have been limited in their object, to realizing an image of the great feudal principle of preëminence and protection on the one side, submissiveness and reliance on the other. Hence designs and arrangements so little consistent with the privacy and personal independence which we regard at present as indispensable to every scheme of domestic accommodation. But these artists were not limited alone by a defective

conception of the objects of their art; they were also embarrassed in its execution by the unequal manner in which the different branches of it had been cultivated and improved. It is doubtless a remark which will admit of very general application, that the arts which may be made subservient to embellishment and magnificence, have always far outstripped those which only conduce to comfort and convenience. The savage paints his body with gorgeous colors, who wants a blanket to protect him from the cold; and nations have heaped up pyramids to enhance their sense of importance, who have dwelt contentedly in dens and caves of the earth. Something of the same incongruity may be remarked at Penshurst, and other English mansions of the same age and order; where we sometimes ascend to galleries of inestimable paintings over steps roughly hewn with the axe, and look upon ceilings of the most exquisite and elaborate carving suspended over floors which have never had the benefit of the joiner's plane.

In the tastes, too, and personal habits of that elder period, contrasts of a not less striking nature might be easily pointed out. We may doubt, for instance, whether beauty will ever array itself in apparel of more cost and profusion than that in which the high-born dames of Wresill and Penshurst swept through their stately apartments. Grandeur will never make its presence felt by a greater weight of ceremony, nor ever extend a more watchful and provident care to all the equipage of rank and ostentation. Flattery, we may safely assert, will never offer its incense in a more seductive form, than when it borrowed the pencil of Holbein and the lyre of Spenser. Yet these persons were the same who trode upon floors strewn with rushes, and deemed it a point of nicety and refinement if these were changed sufficiently often to prevent the soiling of their clothes. They are the same who dined without forks, and thought pewter dishes too great a luxury to be used in common by the highest nobility; who transported their ladies on pillions for want of coaches, and themselves struggled through mire for want of pavements; who, with a knowledge of the manufacture of glass, and possessed beyond ourselves of an exquisite skill in coloring it, were yet too frugal or careless to use it freely in lighting their houses. It was an age when the sick were plied with such delicate restoratives as 'mummy and the flesh of hedge-hogs,' and tables loaded with such dainties as cranes, lapwings, sea-gulls, bitterns and curlews. Such is the unequal progress which is often maintained in habits of undistinguishing luxury and habits of genuine refinement; so great the difference between a state of society which aims at the gratification of pride, and one which contents itself with diffusing comfort and promoting security.

It would be easy, no doubt, to draw from this sketch of ancient manners many reflections consoling to our own sense of superior comfort and discernment. But the subject is susceptible of being viewed under aspects not so flattering yet more instructive. Who is there gross enough to pride himself on superior wisdom because Kepler believed that the earth was a vast animal which breathed and reasoned, or to claim the palm of comparative merit because Sir Thomas More listened to the babbling of a pretended prophetess, and Luther waged what he con-

sidered no visionary but actual combats with the powers of darkness. If then we have dwelt on the defects of an age when civilization was still struggling with the remains of barbarism, it is to foster no spirit of vain exultation: it is rather to turn with increased pleasure from those stains which disfigure the picture, to the contemplation of the more prominent and brilliant figures which occupy the fore-ground. We remember that upon times thus backward in many of the refinements of life, and scarcely yet freed from the dregs of mediæval darkness, genius and virtue have thrown a lustre by their presence, not merely sufficient to retrieve them from our scorn, but to make them in some respects the object of our admiration and even envy. Perhaps, if it were submitted to our choice to take our places at will in any circle which genius and merit have ever dignified and adorned, none could justly claim our preference over that of Penshurst, at the time when Sir Philip Sydney sat there in the same group with his lovely sister, the Countess of Pembroke, and with Edmund Spenser, the poet of 'the Faerie Queen.' Of the first of these eminent persons, it is enough to say, that his own age conceded to him the style of 'the Incomparable,' and that posterity has amply ratified the title. The second is known to us by that affectionate tribute of her brother's love, which has identified the name of the Countess of Pembroke with his principal work; nor will the latest readers of English literature be forgetful of one whose memory Jonson has embalmed in the sweetest inscription that ever flowed from a poet's pen. Of Spenser, the last but not least illustrious of the honored group, it is only necessary to say, that as he shared the hospitality, so he has not left unsung the praises of Penshurst. Where is the circle which shall again combine so many claims to our admiration and respect? What age shall presume to vaunt itself for genius or for virtue above the age of Sydney and of Spenser?

Later times have added to the social and literary lustre of Penshurst. It has been still farther illustrated by the talents and fame of Algernon Sydney, whose name never fails to awaken the sympathies of every friend of liberty for his honorable labors and unhappy fate. It has numbered among its guests and its eulogists such men as Jonson, Waller, and Southey; finally, even in our own time it has seen its horizon momentarily illuminated by the brief but dazzling splendors of the poet Shelly. This last was of the lineage of Sydney, and shared the talents and proud integrity, but not the wisdom and milder virtues of his house. It only remains to say, that the dwelling and estate of the Sydneys has passed into other hands, but finds, it would seem, in Lord De Lisle a proprietor not insensible to the worth nor regardless of the memory of his far-famed predecessors.

Thus the remarks intended, draw to an end. We leave the halls of Penshurst, and the gates of that venerated mansion close behind us forever. Even thus did they close ages ago upon him, the light and honor of that ancient house, who, leaving it in the glow of health, in the pride of manly beauty, in the aspirations of a high but not a haughty spirit, was destined never to cross that paternal threshold more. The blessings that went with him have mouldered on the lips that pronounced them; the tears that mourned his fall have dried upon the lids from

which they streamed ; all who knew and loved, all who watched and wept for Sir Philip Sydney are silent in the dust to which he himself has long been gathered. Yet does not his spirit commune with ours as we tread the halls once familiar with his presence, or gaze upon those all but animated portraits which Penshurst still numbers among the richest of its treasures ? Does nothing survive here of so much honor, so much courtesy, so much courage, to elevate us by its example and to inspire us with new hope, ere we turn again to tread the toilsome mazes of the world ? Let the acknowledgments of all those who with no unworthy or unreflecting spirit have traced these paths, reply ; or rather let the answer embody itself in the words of a poet, who, while expressing his own sense of the merits of Sydney, has but given a suitable expression to sentiments which find an echo in every bosom :

' *ARE* days of old familiar to thy mind,
Oh reader ! Hast thou let the midnight hour
Pass unperceiv'd, whilst thou in fancy liv'd
With high-born beauties and enamor'd chiefs,
Sharing their hopes, and with a breathless joy,
Whose expectation touched the verge of pain,
Following their dangerous fortunes ? If such lore
Has ever thrill'd thy bosom, thou wilt tread
As with a pilgrim's reverential thoughts
The groves of Penshurst. *SYDNEY* here was born,
Sydney, than whom no gentler, braver man
His own delightful genius ever feign'd,
Illustrating the vales of Arcady,
With courteous courage and with loyal loves.
Upon his natal day an acorn here
Was planted ; it grew up a stately oak,
And in the beauty of its strength it stood
And flourished, when his perishable part
Had mouldered dust to dust. That stately oak
Itself hath perished now, but Sydney's fame
Endureth in his own immortal works.'

ILLUSTRATIONS.

BEFORE the extension of commerce and manufactories in Europe, the hospitality of the rich and the great, from the sovereign down to the smallest baron, exceeded every thing which in the present times we can easily form a notion of. Westminster Hall was the dining-room of William Rufus, and might frequently perhaps not be too large for his company. It was reckoned a piece of magnificence in Thomas à Becket that he strewed the floor of his hall with clear hay or rushes in the season, in order that the knights and squires who could not get seats might not spoil their fine clothes when they sat down on the floor to eat their dinner. The great Earl of Warwick is said to have entertained every day, at his different manors, thirty thousand people ; and though the number may have been exaggerated, it must however have been very great to admit of such exaggeration. The personal expenses of the great proprietors having gradually increased with the extension of commerce and manufactures, it was impossible that the number of their retainers should not as gradually diminish. Having sold their birth-right, not like Esau, for a mess of pottage in time of hunger and necessity, but in the wantonness of plenty for trinkets and baubles, fitter

to be the play-things of children than the serious pursuits of men, they became as insignificant as any substantial burgher or tradesmen in a city.

WEALTH OF NATIONS: BOOK III., CHAP. IV.

THE *planta-genista* or broom having been ordinarily used for strewing floors, became an emblem of humility, and was borne as such by Fulke, Earl of Anjou, grandfather of Henry II., King of England, in his pilgrimage to the Holy Land. The name of the royal house of Plantagenet is said to be derived from this circumstance.

HUNT'S EXEMPLARS OF TUDOR ARCHITECTURE.

ELEVEN continued to be the dining hour of the nobility, down to the middle of the seventeenth century, though it was still kept up to ten o'clock in the Universities, where the established system is not so easily altered as in private families. . . . The lord and his principal guests sate at the upper end of the first table, which was therefore called the lord's board-end. The officers of his household and inferior guests at long tables below in the hall. In the middle of each table stood a great salt-cellar, and as particular care was taken to place the guests according to their rank, it became a mark of distinction whether a person sate above or below the salt. . . . Pewter plates in the reign of Henry VIII. were too costly to be used in common by the highest nobility. In Rymer's *Fœdera* is a license granted in 1430 for a ship to carry certain commodities for the express use of the King of Scotland, among which are particularly mentioned a supply of pewter dishes and wooden trenchers. '*Octo duodenis vasorum de pewter, mille et ducentis ciphis ligneis.*'

ARCHÆOLOGIA.

THE use of forks did not prevail in England till the reign of James I.

CORYAT.

IN the list of birds served up to table were many fowls which are now discarded as little better than rank carrion, such as cranes, lapwings, sea-gulls, bitterns, ruffs, kerlews, etc.

GROSE'S ANTIQ. REPERTORY.

THE use of coaches is said to have been first introduced into England by Fitz-Allan, earl of Arundel, A. D. 1580. Before that time ladies chiefly rode on horseback, either single on their palfreys, or double, behind some person on a pillion. In cases of sickness or bad weather, they had horse-litters and vehicles called chairs, or carrs, or charres. Glazed windows were introduced into England, A. D. 1180.

ANDERSON'S HISTORY OF COMMERCE.

THE ceilings of that part of Wresill Castle left standing by the Commonwealth's soldiers still appear richly carved, and the sides of the rooms are ornamented with a great profusion of ancient sculpture finely executed in wood, exhibiting the ancient bearings, crests, badges and devices of the Percy family, in a great variety of forms, set off with all the advantages of painting, gilding and imagery. . . . NOBLEMEN in HENRY the Eighth's time were obliged to carry all the beds, hangings and furniture with them when they removed. The usual manner of hanging the rooms in the old castles was only to cover the naked walls

with tapestry or arras hung upon tenter hooks, from which they were easily taken down upon every removal. On such an occasion the number of carts employed in a considerable family must have formed a caravan nearly as large as those which traverse the deserts of the East. . . . At the time of the Northumberland House-hold book, glass, though it had perhaps been long applied to the decorating churches, was not very commonly used in dwelling-houses or castles.

ARCHÆOLOGIA.

Rooms provided with chimnies are noticed as a luxury by the author of Pierce Ploughman. 'Now,' says an author still more recent, 'have we many chimnies, and yet our tenderlings complain of rheums, catarrhs and poses, (colds in the head.) Then had we none but *rere doses*, (plates of iron or a coating of brick to enable the wall to resist the flame,) and our heads did never ache. For as the smoke in those days was supposed to be a sufficient hardening for the timber of the house, so it was reputed a far better medicine to keep the good man and his family from the quacke, (ague,) or pose, wherewith, as then, very few were oft acquainted.'

HARRISON'S DESCRIPTION OF ENGLAND PREFIXED TO HOLINSHED.

I D Y L L .

IN IMITATION OF THEOCRITUS, BY WILLIAM CHIDDON.

Thou wanderer where the wild wood ceaseless breathes
The sweetly-murmuring strain, from falling rills
Or soft autumnal gales; O! seek thou there
Some fountain gurgling from the rifted rock,
Of pure translucent wave, whose margent green
Is loved by gentlest nymphs, and all the train
Of that chaste goddess of the silver bow;
For silent, shady groves, by purling springs,
Delight the train, and through the gliding hours
Their nimble feet in mazy trances wind;
And oft at eve, the wondering swain hath heard
The Arcadian pipe and breathing minstrelsy,
From joyous troops of those rude deities
Whose homes are on the steep and rocky mount,
Or by the silver wave in woody dell,
And know the shrine, with flowery myrtles veiled,
All lonely placed by that wild mountain stream,
That from the sacred hills, like Hippocrene,
With warbling numbers, softly glides along.
Kneel humbly there, and at the auspicious time,
Invoke the listening spirit to my aid,
That I may fly the nymph of shapely form,
Whose fragrant brow inwoven wreaths adorn,
Of blushing rose and ivy tendrils green.
Then swear for me to deck the favoring shrine
With flowrets, blooming from the lap of Spring,
And on the sculptured pile, with solemn vow,
The tender kid devote in sacrifice.
So may my heaving bosom rest serene,
Nor winged spells incite the soul again
To love the soft eyed maid Zenophyle.

THE LEGEND OF DON RODERICK.

NUMBER TWO.

THE course of our legendary narration now returns to notice the fortunes of Count Julian, after his departure from Toledo, to resume his government on the coast of Barbary. He left the Countess Frandina at Algeziras, his paternal domain, for the province under his command was threatened with invasion. In fact, when he arrived at Ceuta he found his post in imminent danger from the all-conquering Moslems. The Arabs of the East, the followers of Mahomet, having subjugated several of the most potent oriental kingdoms, had established their seat of empire at Damascus, where, at this time, it was filled by Waled Almanzor, surnamed 'the Sword of God.' From thence the tide of Moslem conquest had rolled on to the shores of the Atlantic; so that all Almagreb, or Western Africa, had submitted to the standard of the prophet, with the exception of a portion of Tingitania, lying along the straits; being the province held by the Goths of Spain, and commanded by Count Julian. The Arab invaders were a hundred thousand strong, most of them veteran troops, seasoned in warfare and accustomed to victory. They were led by an old Arab general, Muza ben Nosier, to whom was confided the government of Almagreb; most of which he had himself conquered. The ambition of this veteran was to make the Moslem conquest complete, by expelling the Christians from the African shores; with this view his troops menaced the few remaining Gothic fortresses of Tingitania, while he himself sat down in person before the walls of Ceuta. The Arab chieftain had been rendered confident by continual success, and thought nothing could resist his arms and the sacred standard of the prophet. Impatient of the tedious delays of a siege, he led his troops boldly against the rock-built towers of Ceuta, and attempted to take the place by storm. The onset was fierce, and the struggle desperate: the swarthy sons of the desert were light and vigorous, and of fiery spirits; but the Goths, inured to danger on this frontier, retained the stubborn valor of their race, so impaired among their brethren in Spain. They were commanded, too, by one skilled in warfare and ambitious of renown. After a vehement conflict, the Moslem assailants were repulsed from all points, and driven from the walls. Don Julian sallied forth, and harassed them in their retreat; and so severe was the carnage, that the veteran Musa was fain to break up his camp, and retire confounded from the siege.

The victory at Ceuta resounded throughout Tingitania, and spread universal joy. On every side were heard shouts of exultation mingled with praises of Count Julian. He was hailed by the people, wherever he went, as their deliverer, and blessings were invoked upon his head. The heart of Count Julian was lifted up, and his spirit swelled within him; but it was with noble and virtuous pride, for he was conscious of having merited the blessings of his country.

In the midst of his exultation, and while the rejoicings of the people were yet sounding in his ears, the page arrived who bore the letter from his unfortunate daughter.

‘What tidings from the king?’ said the count, as the page knelt before him: ‘None, my lord,’ replied the youth, ‘but I bear a letter sent in all haste by the Lady Florinda.’

He took the letter from his bosom and presented it to his lord. As Count Julian read it, his countenance darkened and fell. ‘This,’ said he, bitterly, ‘is my reward for serving a tyrant; and these are the honors heaped on me by my country, while fighting its battles in a foreign land. May evil overtake me, and infamy rest upon my name, if I cease until I have full measure of revenge.’

Count Julian was vehement in his passions, and took no counsel in his wrath. His spirit was haughty in the extreme, but destitute of true magnanimity, and when once wounded turned to gall and venom. A dark and malignant hatred entered into his soul, not only against Don Roderick, but against all Spain: he looked upon it as the scene of his disgrace, a land in which his family was dishonored: and, in seeking to avenge the wrongs he had suffered from his sovereign, he meditated against his native country one of the blackest schemes of treason that ever entered into the human heart.

The plan of Count Julian was to hurl King Roderick from his throne, and to deliver all Spain into the hands of the infidels. In concerting and executing this treacherous plot, it seemed as if his whole nature was changed; every lofty and generous sentiment was stifled, and he stooped to the meanest dissimulation. His first object was to extricate his family from the power of the king, and to remove it from Spain before his treason should be known; his next, to deprive the country of its remaining means of defence against an invader.

With these dark purposes at heart, but with an open and serene countenance, he crossed to Spain, and repaired to the court at Toledo. Wherever he came he was hailed with acclamations as a victorious general, and appeared in the presence of his sovereign radiant with the victory at Ceuta. Concealing from King Roderick his knowledge of the outrage upon his house, he professed nothing but the most devoted loyalty and affection.

The king loaded him with favors; seeking to appease his own conscience by heaping honors upon the father in atonement of the deadly wrong inflicted upon his child. He regarded Count Julian, also, as a man able and experienced in warfare, and took his advice in all matters relating to the military affairs of the kingdom. The count magnified the dangers that threatened the frontier under his command, and prevailed upon the king to send thither the best horses and arms remaining from the time of Witiza, there being no need of them in the centre of Spain in its present tranquil state. The residue, at his suggestion, was stationed on the frontiers of Gallia; so that the kingdom was left almost wholly without defence against any sudden irruption from the south.

Having thus artfully arranged his plans, and all things being prepared for his return to Africa, he obtained permission to withdraw his daughter from the court, and leave her with her mother, the Countess

Frandina, who, he pretended, lay dangerously ill at Algeziras. Count Julian issued out of the gate of the city, followed by a shining band of chosen followers, while beside him, on a palfrey, rode the pale and weeping Florinda. The populace hailed and blessed him as he passed, but his heart turned from them with loathing. As he crossed the bridge of the Tagus, he looked back with a dark brow upon Toledo, and raised his mailed hand and shook it at the royal palace of King Roderick, which crested the rocky height. 'A father's curse,' said he, 'be upon thee and thine! May desolation fall upon thy dwelling, and confusion and defeat upon thy realm!'

In his journeyings through the country, he looked round him with a malignant eye; the pipe of the shepherd, and the song of the husbandman, were as discord to his soul; every sight and sound of human happiness sickened him at heart, and, in the bitterness of his spirit, he prayed that he might see the whole scene of prosperity laid waste with fire and sword by the invader.

The story of domestic outrage and disgrace had already been made known to the Countess Frandina. When the hapless Florinda came in presence of her mother, she fell on her neck, and hid her face in her bosom, and wept; but the countess shed never a tear, for she was a woman haughty of spirit and strong of heart. She looked her husband sternly in the face. 'Perdition light upon thy head,' said she, 'if thou submit to this dishonor. For my own part, woman as I am, I will assemble the followers of my house, nor rest until rivers of blood have washed away this stain.'

'Be satisfied,' replied the count; 'vengeance is on foot, and will be sure and ample.'

Being now in his own domains, surrounded by his relatives and friends, Count Julian went on to complete his web of treason. In this he was aided by his brother-in-law, Oppas, the Bishop of Seville: a man dark and perfidious as the night, but devout in demeanor, and smoothly plausible in council. This artful prelate had contrived to work himself into the entire confidence of the king, and had even prevailed upon him to permit his nephews, Evan and Siseburto, the exiled sons of Witiza, to return into Spain. They resided in Andalusia, and were now looked to as fit instruments in the present traitorous conspiracy.

By the advice of the bishop, Count Julian called a secret meeting of his relatives and adherents on a wild rocky mountain, not far from Consuegra, and which still bears the Moorish appellation of 'La Sierra de Calderin,' or the mountain of treason. When all were assembled, Count Julian appeared among them, accompanied by the bishop and by the Countess Frandina. Then gathering around him those who were of his blood and kindred, he revealed the outrage that had been offered to their house. He represented to them that Roderick was their legitimate enemy; that he had dethroned Witiza, their relation, and had now stained the honor of one of the most illustrious daughters of their line. The Countess Frandina seconded his words. She was a woman majestic in person and eloquent of tongue; and being inspired by a mother's feelings, her speech aroused the assembled cavaliers to fury.

The count took advantage of the excitement of the moment to unfold his plan. The main object was to dethrone Don Roderick, and give the crown to the sons of the late King Witiza. By this means they would visit the sins of the tyrant upon his head, and, at the same time, restore the regal honors to their line. For this purpose their own force would be sufficient; but they might procure the aid of Muza ben Nosier, the Arabian general in Mauritania, who would no doubt gladly send a part of his troops into Spain to assist in the enterprise.

The plot thus suggested by Count Julian received the unholy sanction of Bishop Oppas, who engaged to aid it secretly with all his influence and means: for he had great wealth and possessions, and many retainers. The example of the reverend prelate determined all who might otherwise have wavered, and they bound themselves by dreadful oaths to be true to the conspiracy. Count Julian undertook to proceed to Africa and seek the camp of Muza, to negotiate for his aid, while the bishop was to keep about the person of King Roderick, and lead him into the net prepared for him.

All things being thus arranged, Count Julian gathered together his treasure, and taking his wife and daughter and all his household, abandoned the country he meant to betray; embarking at Malaga for Ceuta. The gate in the wall of that city, through which they went forth, continued for ages to bear the name of *Puerta de la Cava*, or the gate of the harlot; for such was the opprobrious and unmerited appellation bestowed by the Moors on the unhappy Florinda.

When Count Julian had placed his family in security in Ceuta, surrounded by soldiery devoted to his fortunes, he took with him a few confidential followers, and departed in secret for the camp of the Arabian Emir, Muza ben Nozier. The camp was spread out in one of those pastoral vallies which lie at the feet of the Barbary hills, with the great range of the Atlas mountains towering in the distance. In the motley army here assembled were warriors of every tribe and nation, that had been united by pact or conquest in the cause of Islam. There were those who had followed Muza from the fertile regions of Egypt, across the deserts of Barca, and those who had joined his standard from among the sun-burnt tribes of Mauritania. There were Saracen and Tartar, Syrian and Copt, and swarthy Moor; sumptuous warriors from the civilized cities of the east, and the gaunt and predatory rovers of the desert. The greater part of the army, however, was composed of Arabs; but differing greatly from the first rude hordes that enlisted under the banner of Mahomet. Almost a century of continual wars with the cultivated nations of the east had rendered them accomplished warriors; and the occasional sojourn in luxurious countries and populous cities, had acquainted them with the arts and habits of civilized life. Still the roving, restless, and predatory habits of the genuine son of Ishmael prevailed, in defiance of every change of clime or situation.

Count Julian found the Arab conqueror Muza surrounded by somewhat of oriental state and splendor. He was advanced in life, but of a noble presence, and concealed his age by tinging his hair and beard with henna. The count assumed an air of soldier-like frankness and decision when he came into his presence. 'Hitherto,' said he, 'we

have been enemies ; but I come to thee in peace, and it rests with thee to make me the most devoted of thy friends. I have no longer country or king. Roderick the Goth is an usurper, and my deadly foe ; he has wounded my honor in the tenderest point, and my country affords me no redress. Aid me in my vengeance, and I will deliver all Spain into thy hands : a land far exceeding in fertility and wealth all the vaunted regions thou hast conquered in Tingitania.'

The heart of Muza leaped with joy at these words, for he was a bold and ambitious conqueror, and having overrun all western Africa, had often cast a wistful eye to the mountains of Spain, as he beheld them brightening beyond the waters of the strait. Still he possessed the caution of a veteran, and feared to engage in an enterprise of such moment, and to carry his arms into another division of the globe, without the approbation of his sovereign. Having drawn from Count Julian the particulars of his plan, and of the means he possessed to carry it into effect, he laid them before his confidential counsellors and officers, and demanded their opinion. 'These words of Count Julian,' said he, 'may be false and deceitful ; or he may not possess the power to fulfil his promises. The whole may be a pretended treason to draw us on to our destruction. It is more natural that he should be treacherous to us than to his country.'

Among the generals of Muza was a gaunt swarthy veteran, scarred with wounds ; a very Arab, whose great delight was roving and desperate enterprise ; and who cared for nothing beyond his steed, his lance, and his scimitar. He was a native of Damascus ; his name was Taric ben Zeyad ; but, from having lost an eye, he was known among the Spaniards by the appellation of Taric el Tuerto, or Taric the one-eyed.

The hot blood of this veteran Ishmaelite was in a ferment when he heard of a new country to invade, and vast regions to subdue ; and he dreaded lest the cautious hesitation of Muza would permit the glorious prize to escape them. 'You speak doubtingly,' said he, 'of the words of this Christian cavalier, but their truth is easily to be ascertained. Give me four galleys and a handful of men, and I will depart with this Count Julian, skirt the Christian coast, and bring thee back tidings of the land, and of his means to put it in our power.'

The words of the veteran pleased Muza ben Nosier, and he gave his consent ; and Taric departed with four galleys and five hundred men, guided by the traitor Julian. This first expedition of the Arabs against Spain took place, according to certain historians, in the year of our Lord seven hundred and twelve ; though others differ on this point, as indeed they do upon almost every point in this early period of Spanish history. The date to which the judicious chroniclers incline is that of seven hundred and ten, in the month of July. It would appear from some authorities, also, that the galleys of Taric cruised along the coasts of Andalusia and Lusitania, under the feigned character of merchant barks : nor is this at all improbable, while they were seeking merely to observe the land, and get a knowledge of the harbors. Wherever they touched, Count Julian despatched emissaries, to assemble his friends and adherents at an appointed place. They gathered together secretly at

Gezira Alhadra, that is to say, the Green Island ; where they held a conference with Count Julian in presence of Taric ben Zeyad. Here they again avowed their readiness to flock to his standard whenever it should be openly raised, and made known their various preparations for a rebellion. Taric was convinced, by all that he had seen and heard, that Count Julian had not deceived them ; either as to his disposition or his means to betray his country. Indulging his Arab inclinations, he made an inroad into the land, collected great spoil and many captives, and bore off his plunder in triumph to Muza, as a specimen of the riches to be gained by the conquest of the Christian land.

On hearing the tidings brought by Taric el Tuerto, and beholding the spoil he had collected, Muza wrote a letter to the Caliph Waled Almanzor, setting forth the traitorous proffer of Count Julian, and the probability, through his means, of making a successful invasion of Spain. 'A new land,' said he, 'spreads itself out before our delighted eyes, and invites our conquest : a land, too, that equals Syria in the fertility of its soil, and the serenity of its sky ; Yemen, or Arabia the happy, in its delightful temperature ; India, in its flowers and spices ; Hegias, in its fruits and flowers ; Cathay, in its precious minerals ; and Aden, in the excellence of its ports and harbors ! It is populous also, and wealthy ; having many splendid cities, and majestic monuments of ancient art. What is to prevent this glorious land from becoming the inheritance of the faithful ? Already we have overcome the tribes of Berbery, of Zab, of Derar, of Zaara, Mazamuda, and Sus ; and the victorious standard of Islam floats on the towers of Tangier. But four leagues of sea separate us from the opposite coast. One word from my sovereign, and the conquerors of Africa will pour their legions into Andalusia, rescue it from the domination of the unbeliever, and subdue it to the law of the Koran.'

The Caliph was overjoyed with the contents of the letter. 'God is great !' exclaimed he, 'and Mahomet is his prophet ! It has been foretold by the ambassador of God, that his law should extend to the ultimate parts of the west, and be carried by the sword into new and unknown regions. Behold, another land is opened for the triumphs of the faithful ! It is the will of Allah, and be his sovereign will obeyed !' So the Caliph sent missives to Muza, authorizing him to undertake the conquest.

Upon this there was a great stir of preparation ; and numerous vessels were assembled and equipped at Tangier, to convey the invading army across the Straits. Twelve thousand men were chosen for this expedition : most of them light Arabian troops, seasoned in warfare, and fitted for hardy and rapid enterprise. Among them were many horsemen, mounted on fleet Arabian steeds. The whole was put under the command of the veteran, Taric el Tuerto, or the one-eyed, in whom Muza reposed implicit confidence, as in a second self. Taric accepted the command with joy : his martial fire was roused at the idea of having such an army under his sole command, and such a country to overrun ; and he secretly determined never to return unless victorious.

He chose a dark night to convey his troops across the Straits of Hercules ; and, by break of day they began to disembark at Tarifa, before

the country had time to take the alarm. A few Christians hastily assembled from the neighborhood and opposed their landing, but were easily put to flight. Taric stood on the sea-side, and watched until the last squadron had landed; and all the horses, armour, and munitions of war were brought on shore: he then gave orders to set fire to the ships. The Moslems were struck with terror when they beheld their fleet wrapped in flames and smoke, and sinking beneath the waves. 'How shall we escape,' exclaimed they, 'if the fortune of war should be against us?' 'There is no escape for the coward!' cried Taric: 'the brave man thinks of none: your only chance is victory.' 'But how, without ships, shall we ever return to our homes?' 'Your home,' replied Taric, 'is before you; but you must win it with your swords.'

While Taric was yet talking with his followers, says one of the ancient chroniclers, a Christian female was described, waving a white pennon on a reed, in signal of peace. On being brought into the presence of Taric she prostrated herself before him. 'Senior,' said she, 'I am an ancient woman; and it is now full sixty years, past and gone, since, as I was keeping vigils one winter's night by the fireside, I heard my father, who was an exceeding old man, read a prophecy, said to have been written by a holy friar; and this was the purport of the prophecy: that a time would arrive when our country would be invaded and conquered by a people from Africa, of a strange garb, a strange tongue, and a strange religion. They were to be led by a strong and valiant captain, who would be known by these signs: on his right shoulder he would have a hairy mole, and his right arm would be much longer than the left; and of such length as to enable him to cover his knee with his hand without bending his body.'

Taric listened to the old beldame with grave attention; and, when she had concluded, he laid bare his shoulder, and lo! there was the mole as it had been described; his right arm, also, was, in verity, found to exceed the other in length, though not to the degree that had been mentioned. Upon this the Arab host shouted for joy, and felt assured of conquest.

The discreet Antonio Agapida, though he records this circumstance as it is set down in ancient chronicle, yet withholds his belief from the pretended prophecy, considering the whole a cunning device of Taric to increase the courage of his troops. 'Doubtless,' says he, 'there was a collusion between this ancient sybil and the crafty son of Ishmael; for these infidel leaders were full of damnable inventions, to work upon the superstitious fancies of their followers, and to inspire them with a blind confidence in the success of their arms.'

Be this as it may, the veteran Taric took advantage of the excitement of his soldiery, and led them forward to gain possession of a stronghold, which was, in a manner, the key to all the adjacent country. This was a lofty mountain, or promontory, almost surrounded by the sea; and connected with the mainland by a narrow isthmus. It was called the rock of Calpe, and, like the opposite rock of Ceuta, commanded the entrance to the Mediterranean Sea. Here, in old times, Hercules had set up one of his pillars, and the city of Heraclea had been built.

As Taric advanced against this promontory, he was opposed by a

hasty levy of the Christians, who had assembled under the banner of a Gothic noble of great power and importance, whose domains lay along the mountainous coast of the Mediterranean. The name of this Christian cavalier was Theodomir, but he has universally been called Tadmir by the Arabian historians ; and is renowned as being the first commander that made any stand against the inroad of the Moslems. He was about forty years of age ; hardy, prompt, and sagacious ; and had all the Gothic nobles been equally vigilant and shrewd in their defence, the banner of Islam would never have triumphed over the land.

Theodomir had but seventeen hundred men under his command, and these but rudely armed ; yet he made a resolute stand against the army of Taric, and defended the pass to the promontory with great valor. He was, at length, obliged to retreat ; and Taric advanced, and planted his standard on the rock of Calpe, and fortified it as his stronghold, and as the means of securing an entrance into the land. To commemorate his first victory, he changed the name of the promontory, and called it Gibel Taric, or the mountain of Taric ; but, in process of time, the name has gradually been altered to Gibraltar.

In the mean time, the patriotic chieftain, Theodomir, having collected his routed forces, encamped with them on the skirts of the mountains, and summoned the country round to join his standard. He sent off missives, in all speed, to the king ; imparting, in brief and blunt terms, the news of the invasion, and craving assistance with equal frankness. 'Senior,' said he, in his letter, 'the legions of Africa are upon us, but whether they come from heaven or earth I know not. They seem to have fallen from the clouds, for they have no ships. We have been taken by surprise, overpowered by numbers, and obliged to retreat ; and they have fortified themselves in our territory. Send us aid, senior, with instant speed ; or, rather, come yourself to our assistance.'

When Don Roderick heard that legions of turbaned troops had poured into the land from Africa, he called to mind the visions and predictions of the necromantic tower, and great fear came upon him. But, though sunk from his former hardihood and virtue, though enervated by indulgence, and degraded in spirit by a consciousness of crime, he was resolute of soul, and roused himself to meet the coming danger. He summoned a hasty levy of horse and foot, amounting to forty thousand ; but now were felt the effects of the crafty council of Count Julian, for the best of the horses and armour intended for the public service had been sent into Africa, and were really in possession of the traitors. Many nobles, it is true, took the field with the sumptuous array with which they had been accustomed to appear at tournaments and jousts ; but most of their vassals were destitute of weapons, and cased in cuirasses of leather, or suits of armor almost consumed by rust. They were without discipline or animation ; and their horses, like themselves pampered by slothful peace, were little fitted to bear the heat, the dust, and toil, of long campaigns.

This army Don Roderick put under the command of his kinsman Ataulpho, a prince of the royal blood of the Goths, and of a noble and generous nature ; and he ordered him to march with all speed to meet the foe, and to recruit his forces on the way with the troops of Theodomir.

In the mean time, Taric el Tuerto had received large re-inforcements from Africa, and the adherents of Count Julian, and all those discontented with the sway of Don Roderick, had flocked to his standard; for many were deceived by the representations of Count Julian, and thought that the Arabs had come to aid him in placing the sons of Witiza upon the throne. Guided by the count, the troops of Taric penetrated into various parts of the country, and laid waste the land; bringing back loads of spoil to their stronghold at the rock of Calpe.

The prince Ataulpho marched with his army through Andalusia, and was joined by Theodomir with his troops; he met with various detachments of the enemy foraging the country, and had several bloody skirmishes; but he succeeded in driving them before him, and they retreated to the rock of Calpe, where Taric lay gathered up with the main body of his army.

The prince encamped not far from the bay which spreads itself out before the promontory. In the evening he despatched the veteran Theodomir, with a trumpet, to demand a parley of the Arab chieftain, who received the envoy in his tent, surrounded by his captains. Theodomir was frank and abrupt in speech, for the most of his life had been passed far from courts. He delivered, in round terms, the message of the Prince Ataulpho; upbraiding the Arab general with his wanton invasion of the land, and summoning him to surrender his army, or to expect no mercy.

The single eye of Taric el Tuerto glowed like a coal of fire at this message. 'Tell your commander,' replied he, 'that I have crossed the strait to conquer Spain, nor will I return until I have accomplished my purpose. Tell him I have men skilled in war, and armed in proof, with whose aid I trust soon to give a good account of his rabble host.'

A murmur of applause passed through the assemblage of Moslem captains. Theodomir glanced on them a look of defiance, but his eye rested on a renegado Christian, one of his own ancient comrades, and a relation of Count Julian. 'As to you, Don Greybeard,' said he, 'you who turn apostate in your declining age, I here pronounce you a traitor to your God, your king, and country; and stand ready to prove it this instant upon your body, if field be granted me.'

The traitor knight was stung with rage at these words, for truth rendered them piercing to the heart. He would have immediately answered to the challenge, but Taric forbade it, and ordered that the Christian envoy should be conducted from the camp. 'Tis well,' replied Theodomir; 'God will give me the field which you deny. Let yon hoary apostate look to himself to-morrow in the battle, for I pledge myself to use my lance upon no other foe until it has shed his blood upon the native soil he has betrayed.' So saying, he left the camp; nor could the Moslem chieftains help admiring the honest indignation of this patriot knight, while they secretly despised his renegado adversary.

The ancient Moorish chroniclers relate many awful portents, and strange and mysterious visions, which appeared to the commanders of either army during this anxious night. Certainly it was a night of fearful suspense, and Moslem and Christian looked forward with doubt to the fortune of the coming day. The Spanish sentinel walked his pen-

sive round, listening occasionally to the vague sounds from the distant rock of Calpe, and eyeing it as the mariner eyes the thunder cloud, pregnant with terror and destruction. The Arabs, too, from their lofty cliffs beheld the numerous camp-fires of the Christians gradually lighted up, and saw that they were a powerful host; at the same time the night breeze brought to their ears the sullen roar of the sea which separated them from Africa. When they considered their perilous situation, an army on one side, with a whole nation aroused to re-enforce it, and on the other an impassable sea, the spirits of many of the warriors were cast down, and they repented the day when they had ventured into this hostile land.

Taric marked their despondency, but said nothing. Scarce had the first streak of morning light trembled along the sea, however, when he summoned his principal warriors to his tent. 'Be of good cheer,' said he: 'Allah is with us, and has sent his prophet to give assurance of his aid. Scarce had I retired to my tent last night, when a man of a majestic and venerable presence stood before me. He was taller by a palm than the ordinary race of men; his flowing beard was of a golden hue, and his eyes were so bright that they seemed to send forth flashes of fire. I have heard the Emir Bahamet, and other ancient men, describe the prophet, whom they had seen many times while on earth, and such was his form and lineament. 'Fear nothing, O Taric, from the morrow,' said he, 'I will be with thee in the fight. Strike boldly, then, and conquer. Those of thy followers who survive the battle will have this land for an inheritance; for those who fall, a mansion in paradise is prepared, and immortal houris await their coming.' He spake and vanished; I heard a strain of celestial melody, and my tent was filled with the odors of Arabia the Happy.' 'Such,' says the Spanish chroniclers, 'was another of the arts by which this arch son of Ishmael sought to animate the hearts of his followers;' and the pretended vision had been recorded by the Arabian writers as a veritable occurrence. Marvellous, indeed, was the effect produced by it upon the infidel soldiery, who now cried out with eagerness to be led against the foe.

The gray summits of the rock of Calpe brightened with the first rays of morning, as the Christian army issued forth from its encampment. The Prince Ataulpho rode from squadron to squadron, animating his soldiers for the battle. 'Never should we sheath our swords,' said he, 'while these infidels have a footing in the land. They are pent up within yon rocky mountain, we must assail them in their rugged hole. We have a long day before us: let not the setting sun shine upon one of their host, who is not a fugitive, a captive, or a corpse.'

The words of the prince were received with shouts, and the army moved toward the promontory. As they advanced, they heard the clash of cymbals and the bray of trumpets, and the rocky bosom of the mountain glittered with helms and spears and scimitars; for the Arabs, inspired with fresh confidence by the words of Taric, were sallying forth, with flaunting banners, to the combat.

The gaunt Arab chieftain stood upon a rock as his troops marched by; his buckler was at his back, and he brandished in his hand a double-pointed spear. Calling upon the several leaders by their names,

he exhorted them to direct their attacks against the Christian captains, and especially against Ataulpho; 'for the chiefs being slain,' said he, 'their followers will vanish from before us like the morning mist.'

The Gothic nobles were easily to be distinguished by the splendor of their arms; but the Prince Ataulpho was conspicuous above all the rest for the youthful grace and majesty of his appearance, and the bravery of his array. He was mounted on a superb Andalusian charger, richly caparisoned with crimson velvet, embroidered with gold. His surcoat was of like color and adornment, and the plumes that waved above his burnished helmet were of the purest white. Ten mounted pages, magnificently attired, followed him to the field, but their duty was not so much to fight as to attend upon their lord, and to furnish him with steed or weapon.

The Christian troops, though irregular and undisciplined, were full of native courage; for the old warrior spirit of their Gothic sires still glowed in their bosoms. There were two battalions of infantry, but Ataulpho stationed them in the rear; 'for God forbid,' said he, 'that foot soldiers should have the place of honor in the battle, when I have so many valiant cavaliers.' As the armies drew nigh to each other, however, it was discovered that the advance of the Arabs was composed of infantry. Upon this the cavaliers checked their steeds, and requested that the foot soldiery might advance and disperse this losel crew, holding it beneath their dignity to contend with pedestrian foes. The prince, however, commanded them to charge; upon which, putting spurs to their steeds, they rushed upon the foe.

The Arabs stood the shock manfully, receiving the horses upon the points of their lances; many of the riders were shot down with bolts from cross-bows, or stabbed with the poniards of the Moslems. The cavaliers succeeded, however, in breaking into the midst of the battalion and throwing it into confusion, cutting down some with their swords, transpiercing others with their spears, and trampling many under the hoofs of their horses. At this moment, they were attacked by a band of Spanish horsemen, the recreant partisans of Count Julian. Their assault bore hard upon their countrymen, who were disordered by the contest with the foot soldiers, and many a loyal Christian knight fell beneath the sword of an unnatural foe.

The foremost among these recreant warriors was the renegade cavalier whom Theodomir had challenged in the tent of Taric. He dealt his blows about him with a powerful arm and with malignant fury, for nothing is more deadly than the hatred of an apostate. In the midst of his career he was espied by the hardy Theodomir, who came spurring to the encounter: 'Traitor,' cried he, 'I have kept my vow. This lance has been held sacred from all other foes to make a passage for thy perjured soul. The renegade had been renowned for prowess before he became a traitor to his country, but guilt will sap the courage of the stoutest heart. When he beheld Theodomir rushing upon him, he would have turned and fled; pride alone withheld him; and, though an admirable master of defence, he lost all skill to ward the attack of his adversary. At the first assault the lance of Theodomir pierced him through and through; he fell to the earth, gnashed his teeth as he rolled in the dust, but yielded his breath without uttering a word.

The battle now became general, and lasted throughout the morning with varying success. The stratagem of Taric, however, began to produce its effect. The Christian leaders and most conspicuous cavaliers were singled out, and severally assailed by overpowering numbers. They fought desperately, and performed miracles of prowess; but fell, one by one, beneath a thousand wounds. Still the battle lingered on throughout a great part of the day; and as the declining sun shone through the clouds of dust, it seemed as if the conflicting hosts were wrapped in smoke and fire.

The Prince Ataulpho saw that the fortune of battle was against him. He rode about the field calling out the names of the bravest of his knights, but few answered to his call; the rest lay mangled on the field. With this handful of warriors he endeavored to retrieve the day, when he was assailed by Tenderos, a partisan of Count Julian, at the head of a body of recreant Christians. At sight of this new adversary, fire flashed from the eyes of the prince, for Tenderos had been brought up in his father's palace. 'Well dost thou, traitor!' cried he, 'to attack the son of thy lord, who gave thee bread; thou, who hast betrayed thy country and thy God!'

So saying, he seized a lance from one of his pages, and charged furiously upon the apostate; but Tenderos met him in mid career, and the lance of the prince was shivered upon his shield. Ataulpho then grasped his mace, which hung at his saddle bow, and a doubtful fight ensued. Tenderos was powerful of frame and superior in the use of his weapons, but the curse of treason seemed to paralyze his arm. He wounded Ataulpho slightly between the greaves of his armor, but the prince dealt a blow with his mace that crushed through helm and skull, and reached the brains; and Tenderos fell dead to the earth, his armor rattling as he fell.

At the same moment a javelin, hurled by an Arab, transpierced the horse of Ataulpho, which sunk beneath him. The prince seized the reins of the steed of Tenderos; but the faithful animal, as though he knew him to be the foe of his late lord, reared and plunged, and refused to let him mount. The prince, however, used him as a shield to ward off the press of foes: while, with his sword, he defended himself against those in front of him. Taric ben Zeyad arrived at the scene of conflict, and paused, for a moment, in admiration of the surpassing prowess of the prince: recollecting, however, that his fall would be a death-blow to his army, he spurred upon him, and wounded him severely with his scimitar. Before he could repeat his blow, Theodomir led up a body of Christian cavaliers to the rescue, and Taric was parted from his prey by the tumult of the fight. The prince sank to the earth, covered with wounds, and exhausted by the loss of blood. A faithful page drew him from under the hoofs of the horses, and, aided by a veteran soldier, an ancient vassal of Ataulpho, conveyed him to a short distance from the field of battle, by the side of a small stream that gushed out from among rocks. They stanching the blood that flowed from his wounds, and washed the dust from his face, and laid him beside the fountain. The page sat at his head, and supported it on his knees; and the veteran stood at his feet, with his brow bent, and his eyes full of sorrow. The

And on this occasion each word seemed to me to have the force of a pistol-shot, and the last word that of a cannon ball ; and he rose as he spoke like a man of might and purpose as he was, and clenched his hand, and quivered upon the stout bow legs that sustained him as he stood : ‘ *Fish*,’ roared he ! ‘ *FISH*,’ shouted he ! ‘ I asked you if you were fond of *FISH*,’ thundered he !

‘ I quite regret being so very deaf to-day, and yet I should be sorry,’ replied his imperturbable friend, fumbling in his pockets and looking about the couch, ‘ to lose any observation of yours, and particularly one in which you seem so earnest ; here is a piece of paper, and here is a pencil ; be kind enough to write it down while I get on my glasses.’ By the time his eyes were reinforced the paper was ready, and glancing it over he answered at once, raising himself suddenly upward, as he exclaimed at the utmost reach of his voice and with deep and increasing energy, ‘ Oh, Very !’ ‘ *Very* !’ ‘ *VERY* !’

‘ Good morning, Mr. Johnson,’ said his now blown and indignant visitor. ‘ Are you off ? Well, good morning, captain !’ replied the other ; and as soon as the door was closed, ‘ My neighbor Captain Tompkins, I am sorry to perceive, has grown quite as deaf as myself,’ said he in a musing manner. If I had his legs—’t is there he has the advantage of me—if I had his legs, I could have collected all the news of the parish in the time that he has been prosing here about my mare ! And I wanted too to know something this morning about shad. Here, Sally ! tell Bob to run down the lane and find out whether Enoch Smith is going to draw soon ; and if Bob meet any persons on the way with shad let him ask the price of the day before he says a word to Smith.

Away flew the little flaxen-haired fairy with her eyes of sapphire, leaving her grandfather to relapse upon his couch in the posture in which we first saw him, and to moralize on the impatience with which his neighbour Captain Tompkins seemed to bear the approaching infirmities of age. And now, Dear Reader, do thou emulate the patience of the old Valetudinarian, while I relieve thee of my further presence ; or, if thou wilt permit the thought to enter the charities of thine heart, vanish from thee like the blue-eyed girl.

JOHN WATERS.

TO A CERTAIN BOUQUET.

I.

In chill December's month, sweet flowers !
Your brilliant eyes first saw the light ;
And you, instead of sun and showers,
Had watering-pots and anthracite.

II.

Go ye to MARY then, and while
Ye cease to mourn for summer skies,
Bask in the sunbeam of her smile,
And the sweet heaven of her eyes.

HORACE.

A P O S T R O P H E T O T I M E .

GRAVE of the mighty past !
 Ocean of time ! whose surges breaking high,
 Wash the dim shores of old Eternity,
 Year after year has cast
 Spoils of uncounted value unto thee,
 And yet thou rollest on, unheeding, wild and free.

Within thy caverns wide,
 The charnel-house of ages ! gathered lie
 Nations and empires, flung by destiny
 Beneath thy flowing tide :
 There rest alike the monarch and the slave ;
 There is no galling chain, no crown beneath thy wave.

The conqueror in his pride
 Smiled a defiance, and the warrior stood
 Firm as the rock that bides the raging flood ;
 The poet turned aside
 And flung upon thy breast the wreath of Fame,
 And thou hast swept away perchance his very name !

The craven and the brave,
 The smile of blooming youth, and grey-haired age,
 The ragged peasant and the learned sage,
 Have found in thee a grave :
 The vanquished land and despot on his car,
 Went down beneath thy wave, as falls the glancing star.

Thou hast the soaring thought,
 The lofty visions of the daring soul ;
 The piercing eye, that bade the darkness roll
 From Nature's laws, and sought
 For years to trace her mysteries divine :
 Oh ! who shall count the gems that glitter on thy shrine ?

Yet more is thine, proud sea !
 Thou hast the mighty spoils of human wo,
 The bright hopes crushed, the dark and bitter flow
 Of grief and agony ;
 Thou hast the burning tears of wild despair,
 Thou the wrung spirit's cry, the broken heart's strong prayer.

Thou hast the deathless love,
 That smiled upon the storm and warred with life,
 And looked serene, unscathed by earthly strife,
 To realms of light above :
 Thy priceless gems ! oh ! dost thou treasure these,
 The jewels of the heart, within thy trackless seas ?

When the loud voice of God
 Shall shake the earth, and like a gathered scroll
 At His command the boundless skies shall roll ;
 When from the grassy sod
 The living soul shall start to life sublime,
 Wilt thou not render back thy spoils, insatiate Time ?

M. G.

REMINISCENCES OF A DARTMOOR PRISONER.

NUMBER TWO.

It was my intention in closing my last number to have opened the next in the prison, and then to proceed with the narrative ; but upon reflection, I thought it might be more acceptable to the reader if I were to relate all that took place ; giving as it were a moving panorama of the events as they occurred : but if he should be in greater haste to get to the prison than I was, he has only to skip a few lines, to arrive there. But to proceed. Our vessel, with several others, anchored at Gravesend, where the crews received their pay. The amount coming to me, although small, was very acceptable. I now received from the captain what he ought to have given me on my joining his ship. I had stipulated with him, on signing his papers, that he should give me a written pledge, exonerating me from fighting against my country, should we fall in with any of our vessels. This he withheld until the end of the voyage ; and then, when it could be of no possible use, he most magnanimously gave it to me. What the result would have been had we fallen in with any of our cruisers, is beyond conjecture.

All was now bustle and confusion on board. The ship was like a floating Babel. The decks were crowded with hucksters, boatmen, landlords, and women of *undoubted* character ; all upon one errand, and actuated by one motive ; united in purpose though divided by interest, they were bent upon fleecing poor Jack of his hard-earned money. No doubt they succeeded, for Jack is at best but a poor financier.

Amid the confusion, I managed to slip unobserved on board a Gravesend boat which was crowded with passengers, and in a few minutes was flying before a smart breeze, on my way to London. It was past sun-down, and the shades of evening were fast veiling surrounding objects as we approached this vast and mighty city, the heart's-core as it were of the world. I cannot express my feelings, nor convey by words the ideas that swelled my mind until the sensation became intensely exciting, as the dusky spires of the Tower, St. Paul's, etc., peered above the smoky atmosphere. All that I had read from early childhood of London, its bridges, towers and domes, came rushing and crowding upon my memory. It was lamp-light when we landed at Wapping, (gas was then unknown,) and I felt the full force of my lonely condition. Young and inexperienced ; surrounded by vast multitudes, yet known to none ; I was completely bewildered.

I was aroused from my reverie by a person touching my elbow, and inquiring if I wanted lodgings. He was a keeper of a boarding-house ; and thinking I might as well be imposed upon by him as by any other of the fraternity, I accepted his offer to show me to his house. I went home with him, and agreed to pay him a guinea per week for such board and accommodations as might be had for half that price by any one but a stranger. I ate more fresh salmon during the short time I tarried with

him, than I ever did before or since. I infer from this that it must have been very cheap, as his object was more to make money than to accommodate. I was in London about three weeks, and during that time made the best use of my poor means to learn all I could of a place I had longed but never hoped to see. As I traversed Tower Hill, my mind wandered back for centuries, and dwelt upon the strange events in history which had been enacted there; of the soil where I stood, that had been moistened by the blood of monarchs, soldiers and statesmen. As I gazed upon the massive gray walls of the Tower, the magic scenes of Shakspeare arose, and passed in review before me. I thought of Gloucester, Clarence, Hastings, Henry VI., his two murdered nephews: then came forth the unhappy Jane Shore, pale, exhausted, and starving; no one daring to offer a mouthful of food to save the poor wretch from death. But the scene changes. It is night; and I see Falstaff and his companions at the rising of the moon, 'by whose light they steal.' They go forth and are lost sight of in the misty shadows of those dark, time-worn buildings; and anon we hear him waging battle with the 'ten men in buckram suits.'

Bartholomew Fair came on while I was in London. This I was desirous of witnessing; to see how far it would accord with the descriptions by 'rare Ben Jonson,' some centuries before. The weather proved remarkably fine, and I set out with my curiosity on tip-toe to see the sport. I had some distance to go; and as I turned up one street and down another, the throng of people increased, until my arrival at Smithfield, where the fair was held, and where the crowd became so dense as to be hardly passable. The spectators consisted of both sexes, of all ages and degrees. But how shall I describe the scene that presented itself? A large field of several acres was filled with tents, stages and booths, with Punch and Judys, quack doctors, mountebanks and monkeys, and cages containing wild animals of various kinds. The shouting of people, the cry of beasts, the beating of drums, the discord of the abortive attempts at music, producing such a triumph of discord as beggars description. 'Verily,' thought I, 'time cannot have diminished the glories of Bartholomew Fair.'

Years have rolled on and passed by like the waves of the ocean, since I traversed the streets of London, but many a laugh have I had to myself as memory recalled a whimsical mistake which I stumbled upon in my peregrinations. In passing the streets I frequently saw fine portly-looking men dressed in blue coats, faced and trimmed with a profusion of broad gold lace; breeches and white stockings, and shoes with large buckles, and on their heads cocked hats or chapeaux, as large as coach-wheels. 'Thinks I to myself,' the continental wars are over, England has recalled her fleets, and the streets of London are swarming with admirals of the white and blue, off duty. What a blunder! They were a pack of fat, lazy footmen! My respect for what I supposed were the heroes of 'England's wooden walls' was turned into contempt for men who could debase themselves by strutting about in the livery of those whom God created of the same materials as themselves. I sometimes (but very rarely) see such things in my own country; but when I do, my face burns with indignation at both master and man, to think

that the one should require, and that the other should submit to such degradation.

I spent two or three weeks, as above stated, endeavoring in the mean time to get away as a hand on board some vessel bound to any port out of the jurisdiction of the British government. This I found more difficult than I had supposed; for London was at this time literally crowded with seamen dismissed from the China, Bengal and West-India fleets. I began to be anxious, as my money was getting rather low; and although I felt comparatively safe from being discovered among so great a multitude, still I thought it much the safest plan to get off if I could. It would have been well for me if I could have accomplished it, for notwithstanding my supposed security, I was suspected and watched. One day as I was seeking to obtain a situation on board a vessel bound to Marseilles, I was accosted by a suspicious individual. I was soon made acquainted with his business, and in a few hours I was on my way to prison. I did not much regret it. My money was all gone; and as the date of my first imprisonment was from an early period, I was in hopes of being among the first sent home, should a cartel be despatched with any of the prisoners. I was in a sad mistake, as it was only United States' seamen and soldiers who were exchanged. Had I imagined half of the trouble and sorrow that awaited me, I should have acted with more caution; but it was too late, and I had to abide my fate.

It was a beautiful morning in autumn, and our journey was through a delightful country. The fields were enclosed in hedges instead of fences, which had a novel and pleasing effect, especially to me, as I was not accustomed to seeing the like; and I should have enjoyed it very much had I been on any other errand than going to prison. It was near sunset when we arrived at a bend in the river Medway, where lay moored several huge dark hulls, that were once the bulwark of the fast-anchored isle, but now used as receptacles for those who had the misfortune to become prisoners of war. We were soon swept alongside by one of the watermen in attendance, and in a few moments more were on board the 'Irresistible.' I was conducted below and introduced to my future associates.

It was several minutes before I could discern the objects around me. It was like going into a cellar. The only air and light were admitted through port-holes, few and far between, which were left open for the purpose, and secured by strong iron gratings to prevent escape. As soon as I regained the use of my sight, I began to look around me to 'define my position;' and I believe it would have puzzled the ingenuity of the most acute politician to know where he stood, had he been placed in the same 'fix' as myself. Casting a glance around, I found myself amidst a squalid, cadaverous throng of about six hundred, ranging from about fourteen to sixty years of age; and I never beheld a set of more wretched human beings. They were nearly starved and almost naked, and wholly unable to take exercise, from their crowded condition. It was too dark to read, and they yielded their minds up to corroding despondency, and became sullen and morose. Their features became rigid; and to see a smile upon a face was like a sunbeam illumining a thunder-cloud.

I must here record an unparalleled instance of self-denial, love and devotion in the female character, seldom to be met with. One of the prisoners in making frequent voyages to the English ports, (I believe Liverpool,) had become acquainted with and married a young English woman early in the war. He was taken and sent on board one of these ships. No sooner was this made known to his young and affectionate wife, than she resolved to partake of all the hardships, privations, and imprisonment with him; and never ceased her exertions until she had accomplished her purpose. In admiration and respect for her heroic virtues; and kind feelings toward her husband, the prisoners screened off a small space for them with old canvass, etc., although much to their inconvenience, owing to the crowded condition of the ship. It was amid these trials and privations that she became a mother, and was covered by the American flag. They are now living in Newark, New-Jersey, enjoying each other's society in the down-hill of life, and surrounded by a numerous family.

The prisoners were divided into companies or messes of six each; the provisions, which were very coarse and scanty, were prepared in a cook-house erected on the forward part of the upper-deck, and when ready, passed to the prisoners down below. Hammocks were provided for them to sleep in, which were slung side by side, so close as hardly to admit a passage between them. They were three tiers deep, bringing the lower ones within three feet of the floor. No light was allowed, and of course all was in utter darkness. And it was quite a perilous undertaking to go on a necessary excursion across the deck at night. Many was the one who became so bewildered in his journey that he could not find his lodgings, and had to sit down and quietly wait until morning; at which time all hands must turn out, lash up the hammocks and pass them upon the upper deck to be stowed away until night came round again, in order to make more room below. Several guards with loaded muskets and fixed bayonets constantly paced the upper deck; and aft, on the quarter-deck, were two carronades loaded to the muzzle and pointed forward. Two or three of the prisoners were permitted to come on deck at a time; but at night none were allowed on deck for any purpose whatever; the entrance being secured by strong gratings, and sentries stationed by them continually.

Time passed wearily on. Days seemed months and months appeared to be lengthened into years; and even existence itself had become as it were paralyzed by the monotonous life we led. It was an interposition of Divine Providence, that in our destitute and helpless condition we were not afflicted with any pestilential disease; as in the crowded state we were in, it must have made rapid and fearful havoc in our midst. At length it was rumored that the prisoners were to be removed; but where to, none of them knew. Several weeks passed on, and they were relapsing into their ordinary indifference to the state of things around them, when one morning word was passed among us that a draft of one hundred was to be sent to Dartmoor prison, and those who thought proper might volunteer; but that *that* number must go at any rate. So seeing it was 'Grumble you may, but go you must,' was the order of the day, the number required soon availed themselves of the *privilege*, and were

sent in barges on board the vessel which was to convey them to their future abode. Other drafts were sent from time to time, until the whole were removed. For myself, I remained until the last: I felt a reluctance to leave what I knew to be bad, for what I feared might be worse. It was to a 'bourne whence no traveller returned' to disclose the secrets of the prison-house.

At last the time had arrived when the remnant were to leave. We were all mustered upon deck, numbering about one hundred and fifty. Our baggage, poor and scant as it was, we had need to take the utmost care of, as winter was advancing, and we knew of no means of procuring more. We were then conveyed in barges and put on board the 'Leyden,' an old sixty-four gun ship, taken from the Dutch in by-gone days, and now used for a transport for troops, prisoners, etc. In due course of time we were landed in Plymouth. It was early on a bleak, cloudy morning, late in the autumn, that we disembarked, and were placed in immediate line of march, under a guard of a sufficient number of soldiers with loaded muskets, who had orders to shoot down the first who evinced a disposition to leave the line. The whole was under the command of a captain, lieutenant, etc., who were on horse-back. We had been on the road scarcely an hour, when the rain, which had been threatening all the morning, now came down with sweeping fury; and although not sufficiently cold to freeze, yet it possessed a keenness that appeared to penetrate the skin. The roads being of a clayey soil soon became of the consistency of mortar by the tramping of so many feet, and our march might have been traced for several miles by the old boots, shoes, and stockings, which were left sticking in the mud in the hurry of the march. I have no doubt that we made a very grotesque appearance, and raised many a smile from some of the passers-by. Our march continued throughout the day without interruption, save occasional short halts to bring up those who lagged behind; for many began to be exhausted from cold, fatigue and hunger. We had not tasted a morsel of food since the day before.

As we advanced, the scene became more gloomy. Habitations became fewer, and the hedged and cultivated fields gave place to moors and 'blasted heaths;' and the sombre hue of the sky imparted the same tone to our feelings. Night had now overtaken us, and the rain was still pouring down in torrents. Way-worn and hungry, we hailed our gloomy prison, which now presented itself, and we looked upon it almost with joy. From the darkness of the night we could scarcely discern the dim outline of its lofty walls and ponderous gates, as they swung open, grating upon their hinges, to engulf a fresh supply of misery within that sepulchre of the living. We were now thrust into a building, reeking wet and benumbed with cold. All was in total darkness, and we were in dread of breaking some of our limbs, should we undertake to explore the limits or condition of our prison. As it was, we were fain to lie down upon the stone pavement which formed the floor of our abode. In this state we passed a long and weary night, without bedding or covering of any kind, as our baggage had not yet arrived. A description of the prison of Dartmoor, and of the scenes and occurrences which took place within its walls, I shall defer to a subsequent number, as it would occupy too much space to be embodied in this.

FRAGMENTS FROM THE GREEK.

I.

'TELL ME, ZEPHYR.'

TELL me, Zephyr, swiftly winging,
 Ne'er before such fragrance bringing,
 From what rose-bed comest thou?
 'Underneath a hawthorn creeping,
 I beheld a maiden, sleeping,
 And her breath I bear thee now!'

II.

FOUR MAIDENS DRINKING.

STREAMLET! at thy mossy brink
 Maidens four once stooped to drink:
 Crag and wild rock tumbling o'er,
 Wert thou e'er so blest before!

III.

Δέδυκε μὴν ὁ Σέλας.

GONE the Pleiades and moon,
 Lo! of night it is the noon!
 See! the Hours their watch are keeping;
 Lovely lieth SAPPHO sleeping!

G. H. H.

AN ALLIGATORICAL SKETCH.

NUMBER TWO OF LIFE IN FLORIDA.

How thoughtful in you, my kind EDITOR, to have inquired of me touching alligators! Think of my getting a summer's day and a more than summer's-day delight out of this March month and latitude of forty-two, and all by way of a thought alligatorical! Having taken that thought to bed with me last night, I awoke about sun-rise, at the first burst of a morning-hymn from the tree-tops at Picolata! The windows and doors were all open, and as I glanced here and there, with what unspeakable joy did I recognize the small cosy parlor with its comfortable lounges, the garden, the river, the hammock, and the barracks; and with what a feeling of delirium did I launch into the warm air to shout my delight!

Breakfasted upon hominy and syrup, fresh-made from H——'s plantation, with alternate mouthfuls of — you can't think, Sir — straw-berries and cream! Large, ripe straw-berries, just gathered by a pretty girl and some one to help her, from the garden of Father Williams. Had a pleasant sail on the St. John's after breakfast, and took the cool of the morning for a ride through the barrens to Augustine, where I have been all day running about town, half out of breath, dropping bro-

ken and hurried words on the familiar thresholds, with ejaculations of 'Oh Lord!' and 'God bless you!' and some things quite inarticulate and impossible to write; *inspirations*, so to speak; after all which I am just now returned, freighted with pleasant thoughts, to my closed windows, coal-fires, and other northerly necessities. But for this, Sir, I thought to have done with these 'Sketches,' as I like not that ambitious heading. 'Gossip' would have been better, Sir, and more appropriate; and under that modest title you would not have used the unintelligible stars that blaze to so little purpose in my last paper. Ah! Sir, you should have considered how difficult it is to gape—shocking word!—to gape gracefully!

And now to your queries: 'Is the alligator fond of his grandmother? Does he devour his children? Does he hanker after little niggers? Is he wholly depraved and given up to the sins of the flesh, or hath he some social and playful qualities? And, lastly, what are his habits of life?' You have given me quite too long a text, Sir: the more especially as I think, that upon most of these points the animal is decidedly non-committal; but not to hesitate for a single moment in answering your implied slanders, I declare, in short, that if the alligator affect his grandmother, it is not made public; and if he grieveth after little niggers, there are no leavings of evidence; as I take it, he hath no partialities, no mincing of morsels, no preference of parts.

I wish you to observe, Sir, at the start, that I have no resentments to gratify, no vengeance to wreak, no sins to compare, allegatorically. I am not rejoiced at being able to say, after some miserable deed, 'So does the alligator.' Nor do I think it necessary to impute evil from the difficulty of proving it. Such, to be sure, is the way of the world. The loftier, the more unimpeachable the character, the greater is the probability that it contain some hidden vice, some reach of horror quite worthy of concealment; and so it is, that after much sinning ourselves, (not before,) we attain to the relish of gossip, the deliciousness of scandal. A scandal proved, the excitement is over; but to imagine, to wonder, to embellish, to hover with a sneer, or a tear, as the humor happens, over a probable enormity, is the devil's own pleasure, and to a taste properly matured, said to be very delectable. It is in this manner that unthinking fathers have amused themselves and their children with stories of an animal which on close acquaintance they would treat with far more respect.

Pardon my gossipry, ah! kindest of Editors! while I ask if you believe in the lastingness of primary impressions? And furthermore, is a countenance pleasant or otherwise from the humor with which you regard it? Is a place forever associated with the rain or sun that falls upon it at your first acquaintance? In running over the brightest of my pleasant days at St. Augustine, and there are few links wanting in that brilliant chain, I am just now reminded of lounging one morning at the market, with mind and waistcoat thrown open to all sunny impressions, when I observed afar off a small colored gentleman, who was coming toward me with a directness of motion quite unusual to people of his class.

As the morning was a little breezy and he had but one simple gar-

ment, rudiment, so to speak, between him and the outer world, I attributed his precision and firmness of step to a sense of delicacy as commendable as it is rare in those parts, and immediately resolved that I would look with a kind regard upon that individual: I would parley with him, detain him with some idle thought, while, all unknown to him, I could seize that moment to pry into his dark and mysterious nature, and if he proved modest and upright, as no doubt he would, how would I astound him with a gratuitous half-bit! Or if he resented that, (it might be,) I would have him at nine-pins; I would send him of errands; make up objectless and *boot-less* employment, if necessary, and so contrive to benefit him unawares; to cherish and sustain his high moral tone, and at some future day, (it was not impossible,) raise him to the dignity of trowsers! I would do this without casting a single shadow upon his unsophisticated nature; I would not deepen his complexion with a single blush!

On coming nearer, I discovered that he was carrying suspended in one hand what appeared to be specimens of some rare and curious vegetable; strange roots, medicinal perhaps; bulbous, yet elongated, and beet-like at the lower extremity, but dark and rough like an artichoke; which, on close examination, proved to be young alligators. The little nigger had them by the tail, and they were moaning like kittens in the blindness of their first days. I afterward discovered that they were not in good voice, from the circumstance of being carried so long in that unnatural manner. But what was my surprise, my delight, that an animal so Egyptian in association, so hieroglyphical, so suggestive of dragons and monsters, could be so delicately small, so infantile, so perfectly harmless! There were three of them, each about six inches long, counting the tail; but how long they had been that long, or whether they had ever been shorter, it was impossible to say. One could not but ask, were they weaned, or were they just 'out?' but no one could divine. We may be tolerably certain, however, that their mother was not aware they were out, otherwise small Bob would doubtless have had no farther rolling of marbles in those parts; no riding of my little gray all over town 'just to air him' as he said; no running for Massalini, the triangle and the tambourine, for our evening dances. They were not very lively, being, as I have stated, almost gone with grief or pain, one could hardly tell which, not being acquainted with their manner of expression. Placed upon the ground, they were quite still and speechless; no throbbings of fright; no extraordinary circulation, as far as I could discover. It was at this time, however, that on looking 'closer, I observed a strange expression of countenance; a wild look in the eye; a kind of mute horror there expressed; wondering at which, the popular belief flashed upon me at once, and I gave small Bob a look which puzzled him exceedingly. 'Can it be then,' said I, chasing this thought about in a distracted manner, 'can it be possible that their mother would not have defended them from small Bob? — but that, on the contrary, (it is a horrible thought,) she would — would have anticipated that nigger? Were they born with an instinctive dread of that mother? Did they look shudderingly from some pin-hole in their shells before ven-

turing into a wet and miserable world, where their first and last thought must forever be to avoid, as death and destruction, those who should have brought them their first morsels ; who should have warned them of the rattlesnake ; who should have preserved them from the cat-fish ? Alas ! here was the bitterness of that knowledge of evil at the first breath of life !

But waiving all this : how readily you will anticipate, Mr. EDITOR, that I at once said to myself, I would possess those alligators. I did. They were put up at auction, and the whole lot came down to me at half-a-bit each, the smallest coin of the country, but a fortune to small Bob. Bob and I went home with a new sensation ! Apples and marbles to Bob ; to me, something to study, to fuss over, to care for. How refreshing, after the excitement of balls and late suppers, to retire, and still better to rise, upon alligators ! How primitive, how scriptural, how pyramidal in suggestion ! A large tub with sufficient water to cover them well, was placed in the yard, and tilted a little, so that they could crawl out into the sun ; a choice of vegetables and meats thrown in for supper ; and the whole family of blacks, by virtue of half-bits, were put in special charge of the contents. As additional security, the old dog was shown, and disliked them ; cats were banished ; the bear's chain made stronger ; and, not unimportant, my room looked out upon the tub. The next morning they were inspected and found to be a trifle better in condition ; but I was mortified more than I care to express, that they had wholly refused the dainties we had given them. And this they continued to do, so that for more than a week thereafter, no one had seen them eating. If they had manifested any dislike to any thing we offered, it would have been something to build, to speculate upon ; and with my after experience, I should have had my suspicions ; but all our relishes, and different solutions, salt water and fresh, and half-and-half, were received with the same indifference. Notwithstanding this, they grew livelier every day, and as I thought, in better spirits. Held up by the tail, they would bark something like a puppy when he first begins to think himself a dog ; a quick bark, with a brusque abruptness, and wondering intonation, as though equally surprised and delighted at being able to speak so well. From this circumstance, Mrs. —, who roomed next door, and had a great variety of lizards, as pets, very early exhibited a decided repugnance to mine, which I found it impossible to remove. She thought they were vicious. I maintained the contrary ; insisted that they were a species of enlarged lizard ; and that to take any thing by the tail was always a severe trial of temper. 'Not to inquire,' said I, 'as to the affinity in the words *cauda* and *chordis*, (the heart and tail of all things,) I beg to remind you, Madam, how irresistible is the wag of the dog's tail when he is pleased ; how graceful the curl of the cat's ; and how earnestly the calf, that model of innocence, laboreth to raise *his* what little he can ; and as to being held by the tail, what are the facts ? The dog is indignant, the cat is furious ; in short, all animals resent it as an impertinence ; and I submit, could an alligator do less ? But Mrs. — refused to like them. I was one day taking my half dozen puffs at a cigar, (quite enough in that climate if you would avoid the siesta,) looking down from the bal-

cony with an air of abstraction upon that tub, and puzzling myself as to what could be the particular whim, the acceptable morsel to the palate, of a young alligator, when the thought of fiddlers, the frisking, tempting inimitable fiddlers, came to my mind so easily, that I was vexed so evident a thing could have been overlooked. At that moment Bob was stirring up the bear with a long pole. 'Bob,' said I, shouting across the yard, 'Bob! fiddlers!' 'Eh?' said Bob. 'Fiddlers, Sir, fiddlers, you rogue; run and get a bucket, a whole bucket full.' The fiddlers were soon brought, and a handful of them thrown into the tub, when to my utter astonishment the alligators sidled off to high-water mark, and wholly declined their acquaintance. But here was an excitement at all events. They were not indifferent. And now, were they disgusted, or did they affect that? It was difficult to say; but the next morning the fiddlers *had disappeared!* If fiddlers had not been abundant in that country they would now have been at a premium, for they continued to disappear as often as they were furnished; and as evidence that they did not escape from the tub, the 'pets' now grew sensibly, barked louder and with more firmness, and were in some degree playful. I do not mean that they had any of that silly affectation which we see in most young animals; such as the kittenish grasping at imaginary mice, or the dog's shaking of a stick, with the idea that it is something very vicious; fallacies all, which seriously considered are so pitiable and lamentable; I could detect nothing of that credulous nature; but sometimes, on coming suddenly upon them, I would find them lying side by side, their fore-feet put forward, and their three noses laid together on the sunny side of the tub, with an air of confidence and trust that was very interesting to witness. Indeed, there was something kindlier in it than you would think of an alligator.

As to my object in keeping them, there were various rumors afloat about town, in the utterance of which, libellous as some of them were, Mrs. — was perhaps the loudest and most malicious; she having hinted, among other scandalous conjectures, that the soup from alligator-tail being very palatable and delicate, a speculation was afoot contemplating the supply of the northern market with that article. About this time, also, some of her lizards were missing, and thought to have found their way to the tub; but all surmises were soon cut short by the first cold night of that winter, (one of them in February,) which chilled the water so that the 'pets' next morning were quite stiff, and apparently dead. By careful nursing, however, two of them were thoroughly revived, and made to articulate distinctly; but having no thought of a second cold night in the same winter, the waters closed over them again, a thin ice shut out the air, (they had not presence of mind, I suspect, to come to the surface,) and on the morning of the second day they were quite gone. And now, in closing this history, I do not want to be uncharitable, but I suspect Mrs. — was privately rejoiced at their death; indeed, the whole community, otherwise very sensible and not devoid of sentiment, seemed to regret the circumstance much less than would have been expected.

It will be seen, Mr. EDITOR, from this account of the alligator, that I can say nothing as to what habits he may form in after-life; what

evil he may learn, what original sins he may develop and mature; what temptations his power and bloody instincts may present to him; what evil resorts he may be driven to, in an ungrateful world, when he has become case-hardened and impenetrable to outward impressions; or, in short, what contempt he may acquire for the fiddlers and cabbage-leaves of his early days. And what he may do in those vast lagoons where he is undoubtedly master, or in the black depths of the St. Johns, where the water hides the blood he may shed, and the long moss screens him from the tiger; what orgies he may celebrate, what abominations he may practice, when there is none to call him to account; all this I can only conjecture; but I conjecture on the charitable side. In the upper waters of the St. Johns I have seen them in their death-throes; huge animals, at least fifteen feet long; seen them in scores at a time, some swimming about, some tumbling in clumsily, some sprawled on shore, apparently asleep, and some raising their black claws as if to call down vengeance upon us, gnashing their teeth, and lashing the water in their death-agony; but the howlings and smothered thunder that others tell of, came not to my ears; and the exhibition, so furious to others, was to me only the involuntary muscular action of pain and dissolution. Extravagant stories are told of their great strength and tenacity of life, and wonderful exploits are recounted by the great mass who have lived since Agamemnon. While staying over night, not in Egypt, but at the plantation of Doctor W —, a short time before his place was despoiled by the Indians, he related an encounter, which though not so remarkable, is undoubtedly true to the letter.

The doctor in his earlier days had been in some sharp battles against Napoleon, having been a staff-officer to one of the smaller kings of Europe; and although an exceedingly kind and benevolent man, his skirmishing faculties were still lively and unimpaired. In this fight, which came off at Indian River, he of course commanded the engagement, but as it proved, not with his usual success. The alligator, one of enormous size, was so far from the river when discovered, that the doctor had time to call in his gang of men, and make a general attack. Seizing an axe in one hand, and shouting 'Charge!' to his men, all who could get a footing mounted the back of the animal, with a view to stay proceedings till the doctor could despatch him; but to their surprise, the old fellow walked off with his burden with apparent ease. The doctor then waived off his men, and mounting himself, drove the bit of the axe through his hide, probably at the fore-shoulder; but from wrenching, or some other cause, it was found impossible to remove it. The doctor hinted that the heart clasped the bit by strong muscular exertion, with a view to his own private use; but this being speculative merely, I only mention the fact. As he was now nearing the water rapidly, a rope was slipped round the butt of the helm, a quick turn made around a stiff sapling on the bank of the river, and all hands made fast to the rope. At this moment, just as they were all braced, the alligator made his plunge into the water, and the sapling, I do n't remember how large, very large however, came up by the roots, and they all went to the bottom together! Some of the negroes, however, came back.

Another Doctor W —, who, unlike his venerated namesake, still

lives to relate the marvels of a life unusually varied, has a remarkable store of incidents, encounters, and other matters, quite alligatorial. The doctor will forgive me, if I mistake, but I think he told me that the monsters in the neighborhood of his plantation had in several instances stolen his butcher-knives and chopping instruments; a fact which he made quite certain, by seeing them use the knives in a family way on the other side of the lagoon; and that on one occasion, he was quite astounded at seeing a large alligator making tracks for the water on three legs, with a pitch-fork and crow-bar in his jaws, and a hand-saw erect and glittering from his right arm! Upon these last, however, I do not pronounce.

And now to sum up *my* opinion of the animal. I believe that notwithstanding these astounding tales, he is rather peaceful and well-disposed, when properly trained, but hath very strangely fixed upon him an idea, not entirely original with him, that the world owes him a living; that he makes drafts that way to an advanced age; that he is non-committal, except upon such matters as he can commit to his private keeping; that his stomach in that respect has great capacity; that he is not over-nice in his diet; is plain and unassuming; is not puffed up, seeing that his hide will not much admit of it; and if he resemble himself to a log adrift, he considereth not what foolish creatures may alight upon his back, or swim within his jaws; he barks no invitation, nor does he flourish with his tail to excite their curiosity; and if they happen in his way when he has done yawning, it is *their* business, not his.

Lastly, what do I say to the prevalent notion that the waters of the St. Johns, which resemble brandy and water, half-and-half, are colored by the blood of his victims? Answer — *it is not so*. I have drank of those waters for weeks together (stopping occasionally) and even deepened the color, in a manner peculiar to those who travel in those parts, without feeling half as sanguinary as I do at this moment, from the bare thought of that foul and malicious slander.

These are the matters of faith; the facts, I give you are but two, and perhaps only true of his younger days; that he eateth fiddlers in secret, and dies in a temperature of twenty-six Fahrenheit.

A N E P I T A P H .

THIS shell of stone within it keepeth
One who died not, but sleepeth;
And in her quiet slumber seemeth
As if of heaven alone she dreameth.
Her form it was so fair in seeming,
Her eyes so heavenly in their beaming,
So pure her heart in every feeling,
So high her mind in each revealing,
A band of angels thought that she
Was one of their bright company;
And on some homeward errand driven,
Hurried her too away to Heaven.

T H E C H U R C H B E L L .

I.

THAT old church bell is dear to me,
 When from its ancient tower
 Its silvery tones sound solemnly,
 To tell the service-hour ;
 It seems as if it almost spoke
 The words of trustful prayer,
 And promised to the spirit broke
 With sin, a pardon there.

II.

I love it when it sadly tolls
 The knell of life departed,
 And gently murmurs sympathy
 To mourners broken-hearted ;
 It whispers of a spirit passed
 From doubt and pain and care,
 And tells of heaven, and bids them hope
 To meet the lost one there.

III.

I love it when its merry peal
 Welcomes the coming day,
 And rouses me from peaceful sleep
 My gratitude to pay ;
 It bids me pray for strength to do
 My daily duty given ;
 To hope that each successive morn
 May find me nearer heaven.

VI.

Then dear is that old bell to me,
 And dear its merry peal ;
 For 'tis a voice of sympathy
 With human woe and weal ;
 Whether my heart with sadness sink,
 Or light with pleasure dance,
 It speaks to me in every tone
 Of Life's significance.

J. O. W.

T H E Q U O D C O R R E S P O N D E N C E .

Harry Harson.

CHAPTER XXIV.

HARRY HARSON strode into his own house, with his jolly face brimful of cheerfulness. It shone out of his eyes ; out of the corners of his half-closed mouth ; and even out of his full, round double chin. Every part of him seemed glowing with it ; and no sooner had he got in his parlor, than he flung his hat on the table ; snapped his fingers over his head in perfect ecstasy ; made the hazardous experiment of a slow pirouette around the table, and concluded his performances by making two or three passes with his cane at the nose of Spite, who had been watching his conduct with an air of extreme surprise, not unmingled with disapprobation. The attack upon himself was carrying the joke too far ; and after several ineffectual attempts to avoid the point of the cane, with a discontented grumble, between a whine and a growl, he retreated under an old side-board, sadly troubled with misgivings as to the state of his master's intellect.

'Ha, ha ! old pup ! you do n't understand the science of fence ; but do n't take it hard. I've got a drop of comfort in store for you ; for we're to have a blow-out, Spite — a real, regular, out-and-out blow-out — ha ! ha ! And you shall be under the table during the whole of it,' exclaimed Harson, rubbing his hands together, and chuckling with indescribable glee. 'I'll speak about it at once.' He opened the door

and bawled out, in a voice that made the old house shake: 'Hallo! there, Martha, Martha, come here, quick!'

A frantic rush across the kitchen was heard, succeeded by a violent clatter of slipshod shoes through the entry; for Martha, since the late burglary, being haunted in idea by shabby looking gentlemen with pistols in their pockets, and dark lanterns under their arms, even in broad daylight, was on the look-out for emergencies, and had every thing ready for speedy egress to the street, either through the front door or the cellar window; and the tone of Harson's voice being that of a man in extremity, had such an effect upon her, that when she reached the door, she could only gasp out:

'Lor' me! is they here ag'in?'

'Who?' demanded Harson, not a little surprised at the pale face of his housekeeper.

'The robbers.'

'Poh, poh, nonsense!' replied he, perhaps not a little annoyed by the reflection that his own manner had contributed to her mistake. 'There are no greater thieves here than our two selves. Perhaps I *did* speak rather loud; but I was not thinking of what I was about. I shall have some friends to dine with me to-morrow, and you must get things ready for them. There may be six, or eight, or a dozen; damme! I do n't know how many; but have enough for twenty; d'ye hear?'

Martha curtsied, at the same time intimating in a faint tone, that she *did* hear; for she had not entirely recovered from the embarrassment attendant on the precipitancy of her advent into his presence.

'And hark ye!' continued Harson, warming as he went on; 'Frank's the very devil and all; we'll tap the cask in the corner of the cellar. It's prime stuff, which I've kept for some great occasion; and this is a glorious one. And there's the fat saddle of mutton, hanging in the store room: we'll have that. It'll be the very thing for the half-starved boy we've found; and bring down a bottle or two of the red-seal wine; that of 1812. It'll wake up old Dick Holmes, and make him ten years younger. There's no fear of giving *him* the gout. Ha, ha! Dick Holmes with the gout! I'd like to see that!' exclaimed he, bursting out into a broad laugh at the bare idea of such a catastrophe. 'Well, well,' added he, after a minute's consideration, 'you may go, Martha. Upon the whole, I think I'll get the things myself, and go to market too. There, that's all.'

Harson's spirits however were too exuberant to permit him to remain quiet; for after he had returned to the room, drawn a chair to the fire, thrown on a few sticks of wood, seated himself with a foot on each andiron, folded his hands complacently over his abdomen, and fixed his eyes upon the clock, as if it were a settled thing that he was to retain this attitude for at least an hour, or perhaps a year, he suddenly started up, thrust his thumbs in his waistcoat pockets, and walked up and down the room, whistling with all his might; but even by whistling, he was unable to work off his surplus of buoyancy. It was evidently gaining ground upon him, do what he would. He had reached his present state by rapid stages. From a feeling of complacency he had passed to one of high satisfaction; from that to one of mirthfulness; thence he ad-

vanced rapidly to one of joviality ; and he was now fast verging upon one of uproariousness. Something must be done ! Excessive steam bursts a boiler ; why should not a similar surplus of delight burst a man ? He would n't risk it ! He must find some vent for it. Ha ! ha ! It just occurred to him that the widow had n't heard the news. He clapped on his hat, seized his cane, and sallied out into the street, in his haste shutting in Spite, who had started to follow him, and who yelped mournfully for an hour afterward, to the great edification of a thin maiden lady, who resided next door, and was indulging herself with a nervous head-ache.

There must have been something in the expression of Harson's face which bore the stamp of his feelings ; for as he trudged along, with a free independent air, striding as lustily as if only twenty instead of sixty years had passed over his head, and as if every sinew were as well strung, and every muscle as firm as ever ; not a few turned to take a second look at his hearty, honest face ; for such an one was not often met with ; and as they did so, observed : ' There goes a jolly old cock.'

Rap ! rap ! rap ! went the head of his cane against the door of Mrs. Chowles's blinking old house ; but he was too much at home to think of waiting for a reply, and had gone through the ceremony only for the purpose of removing from his entrance all appearance of being underhanded or surreptitious ; for no sooner had he knocked with one hand, than with the other he raised the latch and walked without hesitation toward the widow's little parlor.

' Ah, ha ! my visit will be a surprise to her !' thought he, as he took the knob of the door in his hand. He was a true prophet. A faint scream escaped the lady, for she was opening the door to come out at the very moment he was doing the same to enter ; and as the movements of both were rapid, the lady precipitated herself into his arms, which in a most unexpected manner closed about her, while three hearty smacks were deposited on her forehead before she well knew where she was.

' Mr. Harson !' exclaimed she, extricating herself, though without any appearance of anger ; ' is it you ?'

' By Jove, I believe it is !' replied Harson. ' If it is n't, its some gay fellow of twenty or thereabout, for I have n't been so young for thirty years as I am to-day.'

Mrs. Chowles saw from his manner, and knew from the unusual hour of his visit, that there was something on his mind which he had come to communicate ; and as she was not of that class who take pleasure in keeping others in suspense, especially when she was liable to be a fellow-sufferer, she drew an easy chair to the fire, and taking a seat in another, said : ' Sit down, Harry. Now, what is it ? what ails you ?'

' What ails me ?' exclaimed her visitor, turning his round joyous countenance to her ; ' look at me. Don't you see what a boy I've grown ; how the wrinkles have gone from my cheeks, and how clear and bright my eye is ! Look at me, from top to toe. See how jolly I am, and hear how loud and lusty my laugh is : Ha ! ha ! ha !'

The lady *did* look at him ; and *did* observe all the peculiarities to which he called her attention ; and *did* listen to his loud ringing laugh ; and then, not knowing what to make of him, drew away.

‘Aha! widow, you’re frightened at finding yourself alone with such a gay fellow!’ said he, laughing still more merrily. ‘Well, well, do n’t be alarmed, for I’m not in the least dangerous; and to tell the truth, I am so overjoyed to-day that I may be indulged in a little foolery. But I’ll keep you no longer in suspense. You recollect little Annie, the little child who fled to my house for protection?’

‘Yes; well?’

‘And you remember too, how often I told you that that poor starved, cast-off little thing looked to me like one born for a better destiny, and like one who had seen brighter times; and how often you ridiculed me, when I spoke of the faint recollections which still flitted through her mind of sunnier hours; and how you said that they were merely dreams, and that I was almost as great a child as she was, to attach any weight to them; though you admitted—I’ll give you credit for that—you *did* admit that she was a beautiful, good little thing, and worthy to belong to the best in the land. And when I said that Providence never would have sent such a frail being as that into the world as a beggar’s brat, you told me, on the contrary, that He *might* have cast the lot of that child, frail, feeble, sickly as she was, amid the very outcasts of the earth for wise purposes, which we never could fathom; and that I had no right to reason in that way on the subject, or to comment on His doings. And there, widow,’ added he solemnly, ‘you were right, and I was very wrong. But I was correct in my surmises as to the child. She *was* born for a brighter destiny, even than my humble roof; although,’ added he, his voice somewhat choked, ‘she’ll never be where they’ll love her more. But it’s all right, and she must go; for her parents are discovered. They *are* of the best in the land; she is *not* a beggar’s brat. Her brother too, is found; a miserably, thin hollow-eyed fellow; but we’ll put flesh on him. This is not all,’ added he, ‘every body seems in luck to-day. Old Jacob Rhoneland has escaped scathless out of Rust’s clutches. Rust himself is on his way to the devil post-haste, and there is nothing left to be done but to heal the breach between Jacob and Ned. This matter settled, I hope to see Kate’s cheeks once more plump and round and rosy. I hope not only to *see* them, but to *kiss* them too. I’m not too old to fancy such things, I can tell you; and now, widow, had n’t I a right to be a little boisterous? Ah! I see that you think me excusable; but bring me a pipe, and I’ll give you all the particulars over that. I’m a little thirsty, too; for I’ve already told a long story, and have yet a longer one to tell.’

The pipe was produced; the small three-legged table was placed at his side, to support his elbow; and Harson, having carefully lighted his pipe, suffered the smoke to eddy about his nose, while he arranged his ideas, and cleared his throat; and then he entered into a full and faithful detail of the proceedings which had been taken to unmask the villany of Rust; and the various steps and precautions which had finally led to success.

It was a pleasant sight to see two such persons as Harson and his crony, both in the autumn of life, but with the charities of the heart yet green and unwithered, talking and gossiping together, with eyes bright and beaming with mutual admiration; each fully aware of the foibles

of the other, but carefully indulgent to them; for each knew that the heart of the other was an odd casket, encasing a gem of the noblest kind, from which radiated love, charity, and benevolence to man. Oh! Harry, Harry! how joyously and yet mildly you looked into that widow's dark liquid eyes; and how gently and confidently she returned that look! What a risk you both ran! Had you and she been but a few years younger, had either of you cherished a whit less tenderly the memory of those who had once been all in all to you, and whose forms were slumbering under the green sod, that widow might have been a wife, and Harry Harson no longer a stout, sturdy old bachelor; for it cannot be denied, that he *did* become a little animated as he proceeded; and that he *did* take the widow's hand in his, and did squeeze it, perhaps with a little too much freedom, and did look into her eyes, as if he loved her with his whole soul and body into the bargain; nor can it be denied that she was pleased with these tokens of esteem, or love, or friendship, or whatever else she might have thought them; for she did not withdraw her hand, and *she* smiled when *he* smiled; and there certainly was a strong sympathy apparent in their looks; and even when in the fervor of his feelings he held his pipe between his teeth to free the hand which held it, and deliberately squeezed *both* of her hands in his, still she did not appear embarrassed, nor vexed; and when he had released it, quietly went on with her sewing, as composedly as if what he had just done was quite usual, and a matter of course.

'And now, Mrs. Chowles,' said Harson, as he concluded his narrative; 'upon the strength of our success we are to have a jollification to-morrow at my house; and we'll have Dick Holmes there, and Kate, and Ned Somers, and Kate's father. He must make up with Ned then, if not before. He knows he was wrong, and he must give up.'

'But will he?' inquired the widow, anxiously. 'You know Jacob's a wrong-headed old man, in some things. Will he?'

'Wont he?' ejaculated Harson, with a peculiar wink and nod of satisfaction, as if he and himself were on excellent terms, and understood what they were about perfectly well. 'I tell you what it is,' added he, in a more grave tone; Jacob has had his own way, or rather Michael Rust's way, in this matter, too long. He shall have it no longer. He *shall* not break his child's heart. I will not permit it.' He took his pipe from his mouth, and slapped his knee emphatically. 'Have you observed no change in the girl, since then? If *you* have not, *I* have. She is still the same devoted, affectionate child to that warped old man that she always was; but look at her face and form, and listen to her voice. She was once the gayest, merriest little creature that ever lived. It threw sunshine into one's heart only to look at her; and when she spoke, did you ever hear a bird whose voice was half so joyous? Poor thing! when she laughs now, it makes my heart ache. It's like the smile of one dying, when he is trying to whisper hope to those who are weeping over his death-bed. God bless her! and how should it be otherwise? But no matter; the worst is past. And now,' said he, 'I must be gone. I came here to tell you the story, and to ask you to dine with us; and between you and me, perhaps you had better come early in the day, and keep an eye over Martha; for the idea of a dinner

party has quite frightened her ; and there are so many little things to be done, which I know nothing about, and which you understand, and without which we should have every thing helter-skelter, that you must come, or I'll never forgive you.' Harry made this last menace with so fierce an air, and his mouth pursed up in so ferocious a manner, although his eyes were dancing with fun, that the lady consented at once.

'It's well for you that you did,' said Harson, rising and putting on his hat ; 'if you had n't, I do n't know what I should have done ; but it would have been something dreadful. I'm a terrible fellow when fairly roused.' Then shaking the lady's hand, as if he intended to dislocate her shoulders, he put his cane under his arm and went out.

'Ha ! ha ! old Jacob ! you and I must have a tussle. Ha ! ha !' exclaimed he, still carrying his cane under his arm, and his hands under his coat tails, 'you must hear a little of what I think. A few words of wholesome advice will do you no harm, and will rub off the rust that old age has fastened upon you.'

With this hostile resolution upon his tongue, the old man made the best of his way to Rhoneland's house. Jacob was there, dozing in his chair, with his white locks hanging loosely over his shoulders ; and Kate was sitting at his side engaged in sewing. She was paler than usual ; and there was a nervous restlessness in her manner, which did not escape the quick glance of Harson. He thought too that she seemed somewhat thinner than she was wont to be. It might be 'mere suspicion,' but still he thought so.

'It's too bad,' muttered he ; 'but I'll set matters right, or my name's not Harry Harson.'

There was something in the hearty greeting of the old fellow, as he took her hands in his and called her his bright-eyed girl, so full of happiness that it was impossible not to catch the same feeling as he spoke ; and even Jacob, as he felt the cordial grasp of his hand, assured himself, and assumed something like a cheerful smile.

'Well, Kate,' said Harson, drawing a chair between her and her father ; 'I've news for *you* ; and for *you* too, my old fellow,' said he, turning to Rhoneland ; 'we've used Rust up.'

Jacob stared at him, smiled faintly and half doubtfully, and then sank back in his chair without speaking.

'Do you hear me ?' exclaimed Harson, seizing him by the collar and shaking him ; 'do you hear me ? Why do n't you jump up and hurrah at the downfall of such a scoundrel ? Ha ! ha ! We've been on his track for months ; but we've run him down at last ; and then he made a virtue of necessity, and told all — all about the children, and about you, and about Ned ; all lies, all lies — every word of them : Ned he swore was as honest a fellow as ever lived, or something to that effect. *You*, he admitted, had committed no forgery ; not a word of truth in it ; but all invented, to force you to consent to his marriage with my own little sweet-heart, Kate. God bless me ! how near I was to losing her ! Perhaps you do n't know that I intend marrying her myself ? Why do n't you get up now, and hurrah ? Confound it, I never saw such people in all my life. Halloh ! by Jove ! Kate, quick ! some water ! I swear, the old fellow has fainted !'

As he spoke, Rhoneland's head fell back, and the color forsook his cheeks. Harson caught him, while Kate ran for water and brandy, a small quantity of which being poured into his mouth, soon brought him to himself. Having waited until he was sufficiently composed to listen, Harson commenced from the beginning of his story, and detailed to both of his listeners much that they already knew, and not a little which they had never dreamed of; the causes which had first led to the enmity between Grosket and Rust, and then, step by step, what they had done to detect and bring to light his villany. 'Rust manœuvred well and skilfully,' said he, 'for he was a bold, reckless man, who stuck at nothing, and fought to the last. It is doubtful whether he would not have got the better of us in the end, had not a sudden misfortune fallen upon him, which prostrated his energies and broke his hard heart. After that, he was no longer the same man; but confessed every thing, and among other things, that it had been his intention to become the husband of Kate, and finding that you were opposed to it, he tried the effect of a display of wealth upon you. This failed. Then he resolved to see what fear could do; and threatened to have you indicted for forgery; and admitting that you were innocent, he yet showed so clearly how he could support his charge, and succeed in blasting your character, that you shrunk from collision with him: still you would not consent to sacrifice your child, although you dared not give him such an answer as would shut out all hope. There was another obstacle in his way. This was a certain young fellow, who as well as Rust, had an eye on Kate, and whom perhaps Kate did not think the worst man in the world. Rust determined to be rid of him; so he basely slandered him to you; and you, not suspecting Rust's veracity, as the knowledge which you already had of his character should have induced you to do, rashly forbade his rival the house; and I am sorry to say, added harsh words to the wrong which you were already committing. I need not tell you who that young man was. He came to me shortly afterward and told me what had occurred. He's a noble fellow, for not one hard word or epithet did he breathe against you. He said he was aware that for a long time back some person had been endeavoring to poison your mind against him. He had observed it in the gradual change of your manner, and in your avoiding his society. He had hoped, he said, that in time, when you found out that his character was fair and irreproachable, that these hard feelings would wear off, and you could again meet as heretofore. But this was not to be. Instead of diminishing, your hostility to him increased, until one day when he was in your own house, you used language to him which left him no alternative but to quit it forever. The charges which you made against him were very grave, Jacob, and very vile; and when you made them you had no right to withhold the name of the person on whose authority you accused him; but you did; and although Ned might and did suspect one person, Michael Rust, to be the kind friend to whom he owed your ill will, yet he had no proof of it that would justify him in calling him to account. Ned had a hard task before him; for the charge you made against him was that of harboring evil thoughts and of cherishing unfair designs against your child. It was a serious charge, and one that he could not

refute ; for a man's thoughts are not susceptible of proof ; all that he can do in justification, is to point to his past life and say : ' Judge by that ; ' and unless Ned could impeach the character of his traducer, of whom he was then ignorant, but who now stands revealed in the person of Michael Rust, as great a scoundrel as ever lived, he had no alternative but to submit, and to hope that time would exculpate him. Now Jacob, even supposing Rust had not confessed that the tales which he had told you respecting Ned were calumnies, is there any thing in Ned's past life to justify the suspicion you have cherished against him ? Answer candidly, and you will answer ' No. ' Rust's motive was clear enough ; he feared Somers, and wished to drive from you one who might be a friend in time of need, and who might one day stand as a shield between you and his dark purposes. Come, Jacob, Rust has confessed all ; what he did, what his motives were ; and now, tell me, whether you cannot say, from the bottom of your heart, ' Ned Somers, I have wronged you ? '

He paused, and looked earnestly at Rhoneland, while every feature glowed with the fervor of his feelings. ' Come, Jacob, what do you say ? '

There was one other person too who leaned forward to catch the reply ; but Rhoneland answered :

' She's my only child, and she's very dear to me. It was a cruel suspicion, and perhaps I *did* act hastily. I will not say that I *did not*, for I was greatly excited, and said many things that I have since forgotten. But it was better that he should go. Wasn't it, Kate ? '

He turned to his daughter, took her hand, and repeated his question. ' Wasn't it better that he should keep away Kate ? '

Kate's voice trembled as she asked : ' What harm did he do, father, in coming here ? If his character is fair, why should he not come ? '

Her father eyed her with an uneasy look. In truth, he feared Ned's presence ; for he knew that he loved Kate, and that she reciprocated the feeling ; and with the selfishness which old age sometimes brings with it, he was unwilling that she should care for another than himself, or that another should have a claim upon her. At last, he replied rather sharply : ' The reason why he should not come, is because I don't want him. '

Kate drew back, and said not another word ; but Harson saw from her compressed lip that the reply had cut deeply ; and catching her eye, he made a sign to her to leave them. Kate took the hint, and went out ; and Harson, after looking Rhoneland steadily in the face for some time, said, ' Jacob, you have given *your* reason why Ned Somers should not come here. It's a very poor one, and not such as I expected. Now I'll give you *mine* why he *should* : Kate loves him, and he loves her. '

Jacob knit his brows, but made no reply.

' And let me tell you, too, that unless you *do* consent, your child will die. I'm in earnest. There are some who fall in love, as they call it, a hundred times ; bestowing their affections, such as they are, sometimes on one, sometimes on another ; until at last perhaps the owner of a handsome face offers his hand and gets in return the tattered thing they call their heart. God help me ! this is called *love*. But thank

God, for the credit of human nature, there are others who love as they should — purely, nobly, with their whole soul. These love once, and only once; and wo to the man who unwisely, or for his own selfish ends, crosses them! The sin of a broken heart too often lies at his door. Jacob, you're an old man; but you are not too old to have forgotten the wife who once was yours. You loved her well, my dear old fellow, I know it,' said he, taking his hand. 'She deserved it too. Kate is very like her. What would have been your feelings had any one stepped in between you and her?'

Rhoneland grew very pale, and the tears came in his eyes.

'Come, come, Jacob, I'll not press the matter now; but you must reflect on what I've said; and you must not forget how much Kate has at stake. Ned's a glorious fellow, and will make your house very cheery.'

'Well, I'll think of it,' replied Rhoneland, after a short pause.

'Do; that's a good fellow. I'll consider it a personal favor; and I do think you owe me something for the pains I've taken in aiding to rid you of that rascal, Rust.'

'I do indeed owe you much,' replied Rhoneland, earnestly, 'and I am sincerely grateful.'

'Well, well, we wont speak of that; only reflect on what I have just said; and by the way,' added he, rising to go, 'you must oblige me in another matter. Two or three friends are to dine with me to-morrow; yhu and Kate must be of the party.'

'We will,' was the reply.

'Good! Now go up stairs and comfort Kate.'

CHAPTER TWENTY-FIVE.

A BRIGHT glowing day was the following one, the day of the dinner party; and right gladly did the golden sun beam out from the deep fathomless sky, as if from his lofty look-out he were aware of what was going on in this world below, and rejoiced in the failure of the evil machinations which had been so long disturbing the tranquillity of the worthy individuals who have figured in this history. And fortunate it was that neither clouds nor rain obscured his face, for had the latter been added to the cares which the approaching dinner-party had already accumulated upon the culinary department of Harson's household, the house-keeper in the tall cap with stiff ribbons would have gone stark-mad. Miserable woman! how she worked and fumed, and panted and tugged, and kneaded and rolled, and stuffed and seasoned, and skewered and basted, and beat, on that day! From soup to dessert and from dessert to soup, over and over again, she toiled; fish, flesh, fowl, vegetables, gravies, were all mingled in her head helter-skelter. She had dreamed of nothing else during the whole of the previous night, excepting a short interlude in the aforesaid dream, when she was night-mared by a fat pig, bestrode by a half-starved boy, who was all eyes. And now, as the day waned and the hour of the dinner approached, her ferment increased, until, to use a metaphor, she had worked herself up in-

to a mental lather. Her voice was in every quarter, and so was her quick, hurried step. She was in the entry, up stairs, in the pantry, in the kitchen and in the cellar ; at the street-door giving orders to the grocer's dirty boy to bring the cinnamon and alspice, and not to forget the sugar and butter, and to be sure to recollect the anchovies and pickles. The next moment she was scolding the butcher, because he had been late with the chops and cutlets ; and every five minutes she thrust her head into the room to look at the clock, lest Time should steal a march upon her. Eleven, twelve, one, two o'clock. The tumult increased. Mrs. Chowles, punctual to her promise, made her appearance ; forthwith dived into the kitchen, and did not emerge until dinner-time. The only person utterly unmoved was Harson, who had attended to his part of the business by looking after the wine, and who now sat with his feet to the fire, resolved to trouble his head about nothing, and apparently more asleep than awake. At times, however, he rose and went to one corner of the room, where a small boy who seemed to be worn down by suffering, lay coiled up and sound asleep on a chair-cushion. The old man bent over him, gently parted the hair from his forehead, and then rising up, somewhat red in the face from the exertion, rubbed his hands one over the other by way of indicating that all was as it should be ; stole back to his seat on tiptoe, lest he should awaken him, and forthwith relapsed into his former state of dreamy abstraction. Nothing could arouse him ; not even the house-keeper when she dashed into the room with a face at roasting heat, and demanded the key of the wine-cellar. It was handed to her mechanically, and mechanically pocketted when she brought it back.

But the hour of dinner drew near ; and a smell began to pervade the house which aroused Harson at last. He sat up in his chair and smacked his lips ; and Spite, who for an undue curiosity as to the contents of a small pasty, exhibited early in the day, had been escorted into the room by the house-keeper aided by a broomstick, sat under the same chair licking his lips and slavering profusely.

Again the red face of the house-keeper was projected in the room, and as instantly withdrawn. It wanted half an hour to the time. In and out again ; it wanted twenty-five minutes. In and out again ; twenty minutes. The matter was growing serious, and there was something frantic in her looks. But this time Harson caught her, and told her that it was time to put an end to that performance, as he expected his friends every minute ; that she must guess as to the time ; and that he would ring when she was to serve the dinner.

A rap at the door ! and before it could be answered, a heavy step crossed the ante-chamber.

'There's Frank,' said Harson, rising and facing the door ; and in came the doctor. But he was not alone ; for close behind him followed Ned Somers, dressed in his best. Harry shook hands with them ; but before he had time to do more than that, Jacob Rhoneland entered with Kate on his arm, looking very rosy from her walk.

What could it be that caused Ned's heart to flounce and dance about as wildly as a caged bird ; and his cheek to grow at first pale, and then burning hot ; and his lips to quiver, and his voice to tremble so that he

could scarcely speak ; and for a moment was unable even to tell Kate that he was glad to see her ? Whatever the complaint was, it was infectious ; for Kate's heart certainly did beat very rapidly ; and her color went and came, until it settled into a deep burning blush, as she turned and saw Ned there, looking at her as if he had eyes for nothing else.

'Good morning Mr. Somers,' said she, at last, in a tone that was neither firm nor clear.

'Call me Ned, Kate,' said he in a low voice ; 'do n't say *Mr. Somers*. Wont you shake hands with me ? There can be no harm in that.' He extended his hand ; she placed hers in it, and at the same time whispered in his ear, (for Harry, seeing that there was some by-play going on, kept Jacob busy,) 'Speak to father as if nothing had happened. I think he's inclined to make up. *Do, Ned.*'

Turning from him, she commenced talking to the Doctor, while Somers, after a moment's hesitation, went up to the old man and offered his hand.

Rhoneland hesitated, for he experienced the reluctance which old age always evinces to succumb to those younger in years ; and it was not very pleasant to admit that his conduct toward Ned had been wrong. But there was something in the expression of Ned's face, and even in the way in which he offered his hand, which showed that the past was forgiven ; and beside that, what had already happened could not be mended by holding out ; so Jacob grasped his hand, and said frankly :

'Ned, my young friend, I wronged thee sadly. I hope you will pardon it.'

'That's right, Jacob ! Spoken like a whole-hearted old fellow, as you are ! exclaimed Harson, patting him on the shoulder. 'To be sure he will forgive you, and thank you for the chance. If he does n't he's not what I take him to be. Do 'nt you pardon him ?' demanded he, turning to Somers, and at the same time casting a quizzical look in the direction of Kate.

Ned laughed ; said something about pardon being unnecessary, where no offence had been taken ; and then commenced talking about indifferent matters.

Presently Holmes came in ; and after him Grosket ; and one or two cronies of Harson's ; and then the little girl ; so that the room became quite full. The boy too, aroused by the noise of talking, awoke ; stared wildly around him, and though a boy of genteel lineage, evinced a great distaste to mingling in society ; and fought manfully to retain his position in the corner, when Harson attempted to lead him out. His sister endeavored, in an undertone, to impress upon him the propriety of adapting his manners to the change in his situation ; but it must be confessed that her success was but indifferent ; and it is a matter of some doubt whether he would ever have emerged, had not a tall, awkward boy, (a second cousin of the housekeeper, and apprenticed to a tailor,) who had been borrowed to officiate as waiter on this eventful occasion, thrust his head in the door and remarked, 'Cousin Martha says you may come to dinner just as quick as you like,' and forthwith disappeared, slamming the door after him, and clattering across the entry as if shod with paving-stones.

This aroused the company ; and this too emboldened the small boy, who being restrained by his sister from rushing in the room before any one else, nevertheless crowded in, and secured a seat at the table, opposite the best dish.

What a sight ! A table loaded with fish and flesh and fowl ; glittering and glowing with cleanliness ; linen as white as snow, and plates and dishes that glistened and shone until you could see your face in them, while the steam alone, which arose from each of them, might have made a lean man fat ; and then there were the decanters too, in which the ruby wine sparkled, until it made even Dick Holmes smack his lips.

‘Aha !’ ejaculated one of the neighbors, a thin, hungry fellow, with large eyes ; ‘aha !’ And he snuffed up the dinner as if he intended to appropriate it all, and as if, mistaking the table and its contents for a snuff-box, he supposed his nose to be the only member destined to play a part there.

Harry paused at the head of his table, and said a short grace ; and then seizing a carving knife, he plunged it forthwith into the fat saddle : right merrily the red gravy spirted out ; and as he drew the knife along the bone, and cut out the long strips, the steam and savor filling the room, it was to be feared that the thin neighbor would have gone beside himself, lest his pet piece should be given to some one else before his turn came. But such a dinner as graced that table is a thing to be eaten, not spoken of ; and so thought the small boy, who notwithstanding his genteel extraction, brought with him the appetite which he had acquired by education. A dreadful havoc he made in that fat saddle ! It was labor lost for his sister to kick and pinch him under the table, in hopes of checking his course. He kicked backed again, but could not pinch ; his hands were too busy. What eyes he had for the meats and gravies ! what a deaf ear he turned to all invitations to waste his energies on bread and vegetables, or trifles of that sort ! His appetite, though belonging to a child, was full grown, and needed no assistance. All that he required was quantity — and he got it.

‘Help yourself, my son,’ said Harson, actually growing hungry by seeing the child eat. ‘Do n’t spare any thing.’

The boy looked up at him, and said nothing. He was a fellow of few words, but of great action ; and for one of six years of age, he was a phenomenon ; and displayed a capacity which would have done credit to a man or a barrel.

The first course went off, and so did a second and third. Martha had excelled herself ; a cooking-stove was nothing to her. Every thing was praised ; and at every fresh eulogy, the tall boy was missing from his attendance on the table. He had darted to the kitchen, to communicate the intelligence to his aunt. How *he* enjoyed that party ! how he skimmed his fingers round the plates, as he took them through the entry ; sucking the ends of them so loudly, that his aunt thought that corks were flying out of the porter-bottles ! He was perfectly happy. One thing alone puzzled him ; that was the knotty question why people could n’t eat every thing off the same plate.

It was remarked, that when the dinner was over, some of the guests were uncommonly mellow ; and it is credibly asserted, that Dick Holmes, who had spent his life among parchment and cobwebs, had during the meal buried his mouth in the bosom of his own waistcoat, and had there been heard confidentially singing to himself a short song of an Anacreontic character. But be that as it may, when he rose from the table, his eye certainly was a little lively, and his spirits were high. Nor was there any flagging among the rest ; for whether the jests were good or bad, or the songs poor, or the conversation common-place, certain it is, that a more jovial set had never met. Every one seemed to have been placed beside the person who suited him ; Harry sat with Jacob on one side of him, and the widow at the head of the table, with the Doctor at her right hand ; and Dick Holmes and Grosket together ; and Ned and Kate, so close that their elbows touched ; and Annie beside her brother ; and her brother, although somewhat incommoded by his sister, directly opposite the fattest part of the saddle of mutton ! And then the one or two neighbors, who knew no one except each other, seated in a knot, contrived to grow moist and merry, because the others did, and laughed because Harry did. Choice spirits ! who could split their very sides, without a joke to abet them in it ; were n't they the fellows to help out a dinner party ?

When they separated, it was late at night. The doctor gallantly volunteered to escort the widow to her abode, which offer was accepted without hesitation. Harry remarked that as it was a fine night, he thought he would walk too.

'Come, Jacob, you and I will go together,' said he, taking the old man by the arm ; 'and Ned, you look after Kate. No grumbling, but make yourself useful.' Saying this, he trudged rapidly on, dragging the old man with him.

What passed between him and Jacob, or what took place between Ned and Kate, I cannot say ; but they certainly were the two tardiest people that ever walked ; for long after Harson and Rhoneland had reached the end of their journey, and stood waiting in front of Rhoneland's door, they were not in sight ; and when they did at last appear, it seemed a perfect eternity before they were within calling distance ; and then even longer before they reached to the door. And although from the pace at which they had come, it might have been argued that one or the other of them was laboring under extreme debility or fatigue, yet it was a remarkable fact, that the looks of neither justified such a conclusion ; for Kate appeared uncommonly lively and buoyant, and Ned seemed as if he only required two fiddlers and a tambourine to perform his part in an imaginary quadrille in the street.

'What idlers you are!' exclaimed Harry, as they came up ! 'As for you,' said he, turning to Ned, 'such a loiterer should be trusted to escort no one unless it were his grandmother or a rheumatic old lady of seventy.'

Ned Somers laughed, as he answered : 'We do n't all walk as rapidly as you do.'

'The more shame for you,' exclaimed Harson. 'Upon my life ! I believe I'm younger than any of you. Look to yourself, my lad, or

I may take it into my head to cut you out of a wife ; and if you lose her, you wo 'nt require the snug little legacy which I intend to leave you when I 'm under ground. Come ; shake hands with the girl, and bid her good night : you 've kept her in the street long enough. Good night, Jacob — Good night, Kate.'

He took her hand, and whispered, 'Be of good heart ; your father is coming round.'

His mouth was very near her ear ; and as he whispered, Ned happened to be looking at them, and thought that the communication did not stop with the whisper ; and Harson himself looked very wickedly up at him, as much as to say : 'Do you see that ? — you had better have a sharp eye to your interests !'

Long and earnest was the conversation which ensued between Harson and Somers on their way home ; and nobly did the character of that old man shine out, as he detailed his future views for his young friend's welfare.

'You need not thank me,' said he, in reply to Ned's warm acknowledgments. 'The best return that I can have will be, to find you always in word and deed such that I may be proud of you ; and hereafter, when I see others looking up to you, and hear you spoken of as one whose character is above all reproach, that I may say to myself : 'Thank God, I helped to make him what he is.' This is all that I want, Ned ; and your future life will be your best acknowledgment, or will prove your heartless ingratitude. Let neither success nor failure tempt you to swerve from what your own heart tells you to be right and fair. Turn out as your schemes may, never forget to keep your motives pure ; and believe me, that come what will, you 'll find an easy conscience a great comforter in the hour of trial. Your father was one of my oldest friends ; a noble upright man he was ; and it would have wounded him deeply that any one belonging to him should have been otherwise ; and it would give me many a heavy hour if his only child did not turn out all that I expect him to be. I am right glad to learn that you are getting bravely on in your business ; and as for this matter with Kate,' said he, pausing, for they had come to where their routes separated, 'it can easily be made right. I love her as my own child ; and I would not have her thwarted for the world. I 'll see Jacob again to-morrow ; and have no doubt that he will give his consent at last. Perhaps it would be better for you not to present yourself at his house too soon. Work your way back to where you were, cautiously, and say nothing to him about marrying Kate, until you and he are on your old terms of good fellowship. It wont be long, depend on it : and now, recollect what I told you a few moments ago. If you want any assistance in your business, or if a loan of a thousand or two dollars, or a good word from me, will push you on, you shall have it. Good night !' And Harson had not gone a hundred yards, before he was whistling so loud that he might have been heard half a mile.

'God help you, Harry !' muttered Somers, looking after the stout, burly figure of his friend ; 'God bless your warm old heart ! What a glorious world this would be, if there were more in it like you !'

L I T E R A R Y N O T I C E S .

NARRATIVE OF THE TEXAN SANTA FE EXPEDITION: Comprising a description of a Tour through Texas, and across the great South-western prairies, the Comanche and Cayuga Hunting-grounds, with an account of the suffering from want of food, losses from hostile Indians, and final capture of the Texans, and their march as prisoners to the city of Mexico. By **GEORGE WILKINS KENDALL**. In two volumes. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

THIS is by far the most racy and interesting book of travels we have read for a long time. Every body is of course acquainted with the general history of the expedition; its romantic projects, its speedy defeat, and the calamitous sufferings which its members were forced to undergo. But ill-fated as it was, the rich and most amusing personal incident with which every step of its progress appears from this book to have been crowded, commends it most forcibly to our admiration. We cannot say that we should have been quite willing to accompany our friend KENDALL through all the severities of his adventurous journey; nor can we refuse our sincere sympathy with him and his brave companions, in the terrible scenes through which they passed. But he has told all these adventures in so pleasing and interesting a manner, and has so sprinkled through the narrative sketches of personal incident, abounding with wit and humor, that the volumes must be read with a delight as keen as the sufferings recorded were real and severe. Mr. KENDALL writes in a style admirably adapted to the narration of just such a history as he has given; it is simple and clear, aiming at nothing more than to give a plain statement of actual occurrences; and yet it is remarkably spirited, and distinguished at times by great felicity of expression. He is a capital traveller, never shrinking from any danger or difficulty, close in his observation, and gifted with a love of fun, and a 'touch' of humor which no extremity, however terrible or threatening, can wholly repress. The reader of the work must be continually surprised at the repeated instances which occur where this disposition is strongly manifested; and while it must have relieved to a considerable degree the sufferings which he was forced to undergo, it gives to the book increased and attractive interest. We should be glad to follow Mr. KENDALL through his journey, and present copious extracts from the account he has given of its progress and incidents; but this our limits will not allow; and we can only glance at the general history of the expedition, and copy a tithe of the passages we have marked in reading the two excellent volumes he has given us.

At the opening of his book, Mr. KENDALL gives us a statement of the motives which induced him to join the expedition, and an introduction to the persons of whom it was composed. His purposes, of course, were entirely pacific, growing out of a desire to recruit his health, a wish to procure new materials for writing, and a love of adventure in general. He took care to provide himself with passports from the Mexican authorities, which he naturally supposed would protect him, as an American citizen, from molestation and injury. The first part of their journey led them over the vast prairies and hunting grounds of Western Texas; and their adventurous progress is admirably sketched in his flowing narrative. Their exploits in hunting buffalo; their frights from, and encounters with, the wild Indians;

their serenades from the wolves, and all the incidents by which a journey of so large a troop over ground before almost untrodden, would naturally be distinguished, are most graphically and humorously described. We copy the following interesting description of a *stampede*, or flight of terror, with which great numbers of horses or oxen are sometimes seized, with a humorous sketch of the exploits in this line, of one of the nags of the expedition:

'NOTHING can exceed the grandeur of the scene when a large *cavallada*, or drove of horses, takes a 'scare.' Old, weather-beaten, time-worn, and broken-down steeds—horses that have nearly given out from hard work and old age—will at once be transformed into wild and prancing colts. When first seized with that indescribable terror which induces them to fly, they seem to have been suddenly endowed with all the attributes of their original wild nature. With heads erect, tails and manes streaming in air, eyes lit up and darting beams of fright, old and jaded backs will be seen prancing and careering about with all the buoyancy of action which characterizes the antics of young colts; then some one of the drove, more frightened than the rest, will dash off in a straight line, the rest scampering after him, and apparently gaining fresh fears at every jump. The throng will then sweep along the plain with a noise which may be likened to something between a tornado and an earthquake, and as well might feeble man attempt to arrest either of the latter.

'Were the earth rending and cleaving beneath their feet, horses, when under the terrifying influence of a *stampede*, could not bound away with greater velocity or more majestic beauty of movement. I have seen many an interesting race, but never any thing half so exciting as the flight of a drove of frightened horses. The spectator, who may possibly have a nag among them which he has been unable to get into a canter by dint of spur and whip, sees his property fairly flying away at a pace that a thorough-bred racer might envy. Better 'time,' to all appearance, he has never seen made, and were it not that he himself is as much astounded as the horses, there might be very pretty betting upon the race.

On one occasion, when a closely-hobbled horse was rushing madly along the prairie under the influence of fright, his owner coolly remarked: 'I wish I could make that critter go as fast on my own account without hobbles, as he can on his own with them—I'd gamble on him *sure*.' And so it is. No simile can give the reader a fair conception of the grandeur of the spectacle, and the most graphic arrangement of words must fall far short in describing the startling and imposing effect of a regular *stampede*!

'While upon this subject, I should not, perhaps, neglect to notice one of the little private *stampedes* my friend Falconer's horse was in the habit of occasionally getting up, principally on his own individual account and to gratify his own peculiar tastes and desires, entirely regardless, all the while, of his master's convenience as well as of the public safety.

'He was a short, thick-set, scrubby, wiry nag, tough as a pine knot, and self-willed as a pig. He was moreover exceedingly lazy, as well as prone to have his own way, and take his own jog—preferring a walk or gentle trot to a canter; and so deep-rooted were his prejudices in favor of the former methods of getting over the ground, that neither whip nor spur could drive him from them. He possessed a commendable faculty of taking most especial good care of himself, which he manifested by being always found where water was nearest and the grass best, and on the whole might be termed, in the language of those who consider themselves judges of horse flesh, a 'tolerable chunk of a pony' for a long journey.

'He had one bad quality however, which was continually putting his master to serious inconvenience, and on more than one occasion came near resulting seriously to all. One day we stopped to 'noon' close by a spring of water, and had simply taken the bridles from our horses to give them a chance to graze, when he improved the occasion to show off one of his eccentricities. Falconer had a way, as I have before stated, of packing all his scientific, cooking, and other instruments upon his horse, and on the occasion to which I have alluded, some one of them chanced to cluife or gall the pony, inducing him to give a kick up with his hinder limbs. The rattling of the pots and pans started him off immediately, and the faster he ran the more they rattled. We immediately secured our horses by catching up the *lariats*, and then watched the fanciful antics of the animal that had raised all the commotion.

'He would run about ten jumps and then stop and kick up about as many times; then he would shake himself violently, and then start off again on a gallop. Every now and then a culinary or scientific instrument would be detached from its fastenings, when the infuriated pony would manage to give it a kick before it struck the ground and send it aloft again. The quadrant took the direction toward the sun without taking it; the saucepan was kicked into a stew; the thermometer was up to an hundred—*inches* above the ground, and fell to—worth nothing. To sum it all up, what with rearing, pitching, kicking, and galloping about, the pony was soon rid of saddle and all other incumbrances, and then went quietly to feeding, apparently well satisfied with all the trouble he had given his owner.

'The whole affair was ludicrous in the extreme, defying description. The rattling of the tin, earthen, and other ware, as the pony snorted, kicked, and pranced about, made a noise resembling that produced at a *charivari*. His antics were of the most unseemly nature, too—and the cool philosophy of Mr. Falconer, as he quietly followed in the wake of the vicious animal, picking up the fragments scattered along, completed a picture which would have made the fortune of Cruikshank, had he been on the spot to take it down. Some time after this adventure the Indians stole the horse, but they made a bad bargain of it.'

There are scores of passages, describing the burning of a prairie, hunting buffaloes, fighting the Indians, camping out at night under a deluge of rain, and other scenes by which their journey was marked; but we must pass to the following account of the feelings which

attend starvation, which we copy for its intrinsic interest, and as an instance of the fearful extremities to which the expedition was sometimes reduced :

'I HAVE never yet seen a treatise on dissertation upon starving to death; I can speak *feelingly* of nearly every stage except the last. For the first two days through which a strong and healthy man is doomed to exist upon nothing, his sufferings are, perhaps, more acute than in the remaining stages; he feels an inordinate, unappeasable craving at the stomach, night and day. The mind runs upon beef, bread, and other substantials; but still, in a great measure, the body retains its strength. On the third and fourth days, but especially on the fourth, this incessant craving gives place to a sinking and weakness of the stomach, accompanied by nausea. The unfortunate sufferer still desires food, but with loss of strength he loses that eager craving which is felt in the earlier stages. Should he chance to obtain a morsel or two of food, as was occasionally the case with us, he swallows it with a wolfish avidity; but five minutes afterward his sufferings are more intense than ever. He feels as if he had swallowed a living lobster, which is clawing and feeding upon the very foundation of his existence. On the fifth day his cheeks suddenly appear hollow and sunken, his body attenuated, his color an ashy pale, and his eye wild, glassy, cannibalish. The different parts of the system now war with each other. The stomach calls upon the legs to go with it in quest of food: the legs, from very weakness, refuse. The sixth day brings with it increased suffering, although the pangs of hunger are lost in an overpowering languor and sickness. The head becomes giddy; the ghosts of well-remembered dinners pass in hideous procession through the mind. The seventh day comes, bringing increased lassitude and farther prostration of strength. The arms hang listlessly, the legs drag heavily. The desire for food is still left, to a degree, but it must be brought, not sought. The miserable remnant of life which still hangs to the sufferer is a burden almost too grievous to be borne; yet his inherent love of existence induces a desire still to preserve it, if it can be saved without a tax upon bodily exertion. The mind wanders. At one moment he thinks his weary limbs cannot sustain him a mile—the next, he is endowed with unnatural strength, and if there be a certainty of relief before him, dashes bravely and strongly onward, wondering whence proceeds this new and sudden impulse. Farther than this, my experience runneth not. The reader may think I have drawn a fancy sketch—that I have colored the picture too highly: now, while I sincerely trust he may never be in a situation to test its truth from actual experience, I would in all sober seriousness say to him, that many of the sensations I have just described I have myself experienced, and so did the ninety-and-eight persons who were with me from the time when we first entered the grand prairie until we reached the flock of sheep, to which more pleasing subject I will now return.'

The history of the base betrayal of the party to the Mexicans by one of their members named LEWIS, gives us a picture of Mexican duplicity most vivid and striking: but it is only the prelude to cruelties more barbarous and revolting than have recently stained the acts of any but the most savage and uncultivated natives. After being disarmed, under pretence that it was only a formality, and then promised that their arms would be at once restored, they were seized and ordered to be *shot*; but from this they were saved by the interference of one of the Mexican officers less blood-thirsty than the rest. They were immediately started off for Santa Fé, half-starving and worn down by fatigue, and heard the bloody order given to the armed guard which attended them: 'If any one of them pretends to be sick or tired on the road, *'Shoot him down and bring back his ears!'*' The following extracts describe some of the scenes they were forced to witness:

'A WALK, or rather a hobble of two hours, for we were so stiff and foot-sore that we could not walk, brought us once more to the plaza or public square of San Miguel. The place was now literally filled with armed men—a few regular troops being stationed immediately about the person of Armijo, while more than nine-tenths of the so-called soldiers were miserably deficient in every military appointment. A sergeant's guard of the regular troops was immediately detailed to take charge of our little party, and after bidding adieu to Don Jesus, as we hoped forever, we were marched to a small room adjoining the soldiers' quarter. This room fronted on the plaza, and had a small window looking out in that direction; but the only entrance was from a door on the side. Sentinels were immediately placed at the little window and door, leading us to suppose that this was to be our regular prison-house; but we had scarcely been there ten minutes before a young priest entered at the door, and said that one of our party was to be immediately shot! While gazing at each other with looks of eager inquiry, wondering that one was to be shot and not all, and while each one of us was earnestly and painfully speculating on the question which of his fellows Armijo had singled out for a victim, the young priest raised himself on tiptoe, and looking over our heads, pointed through the windows of our close and narrow prison. We hurriedly turned our eyes in that direction, and were shocked at seeing one of our men, his hands tied behind his back, while a bandage covered his eyes, led across the plaza by a small guard of soldiers. Who the man was we could not ascertain at the time, but that he was one of the Texans was evident enough from his dress. The priest said that he had first been taken prisoner, that while attempting to escape he had been retaken, and was now to suffer death. A horrible death it was, too! His cowardly executioners led him to a house near the same corner of the square we were in, not twenty yards from us, and after heartlessly pushing him upon his knees, with his head against the wall, six of the guard stepped back about three paces, and at the order of the corporal *shot the poor fellow in the back*! Even at that distance the executioners but half did their barbarous work; for the man was only wounded, and lay writhing upon the ground in great agony. The corporal stepped up, and with a pistol ended his sufferings by shooting him through the heart. So close was the pistol that the man's shirt was set on fire, and continued to burn until it was extinguished by his blood!

'Howland's hands were tied closely behind him, and as he approached us we could plainly see that his left ear and cheek had been cut entirely off, and that his left arm was also much hacked, apparently by a sword. The guard conducted their doomed prisoner directly by us on the left, and when within three yards of us the appearance of his scarred cheek was ghastly; but as he turned his head to speak, a placid smile, as of heroic resignation to his fate, lit up the other side of his face, forming a contrast almost unearthly. We eagerly stepped forward to address him, but the miscreants who had charge of us pushed us back with their muskets, refusing even the small boon of exchanging a few words with an old companion now about to suffer an ignominious death. Howland saw and felt the movement on our part. He turned upon us another look, a look full of brave resolution as well as resignation, and, in a low but distinct tone, uttered: '*Good-bye, boys; I've got to suffer. You must —*' But the rest of the sentence died on his lips, for he was now some yards in the rear of us, and out of hearing.

'The guard who had charge of us now wheeled us round, and marched us in the same route taken by our unfortunate guide, and within ten yards of him. A more gloomy procession cannot be imagined. With Howland in advance, we were now conducted to the plaza, and halted close by the spot where, in plain sight, lay the body of our recently-murdered companion. A bandage was placed over the eyes of the new victim, but not until he had seen the corpse of his dead comrade. Words would we have given could we be permitted to exchange one word with our unoffending friend — to receive his last, dying request — yet even this poor privilege was denied us. After the cords which confined his arms had been tightened, and the bandage pulled down so as to conceal the greater part of his face, Howland was again ordered to march. With a firm, undaunted step he walked up to the place of execution, and there, by the side of his companion, was compelled to fall upon his knees with his face towards the wall. Six of the guard then stepped back a yard or two, took deliberate aim at his back, and before the report of their muskets died away poor Howland was in eternity! Thus fell as noble, as generous, and as brave a man as ever walked the earth.'

The following passage narrates another barbarity of the same character:

'Just as we were starting, a man named John McAllister, a native of Tennessee and of excellent family, complained that one of his ankles was badly sprained, and that it was utterly impossible for him to walk. The unfortunate man was naturally lame in the other ankle, and could never walk but with difficulty and with a limp. On starting, he was now allowed to enter a rude Mexican cart, which had been procured by the Alcalde of Valencia for the purpose of transporting some of the sick and lame prisoners; but before it had proceeded a mile upon the road it either broke down or was found to be too heavily loaded. At all events, McAllister was ordered by Salazar to hobble along as best he might, and to overtake the main body of prisoners, now some quarter of a mile in advance. The wretch had frequently told those who, from inability or weakness, had fallen behind, that he would shoot them rather than have the march delayed; not that there was any necessity for the hot haste with which we were driven, but to gratify his brutal disposition did he make these threats. Although he had struck, and in several cases severely beaten, many of the sick and lame prisoners, we could not believe that he was so utterly destitute of feeling, so brutal, as to murder a man in cold blood whose only fault was that he was crippled and unable to walk. He could easily have procured transportation for all if he had wished, and that he would do so rather than shoot down any of the more unfortunate we felt confident: how much we mistook the man!

'On being driven from the cart, McAllister declared his inability to proceed on foot. Salazar drew his sword and peremptorily ordered him to hurry on, and this when he had half a dozen led mules, upon either of which he could have placed the unfortunate man. Again McAllister, pointing to his swollen and inflamed ankle, declared himself unable to walk. Some half a dozen of his comrades were standing around him, with feelings painfully wrought up, waiting the *dénouement* of an affair which, from the angry appearance of Salazar, they now feared would be tragical. Once more the bloodthirsty savage, pointing to the main body of prisoners, ordered the cripple to hurry forward and overtake them — *he could not!* 'Forward!' said Salazar, now wrought up to a pitch of phrenzy. 'Forward, or I'll shoot you on the spot!' 'Then shoot!' replied McAllister, throwing off his blanket and exposing his manly breast, 'and the quicker the better!' Salazar took him at his word, and a single ball sent as brave a man as ever trod the earth to eternity! His ears were then cut off, his shirt and pantaloons stripped from him, and his body thrown by the roadside as food for wolves!

In the following extract, of a different description, we have a sketch of a real 'character':

'ENTERING an *estanquillo*, or shop licensed to sell cigars, we met two or three faces so decidedly Anglo-Saxon in complexion and feature that we at once accosted them in English, and were answered by one of the party with a drawl and twang so peculiarly 'Down East,' that Marble, Hackett, or Yankee Hill, might have taken lessons from him. We soon ascertained that they belonged to the American circus company then performing at San Luis, and on telling them who we were, they at once invited us to their *meson* to supper. The first speaker, who proved to be a regular Vermonter, was not a little surprised to see us out without a guard, and asked if we had received permission to that effect. His astonishment was removed when we told him that we were allowed to leave our quarters on parole.

'In five minutes after our arrival at the hotel of the equestrians, I found that our Vermont acquaintance was one of the quaintest specimens of the Yankee race I had ever seen, and not a few examples had I met previous to my encounter with him. He had a droll impediment in his speech which gave to his actions and gestures a turn irresistibly comic, and then he told an excellent story, played the trombone, triangle, and bass viol, spoke Spanish well, drove one of the circus wagons, translated the bills, turned an occasional somerset in the ring, cracked jokes in Spanish with the Mexican clown, took the tickets at the entrance with one hand, while with the other he beat an accompaniment to the orchestra inside on the bass-drum, and, in short, made himself 'generally useful.' After partaking of an excellent supper, we spent an agreeable hour in his room, listening to story after story of his adven-

tures. He 'comes out' to Mexico, to use his own words, by way of Chihuahua, accompanying the traders from Jonesborough, on Red River, in the first and only expedition across the immense prairies. They were some six or eight months on the road, and suffered incredible hardships for want of water and provisions. Our Yankee was a stout man when we saw him, but he told us that he was a perfect transparency when he first arrived at the Mexican settlements—so poor, in fact, that according to his own account, 'a person might have read the New-England Primer through him without speech.'

'When ten o'clock came we rose to depart; but the droll genius insisted that we should first partake of a glass of egg-nog with him, and then help him to sing 'Old Hundred' in remembrance of old times. There are few persons in the New-England States who cannot go through this ancient and well-known psalm-tune after some fashion; and although neither time nor place was exactly befitting, we all happened to be from that quarter, and could not resist complying with his comico-serious request. He really had a good voice, and, for aught I know, may have led the singing in his native village church. After humming a little, apparently to get the right pitch, he started off with a full, rich tone; but suddenly checking himself in the middle of the first line, said that the thing was not yet complete. Taking a double-bass from its resting-place in one corner of the room, he soon had the instrument tuned, and then recommenced with this accompaniment. Never have I heard a performance so strangely mingling the grave and the comic. It was odd enough to see one of his vocation in a strange land thus engaged; and then the solemnity and zeal with which he sawed and sang away were perfectly irresistible. I did not laugh; but thoughts arose in my mind very little accordant with the earnest and devotional spirit with which our strange companion went through his share of the performance. This curious scene ever, a scene which is probably without a parallel in the history of San Luis Potosi, we took leave of our singular acquaintance, who promised to call at the convent early the next morning, and do every thing in his power to assist those among the Texans who were the most destitute.'

But we have space only for one more extract, an account of certain 'extra observances,' which, in the order of their devotion, the prisoners while in Puebla, introduced into the service of the Catholic church:

'EVERY Sunday morning, the prisoners confined at Puebla were compelled to attend mass, in chains, at one of the churches. The floors of all the religious establishments of note in Mexico are of stone or marble, without seats of any kind, and those in attendance must either kneel or stand during the ceremonies. In the present instance, the Texans were paraded in rows before the altar, and compelled to fall upon their knees while mass was said; but they were not obliged to go through all the little forms and ceremonies which the Catholic Church in Mexico exacts of its votaries, such as crossing themselves, smiting their breasts, and other outward observances. Well drilled, however, were they in all the minutiae of these demonstrations; and in addition, one of the jokers, who had acted as the prosecuting attorney at San Cristobal, and who was a great mimic, taught them a few original 'extra' and 'fancy touches,' which he had ingrafted upon the regular Catholic ceremonials. So well had he disciplined his brother prisoners, that they could go through all his ritual with as much promptness and precision as could the best military company in existence go through its simplest manœuvres.'

'On arriving at the church, and after kneeling in front of the altar, the well-drilled Texans awaited the usual signal from the officiating priest to commence. There probably was not a Catholic among them; yet the assumed air of grave devotion to be seen in their faces would have done credit to the most rigid of that creed. At the given signal, and at the proper time, the chained prisoners would cross themselves with all seeming humility, closely imitating every motion of the priest and of the Mexicans around them; but instead of stopping with their Catholic neighbors, they wound up by placing the right thumb to the tip of their noses, and then, with a mock gravity which might have drawn a smile from an Egyptian mummy, circled the fingers about, and all this directly in the face of the officiating priest, and without a smile upon their countenances. When the proper time came for again crossing themselves, the mischievous leader of the Texans would pass the word for his men to 'come the double compound action,' as he called it. This resembled the first movement, with the exception that it was more complicated and more mysterious to the surrounding Mexicans. After the right hand had gone its usual round, from forehead to breast and from shoulder to shoulder, the thumb again settled on the tip of the nose; but this time the left thumb was joined to the little finger of the right hand, and then commenced a series of fancy gyrations with all the fingers, the like of which was probably never before seen in a Catholic church. Sam Weller, I believe, or if not he, some modern philosopher of his school, defines the movement I have just described as meaning something like 'This may be all very true, but we don't believe a word of it.' What the Mexicans thought of it, or whether they noticed it or not, I am unable to say: it may be that they considered it as simply 'a way' the Texans had, and thought no more of it. Such is the story told of the pranks played by the prisoners confined in Puebla.'

We must here end our notice of this amusing book. It will be found highly entertaining, and to contain also much information concerning the character of the country through which Mr. KENDALL passed. It will attain a wide popularity, for it is decidedly the best and most readable book of the season. . . . SINCE the foregoing was placed in type, we learn from Mr. KENDALL'S journal, the well known New-Orleans '*Picayune*,' that the tyrant SALAZAR, whose cruelties are recorded in preceding extracts, met recently with an awful death. He escaped from prison at Santa Fé, and fled to the woods, where he was killed and scalped by the Indians, and his body left a prey to wild beasts. Just retribution!

ADDRESS AND POEM, DELIVERED BEFORE THE MECHANIC APPRENTICE'S LIBRARY ASSOCIATION on the twenty-second of February. By FREDERICK W. LINCOLN, Jr., and GEORGE COOLIDGE. Boston: THE ASSOCIATION.

THE inculcations of both these performances are excellent; and in a literary point of view, they are also highly creditable to their authors. Mr. LINCOLN supports the necessity and dignity of labor with unanswerable argument and felicitous illustrations. Much, says he, in a few segregated sentences, 'has been written, with truth and eloquence, by great minds, upon the dignity of labor; but it is the dignity of the *laborer* which is the vital point that demands attention. Labor or industry needs no apology, no advocates; it is the very instinct of our being, and one of the first to develop itself; it is only when performed in a peculiar way, or associated with a particular class, that it is considered disreputable. How is this evil to be remedied? Not by assuming a superiority, but by *attaining* to it. You have it in your power to make the profession of a mechanic as honorable as any avocation in life. The dignity of a profession depends upon the character of those who are in its ranks. If the individual is low or mean, no occupation can confer upon him respectability or regard. On the other hand, no useful employment, however trivial, in the social state, can degrade him who faithfully performs its duties. It is not always the men of genius, those gifted with extraordinary natural endowments, who are the greatest benefactors of our race, or who enjoy in a greater degree personal happiness themselves. WASHINGTON and FRANKLIN were not men of genius, as the world understands that term. It was by probity, industry, perseverance, a well-strung nerve, and an iron will, that they conquered the obstacles before them, and acquired that true greatness which has made their names preëminent among the famous of earth, and their example the inspiration of American youth. Circumstances may do something for us; we can do more for ourselves. We must have faith, we must be in earnest.' The healthful American spirit which pervades the 'Address,' characterizes not less prominently the poem of Mr. COOLIDGE. A passage from this performance, commencing 'List to the Psalm of Labor!' speaks of what we intended our readers should have had an opportunity to 'hearken to;' but the tyranny of space is despot.

DRAWINGS AND TINTINGS. By ALFRED B. STREET. pp. 48. Albany: W. C. LITTLE. New-York: BURGESS, STRINGER AND COMPANY and M. Y. BEACH.

WE cannot aver that we greatly affect the title given by Mr. STREET to the collection of Sketches from Nature which we find upon our table; but for the sketches themselves, as our readers well know, we have a cordial affection. Many of them have already been encountered in our pages; and after winning cordial admiration in the journals of the day, they have been arrested as 'fugitives' by their author, brought home, and bound together, preparatory to receiving sentence at the hands of that many-headed monster, the Public. As a careful and minute observer of nature, in every phase of season and change of the hours; from the wide and comprehensive general view, to the most delicate scanning of the aspect of the lowliest shrub or flower; we scarcely know our author's superior, after BRYANT. Our readers, however, are so well acquainted with the marked peculiarities of Mr. STREET's style, that we shall content ourselves with a single Daguerreotype sketch from 'The School-house:'

'A PICTURE of soft beauty is the scene
When painted by the sinking summer sun
In tints of light and shade; but winter's gloom
Shows nothing but a waste, with one broad track
Stamp'd to the humble door-post from the lane;
The snow-capp'd wood-pile stretching near the walls;
And the half severed log with axe that leans
Within the gaping notch.

'The room displays
 Long rows of desk and bench; the former stain'd
 And streak'd with blots and trickles of dried ink,
 Lumbered with maps and slates and well-thumb'd books,
 And carved with rude initials; while the knife
 Has hack'd and sliced the latter. In the midst
 Stands the dread throne whence breathes supreme command,
 And in a lock'd recess well known, is laid
 The dread regalia, gifted with a charm
 Potent to the rebellious. When the bell
 Tinkles the school hour, inward streams the crowd,
 And bending heads proclaim the task commenc'd.
 Upon his throne with magisterial brow
 The teacher sits, round casting frowning looks
 As the low giggle and the shuffling foot
 Betray the covert jest, or idleness.
 Oft does he call with deep and pompous voice,
 The class before him, and shrill chattering tones
 In pert or blundering answers, break the soft
 And dreamy hum of study, heretofore
 Like beehive sounds prevailing.'

We could wish to have seen this volume make a more forcible appeal to the eye than it will be likely to do in the pamphlet form; but then it would not have been so widely diffused; and that is a 'compensating' feature, to the producer, which must not be forgotten by writers who would be read; and Mr. STREET will be.

MR. CHEEVER'S LECTURES ON THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS, AND ON THE LIFE AND TIMES OF JOHN BUNYAN. To Number Four, inclusive. New-York: WILEY AND PUTNAM.

We have perused these Lectures, as far as they have advanced, not only with unabated but with increasing interest. For many years the Pilgrim's Progress of BUNYAN has been one of our 'standard' take-downable books from our library-shelf; and now that we have 'a new lease' of the imaginations of our early years, in the eager perusal of a second generation, the old feeling of admiration and delight, in following the narrative which records the trials and triumphs of CHRISTIAN, HOPEFUL and FAITHFUL, CHRISTIANA, MR. GREAT-HEART and MERCY, comes back upon us in all the freshness of its prime. With a quick eye to all the pictorial beauties, so to speak, of BUNYAN's matchless limnings, Mr. CHEEVER adds a thorough knowledge and appreciation of all their high spiritual teachings. Moreover, his own doctrinal views have given him a keen scent for the intolerant evils against which BUNYAN warred, and of which he was the victim. We had marked for insertion three or four striking and characteristic passages, in the colloquy between BUNYAN, the Justice who committed him to his twelve years' imprisonment, and the Clerk of the Peace who came to remonstrate with him for his conscientious 'obstinacy;' but are compelled to omit them for the present. These passages, however, like his entire life, illustrate this eloquent sketch of Mr. CHEEVER:

'He kept on his course, turning neither to the right hand nor the left, in his MASTER'S service, but he made all ready for the tempest, and familiarized himself to the worst that might come, be it the prison, the pillory, or banishment, or death. With a magnanimity and grandeur of philosophy which none of the princes or philosophers or sufferers of this world ever dreamed of, he concluded that 'the best way to go through suffering, is to trust in God through CHRIST as touching the world to come; and as touching this world to be dead to it, to give up all interest in it, to have the sentence of death in ourselves and admit it, to count the grave my house, to make my bed in darkness, and to say to corruption, thou art my father; and to the worm, thou art my mother and sister; that is, to familiarize these things to me.' With this preparation, when the storm suddenly fell, though the ship at first bowed and labored heavily under it, yet how like a bird did she afterward flee before it! It reminds me of those two lines of Wesley:

'The tempests that rise,
 Shall gloriously hurry our souls to the skies'

So BUNYAN's bark sped onward, amidst howling gales, with rattling hail and thunder, but onward, still onward, and upward, still upward, to heaven!

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE INNER LIFE OF MAN.—We are indebted to the kindness of an esteemed friend who was present at the recent delivery of a lecture before the 'Young Men's Society' of Newark, New-Jersey, by Mr. CHARLES HOOVER, upon '*The Inner Life of Man*,' for a few passages from that admirable performance, which may be relied upon as very nearly identical with the language that fell from the lips of the speaker. We cannot but hope, on behalf of our citizens, that Mr. HOOVER may be invited to repeat his lecture in this city. Surely, its enlarged views, its benign inculcations, its tender remonstrances, are needed among us; nor will the good seed fall altogether upon stony ground, nor be utterly choked by the tares that abound in our field of bustling and busy existence. 'But what,' the reader may ask, 'is this inner, higher life, concerning which we hear so much in these latter days?' Let Mr. HOOVER make answer: 'It is that ethereal, spiritual nature, which by an incarnation only less mysterious than that of the SON of GOD, is in present temporary alliance and partnership with our animal nature; which, itself imperishable and immortal, measures the cycle of its probation burthened with a dead body. It is that in man which loves the beautiful and the good, which expands and warms to the breathing and the voice of love; which, like the child listening to the murmuring sea-shell, catches the far-off sound of the solemn future, and hears celestial harmonies in silentest hours. It is that which in infancy gathers in its first excursion the stuff that infant dreams are made of; which in childhood makes the welkin ring with joy and laughter, crowns itself with flowers, and arches life and the world, and all inaccessible things and places, with airy bridges; which sees angel-forms in flitting clouds, and in the gorgeous glory of setting suns beholds the vestibule and drapery of other worlds: which holds communion with flowers as things of life, and with birds as beautiful and gentle friends; which rebounds like a liberated bow from the touch of grief to the freedom of joy, and sees in its own tear-drop a perfect rainbow. To the inner life of man, in its gradual and successive unfoldings, belong those deep musings of the heart, which suggested perhaps by trifles light as air, become mighty, like pent-up fires in a mountain's bosom, and tossing off the superincumbent pressure, burst forth in a flame of patriotism to unyoke a nation, or in heroic religious love to bless a world. In the inner life of man are born and nurtured those deep and intense affections which make a man willing to die for his country, his faith, and his friends; which purified, lift him up an angel; which poisoned, burn to hell, and turn him into a fiend; there rise the fountains of generous sensibility; there dawn hope and love, and reverence and faith; there yearn the immortal desires of continued existence and eternal joy; there is the chamber of prophetic visions and poetic fires; there conscience holds its court, and in God's stead utters its solemn decision. There too the acutest of our sensibilities to suffering reside. . . . AND this inner, spiritual nature of man is his distinguishing glory, the price-

less, inalienable treasure which he carries with him amid all the changes of time, and all the disasters of the universe. It is his all. It is his proper self. Other things are circumstances of his being. This is his being, subsisting independently of every other thing and being except the DEITY. It invests all external objects with its own character and coloring: paints its own image on the sky, the floods, the fields, and faces of men, and turns the world into a thousand-faced mirror, and every face flings back upon the soul its own likeness, and all its flitting, changeful phases of mood and feeling. Is it guilty? 'The fiends of its own bosom people air with kindred fiends that hunt it to despair.' Is it sad? The sighing of the softest breeze is heard as a requiem, and the natural beatings of its own heart sound like 'funeral marches and muffled drums.' Is it glad, innocent, and happy? All nature smiles and puts on the garments of beauty; the stars sing together, the trees of the forest rejoice, and the floods clap their hands. Thus the visible universe becomes a mere reproduction of the spirit of man that beholds it. Create a mind, and it creates for its residence an external world of its own hue and character. Make that mind happy, and its external world, from pole to pole and from the zenith to its centre, is resplendent with light and beauty; balm-like airs, soft and fragrant as those of uncursed Eden, breathe upon it, and all its life is love. Dreaming, it sees a ladder reaching to heaven, and the angels of God ascending and descending on errands of mercy, and waking, exclaims with reverential joy, 'Surely God is in this place.' Make a mind miserable, and you darken its universe. The stars fall from its heaven, the golden fruitage of its paradise decays, and winter winds wail around it, and night and storm mingle their pitiless elements on its unsheltered head. Intertwined and involved in the inner life, are occurring at all times the great things of human history. In the sanctuary of unrevealed bosoms, in the 'silent, secret sessions' of thought, and in the glow of individual feeling, in the field, at the fire-side, in the closet, or on the sleepless bed, there is man's history: there, unfolding to act, or infolding itself to die, the soul is in its greatness, is in labor with itself, and struggling with big, burning thoughts, and 'truths that wake to perish never;' decreeing with solemn form and force what is to be done, and what endured. Let no man despise what is revolved in the private mind.'

We scarcely know which most to admire, the nervous thoughts embodied in the following passage, or the fervent and beautiful language in which a just reproof is conveyed:

'In all our wanderings round this world of care, we have been deeply moved and amazed at the fact, that down into the world of troubled, sorrowing mind and tortured sensibilities, the professors and light-bearers of the religion of Jesus have thrown so few of its melting beams. Of transcendent mysteries this is not the least, that of those who hold to a religion that is comprehended in one burning word, one transforming principle, LOVE; which is not a theory, but a divine passion, and whose hopes all rest on the doctrine of forgiveness; so few practically and heartily pity, forgive, and love the erring and the wretched of the family of man. Oh! it was not thus when PITY, eighteen hundred years ago, habited as a man, and leaning upon a pilgrim's staff, set out from the brow of Nazareth to the hill of Calvary, tracing with tearful eye and weary foot the roads of Judea and the streets of Jerusalem! . . . In an age which, in sorrow not in anger, in heart-felt regret, not in bitterness, we are compelled to regard as extensively pseudo-philanthropic; when a vaunting benevolence is current, which hovers every where and alights nowhere; which loves all men in general and no man in particular; profuse of pity to the heathen, while bloated with poisonous hate to its neighbor; it is refreshing to see occasional instances of practical brotherhood with poor, down-trodden, benumbed and forsaken humanity. That is true benevolence, which with mingled faith, reverence, and love, descends in quest of the inner life beneath repulsive appearances, and tainted name, and shattered fortune, and from the depths brings up a bleeding heart, a scathed soul, and speaks to it of hope and consolation, and cheers it up to the purpose of self-recovery, and the recommencement of a virtuous life, and the reconstruction of a broken, blasted fame; that rekindles with

vestal care its dying fires, and like a pious mother, nurses it through weakness, infirmity, irresolution, and despondency, back to hale strength and vigor; that by a generous confidence in its earliest repentings, and a generous forgiveness of its gravest faults, lends strength to its purposes and permanence to its reform. Oh! there are such hearts all around us, still warm and beating, though pierced through with many sorrows, goaded it may be at once by a sense of guilt and the horrors of abandonment, yet not dead to virtue, nay, sensitively alive to it; 'for as certain flowers open only in the night, so often in the dark hours of a great sorrow the human soul first opens to the light of the eternal stars.' There are such hearts buried all around us; and from their unquiet graves come up the low wail, the stifled sob, the muttered curse, the anguished prayer, appealing to the thoughtless brotherhood above them for a ray of light, and a breath of the free air of heaven! Harken, and ye shall hear the tones of an eternal *miserère*, mingling and swelling like distant organ-peals, drowned by the din of day-light, but re-heard in all hours of thought and stillness, in all places of meditative retirement. Listen, and ye shall hear soliloquies of the heart with itself, revealing pleasant memories and hopes, and tendernesses and joys, that come up from the past in shadowy troops, with lights and garlands — and vanish, making the darkness more visible and solitude more hideous. Blessed, we say, for Heaven has said it, blessed are they whose ministry of love is in that unquiet inner world; whose sympathies intertwine themselves with its strained, snapped fibres and ligaments; whose hand gently withdraws the barbed arrows of outrageous fortune, and into the ragged wound pours the oil of consolation and the balm of joy! Select, sacred, and heaven-ordained and anointed priests and priestesses they, of a God of love in a world of sorrow. Not their commission is it to declare to cowering criminals a God wrathful, vindictive, and scarcely less bloody than the Druid's deity, hating with infinite venom the unhappy violator of his laws; not theirs to deal out curious metaphysics and cold abstractions, giving a stone for bread and an adder for an egg to the sons of sorrow and the daughters of misfortune; but to inspire hope in the desponding and peace in the troubled bosom; to give light for darkness, the oil of joy for mourning, and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness; to bring back the lost to their FATHER'S house, and raise the dead to life again.'

A BRACE OF PELLETS FROM 'JULIAN.' — Not one of our readers, we will venture to say, has forgotten the spiritual JULIAN, whose 'Top of New-York,' and the inquiry concerning 'the law' between man and wife, in regard to getting up first in the morning, attracted so much attention and remark two or three months since. We annex two late paper-pellets of his brain; and must ask the reader to admire with us the fervent feeling of new paternity wreaked upon expression in the first, and the ease and simplicity of style which mark the unstudied sketch that succeeds it: 'HAVE you ever any nervous days, my kind EDITOR? Nervous, beyond publishing days, or the want of copy; beyond excesses, the reaction of excitement, fast-days, and the giving of thanks? — for these last are animal only, and for such, doctors are made and abound every where. The cure for them you may get in a brown-paper parcel; it is buyable; and of late it is eatable; you may take it in a lozenge. But the days of which I speak are such as you must endure patiently unto the end. 'They come like shadows, so depart,' but the cloud that gives the shadow is beyond your reach. A new doubt or apprehension, or an old one with an uglier face than usual; a hideousness not before seen, a devilishness of malice flashing upon you for the first time, or even an unkind word, added to your previous gathering of matériel, may tip the balance of your pleasant thoughts, and then, all colors changing into one, the black cloud rolls over you, and dark thoughts, wholly foreign to your nature, throng round and stab at you, till at last, by that old snakish sympathy of excitement, your own dark passions rise and em-

brace them, and the sensitive guardians of the brain, mingling in the fray, give you up, one by one, captive to the devil. In the lighter hours of the day, the dead hopes of the Past, the beauties of other days, throng round you, and shake their dry bones; and oh, what efforts at sprightliness! what ravishing of graces! what whirling and rattling of bare bones, as they waltz round to that music of other days! And now, born of these, comes another group, with the laughing eye of young years and a full heart; and ah! the tempting lip, the heaving bosom, the light step of the perfect form; ha! ha! there is life, there is beauty in the world again! But then will they betray you? Will they grow old and ugly? Will they live to mock at you? And now the words, 'No you do n't, you can't come it,' tremble upon your lips; but then, oh! the delight of giving up to it; going the whole, the entire, the unclipt, the blind-folded, the universal; 'ha! ha! come to my heart, my beauties!' and with open arms you stagger to their embraces. But in that long, long, kiss, with the hot breath of passion, and the bounding blood and brain reeling to madness, there is the bitterness of death. *Dust and ashes!*—take them away. . . . THE drop too much in all this is, that you get no sympathy from others; it is quite too personal, too exclusive for that. Whereas, in the solemnities of New-Year's, and in all the concerns of that day, the whole world beareth company. Not but that we have occasion for all our bravery, our greetings and rejoicings; it is well to affect that, for there is a strange man about town, all that day, and a *disci mori* whispered about the streets; and although we pretend not to know, or to hear him, there is one at our house who hath let him in; and all day long is he parleying and protesting and offering refreshments, forsooth, to that unwelcome visitor. But there is a pleasure in the assurance that the cunning of our neighbors shall not avail more than ours with his impertinence; that he shall be stabbed under the fifth rib, that he shall wince under his hits, his jokes, his stinging rebuke! There is also something companionable in the thought, that we are not alone in this onward movement of years, this stern necessity of motion, this tread-mill step! No one can defalcate in this particular; no one can Texas-ize and be quit of his transgressions and his onward travel. But millions of our own kith and kin travel the same way; England goes with us; Europe goes with us; and let not the indolent Turk dream that he is becalmed the while; let not the exclusives of the rising sun imagine that they in their nearness to Heaven do not, nevertheless, whirl on in the general motion, even as the outer barbarians! Decidedly, they *do*; their *somersets* avail not, and the edicts of the great Ching-poo are astounded at their non-effect. This is one pleasant reflection born of New-Year's; beside, it would be amusing, if one could laugh at any thing so sad, to observe the humors of the few who think upon the bearings of that solemn time. In the year to be, there are many to come, many to go, and but few to tarry; yet *all* have their ambitions of a life-time; those even, to whom the stars have grown dim, and life become almost a mockery under Heaven, dashing into the coming day with something of the old zest; while the many, the *oi polloi*, who have not yet made their grand move, are now ready, and think that therefore the earth is to take a new route in creation; forgetting that the old round must be the round for ever. Nights sleepless with joy, nights sleepless with pain, nights long with watching, feverish thought; crime that stings like an adder, and nights short with perfect rest; days long and weary, days bright and dashing, hot and cold, wet and dry, and days and nights with all of these—as hath been in the time that's past, and will be in the time to come.

'There is something very pitiable in these humors, Mr. EDITOR; indeed very laughable, if your mouth is shaped to that effect; but as it happens with me to-night, my mouth refuses to twitch except in one direction. Its corners have what Prof. P— used to call the 'downward tendencies.' Perhaps it is because this is with me the anniversary of a day upon the events of which are hanging the movements of all after-life; it may be this, and there may be thereto added the coloring of a winter's day. The wind howls about the house-tops, and the air pierces like needles; even the stars, when they look down in thousands, as the rack goes by, seem to shiver in their high places; yet perhaps there is nothing so personal in all that, considering that just so the wind howled last night, and may for a

month to come ; but oh ! as I am a nervous man, and look back upon the circling months, and feel the sting here and the stab there, in that galvanic battery ; and as I look forward with eager eye, and ear open to the faintest whisper of the dim to-morrow, it is not as the stars shiver from excess of light, but with a shudder at the heart from the cooler blood of — Good night, my kind EDITOR ; that sentence is quite too long already, and there are some things too personal to tell.

P. S. — Whoop ! hurrah ! Light upon the world again ! Where are you, my fine EDITOR ? I say Sir, I was an ass — do you hear ? — an *ass*, premature, wise before my time, a brute, a blockhead ! Did I talk of dust and ashes ? Oh ! Sir, I lied multitudinously. Every nerve, every muscle that did n't try to strangle me in that utterance, *lied*. No, Sir ; let me tell you it's a great world ; glorious — magnificent ; a world that can't be beat ! Talk of the stars and a better world, but do n't invite me there yet. Make my regrets, my apology to Death, but say that I can't come ; 'positive engagement ; happy some other time, but not now.' Oh, no ; this morning is quite too beautiful to leave ; and beside, I would rather stay, if only to thank God a little longer for this glorious light, this pure air that can echo back my loudest hurrah. And then, my boy — But hav 'nt I told you ? Why Sir, I 've got a boy ! — a *boy* ! — ha, ha ! I shout it out to you — A BOY ; fourteen pounds, and the mother a great deal *better* than could be expected ! And I say, Mr. EDITOR, it's *mine* ! hurrah and hallelujah forever ! Oh, Sir ! such legs, and such arms, and such a head ! — and Oh my God ! *he has his mother's lips* ! I can kiss them forever ! And then, Sir, look at his feet, his hands, his chin, his eyes, his every thing, in fact — so '*perfectly O. K.*' Give me joy, Sir ; no you need n't either. I am full now ; I run over ; and they say that I ran over a number of old women, half killed the mother, pulled the doctor by the nose, and upset a 'pothecary-shop in the corner ; and then did n't I ring the tea-bell ? Did n't I blow the horn ? Did n't I dance, shout, laugh, and cry altogether ? The women say they had to tie me up. I do n't believe *that* ; but who is going to shut his mouth when he has a live baby ? You should have heard his lungs, Sir, at the first mouthful of fresh air — such a burst ! A little tone in his voice, but not pain ; excess of joy, Sir, from too great sensation. The air-bath was so sudden, you know. Think of all his beautiful machinery starting off at once in full motion ; all his thousand outside feelers answering to the touch of the cool air ; the flutter and crash at the ear ; and that curious contrivance the eye, looking out wonderingly and bewildered upon the great world, so glorious and dazzling to his unworn perceptions ; his net-work of nerves, his wheels and pulleys, his air-pumps and valves, his engines and reservoirs ; and within all, that beautiful fountain, with its jets and running streams dashing and coursing through the whole length and breadth, without stint, or pause — making altogether, Sir, exactly fourteen pounds !

'Did I ever talk brown to you, Sir, or blue, or any other of the devil's colors ? You say I have. Beg your pardon, Sir, but you — are mistaken in the individual. I am this day, Sir, multiplied by two. I am duplicate. I am number one of an indefinite series, and there's my continuation. And you observe, it is not a block, nor a block-head, nor a painting, nor a bust, nor a fragment of any thing, however beautiful ; but a combination of *all* the arts and sciences in one ; painting, sculpture, music (hear him cry,) mineralogy, chemistry, mechanics (see him kick,) geography, and the use of the globes (see him nurse ;) and withal, he is a perpetual motion — a time-piece that will never run down ! And who would it up ? But words, Sir, are but a mouthing and a mockery. . . . When a man is nearly crushed under obligations, it is presumed that he is unable to speak ; but he may bend over very carefully, for fear of falling, nod in a small way, and say nothing ; and then, if he have sufficient presence of mind to lay a hand upon his heart, and look down at an angle of forty-five degrees, with a motion of the lips — unuttered poetry — showing the wish and inability, it will be (well done) very gracefully expressive. With my boy in his first integuments, I assume that position, make the small nod afore-said, and leave you the poetry unuttered.

'ODD-ZOUNDS!' thought we, on glancing at the subject of the ensuing piscatory epistle, 'what can all this outcry mean?' But that exclamatory query we shall permit JULIAN himself to answer, in his own peculiar way:

'GAMMON!' said HARRY. 'Wait a moment,' said I; 'I shall throw sixes;' and to be sure down came the sixes, striking him on the 'seize' point, and then rebounding to my own, swept every man from the table. The board was put up, and after a little closing chat with Mrs. H——, I was taking leave, when HARRY called me back. 'JULIAN,' said he, 'Come and breakfast to-morrow upon 'Zounds and Sounds.' 'Zounds and Sounds!' said I, I shall be delighted! What a charming dish! I remember of ——' 'And JULE,' said HARRY, interrupting me, 'perhaps FANNY would come?' 'Oh, impossible! you know she is delicate yet, and the mornings are quite chilly.' 'Well, good night; and do n't forget that we breakfast *early*.' 'My dear Sir,' said I, 'I could rise at cock-crow for Zounds and Sounds.' . . . Now, I had never even heard the words before; but I pique myself on knowing strange and choice dishes; not the far-fetched things of the French, but things good *per se*, and without a sea of condiments; the delicate, the rare subtleties which our own women know so well to compound. Of course, I *ought* to know Zounds and Sounds, and of course, I should not hurry to disclaim that knowledge. HARRY might have known, and then again he might *not*; but he remembered, as I have since ascertained, of having eaten something of the kind some thirty years since; something he had perhaps cloyed of, and so forgotten, but something very delectable; something that would perhaps touch his palate again like the maple-sugar and other dainties of his boyhood. Having found the article that day, he had secured a large quantity without asking what they were, and had them taken privately to his house, with a view of making up the dish himself. I came home, rolling the magic words 'as a sweet morsel under my tongue,' and immediately sought out a curious dictionary, in which various strange things are expounded; and failing in that, looked into CRABBE'S Synonyms, (by the rule of contraries, I suppose, for there certainly could be nothing *like* Zounds and Sounds,) but as LONGFELLOW says, 'All in vain!' FANNY having retired, I got into my slippers and sat down by the fire to ruminate a little. 'Zounds and Sounds!' said I. 'What an incomparable phrase! What a sweet suffusion of the z! What vibratory tingling upon the tympanum! How pleasantly percussive to the brain; and how even the teeth partake of the sensation! I declare! I must write a song upon Zounds and Sounds! I will. I will write an invitational song to the Editors. Let me see. Zounds, rounds, bounds and hounds. Exactly! Now then:

ARE you weary Sir, of the ups and downs
The fume, the fun, the blues the browns,
The heat, the haste, the sights the sounds
Of your never-ending monthly rounds?
Oh! come and dine on Zounds and Sounds!
Zounds and Sounds!
Glorious sounds!
The music, alone,
With only a bone,
Is a dinner, Sir, with Zounds and Sounds.

Do n't ask me, Sir, upon what grounds
I promise that these rare compounds
Exactly as the song propounds,
(The music alone,
With only a bone,)
Shall drive your troubles past all bounds,
Or mad thoughts chasing you like hounds;
Do n't ask me *how* it drives and drowns,
But come and dine on Zounds and Sounds.

Finishing the song, I looked about for my flute to find a tune for it, but reflecting that I should wake the house, put it by again for another time. 'After all,' said I, 'a flute could n't touch that z sound. Indeed what can? What is there like it? Has a church-bell any tone approximating it even? Has a violin? Has a hautboy? Has a French horn? Has a jew's-harp? Ay, that's the thing! A jew's-harp has something like it; and so — so

has a bumble-bee. A thought strikes me! It is possible that Zounds and Sounds are — Yes,' said I, rising and shouting with the excitement, 'Zounds and Sounds are *bumble-bees*! — bumble-bees curiously prepared; gathered in some warm climate where they abound, and pickled! Henceforth let no man call that bee 'humble;' he is *bumble*, most decidedly!' And with this thought I hurried off to bed. . . . It may have been an hour afterward, while I was in the maze between sleeping and waking, that the words 'Zounds and Sounds' escaped me, unawares. 'What 's that?' said FANNY, starting up. 'Are you sure that I spoke?' said I. 'Indeed, I am; you said something about going down town.' 'Did I? Well, I forgot to tell you. I *am* going down town; so you must not be surprised at my rising early to-morrow. I think of breakfasting out.' 'You think! I should think you did; thinking aloud, and asleep too! Don't think so again, dear; you woke me out of a sound sleep.' . . . At an early hour the next morning, I was at my friend's house. How I got there, I do not now remember; but I have a distinct recollection of a ringing sensation in my head, and of not being quite sure that I was awake, till the romping of a dozen children, and a buzzing sound every where of Zounds and Sounds aroused me to a full sense of the great treat that was coming. Then it was that I sang the last night's song, and it took immensely, especially with the children. HARRY was not there to hear it, and lost that pleasure, (as I have never repeated it,) unless he heard it in the kitchen, where he was superintending the burden of the song. Shortly after, came the call of 'breakfast,' and we all walked in, at least fifteen of us, and took seats at the table before the Zounds and Sounds were brought in. HARRY was already seated at the head. Presently the Zounds came in, piping hot; but before they had reached the table, HARRY turned to me and asked if I had any preference. 'Have you taken the stingers out?' said I, thinking of bumble-bees. 'Stingers!' said HARRY. 'Oh, I beg your pardon,' said I; 'only a joke,' and making a bold guess at some white things that now appeared on the table, added, 'A little of the breast.' HARRY smiled, but said nothing. Plates were now served all around. Breakfast went on, and Zounds and Sounds went down, and every body appeared to be perfectly charmed with the dish. One might say, to be sure, that they were a little *saltish*, and then again, with that exception, there was no remarkable flavor; but that might be the rarity, *not to have any flavor*. No one, however, thought *aloud* in this manner. On the contrary, there was a manifest inclination to detect resemblances of taste and flavor to those of very many rare and delicate cookeries; but after awhile *there came a pause*. It was during this pause, that my friend turned to his wife and inquired if she was quite sure they were seasoned properly. 'I think they are a little salt,' said Mrs. H —; but, my dear, you know you prepared them yourself.' HARRY looked thunder-clouds, and called one of the servants. 'Mary,' said he, 'take the key and bring me a *raw Zound*. You will find two buckets-full in the wine-cellar.' Wondering at this, we wondered still more at finding our coffee-cups all empty at the same time. Each one was waiting for *drink*. The raw Zound was now brought, and HARRY, plunging his fork into it, while all eyes were fixed upon him, turned it over and over, examining it on all sides, and then, with his arm at a right angle, raised it deliberately to his nose. Almost instantaneously, and while still some distance off, there came a very wise expression about his nostrils, which, as the Zound came nearer, dilated still more and more, deepening the expression to a frightful extent, till, all doubts removed, he shouted out: '*Codfish! by thunder!*'

We had actually taken within us, and bepraised, the unfreshened *tongues and bladders* of codfish!

It is now more than a week, O EDITOR! since this breakfast came off, or rather since it went down, for it isn't *off* yet; even now, that taste — Do you know what it is, Sir, to have your jaws hang? — to be always on the eve of a gape? — to be afraid of the *tongues* or the *snuffers*, or a tall man, especially in tights, lest the next yawn may wholly tear up your spinous process, your spheroid cartilage? — hang the doctors! — do you understand? Well; *I am in that way*; and it's all from those confounded Zounds and Sounds!

Gossip with Readers and Correspondents. — Coming home lateish to-night from the opera, we found the following, written in what Mrs. MALAFROF would term 'rather ineligible characters,' as if hastily reduced to paper. Howbeit, we knew it at once for the 'hand-write' of our favorite, facile and felicitous historian of Tinnecum. He is one of your persons now who thinks, and not a member of that hum-drum class who only *think* they think; moreover, he knows 'how to observe' better even than Miss MARTINEAU. It was an every-day thing which struck him, in the aspect of our winter-sleighs, as he rode up in one of them a day or two ago; but this sketch of '*The Snow-Omnibus*' is not so common: 'Past midnight! The embers are dying. The thunder of the city becomes a dull roar, the roar a murmur: then comes a dead pause, interrupted sometimes by the watchman's club as it rings on the pavement, or the shrill, solitary whistler executing the thread-bare airs of the opera, or 'Life on the Ocean Wave.' The door opens without noise. I lift up my nodding head and see Dr. BARTOLO, his hat like a miller's, and his whiskers fringed with white. With tread soft as a mouse or an apparition, he illumines his candle, turns on his heel, and says in a whisper very appropriate to the time, the place, and the fact conveyed: 'It snows!' Such is the only intimation to break the magic and the mystery of the early morning, unless it be the small tinkling of bells like frogs in a brook; a complete shifting or rather change of scene noiselessly wrought; a foul city purified, whitenened, sparkling, and glorious, like a Scarlet Lady who emerges with her meretricious charms in chaste robes, chaste as Diana. She taketh the veil. The virgin-snow is unsullied upon her bosom, just as it dropped softly out of heaven, undefiled by footsteps, dazzling only to conceal. 'Tis but the momentary semblance of purity. The sun is up. Hark! the tumult and excitement is begun. The crowds throng and jostle through the pure element; the horses prance to the gay and perpetual chimes, and Broadway is the paradise of belles. Underneath all is the obscenity of filth! What attracts our attention, however, is your snow-omnibus, very different in looks, spirit and animation from the same lumbering carriage upon wheels. What do you see in the latter? A set of cross, hungry-looking men, going up town to dinner, packed together in a magnetizing attitude, with knees jammed against knees, and eyes wherever they can find a place to put them; women crushed between stout fellows, and indecently nudged at every apology of a jolt; in short, a pent-house of ill-humour; twelve 'all full' people; whiskerandi, gentle maidens, wives, and 'live widders,' ranged with solemn regularity like coffins in a vault. All fix their eyes where their minds are, on vacuity, and try to *be* for the time present, what they *seem* to be, as stupid as the devil, as if they dreaded some sympathetic contact, revealing bank-frauds and transactions in stocks. Who ever saw a smile in an omnibus, even when court-plasters have changed places? You might as well look into a slow-driven hearse for something sunshiny! Your broker dares not even chuckle. Your exquisite cannot resort for consolation to the suction of his cane, but all look grim and virtuous as Seneca, until they pull the leather, pass up six-pence through the port-hole, and as they open the door, their faces begin to expand, but only with the animal anticipation of dinner. Compare this with the *grouping* and animation of the Sleigh-omnibus; heads piled upon heads, as in a picture; black hats, feathers, plumage, barrel-caps, etc., bobbing about in a lively manner to the music of bells. Down they go into the gullies, through thick and thin, with a ludicrous contrast and juxtaposition of faces; all forced in spite of themselves to give expression to their several humors, mirth, deviltry, or spleen. Checks glow, eyes shine, spectacles sparkle, glances fly impudently to the windows where the face of beauty presses against the cold pane. The runner sinks into a 'rut,' and that makes the company bow to each other, and gives that old rascal of a sexagenarian an excuse to bring his gray whiskers very near to the blooming visage of a girl whose charming modesty is shrouded in colors more delicate than the blush on the cheek of a magnum-bonum plum. Sixty must not aspire after such fruitage; but in an omnibus, where's the harm? But we have a remark

to make on *nosology*, or the noses of the group. So spicy a variety of folk cheek-by-jowl (Parthians and Flamites, Medes, Jews and Persians,) begets contrast. Nose-bridges of all styles show their peculiar architecture, Roman or Grecian; while straight, crooked, bottle, snub, pug; some flat and with no bridge at all, others very much *abridged*; are brought together in an amicable jostling, 'comparing themselves by themselves,' and setting off one another as a rose sets off a geranium. While I point out these peculiarities to my friend PUTZ, a coral shriek rends the air, and by heavens! the whole load is upset! . . . We hear from all quarters 'good exclamation' on the *Directions for Sonnet-Making*, from the popular pen of our friend 'T. W. P.' in our last number. An eastern correspondent, however, questions the correctness of one assumption of the writer: 'It would be well to avoid coupling such words as moon and spoon; breeze and cheese and sneeze; Jove and stove; hope and soap; all of which it might be difficult to bring together harmoniously.' Our correspondent thinks that this decree was issued without due reflection; and he proceeds to substantiate his position by 'the ocular proof:'

SONNET.

THROUGH hazy clouds, scarce ruffled by the breeze,
Methought, last night, I saw the moon 't' th' moon;
As in the hollow bowl of silver spoon
A broad reflected face the gazer sees;
(Who trifling, dinner done, with bread and cheese,
Abstractly lifts the spoon aforesaid up;) —
Or the same thing beholds in polished cup,
Or conceals the moon suggested HORACE's boast;
Sight of the moon suggested HORACE's boast;
But the night froze; and to express such hope
Sounded far softer than the softest soap
To me, who rather chose my heels to toast
In the warm vicinage of glowing stove,
Than pluck the moon's-man's nose, beneath the frigid JOVE!*

If there be not a fruitful lesson in the subjoined, which we venture to separate from its context in a recent letter from an esteemed friend and contributor, then we — are mistaken: 'APPROPOS of 'American Pyalism,' in your March number: a friend was telling me the other day of the agonies he had suffered from dispensing with the use of tobacco. He had used it in various ways for thirty years, but finding that he was breaking down under it, he broke off abruptly, about a year ago. 'Let a tobacco-chewer,' said he, 'who wishes to know what nerves are, ubetain for only one day, and if he has a wife who is delicate and nervous, he will forever after look upon her with a sympathy that he never felt before. Why, Sir, for months after I had forsworn tobacco, my mouth and jaws were any thing but flesh and bone. They were fire, ice, and prussic-acid, alternately. The roof of my mouth would at one moment have the feeling of blistering, and the next of freezing; and in addition to that, needles would occasionally pierce my face in every imaginable way. My head, for the most part, was a large hogshead with a bumble-bee in it, and the bung stopped up. You know that I am not imaginative; but my teeth, Sir, would suddenly grow to the length of a mastodon's, and perhaps five minutes after, (if at the table,) a narcotic deadness would take the place of the previous excitement, and I would seem to be mumbling my food like people whose teeth are gone. But in the street, I always seemed to be grinning at every body, like some horrible beast who could n't get his mouth shut. If you have ever stayed *agape* for an hour or so, while the doctor was on his way to reset your jaws, you can imagine how distressingly public that feeling is. One bitter cold night I woke on the cellar-stairs, having got that far in search of tobacco, in my night-dress. Did you ever do so? You may think it trifling; but whenever from any cause you have become nervous, the first night that you wake on the cellar-stairs in the dark will be something to remember. At another time I dreamed of dying. I had been long sick and had

* Sub dio. — HOR.

wasted to a mere nothing; but having had abundant time to prepare for death, I flattered myself that I was quite ready to go; and indeed, my hold upon life was so feeble, (a slight change in the weather would have snapped it, so it seemed,) my very breath was so fluttering and unsatisfactory, that I thought it would be as well perhaps to have done with it. The faces of friends, and the out-door world, with all its many goings-on, were pleasant to behold, but *faintly* so — indistinctly; my pulsations had gone down to such extreme tenuity, that the effort of getting at a pleasure killed it. But I was mistaken; for just before dying, the thought of my cigars came to me like a blessing; and although my physician told me I had but a few moments to live, I would not be refused. A cigar was brought; I seized it in my bony fingers, held it up to the light, smelt of it, and fondled it till the light was brought; and then, with what little grace my strength would allow, I inhaled that divine tobacco! How complacently, as far as I was able, did I then look around upon my surviving friends! My eyes, however, closed very soon from languor, and my breath now coming only at rather long intervals, the puffs were far between; notwithstanding which, I lived it through to the last inspiration; but in the closing draught, the fire from the cigar burnt my mouth so badly that I — awoke, and found I had actually bitten my lip in a most shocking manner! Well, Sir, you may think it was pleasant *not* to be dying, and so it was; but as I then felt, I think I would sooner have gone, if I could have taken with me the fragrance of that incomparable regalia.' . . . Our new friend, the writer of the '*Lines to an Early Robin*,' who desires us to send him six numbers of the KNICKERBOCKER containing his article, inquires 'which kind of his writing we should prefer, prose or poetry?' We hardly know what to say, in answer to this categorical query. It will not perhaps be amiss, however, to adopt the *in medio tutissimus ibis* style of the traveller, who, upon calling for a cup of tea at breakfast, handed it back to the servant, after tasting it, with the remark: 'If this is tea, bring me coffee — if it is coffee, bring me tea; *I want a change*.' If what 'M.' sends us is poetry, let him send us prose; if it is prose, (and it certainly 'has that look,') let him send us poetry, by all means. . . . Judges and other legal functionaries, though ostensibly 'sage, grave men,' are oftentimes sad wags, and fond of fun and frolic. From one of this class we derive the annexed: 'A few months since, in a neighboring town, a knight of the yard-stick was paying his addresses to a Miss INCHES, who, beside some personal attraction, was reputed to be mistress of a snug fortune. At first, the lady encouraged his addresses, but afterward jilted him. Rendered desperate by his double loss, the young man went home and deliberately shot himself; and the coroner's jury next morning brought in a verdict of '*Died by Inches!*' . . . How very beautiful are these lines upon the death of a young and lovely girl, the bloom of whose fair cheek refused to wither at the blighting touch of the Destroyer:

'Her eye-lids as in sleep were closed,
Her brow was white like snow;
A smile still lingered on her cheek,
As if 't was loth to go!

And it may be a smile so sweet,
So quiet and serene,
Was never on the healthy brow
Of living maiden seen.

Perchance the wondrous bliss which burst
Upon her raptured mind,
When first she woke in glory's courts,
Now left its trace behind.

'Her end was peace. I thought that they
Who loved her, should not grieve;
For these last words they heard her say,
'My spirit, Lord, receive!'

And when they laid her in the earth,
Her cheek still held the bloom;
That smile so sweet, the gentle maid
Bore with her to the tomb.

Think it not strange that brighter tints
Upon the blossoms crept,
Which grew above the sacred spot
Where that meek maiden slept.'

We scarcely know when we have been more amused, than in reading lately a satirical sketch, entitled '*The House of Mourning: a Farce*.' Squire HAMPER and his lady, personages rather of the rustic order, who have come up to London from the family seat in the country, in the progress of shopping in a street at the west end of the metropolis, stop at a dry-goods undertakers, with a hatchment, and '*Maison de Deuil*,' or House of Mourning, by

way of a sign over the door. 'Mason de Dool!' exclaims the Squire, responding to his wife's translation; 'some foreign haberdasher's, I s'pose.' The lady, however, coaxes him to go in; for although she has lost no friends, she longs to see the 'improvements in mourning,' which she can do by 'cheapening a few articles, and buying a penny-worth of black pins.' The worthy pair enter, take an ebony chair at the counter, while a clerk in a suit of sables addresses the lady, and in sepulchral tones inquires if he 'can have the melancholy pleasure of serving her.' 'How deep would you choose to go, Ma'am? Do you wish to be very poignant? We have a very extensive assortment of family and complimentary mourning. Here is one, Ma'am, just imported; a widow's silk, watered, as you perceive, to match the sentiment. It is called the 'Inconsolable,' and is very much in vogue in Paris for matrimonial bereavements.' 'Looks rather flimsy, though,' interposes the Squire; 'not likely to last long, eh, Sir?' 'A little slight, praps,' replies the shopman; 'rather a delicate texture; but mourning ought not to last forever, Sir.' 'No,' grumbles the Squire; 'it seldom does, specially the violent sorts.' 'As to mourning, Ma'am,' continues the shopman, addressing the lady, 'there has been a great deal, a very great deal indeed, this season; and several new fabrics have been introduced, to meet the demand for fashionable tribulation, and all in the French style; they of France excel in the *funèbre*. Here for instance is an article for the deeply-afflicted; a black crape, expressly adapted to the profound style of mourning; makes up very sombre and interesting. Or, if you prefer to mourn in velvet, here 's a very rich one: real Genoa, and a splendid black; we call it the 'Luxury of Woe.' It 's only eighteen shillings a yard, and a superb quality; fit, in short, for the handsomest style of domestic calamity.' Here the Squire wants to know 'whether sorrow gets more superfine as it goes upward in life.' 'Certainly — yes, Sir — by all means,' responds the clerk; 'at least, a finer texture. The mourning of poor people is very coarse, very; quite different from that of persons of quality. Canvass to crape, Sir.' The lady next asks if he has a variety of half-mourning; to which he replies: 'O, infinite — the largest stock in town; full, and half, and quarter, and half-quarter mourning, shaded off from a *grief pronounced* to the slightest nuance of regret.' The lady is directed to another counter, and introduced to 'the gent. who superintends the Intermediate Sorrow Department;' who inquires: 'You wish to inspect some half-mourning, Madam? the second stage of distress! As such Ma'am, allow me to recommend this satin — intended for grief when it has subsided; alleviated, you see, Ma'am, from a dead black to a dull lead color. It 's a Parisian novelty, Ma'am, called 'Settled Grief,' and is very much worn by ladies of a certain age, who do not intend to embrace Hymen a second time.' ('Old women, mayhap, about seventy,' mutters the Squire.) 'Exactly so, Sir; or thereabout. Not but what some ladies, Ma'am, set in for sorrow much earlier; indeed, in the prime of life; and for such cases it is a very durable wear; but praps it 's too *lugubre*: now here 's another — not exactly black, but shot with a warmish tint, to suit a woe moderated by time. The French call it a 'Gleam of Comfort.' We've sold several pieces of it; it 's very attractive; we consider it the happiest pattern of the season.' 'Yes,' once more interposes the Squire; 'some people are very happy in it no doubt.' 'No doubt, Sir. There 's a charm in melancholy, Sir. I'm fond of the pensive myself. Praps, Madam, you would prefer something still more in the transition state, as we call it, from grave to gay. In that case, I would recommend this lavender Ducape, with only just a souvenir of sorrow in it; the slightest tinge of mourning, to distinguish it from the garb of pleasure. But possibly you desire to see an appropriate style of costume for the juvenile branches, when sorrow their young days has shaded? Of course, a milder degree of mourning than for adults. Black would be precocious. This, Ma'am, for instance — a dark pattern on gray; an interesting dress, Ma'am, for a little girl, just initiated in the vale of tears; only eighteen-pence a yard Ma'am, and warranted to wash.' The 'Intermediate Sorrow Department,' however, derives no patronage from the 'hard customer;' and we next find her in the 'Coiffure Department,' looking at caps, and interrogating a how-woman in deep mourning, who is in attendance, and enlarging upon the beauty of

her fabrics: 'This is the newest style, Ma'am. Affliction is very much modernized, and admits of more *gout* than formerly. Some ladies indeed for their morning grief wear rather a plainer cap; but for evening sorrow, this is not at all too *ornée*. French taste has introduced very considerable alleviations.' Failing however, in 'setting her *cops*' for the new customer, the show-woman 'tries the handkerchief' enticement; exhibiting one with a fringe of artificial tears worked on the border—the '*Larmoyante*,' a sweet-pretty idea.' The Squire intimates that as a handkerchief *to be used*, it would most likely be found 'rather scrubby for the eyes.' But the show-woman removes *this* objection: 'O dear, no, Sir—if you mean wiping. The wet style of grief is quite gone out—quite! The dry cry is decidedly the genteel thing.' No wonder that the Squire, as he left the establishment with his 'better half,' was fain to exclaim: 'Humph! And so that's a Mason de Dool! Well! if it's all the same to you, Ma'am, I'd rather die in the country, and be universally lamented after the old fashion; for, as to London, what with the new French modes of mourning, and the 'Try Warren' style of blacking the premises, it do seem to me that before long all sorrow will be shewn Abram, and the House of Mourning a regular Farce!' . . . A *Canadian Correspondent*, in a few 'free and easy' couplets, advises us how much we have lost by declining a ms. drama of his, which he is hammering out on the anvil of his brain. We subjoin a few lines of 'The Angry Poet:':

'THE *dampier*, the *draft* of my drama you've checked;
You've stunted my laurels—my rich cargo wrecked!
That cargo! O! never was galleon of Spain
Thus freighted, by winds wafted over the Main!
There were stuffs, and brocades, and rich laces and blonde;
There were Damascene blades, and thy silks Trebisond;
There was armor from Milan, both cuirass and helm,
Abelrds, Eloisus, and Father Anselm:
There were jewels, and gold, and the amulet's power,
A horn to spout, and to rant by the hour;
A lady to love, and be loved, and to faint,
As a matter of course, turning pale through her paint!
There were clowns who the grave-digger clown could outvie,
And princes who on the stage strutted so high
That Prince Hamlet they'd eat; who could pick up a scull,
Vote his morals a bore, and his wit mighty dull!
There were spirits that roam in the caves of the deep,
Coming back to our earth, as ghosts will do, to peep!
A king of the Cannibals—warriors, a host;
And a city with domes, mid the dim waters lost:
There was some one descended from BRIAN BORU;
For Pleasaunce a hunchback, in French 'Un Tortu';
Every scene was an episode—tragic each act;
Winding up with swords clashing, or pistols well cracked.'

WE have just received the following from an esteemed correspondent, who transcribes it verbatim from the familiar letter of a friend. If we have a solitary reader who can peruse it without emotion, let him confine his indifference within his own cold bosom:

'I HAVE just returned from the funeral of poor EMMA G —, a little girl to whom I had been for years most tenderly attached. As there was something very touching in the circumstances connected with her death, I will relate them to you. She was the daughter of a widow, a near neighbor of mine. When I first knew her, she was a sprightly child of about four years of age, perfect in form and feature. The bloom of health was on her cheek; her eye was the brightest I ever saw; while in her bosom there glowed a generous affection that seemed to embrace all with whom she came in contact. But when she reached her seventh year, her health began to decline. The rose suddenly paled on her cheek, and her eye had acquired prematurely that sad, thoughtful expression which gives so melancholy a charm to the features of wasting beauty. Her mother looked on with an anxious heart, and at an utter loss to account for so sudden a change in her health. But soon a new source of anxiety appeared. While dressing her one day, she observed on EMMA's back, just between the shoulders, a small swelling, of about the size of a walnut. As she watched this spot, and observed that it grew larger from day to day, the mother began to have sad misgivings. These however she kept to herself for a time. Soon afterward, a slight stoop in her gait became visible. The family physician was

now called in, and the worst forebodings of the mother were confirmed. Her idolized child was fast becoming a hump-back!

'I will not attempt to describe the feelings of the mother, who was thus doomed to witness from day to day the slow growth of that which was to make one so dear to her a cripple and a dwarf. Suffice it to say, her love as well as care seemed to be redoubled, and ЕХММ became more than ever the child of her affections. Nor did her little companions neglect her when she could no longer join in their out-door sports, and her own sprightly step had given place to a slow, stooping-gait, and the sweet ringing voice to a sad or querulous tone, that sometimes made the very heart ache. On the contrary, all vied with each other in administering to her amusements. Among them, none clung to her with more assiduity than her brother WILLIAM, who was the nearest to her own age. He gave up all his own out-door play, in order to be with her, and seemed never so happy as when he could draw a smile, and though it was, from her thoughtful features. But after a while, ЕХММ grew wayward under her affliction; and unfortunately, though generally good-natured, WILLIAM had a quick temper, to check which required more self-command than commonly falls to one so young. Sometimes, therefore, when he found plan after plan, which he had projected for her amusement, rejected with peevish contempt, he could hardly conceal from her his own wounded feelings. Yet, though at times apparently ungrateful, ЕХММ was perhaps not so in fact; and she loved her brother better than any one else, save her mother. It was only in moments when her too sensitive nature had been chafed perhaps by her own reflections—for like the majority of children in her circumstances, she was thoughtful beyond her years—that her conduct seemed unkind. And then, when she marked the clouded expression of her brother's face, she would ask forgiveness in so meek a spirit, and kiss his cheek so affectionately, that he forgave her almost as soon as offended.

'Years thus passed on, when one day, after she had been more than usually perverse and fretful, WILLIAM, who had been reading to her, on receiving some slight rebuff, started suddenly from his seat by her side, called her '*a little hunch-back*,' and left the room. In a moment, however, his passion subsided, and returning, he found his sister in tears. He attempted to put his arm around her neck, but she repulsed him, and slipping away, retired to her own chamber. Her mother soon after learned what had happened, and going to ЕХММ, found her upon the bed in a paroxysm of grief. She endeavored to soothe her feelings, but in vain; she refused to be comforted. 'I want to die, mother,' she replied to all her endearments; 'I have long felt that I was a burden to you all.' She cried herself to sleep that night, and on the morrow was too ill to rise. The doctor was called in, and warned the mother against an approaching fever. For three days she remained in an uncertain state; but on the fourth, the fever came in earnest, and thenceforth she was confined to her pillow.

'In the mean time, the grief of WILLIAM had been more poignant even than that of his sister. Thrice he had been to her bedside to ask her forgiveness, and kiss once more her pallid cheek; but she turned her face resolutely away, and refused to recognize him. After these repulses he would slowly leave the room, and going to his own chamber, sit brooding for hours over the melancholy consequences of his rashness. Owing to the previous enfeebled health of ЕХММ, the fever made rapid progress, and it soon became apparent that she must die. WILLIAM, in consequence of the violent aversion of his sister, had latterly been denied admittance to the chamber, though he lingered all day about the door, eagerly catching the least word in regard to her state, and apparently unmindful of all other existence.

'One morning there was evidently a crisis approaching; for the mother and attendants, hurrying softly in and out the sufferer's chamber, in quick whispered words gave orders or imparted intelligence to others. WILLIAM saw it all, and with the quick instinct of affection, seemed to know what it foreboded. Taking his little stool, therefore, he sat down beside the chamber-door, and waited in silence. In the mean time, the mother stood over the dying child, watching while a short unquiet slumber held her back for a little while longer. Several times a sweet smile trembled round the sufferer's lips, and her arms moved as if pressing something to her bosom. Then she awoke, and fixing her eyes upon her mother, whispered faintly, 'I thought WILLIAM was here.' A stifled sob was heard at the door, which stood partly open. Mrs. G—— stepped softly out, and leading WILLIAM to the bed-side, pointed to his dying sister. He threw himself upon her bosom, and pressing his lips to her pale cheek, prayed for forgiveness. ЕХММ did not heed him; but looking again in her mother's face, and pointing upward, said softly: 'I shant be so *there*!—shall I, mother?'

'No, my poor child!' replied the weeping parent; 'I hope not. But don't talk so, ЕХММ. Forgive your poor brother, or you'll break his heart.'

ЕХММ tried to gasp something; but whatever it was, whether of love or hate, it never reached a mortal ear. In a few moments she was no more.'

WE take your amiable hint, good 'P.' of S—, and shall venture the forfeit. That our own 'humor is no great shakes,' we very cheerfully admit—so that there is an end to *that* 'difference of opinion.' 'P.' reminds us of an anecdote which we had not long since from a friend. 'There, take that!' said a would-be facetious doctor to a patient, whom he had been boring almost to extinction with what he fancied to be humor; 'take it; 't will do you good, though it is nauseous.' 'Do n't say a word about *that*,' said the patient, swallowing the revolting potion; 'the man who has endured your *wit*, has nothing to fear from your *physic*!' . . . 'C. M. P.'s parody on '*Oh no, I never mention Him*,' is a very indifferent affair, compared with Hood's transcript of that well-known song. We remember a stanza or two of it:

'Oh, no, I never mentioned it,
I never said a word;
But lent my friend a five-pound note,
Of which I've never heard.
He said he merely borrowed it
To pay another debt;
And since I've never mention'd it,
He thinks that I forget!

'Whene'er we ride, I pays the 'pike;
I settles every treat;
He rides my horse, he drives my cab,
But cuts me when we meet.
My new umbrrell' I lent him too,
One night—'t was very wet;
Though he forgets it ne'er came back,
Ah, me! I do n't forget!

THE kite-season has opened with great activity. Did you ever remark, reader, when Nature begins to waken from her winter-sleep; when the woods 'beyond the swelling floods' of the rivers begin to redden; when the snow has left us, and the city-trees are *about* leave-ing; when the first airs of spring assume their natural blandness; when ladies are out with their 'spring hats' and carmen with their spring-carts; how innumerable kites begin to thicken in the air? Yonder a big unwieldy fellow rises with calm dignity, trailing his long tail with great propriety behind him; here a little bustling creature ducks and dives, coquetting first on this side, then on that; until finally turning two or three somersets, it almost reaches the earth; but soon rises at a tangent, and sails far up into the bright blue firmament. Look! the air is full of them! It is a charming amusement, this kite-flying of the boys. We greatly affect it, even now, although we are 'out of our teens!' There is something ethereal in it; something that lifts up the young admiration

'To that blue vault and sapphire wall
That overhangs and circles all,'

and the mysterious realm that lies beyond its visible confines. . . . We select from the '*Random Reminiscences of a Retired Merchant*' a single passage; the entire article being quite too short for any other department of our work: 'There once flourished in one of our commercial cities a little French merchant, who was very well known to every man and boy by the fact of his being always followed by a curly-haired yellow dog with his tail 'cut a little too short by a d—d sight!' During the last war, our little Frenchman was doing a very thriving business in the dry-goods line, and was supposed to be a little sharper at a bargain than any of his fellow-tradesmen. There also flourished at the same time, in the same city, an importing merchant of Yankee origin, who was noted as a long-headed, close-fisted dealer. It is well known that during the war English goods were sold at enormous prices. The Yankee merchant was in that line of trade; and a few days before the arrival in this country of the news of peace, he received private advices from the Continent which led him to anticipate it. As he had a large supply of English goods on hand at the time, the prices of which would of course instantly fall, he set about disposing of them as soon as possible to his less informed and unsuspecting customers. The little Frenchman was one of his victims. After much haggling, and the offer of a long credit, the importer effected a bill of sale of goods to him, to the amount of something like twenty thousand dollars, taking his notes on long time in payment. These he considered perfectly good, of course, as his customer's reputation in the money-market was unsullied. The bargain being consummated, the two friends parted, each in a capital humor with

himself; the Yankee to deposit the notes in his strong box, and the Frenchman to his store, where, receiving his newly-purchased goods, he immediately commenced marking them one hundred per cent. above cost, thus making before midnight, to use his own boast, a *profit* of twenty thousand dollars on his purchase! Three days afterward the official news of peace came; English goods instantly fell one half, and our little Frenchman awoke in horror from his dream of cent. per cent. Nine persons out of every ten under such circumstances would have failed at once. But *nil desperandum* was the motto of our Frenchman. He saw that he had been 'bit' by his commercial friend, and he immediately set his wits at work to turn the tables upon him. So, late in the evening of the next day he repaired to the dwelling of the importer, and told a long and pitiful story of his embarrassments. He said his conscience already smote him for making so heavy a purchase while in failing circumstances, and that he had come to make the only reparation in his power; namely, to yield up the goods obtained of the importer, on the latter's cancelling the notes given therefor. The Yankee at first demurred; but on the Frenchman insisting that he was a bankrupt, and that he feared the moment he opened in the morning the sheriff would pounce upon him with a writ that would swallow up every thing, he finally agreed to the proposition. 'Half a loaf was better than no bread,' he thought; and so the notes and the bill of sale were accordingly cancelled. By daylight in the morning the Yankee was at the Frenchman's store, with his teams, as had been agreed upon the night before, and every package of his goods was soon removed. The two merchants again parted, the Frenchman with a mind relieved of a heavy load, and the Yankee rather down in the mouth at the result of his trade. Two or three days afterward, as the importer was passing the Frenchman's store, he observed his sign still up, and every thing apparently as flourishing as ever. He stepped in to see what it all meant. 'Hallo! Mr. S——,' said he, 'I thought you had failed!' 'Failed!' repeated the Frenchman, thrusting his thumbs in the arm-holes of his vest, and sliding his legs apart from counter to counter, till he resembled a small Colossus of Rhodes: 'Failed? No, be gar! Firmer than ever, Mr. H——, but I *should* have failed, *almosht*, if I had n't got rid of dem tamin'd English goods at cost!' Straitway the out-witted Yankee 'departed the presence!' . . . It has been generally supposed that the oratorical efforts of 'Major POGRAM,' as described by Mr. DICKENS in a late number of his 'Chuzzlewit,' rather caricatured even the worst specimens of western eloquence; but the subjoined passage from the speech of a Mr. MAUPIN in the Indiana legislature, upon the subject of establishing a tobacco warehouse and inspection at Paducah, seems to militate against the validity of this 'flattering function':

'MR. SPEAKER: I feel incompetent to measure this comprehensive subject. Were my thoughts as deep as the Mississippi, and as clear as the Ohio, I could not grasp its whole magnitude. It requires a mighty mind; one that can look beyond the landscape; he must be able to look even beyond the ocean; to grapple with all the intricacies and winding convolutions of the subject, and to map in his mind the whole length and breadth of its territories. Here, Sir, is a river, whose broad and deep stream meanders from Paducah through one of the most fertile tobacco countries in the world, to Ross's landing, and at the terminus of the great Charleston railroad, and possessing a steam navigation of eight hundred miles, and giving commercial facilities to the briny ocean. Behold this vast channel of commerce; this magnificent thoroughfare of trade; one grand, unbroken chain of intercommunication, like to a prodigious serpent, with his head resting upon the shores of Europe, and his lengthened form stretching over the ocean and curling along this great winding stream in serpentine grandeur, proudly flaps his tail at Paducah!' . . . Sir, the ball is in motion; it is rolling down in noise of thunder from the mountain heights, and comes booming in its majesty over the wide-spread plain. Yea, Sir, and it will continue to roll on, and on, gathering strength and bulk in its onward progress, until it sweeps its ponderous power to the town of Paducah, and there stand a towering monument of patriotic glory and sublime grandeur, with the noble American eagle proudly perched upon its cloud-capped summit, and gazing with swelling pride and admiration down upon the magnificent spectacle of the greatness of human wisdom and power!"

EVERY-BODY has heard of the good old lady who purchased a family Bible at a bookstore, and soon after returned it, being desirous to exchange it for one of larger print. 'We have at present no Bible,' said the clerk, 'of a larger-sized type than the one you have.' 'Well,' replied the lady, 'I wish you would *print me one*, and I'll call in a day or two and

get it!" She thought a request so reasonable could readily be complied with. One of our most prominent publishers mentions a clever anecdote of a poetess, who in reading the proofs of her forthcoming volume, found passages of a page or more in length enclosed in parenthetical pen-marks in the margin, with 'THOMSON,' 'GRAY,' 'MOORE,' 'BURNS,' 'WILSON,' etc., inscribed at the end. One day a letter accompanied the return-proofs, in which the lady remarked, that 'she had endured the repeated insinuations of the publisher long enough; she was no *plagiarist*, whatever her other literary faults might be; she had on each occasion looked over the works of MOORE, THOMSON, BURNS, GRAY, etc., but with the exception perhaps of a passage in WILSON's 'Isle of Palms,' there was not even the slightest *pretext* for a charge of plagiarism. She would thank the publisher, therefore, to discontinue in future his groundless hints upon the margins of the proof-sheets.' The initiated will understand that the 'insinuations' of which the poetess complained, were simply the names of the different composers, indicating the lines at which they severally began to place her effusions in type! . . . MANY a reader will recall, as he peruses the subjoined unpretending sketch, a kindred scene in his own experience, 'when life and hope were new:'

OUR OLD MEETING-HOUSE.

Loep, 'tis not ours to make the sea
And earth and sky a home for Thee;
But in Thy sight our offering stands,
A humble temple, 'made with hands.'

MANY years ago, when 'the dew of the morning was fresh upon me,' there stood, just in the edge of the village where I was born, an old church edifice. The graves of many an early settler were round about it; and often as the shadows of evening were settling upon the valley, with half-averted face and hurried steps have I stole noiselessly by to our rural home. O, how many associations crowd upon the memory, in connection with that rude old meeting-house! It was an old-fashioned, square building, without portico, or steeple, or belfry. The winter's hail and summer's rain had beaten against it for half a century. Its numerous small windows, without curtain or blind, let in floods of light. Its small pulpit, perched high upon one side, and close to the wall, concealed the preacher's body, while the heads of the congregation were just seen rising above the square high-backed pews. Hardly a cushion was to be seen; and the interior furnishing was of the simplest and plainest character. I have said that it had associations of great interest. It is now more than an hundred years since a small band of Scotch-Irish Presbyterians settled in that valley. Though but few in number, and braving the elements and the savages, they determined to carry with them into the wilderness not only the Christian's hope, but the Christian's ordinances. A small building of logs arose soon after the settlement, in which for many years an educated and regularly-ordained minister preached the gospel to a little flock. The inquiry had already commenced: 'The prophets, where are they?' The larger part of the pioneers had sunk into peaceful graves, when the war of the revolution commenced. It was still a frontier hamlet, and was soon swallowed up and lost in that terrible whirlwind of death which year after year swept over the settlements of Central New-York. When peace was restored, the remnant of the inhabitants whom war and disease had spared, returned to their former homes. But though war and disease had impoverished them, they had not forgotten the God of their fathers. Having no house for assembling together, the inhabitants met in what they termed 'the meeting-house yard'; and there organized anew that church which has continued thence to this day, and determined upon the erection of the old meeting-house of which I have spoken. Under the open heavens, with their feet upon their fathers' graves, they dedicated themselves anew to the service of Him who was Lord over all, and whom they acknowledged as their only Sovereign. I have looked over the records of that meeting with emotions never to be forgotten. The gray-haired patriarch, leaning on his staff with one hand, and with the other guiding our youthful footsteps to the house of prayer on every Sabbath morning, was one of that small number, and took an active part in that solemn ceremony. The stillness of a Sabbath morning in the country has often been remarked. How often, amid the din and bustle of the great city, does the heart of him who has been accustomed to the holy quietness of the day of rest in some secluded valley, pant for a return to the home of his youth! Such has been my own experience; in the far-off past I see again the gathering of the quiet, orderly congregation; I hear the voice of the good old father who ministered in holy things; I sit by the open window and

look out upon the green graves thick strown round the old meeting-house; the warbling of the feathered songsters in the grove near by falls softly upon the ear. The voice of prayer is hushed, and the voice of praise ascends. Alas! the voices of most of those which were then attuned on earth, are now attuned to more celestial music in another world!

'But our old meeting-house, where is it? It has gone with those who, in the midst of trials, and in the plenitude of their poverty, with their own hands hewed out its massive timbers; and the place that knew it knows it no more! It was in the fall of the year that a traveller on horseback rode up to the principal hotel, and as he dismounted and handed the reins to his host, he inquired what building that was in the southern part of the village? On being informed that it was the meeting-house, he remarked, with a dogged air, that 'he had often seen the Lord's house, but had never seen the Lord's *bars* before!' The comical remark of the traveller produced an immediate action. The good old house soon disappeared. A more ambitious edifice was built in another part of the village. The land-marks are now entirely effaced, and the spot where it stood has been added to the 'meeting-house yard.' The monuments of the young and the aged who sleep there dot over the place where the first Presbyterian congregation, ay, the first congregation of Evangelical Christians of any denomination, in Central New-York, assembled to worship the living God.'

We are promised by an esteemed friend some interesting extracts from the original American correspondence of Mrs. GRANT of Laggan, whose 'Memoir and Correspondence,' edited by her son, has recently attracted so much attention and remark in Great-Britain. Mrs. GRANT appears to have been a woman of very remarkable powers, and of the most admirable *common sense*. Her observations upon the 'amusive talents' of THEODORE HOOK, and his entire devotion to their cultivation, are replete with the soundest wisdom. The distinction between living to amuse the public merely, and the exertion of one's intellectual powers for one's own benefit, and with an eye to the claims of riper years, is admirably discriminated and set forth. There is not perhaps a more instructive lesson than that conveyed by *professional wits*, who are 'first applauded and then *endured*, when people see that it is all they have.' As auxiliaries, as contrasts, with reflection and thoughtful exertions of the mind, wit and humor are felicitous matters; as an intellectual *mainstay*, however, they have been weighed in the balance by a hundred brilliant examples, and have always been 'found wanting.' . . . PUNCH, at this present writing, save three or four numbers, in February, is among the missing. Late issues however, furnish some valuable contributions to academical statistics; as for example, Mr. BOYS, who in his report upon the metropolitan school-visitation, writes as follows:

'THE use of sponge for cleaning slates he found confined to 17½ per cent.; of whom 5¼ used the sponge wet with water, and 11¼ with saliva; the remaining 82¼ made use of the latter liquid and the cuffs of their jackets instead of sponges, with an occasional recourse to the pocket-handkerchief. The author found, in schools in which the Latin language was not taught, a lamentable deficiency in the knowledge of the meaning of 'meum' and 'tuum;' he pointed out how the great extent of juvenile crime might thus be accounted for, as being caused by the absence of all instruction in the Latin language, and hoped that teaching it would soon be made obligatory upon all school-masters.'

There is a humorous sketch of an examination of law-students, from which we select an 'exercise' or two:

'QUES: Have you attended any and what law lectures? ANS: I have attended to many legal lectures, when I have been admonished by police magistrates for kicking up rows in the streets, pulling off knockers, etc.

QUES: What is a real action? ANS: An action brought in earnest, and not by way of a joke.

QUES: What are a bill and answer? ANS: Ask my tailor.

QUES: How would you file a bill? ANS: I don't know, but would lay the case before a blacksmith.

QUES: What steps would you take to dissolve an injunction? ANS: I should put it into some very hot water, and let it remain there until it was melted.

QUES: What are post-nuptial articles? ANS: Children.

QUES: What is simple larceny? ANS: Picking a pocket of a handkerchief, and leaving a purse of money behind.'

We have had books on etiquette, of various kinds, lately, but a work of this sort for prisons will be found, one would think, to supply an important desideratum. GEORGE SELWYN, when a servant was sent to Newgate, for stealing articles from the club-house of which SELWYN was a member, was very much shocked: 'What a horrid report,' said he,

'the fellow will give of us to the gentlemen in Newgate!' This feeling will doubtless be more general by and by:

'In consequence of complaints that have been made by persons committed to prison before trial, who object to their not being allowed to mix with other prisoners, it has been thought necessary to frame a Book of Etiquette for prison purposes. Of course a superior delinquent, like a forger, could not be on visiting terms with a mere pick-pocket, nor could a man charged with stealing a hundred pounds, feel at his ease in the society of one whose alleged theft might be mean and insignificant. It is, we believe, intended to introduce the prisoners to each other formally, not by name, but by the offence with which they are charged. Thus, the Governor of Newgate would say to Felony: 'Allow me to introduce you to AGGRAVATED LARCENY. You ought to know each other—indeed you ought. AGGRAVATED LARCENY, FELONY; FELONY, AGGRAVATED LARCENY.' By a nice adjustment and proper application of the rules of etiquette, a very admirable system of social intercourse might be established in all our prisons, and the present complaint of a want of 'good society,' which falls so severely on superior scoundrels, would at once be got rid of.'

DEAFNESS, although sometimes rather annoying—as for example in the case mentioned in preceding pages by JOHN WATERS—is yet not without its advantages. Your conversational 'Deaf BURKE,' who can endure any amount of 'punishment' without being the worse for it, enjoys not unfrequently a great deal of negative felicity. We envied the condition of such an one the other day, while sitting with a friend at the 'Globe,' over such potables and edibles as that matchless establishment can alone set before its guests. At a table in near proximity, sat two Englishmen, whose comments upon 'matters and things' in America were embodied in such 'voluble speech' that we could scarcely hear ourselves speak. 'They may talk about their institutions as much as they please,' said one of the speakers, 'but don't look at 'em—see their effect, from the 'head of the government, down. Yesterday I perused in the 'Courier' newspaper an account of a negro's skin, hentre, that was found with the 'head attached, in the Mississippi river!' 'Orid, is n't it! Think o' such a thing as that picked up in the Tems! And last week I read in the 'Erald of a man near the Canada lines, who was found dead by the side of a fallen tree, half eaten up by wild hogs or panthers. He 'ad a flask of whiskey by his side, which he had taken 'neat,' till it had killed him; and in his pocket was a dirty pack o' cards, wrapped up in a copy of the Declaration of Hindependence! That's your liberty for ye!' See if these very absurdities be not found embodied within a twelve-month in some new work by a travelling Englishman, upon that 'miserable experiment at self-government, the United States of America!' . . . HERE are some scraps of '*Parisian Gossip*' which will not be altogether uninteresting to American readers. One of our Paris letters states that at a splendid party given by Lady COWLEY, there occurred a rather curious incident. 'Among the guests was a Mr. L——, (one of the *snobisculi*, most likely,) who, believing that none but a friend whom he addressed was within hearing, said, 'And they call this a party? Why, I never saw any thing so dull in all my life. It is not worth the trouble of dressing for such an affair; and then the rooms are so intolerably hot.' Unfortunately, the noble hostess was standing near, and overheard him, and immediately said: 'Mr. L——, there (pointing to the ante-room,) is a cooler room, and beyond it is the hall, still cooler.' This prompt and significant hint was felt, understood, and taken.' 'Every body in Paris knows or has heard of HALEVY the composer, and his brother, the author. A *bon mot* of a pretty and sarcastic lady, at the expense of both of them, is now going the round of the gossiping circles. 'Do you like HALEVY, the author?' inquired a friend. '*Pas du tout, pas du tout.*' answered the lady; 'He is as dull as if his brother had composed him!' EUGENE SUE has hatched a large brood of 'Mysteries.' The *Journal des Debats* having published 'Mysteries of Paris,' the *Courier Français* is now publishing the 'Mysteries of London.' At Berlin no less than four different authors have published in 'Mysteries.' The 'Mysteries of Brussels' are being detailed in one of its journals. The 'Mysteries of Hamburg' have been exposed in print. At Vienna they are giving the 'Mysteries of Constantinople;' and a Paris newspaper promises in a short time the 'Mysteries of St. Petersburg.' Going on at this rate, there will soon be no 'Mysteries' in the world, and even the very word will become obsolete.' . . . '*The God of our Idolatry*' contains some

home-thrusts at the national love of money, and not a few just animadversions upon the standard of respectability which obtains, in certain quarters, among us. HAMILTON and BASIL HALL's experience in this regard seems also to have been that of our correspondent. The tendency of this standard, in a social and intellectual point of view, is very far from elevating. 'You are going to the dinner at ——'s to-day, of course,' said a lady with 'an eye to the main chance' to a friend of ours, the other day; 'the company will be composed of some of our most fore-handed citizens—all heavy men.' Our friend *did* go to the dinner; and he found the guests as 'heavy' as their best friends could have wished them to be. . . . READING, in presence of a travelled friend, the proof of the admirable paper which opens the present number, we came to the passage which records the opinion of KEPLER, that 'the world is a vast animal, that breathes and reasons;' whereupon our listener remarked: 'No doubt of it; it is an animal; I've seen its four-quarters myself!' It was a pun worthy of a butcher. . . . We are not so certain that the moral of 'The Independent Man' is 'an unexceptionable one.' The 'Charcoal-sketcher' expresses the general opinion, we fear, in this regard: 'There's a double set of principles in this world, one of which is to talk about and the other to act upon; one is preached and the other is practised. You've got hold, somehow, of the wrong set; the set invented by the knowing ones to check competition and to secure all the good things for themselves. That's the reason people are always praising modest merit, while they are pushing along without either the one or the other. You always let go when any body's going to take your place at table; you always hold back when another person's wanting the last of the nice things on the dish. That's not the way; bow and nod, and show your teeth with a fascination, but take what you want for all that. This is manners—knowing the world. To be polite is to have your own way gracefully; other people are delighted at your style—you have the profit.' . . . THE reader will not overlook the 'Alligatorical Sketch' in preceding pages. We begin to perceive how much the alligator has been slandered. It *yawns* merely, it would seem; and the only care requisite is, to be absent when its jaws close! 'The 'gator is n't what you may call a *hansome* critter, but there's a great deal of *openness* when he smiles!' The *smile* of an alligator!! . . . 'CLEANLINESS,' says FULLER, 'is godliness;' and he is not far out of the way; for no man, we think, can be a dirty Christian. In a moral and religious point of view, then, we are doing good service in calling public attention to the spacious baths of Mr. CHARLES RABINEAU, at the Astor-House, and at his new establishment at Number 123 Broadway, Albany. Go wash in them and be clean, reader, and thank us for the joy which you will experience, when you shall have come out of the water and gone your ways. . . . ONE of the late London pictorial publications contains a portrait of Sir HUDSON LOWE, the notorious keeper of NAPOLEON, the Emperor of the French, at St. Helena. It is in perfect keeping with the generally received estimate of the character of that functionary. The wretched thatch that disfigures without concealing the intellectual poverty of his narrow skull; the scowling features; the ragged pent-house brows; are 'close denotements' of the truth of 'Common Report.' In short, judging from the much-b praised 'likeness' to which we allude, if Sir HUDSON LOWE was not a tyrant, and a small-minded one withal, God does n't write a legible hand. . . . SOME clever wag in the last BLACKWOOD has an article, written in a hurry, upon the *hurriedness* of literary matters in these our 'go-ahead days.' 'People,' he says, 'have not only ceased to purchase those old-fashioned things called books, but even to read them. Instead of cutting new works page by page, they cut them altogether:

'WHEN England luxuriated in the novels of RICHARDSON, in eight volumes, it drove in coaches and four, at the rate of five miles an hour. A journey was then esteemed a family calamity; and people abided all the year round in their cedar parlors, thankful to be diverted by the arrival of the *Spectator*, or a few pages of the *Pilgrim's Progress*, or a new sermon. To their incidental lives, a book was an event. Those were the days worth writing for! The fate of RICHARDSON's heroines was made a national affair; and people interceded with him by letter to 'spare Clarissa,' as they would not now intercede with her Majesty to spare a new EFFIE DEANS. The successive volumes of *Pope's Iliad* were looked for with what is called 'breathless' interest, while such political sheets as the *Draper's Letters*, or *Junius*, set the whole kingdom in an uproar. And now, if POPE, or

SWIFT, or FIELDING, or JOHNSON, or STERNE, were to rise from the grave, *ms.* in hand, the most adventurous publisher would pass a sleepless night before he undertook the risk of paper and print; would advise a small edition, and exact a sum down in ready money, to be laid out in puffs and advertisements! 'Even then, though we may get rid of a few copies to the circulating libraries,' he would observe, 'do not expect, Sir, to obtain readers. A few old maids in the county towns, and a few gouty old gentlemen at the clubs, are the only persons of the present day who ever open a book!' And who can wonder? *Who* has leisure to read? *Who* cares to sit down and spell out accounts of travels which he can make at less cost than the cost of the narrative? *Who* wants to peruse fictitious adventures, when rail-roads and steam-bouts woo him to adventures of his own? People are busy ballooning or driving; shooting like stars along rail-roads, or migrating like swallows or wild-geese.

In allusion to the illustrated newspapers, now vying with each other in enterprise and expense, in the British metropolis, the writer says: 'The pictorial printing press is now your only wear! Every thing is communicated by delineation. We are not *told* but *shown* how the world is wagging. Views of the Holy Land are superseding even the Holy Scriptures, and a pictorial BLACKSTONE is teaching the ideas of sucking lawyers how to shoot. Labels are veiled in caricature. Instead of *writing* slander and flat blasphemy, the modern method is to *draw* it, and not to 'draw it mild' either. The columns of certain papers bear a striking likeness to a child's alphabet, such as 'A was an Archer, and shot at a frog.' All the world is now instructed by symbols, as formerly the deaf and dumb. We have little doubt of shortly seeing announcements, standing like tomb-stones in those literary cemeteries, the Saturday papers, of 'A new work upon America, from the graver of GEORGE CRUIKSHANK;' or 'A new fashionable novel, (diamond edition,) from the accomplished pencil of 'H. B.' . . . We have a 'Query' from a Philadelphia correspondent, as to whether Mr. and Mrs. WOOD would not be likely to come over here, if invited, and in company with BROUGH, and other artists, establish English opera among us. Touching the disposition of the WOODS in this matter, we know nothing; but BROUGH is too busily employed to admit of such a consummation. What with his agency for the new sporting gun-powder, (which DANIEL WEBSTER declares to be superior in strength and cleanliness to any other thing of the kind in the world,) and for the 'Illustrated London News,' various drugs, chemicals, etc., he has scarcely leisure to achieve his private calls, and execute occasionally, for the gratification of his friends, those charming airs which are indissolubly associated with his name. . . . MESSRS. SNELLING AND TISDALE'S 'Metropolitan Library and Reading-Room,' at 599 Broadway, near Houston-street, supplies an important desideratum in that quarter of the metropolis. In addition to a well-stocked library and reading-room, there are coffee, conversation, chess, and cigar-apartments, and all the belongings of a first establishment after its kind. . . . WE had clipped for insertion, from a Baltimore journal, a poem in honor of OLE BULL, entitled 'The Bewitched Fiddle,' which we have unluckily mislaid or lost. It was by Mr. HEWITT, a popular song-writer and musical composer, and was one of the most fanciful and felicitous things we have seen in a month of Sundays. As it is at this moment out of our power to print it, we can only counsel our readers, if they encounter it any where, not to fail of its perusal. . . . WE have a pleasant metropolitan story to tell one of these days, (at least we think so,) of which we have been reminded by the following from a late English magazine:

'THE vulgar genteel are nervously cautious concerning every thing they say or do; they are ever alive to the dread of compromising their 'gentility.' At a ball—it was a *clarity*-ball!—given at a fashionable watering-place, a pretty young woman, who was sitting by her mother, was invited by a gentleman to dance. He led her to a set; when, instantly, two 'young ladies' who were of it, haughtily, withdrew to their seats. 'They had no notion of dancing in *such* company'—and with good reason. The young person was nothing more than the daughter of a wealthy and respectable tradesman of the place; while they—the two Misses KNIBBS—were members of its resident *small* 'aristocracy.' The places they had vacated were good-naturedly filled by two ladies who had witnessed the proceeding, one of whom was the daughter, the other, the niece, of a nobleman. *Their* position was too well established to be compromised by dancing for a quarter of an hour in the same set with a respectable tradesman's daughter; but the two Misses KNIBBS were the daughters of a retired soap-boiler.'

* * WE have numerous communications in prose and verse, several of them from favorite contributors, of which we shall make more particular mention in our next. Three pages of *Literary Record*, although in type, are unavoidably omitted.

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N A P O L E O N B O N A P A R T E .

BY THOMAS CARLYLE.

THE following article has been compiled from the different works of THOMAS CARLYLE, and embodies all he has written, or at least published, about Napoleon Bonaparte. We offer it in the absence of a more elaborate work on this subject, which we hope one day to see from the pen of this gifted and earnest writer. It is a glimpse of the insight of the clearest-headed Seer of our age, into the noisiest great man of the last, about whom we listen with pleasure to each new voice, perhaps critically and doubtingly, yet for our own part colored by that absorbing, painful interest, which induced us when a boy to close the book which first told us of his doings, after having traced his meteoric flight to the 'monster meeting' at Moscow, unable to proceed to the catastrophe; and it was months before we could bring ourselves to read on, of the heroism which charmed, or the glitter which dazzled us, to its final chaos and night. On Napoleon's right to the title great, the character of his greatness, and what would be left if the smoke-clouds, battle-glory and so on were torn away, we will offer but a few words. Of the title in its best sense but few now believe him worthy, perhaps no thinker or reflecting man. He is a volcano rather than a sun, a destroyer more than a creator; and our sympathy is mingled with little of that which we feel for the martyr, who dies rather than sell his birthright, heaven, for any mess of earth's pottage, or for him who spends his life in the search for truth, and in speaking it to mankind, taking no heed for himself what he shall eat and wherewithal he shall be clad. No! the feeling is far more akin to that which we have for a deep-playing gambler, whom we know to have some noble impulses. How eagerly, yet sorrowingly we watch his movements! The dice rattle, they are thrown, and again thrown; thousands after thousands he wins and lays aside; and at last, in the madness of the game, stakes the whole sum, with his house, estate, all on the hazard of one cast. With beating heart we listen to the rattling of the dice, and with strained gaze watch the blow. The box is lifted—all is lost. Now we are excited by the daring of this

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being, and feel deeply, more so if we know him to have something of a better nature, some nobler impulses, but the interest is still in the great gambler, not in the great man ; and though his boldness startles, and for the moment carries us away, yet ever with our admiration comes a still small voice from the 'inner sanctuary,' which whispers of those whom his winnings ruined, or the dependents who were reduced to beggary by his loss. Would the *great* man have played the game at all ?

We have always felt that Napoleon stepped down from his greatness when he let them hurry him away alive to that island-prison ; and there is reasoning in this feeling itself, which most persons feel on reading of his career, which his worshippers would do well to consider in its various bearings ; for if Napoleon, (when the royal guard, his last hope, was cut to pieces at Waterloo, and crying to Bertrand, 'It is finished,' he turned and fled,) had placed himself before the last cannon which sent destruction to his foes, and let its ball end his career and life together, who is there but would feel that he was acting truer to his greatness, than to 'eat his heart away' a captive ? If throughout his career we had seen the brave fighter for country, for principle, for right, instead of for self, this feeling would never arise. Place WASHINGTON in a similar situation ; imagine him to have believed it best to gather all his country could give him of hardy defenders, and on the result of one battle let his country's fate be decided. The battle is fought and lost ; his army is routed and cut to pieces ; he has asked for liberty with his whole strength, with his whole soul, and the answer is 'No !' written with bayonets in blood, and voiced by the enemy's cannon. Would WASHINGTON have been true to *his* greatness in placing himself before the last cannon ? No ! emphatically, no ! With Napoleon he might have cried, 'It is finished,' but then with the same calm brow yet bursting heart, he would have resigned his sword to his conquerors ; and if the scaffold were his fate, met it with quiet dignity ; or if the dungeon, there calmly await the Almighty's time when he might again raise his right arm for his country ; still as great in the prison or on the scaffold, as when he was at the head of conquering armies. Napoleon's intellectual character was perceptive rather than deep ; and there is an intense concentrativeness about him, a power of throwing the whole effort of his soul into the environment of the moment, which is remarkable ; and not less so the facility with which he changes that concentration from place to place, from subject to subject. Probably no man ever had his whole mind so much under the control of his will, at his fingers' ends, as it were ; 'the eye to see and the will to do.' But revert we to CARLYLE.

SOME call for Barras to be made commandant ; he conquered in Thermidor. Some, what is more to the purpose, bethink them of the Citizen BONAPARTE, unemployed artillery officer who took Toulon. A man of head, a man of action : Barras is named Commandant's Cloak ; this young artillery officer is named Commandant. He was in the gallery at the moment, and heard it ; he withdrew some half hour to consider with himself : after a half-hour of grim compressed considering, to be

or not to be, he answers *yea*. And now, a man of head being at the head of it, the whole matter gets vital. Swift to camp of Sablon, to secure the artillery ; there are not twenty men guarding it ! A swift adjutant, Murat is the name of him, gallops, gets thither some minutes within time, for Lepelletier was also on march that way : the cannon are ours. And now beset this post and beset that ; rapid and firm ; at Wicket of the Louvre, in Cul-de-sac Dauphin, in Rue St. Honoré, from Pont Neuf all along the North Quays, southward to the Pont *ci-devant* Royal, rank round the sanctuary of the Tuilleries, a ring of steel discipline ; let every gunner have his match burning, and all men stand to their arms. Lepelletier has seized the Church of Saint Roch ; he has seized the Pont Neuf, our piquet there retreating thence without fire. Stray shots fall from Lepelletier, rattle down on the very Tuilleries' stair-case. On the other hand, women advance dishevelled, shrieking peace ; Lepelletier behind them waving his hat in sign that we shall fraternize. Steady ! The artillery officer is steady as bronze ; can, if need were, be quick as lightning. Lepelletier making nothing by messengers by fraternity or hat-waving, bursts out, along the southern Quai Voltaire, along streets and passages, treble-quick in huge veritable onslaught ! Whereupon thou bronze artillery officer — ? 'Fire' ! say the bronze lips. And roar and thunder, roar and again roar, continual, volcano-like, goes his great gun, in the Cul-de-sac Dauphin against the Church of Saint Roch ; go his great guns on the Pont Royal ; go all his great guns — blow to air some two hundred men, mainly about the Church of Saint Roch ! Lepelletier cannot stand such harsh play ; no sectioner can stand it ; the forty thousand yield on all sides scour toward covert. The ship is over the bar ; free she bounds shoreward — amid shouting and vivats ! Citizen Bonaparte is 'named General of the Interior by acclamation ;' quelled sections have to disarm in such humor as they may ; sacred right of insurrection is gone forever ! 'It is false,' says Napoleon, 'that we fired first with blank charge ; it had been a waste of life to do that.' Most false ; the firing was with sharp and sharpest shot : to all men it was plain that here was no sport ; the rabbits and plinths of Saint Roch Church show splintered by it to this hour. Singular : in old Broglie's time, six years ago, this whiff of grape shot was promised ; but it could not be given then ; could not have profited then. Now, however, the time has come for it and the man ; and behold you have it ; and the thing we specifically call *French Revolution* is blown into space by it and become a thing that was !

The French revolution did disclose original men : among the twenty-five millions, at least one or two units. Some reckon in the present stage of the business, as many as three : Napoleon, Danton, Mirabeau. Whether more will come to light, or of what sort, when the computation is quite liquidated, one cannot say. Meanwhile, let the world be thankful for these three ; as indeed, the world is ; loving original men, without limit, were they never so questionable, well knowing how rare they are ! To us, accordingly, it is rather interesting to observe how on these three also, questionable as they surely are, the old process is repeating itself ; how these also are getting known in their true likeness. A second generation, relieved in some measure from the spectral

hallucinations, hysterical ophthalmia, and natural panic-delirium of the first contemporary one, is gradually coming to discern and measure what its predecessor could only execrate and shriek over ; for, as our proverb said, the dust is sinking, the rubbish-heaps disappear ; the built house, such as it is, and was appointed to be, stands visible, better or worse. Of Napoleon Bonaparte, with so many bulletins, and such self-proclamation from artillery and battle-thunder, loud enough to ring through the deafest brain, in the remotest nook of this earth, and now, in consequence, with so many biographies, histories and historical arguments for and against, it may be said he can now shift for himself ; that his true figure is in a fair way of being ascertained. Doubtless it will be found one day, what significance was in him ; how, (we quote from a New-England book,) 'the man was a divine missionary, though unconscious of it ; and preached through the cannon's throat that great doctrine, *La carrière ouverte aux talens*, (the tools to him who can handle them,) which is our ultimate Political Evangel, wherein alone can Liberty lie. Madly enough he preached it is true, as enthusiasts and first missionaries are wont ; with imperfect utterance, amid much frothy rant ; yet as articulately, perhaps, as the case admitted. Or call him if you will, an American backwoodsman, who had to fell unpenetrated forests, and battle with innumerable wolves, and did not entirely forbear strong liquor, rioting, and even theft ; whom, nevertheless, the peaceful sower will follow, and, as he cuts the boundless harvest, bless.' From 'the incarnate Moloch,' which the world once was, onward to this quiet version, there is a considerable progress.

What are the conquests and expeditions of the whole corporation of captains, from Walter the Pennyless to Napoleon Bonaparte, compared with these 'moveable types' of Johannes Faust ? Truly, it is a mortifying thing for your conqueror to reflect, how perishable is the metal which he hammers with such violence ; how the kind earth will soon shroud up his bloody foot-prints ; and all which he achieved and skilfully piled together, will be but like his own 'canvass city' of a camp ; this evening loud with life, to-morrow all struck and vanished, 'a few earth-pits and heaps of straw !' For here, as always, it continues true, that the deepest force is the stillest ; that, as in the fable, the mild shining of the sun shall accomplish what the fierce blustering of the tempest has in vain essayed. Above all, it is ever to be kept in mind, that not by material but by mental power, are men and their actions governed. How noiseless is thought ! No rolling of drums, no tramp of squadrons or immeasurable tumult of baggage-wagons, attends its movements ; in what obscure and sequestered places may the head be meditating which is one day to be crowned with more than imperial authority ; for kings and emperors will be among its ministering servants ; it will rule not over, but *in* all heads, and with these, its solitary combinations of ideas, as with magic formulas, bend the world to its will ! The time may come, when Napoleon himself will be better known for his laws than for his battles ; and the victory of Waterloo prove less momentous than the opening of the first mechanic's institute.

Brother Ringletule, the missionary, inquired of Ram-Dass, a Hindoo man-god, who had set up for godhead lately, what he meant to do then

with the sins of mankind ? To which Ram-Dass at once answers, he had *fire enough in his belly* to burn up all the sins in the world. Ram-Dass was right so far, and had a spice of sense in him ; for surely it is the test of every divine man this same, and without it he is not divine or great ; that he *have* fire in him to burn up somewhat of the sins of the world, of the miseries and errors of the world : why else is he there ! Far be it from us to say that a great man must needs with benevolence prepossessed, become a 'friend of humanity ;' nay, that such professional self-conscious friends are not the fatalest kind of persons to be met with in our day. All greatness is unconscious or it is little and naught. And yet a great man without *such* fire in him, burning dim or developed as a divine behest in his heart of hearts, never resting till it be fulfilled, were a solecism in nature. A great man is ever, as the transcendentalists speak, possessed with an *idea*. Napoleon, himself not the superfinest of great men, and balanced sufficiently with prudence and egoisms, had nevertheless, as is clear enough, an idea to start with ; the idea that democracy was the cause of man, the right and infinite cause. Nay, to the very last, he had a kind of idea, that, namely, of 'the tools to him that can handle them ;' really one of the best ideas yet promulgated on that matter, or rather the one true central idea, toward which all the others, if they tend any whither, must tend. Unhappily, it was only in the military province that Napoleon could realize this idea of his, being forced to fight for himself the while ; before he got it tried to any extent in the civil province of things, his head by much victory grew light, (no head can stand more than its quantity,) and he lost head, as they say, and became a selfish ambitionist and quack, and was hurled out, leaving his idea to be realized, in the civil province of things, by others ! Thus was Napoleon ; thus are all great men : children of the idea ; or, in Ram-Dass' phraseology, furnished with fire to burn up the miseries of men.

Napoleon, Danton, Mirabeau, with fire-words (of public speaking) and fire whirlwinds (of cannon and musketry,) which for a season darkened the air, are perhaps at bottom but superficial phenomena.

Napoleon was the 'armed soldier of democracy,' invincible while he continued true to that. . . . He does by no means seem to me so great a man as Cromwell. His enormous victories, which reached over all Europe, while Cromwell abode mainly in our little England, are but as high *stilts* on which the man is seen standing ; the stature of the man is not altered thereby. I find in him no such sincerity as in Cromwell ; only a far inferior sort. No silent walking, through long years, with the Awful, Unnameable, of this universe ; 'walking with God' as he called it ; and faith and strength in that alone : *latent* thought and valor, content to lie latent, then burst out as in a blaze of heaven's lightning ! Napoleon lived in an age when God was no longer believed ; the meaning of all Silence, Latency, was thought to be Nonentity : he had to begin not out of the Puritan Bible, but out of poor, sceptical encyclopedias. This was the length the man carried it. Meritorious to get so far. His compact, prompt, every way articulate character, is in itself perhaps small compared with our great chaotic inarticulate Cromwell's. Instead of 'dumb prophet struggling to speak,' we have a portentous mixture

of the Quack! Hume's notion of the Fanatic-Hypocrite, with such truth as it has, will apply much better to Napoleon than it did to Cromwell, to Mahomet or the like, where indeed, taken strictly, it has hardly any truth at all. An element of blameable ambition shows itself from the first in this man; gets the victory over him at last, and involves him and his work in ruin.

'False as a bulletin' became a proverb in Napoleon's time. He makes what excuse he could for it: that it was necessary to mislead the enemy, to keep up his own men's courage, etc. On the whole these are no excuses. A man in no case has any liberty to tell lies. It had been in the long run better for Napoleon too if he had not told any. In fact, if a man have any purpose beyond the hour and day, meant to be found extant next day, what good can it ever be to promulgate lies? The lies are found out; ruinous penalty is exacted for them. No man will believe the liar next time, even when he speaks truth, when it is of the last importance that he be believed. The old cry of the 'wolf!' A lie is *no*-thing; you cannot of nothing make something; you make *nothing* at last, and lose your labour in the bargain.

Yet Napoleon *had* a sincerity: we are to distinguish between what is superficial and what is fundamental insincerity. Across these outer manœuverings and quackeries of his, which were many and most blameable, let us discern withal that the man had a certain instinctive ineradicable feeling for reality; and did base himself upon fact so long as he had any basis. He has an instinct of nature better than his culture was. His *savans*, Bourrienne tells us, in that voyage to Egypt were one evening busily occupied arguing that there could be no God. They had proved it to their satisfaction by all manner of logic. Napoleon, looking up into the stars, answers, 'Very ingenious, Messieurs; but *who made* all that?' The Atheistic logic runs off from him like water; the great Fact stares him in the face. 'Who made all that?' So too in practice; he, as every man that can be great, or have victory in this world, sees through all entanglements, the practical heart of the matter; drives straight toward that. When the steward of his Tuilleries Palace was exhibiting the new upholstery, with praises and demonstrations, how glorious it was and how cheap withal, Napoleon, making little answer, asked for a pair of scissors, clipped one of the gold tassels from a window-curtain, put it in his pocket, and walked on. Some days afterward he produced it at the right moment, to the horror of the upholstery functionary: it was not gold but tinsel! In Saint Helena, it is notable how he still, to his last days, insists on the practical, the real. 'Why talk and complain? Above all, why quarrel with one another? There is no *resultat* in it; it comes to nothing that we can *do*. Say *no*-thing if one can do nothing!' He speaks often so to his poor, discontented followers; he is like a piece of silent Strength in the middle of their morbid querulousness there.

And accordingly, was there not what we can call a *faith* in him, genuine as far as it went? That this new enormous Democracy, asserting itself here in the French revolution is an insuppressible fact, which the whole world, with its old forces and institutions cannot put down: this was a true insight of his, and took his conscience along with it—a

faith. And did he not interpret the dim purport of it well? 'The implements to him who can handle them.' This actually is the truth, and even the whole truth; it includes whatever the French revolution, or any revolution could mean. Napoleon, in his first period, was a true Democrat. And yet by the nature of him, fastened too by his military trade, he knew that democracy, if it were a true thing at all, could not be an anarchy: the man had a heart-hatred for anarchy. On that twentieth of June, (1792,) Bourrienne and he sat in a coffee-house as the mail rolled by. Napoleon expresses the deepest contempt for persons in authority that they do not restrain this rabble. On the tenth of August he wonders there is no one to command these poor Swiss; they could conquer if there were. Such a faith in democracy, yet hatred of anarchy it is, that carries Napoleon through all his great work. Through his brilliant Italian campaigns, onward to the peace of Luben, one would say his inspiration is: 'Triumph to the French revolution; assertion of it against these Austrian Simulacra that pretend to call it a simulacrum!' Withal, however, he feels, and has a right to feel, how necessary a strong authority is; how the revolution cannot prosper at all without such. To bridle in that great devouring, self-devouring French revolution; to *tame* it, so that its intrinsic purpose can be made good; that it may become organic, and be able to live amongst other organisms and *formed* things, not as a wasting destruction alone; is not this still what he partly aimed at, as the true purport of his life; nay, what he actually managed to do? Through Wagram, Austerlitz; triumph after triumph; he triumphed so far. There was an eye to see in this man, a soul to dare and do. He rose naturally to be the king. All men saw that he *was* such. The common soldiers used to say on the march: 'These babbling *avocats* up at Paris: all talk and no work? What wonder it runs all wrong! We shall have to go and put our *petit corporal* there!' They went and put him there; they and France at large. Chief-consulship, emperorship, victory over Europe; till the poor lieutenant of *La Fère*, not unnaturally, might seem to himself the greatest of all men that had been in the world for some ages.

But at this point the fatal charlatan-element got the upper-hand. He apostatized from his old faith in facts, took to believing in semblances; strove to connect himself with Austrian dynasties, popedom, with the old false feudalities which he once saw clearly to be false; considered that *he* would found 'his dynasty' and so forth; that the enormous French revolution meant only that! The man was 'given up to strong delusion that he should believe a lie;' a fearful but most sure thing. He did not know true from false now when he looked at them; the fearfulest penalty a man pays for yielding to untruth of heart. *Self* and false ambition had now become his god: *self*-deception once yielded to, *all* other deceptions follow naturally, more and more. What a paltry patch-work of theatrical paper-mantles, tinsel and mummery, had this man wrapped his own reality in, thinking to make it more real thereby! His hollow Pope's-Concordat, pretending to be a reëstablishment of Catholicism, felt by himself to be the method of extirpating it, '*la vaccine de la religion*;' his ceremonial coronations, consecrations by the old Italian

chimera in Notre Dame there; 'wanting nothing to complete the pomp of it but the half million who had died to put an end to all that!' Cromwell's inauguration was by the sword and Bible; what we must call a genuinely *true* one. Sword and Bible were borne before him, without any chimera. Were not these real emblems of Puritanism; its true decoration and insignia? It had used them both in a very real manner, and pretended to stand by them now! But this poor Napoleon mistook; he believed too much in the *dupeability* of men; saw no fact deeper in man than hunger and this. He was mistaken. Like a man that should build upon cloud; his house and he falls down in confused wreck, and depart out of the world.

Alas! in all of us this charlatan-element exists; and might be developed, were the temptation strong enough. 'Lead us not into temptation!' But it is fatal, I say, that it *be* developed. The thing into which it enters as a cognizable ingredient is doomed to be altogether transitory; and, however huge it may *look*, is in itself small. Napoleon's working, accordingly, what was it with all the noise it made? A flash as of gunpowder wide spread; a blazing up as of dry heath. For an hour the whole universe seems wrapt in smoke and flame; but only for an hour. It goes out. The universe, with its old mountains and streams, its stars above and kind soil beneath, is still there.

The Duke of Weimar told his friends always to be of courage; this Napoleonism was unjust, a falsehood, and could not last. It is true doctrine. The heavier this Napoleon trampled on the world, holding it tyrannously down, the fiercer would the world's recoil against him be, one day. Injustice pays itself with frightful compound interest. I am not sure but he had better lost his best park of artillery, or had his best regiment drowned in the sea, than shot that poor German bookseller, Palm! It was a palpable, tyrannous, murderous injustice, which no man, let him paint an inch thick, could make out to be other. It burnt deep into the hearts of men, it and the like of it; suppressed fire flashed in the eyes of men, as they thought of it, waiting their day! Which day came: Germany rose round him. What Napoleon *did* will amount in the long run to what he did *justly*; what Nature with her laws will sanction. To what of reality was in him; to that and nothing more. The rest was all smoke and waste. *La carrière ouverte aux talens*: that great true message, which has yet to articulate and fulfil itself every where, he left in a most inarticulate state. He was a great *ébauche*, rude-draught; as indeed what great man is not? Left in too rude a state, alas!

His notions of the world, as he expresses them there at St. Helena, are almost tragical to consider. He seems to feel the most unaffected surprise that it has all gone so; that he is flung out on the rock here, and the world is still moving on its axis. France is great, and all great; and at bottom, he is France. England itself he says is by nature only an appendage of France; 'another isle of Oberon to France.' So it was *by nature*, by Napoleon-nature; and yet look how in fact—*HERE AM I!* He cannot understand it; that France was not all great, that he was not France. 'Strong delusion,' that he should believe the thing to be which is not! The compact, clear-seeing, decisive Italian nature of

him, strong, genuine, which he once had, has enveloped itself, half dissolved itself, in a turbid atmosphere of French fanfaronade. The world was not disposed to be trodden down under foot; to be bound into masses, and built together as *he* liked, for a pedestal for France and him: the world has quite other purposes in view! Napoleon's astonishment is extreme. But alas, what help now! He had gone that way of his; and Nature had also gone her way. Having once parted with reality, he tumbles helpless in vacuity; no rescue for him. He had to sink there mournfully as man seldom did; and break his great heart and die—this poor Napoleon; a great implement too soon wasted, till it was useless; our last Great Man!

T H E F L O R A L R E S U R R E C T I O N .

BY THE SHEPHERD OF SHARONDALE.

WELCOME, sweet flowers! bright Summer's poetry!

I hail your fragrant coming, and again
With joy I read your brilliant imagery
Written once more in nature's holiest strain:
The lowly cottage, and the princely hall
Your advent cherisheth—ye are all to all.

Rising in glory from their winter graves,
The painted Tulip comes, and Daisy fair,
And o'er the brook the fond Narcissus waves
Her golden cup—her image loving there.
Those early flowers their glowing tributes bring
To weave a chaplet round the brow of Spring.

The sultry sun of June looks down, and then
Comes forth the lovely rose, the garden's pride,
To herald summer over glade and glen,
O'er wild and waste, o'er mead and mountain side:
Proudly she rears her crest on high, the vain
And gay pursuivant of a brilliant train.

And now, bright Dahlia, heartless one, appear!
Thy time has come to join the festival:
Come, Peru's daughter, belle of night! dost fear
To wear in glorious day thy coronal?
And thou, pale exile from the holy land,
Imperial Lily! come and join the band!

See, o'er the lattice creeps the Eglantine,
And there the Jasmine clambers up the wall
To twine her wreaths with Flora's blushing queen,
Rejoicing all in summer's carnival:
How kind of them to deck the shepherd's cot,
And with their presence cheer his humble lot!

I love ye, flowers; your odors ever bring
Back visions of the past: I love ye well;
From the lone Primrose, nursling of the Spring,
Unto the beauteous Aster, Autumn's belle,
Or reared on verdant field, or ruined wall,
I love ye all, sweet flowers!—I love ye all!

THE LEGEND OF DON RODERICK.

NUMBER THREE.

THE scattered fugitives of the Christian army spread terror throughout the land. The inhabitants of the towns and villages gathered around them as they applied at their gates for food, or laid themselves down, faint and wounded, beside the public fountains. When they related the tale of their defeat, old men shook their heads and groaned, and the women uttered cries and lamentations. So strange and unlooked-for a calamity filled them with consternation and despair; for it was long since the alarm of war had sounded in their land: and this was a warfare that carried chains and slavery, and all kinds of horrors, in its train.

Don Roderick was seated with his beauteous queen, Exilona, in the royal palace which crowned the rocky summit of Toledo, when the bearer of ill-tidings came galloping over the bridge of the Tagus. 'What tidings from the army?' demanded the king, as the panting messenger was brought into his presence. 'Tidings of great wo!' exclaimed the soldier. 'The prince has fallen in battle. I saw his head and surcoat upon a Moorish lance; and the army was overthrown and fled!'

At hearing these words, Roderick covered his face with his hands, and for some time sat in silence; and all his courtiers stood mute and aghast, and no one dared to speak a word. In that awful space of time passed before his thoughts all his errors and his crimes, and all the evil that had been predicted in the necromantic tower. His mind was filled with horror and confusion, for the hour of his destruction seemed at hand: but he subdued his agitation by his strong and haughty spirit; and, when he uncovered his face, no one could read on his brow the trouble and agony of his heart. Still, every hour brought fresh tidings of disaster. Messenger after messenger came spurring into the city, distracting it with new alarms. The infidels, they said, were strengthening themselves in the land; host after host were pouring in from Africa: the sea-coast of Andalusia glittered with spears and scimitars. Bands of turbaned horsemen had overrun the plains of Sidonia, even to the banks of the Guadiana. Fields were laid waste, towns and cities plundered, the inhabitants carried into captivity, and the whole country lay in smoking desolation.

Roderick heard all these tidings with an undaunted aspect; nor did he ever again betray sign of consternation: but the anxiety of his soul was evident in his warlike preparations. He issued orders that every noble and prelate of his kingdom should put himself at the head of his retainers, and take the field; and that every man capable of bearing arms should hasten to his standard, bringing whatever horse, and mule, and weapon he possessed: and he appointed the plain of Cordova for the place where the army was to assemble. Throwing by, then, all the

trappings of his late slothful and voluptuous life, and arming himself for warlike action, he departed from Toledo at the head of his guard, composed of the flower of the youthful nobility. His queen, Exilona, accompanied him; for she craved permission to remain in one of the cities of Andalusia, that she might be near her lord in this time of peril.

Among the first who appeared to hail the arrival of the king at Cordova, was the Bishop Oppas, the secret partisan of the traitor Julian. He brought with him his two nephews, Evan and Siseburto, the sons of the late king Witiza; and a great host of vassals and retainers, all well armed and appointed, for they had been furnished, by Count Julian, with a part of the arms sent by the king to Africa. The bishop was smooth of tongue, and profound in his hypocrisy: his pretended zeal and devotion, and the horror with which he spoke of the treachery of his kinsman, imposed upon the credulous spirit of the king, and he was readily admitted into his most secret council.

The alarm of the infidel invasion had spread throughout the land, and roused the Gothic valor of the inhabitants. On receiving the orders of Roderick, every town and hamlet, every mountain and valley, had sent forth its fighting men, and the whole country was on the march toward Andalusia. In a little while there were gathered together, on the plain of Cordova, near fifty thousand horsemen, and a countless host of foot-soldiers. The Gothic nobles appeared in burnished armor, curiously inlaid, and adorned with chains and jewels of gold, and ornaments of precious stones, and silken scarfs, and surcoats of brocade, or velvet richly embroidered; betraying the luxury and ostentation with which they had declined from the iron hardihood of their warlike sires. As to the common people, some had lances and shields and swords and cross-bows, but the greater part were unarmed, or provided merely with slings, and clubs studded with nails, and with the iron implements of husbandry; and many had made shields for themselves from the doors and windows of their habitations. They were a prodigious host, and appeared, say the Arabian chroniclers, like an agitated sea; but, though brave in spirit, they possessed no knowledge of warlike art, and were ineffectual through lack of arms and discipline.

Several of the most ancient and experienced cavaliers, beholding the state of the army, advised Don Roderick to await the arrival of more regular troops, which were stationed in Iberia, Cantabria, and Gallia Gothica; but this counsel was strenuously opposed by the Bishop Oppas; who urged the king to march immediately against the infidels. 'As yet,' said he, 'their number is but limited; but every day new hosts arrive, like flocks of locusts, from Africa. They will augment faster than we; they are living, too, at our expense, and, while we pause, both armies are consuming the substance of the land.'

King Roderick listened to the crafty counsel of the bishop, and determined to advance without delay. He mounted his war horse, Orelia, and rode among his troops assembled on that spacious plain, and wherever he appeared he was received with acclamations; for nothing so arouses the spirit of the soldier as to behold his sovereign in arms. He addressed them in words calculated to touch their hearts and animate their courage. 'The Saracens,' said he, 'are ravaging our land, and

their object is our conquest. Should they prevail, your very existence as a nation is at an end. They will overturn your altars; trample on the cross; lay waste your cities; carry off your wives and daughters, and doom yourselves and sons to hard and cruel slavery. No safety remains for you but in the prowess of your arms. For my own part, as I am your king, so will I be your leader, and will be the foremost to encounter every toil and danger.'

The soldiery answered their monarch with loud acclamations, and solemnly pledged themselves to fight to the last gasp in defence of their country and their faith. The king then arranged the order of their march: all those who were armed with cuirasses and coats of mail were placed in the front and rear; the centre of the army was composed of a promiscuous throng, without body armor, and but scantily provided with weapons.

When they were about to march, the king called to him a noble cavalier named Ramiro, and delivering him the royal standard, charged him to guard it well for the honor of Spain; scarcely, however, had the good knight received it in his hand, when he fell dead from his horse, and the staff of the standard was broken in twain. Many ancient courtiers who were present looked upon this as an evil omen, and counselled the king not to set forward on his march that day; but, disregarding all auguries and portents, he ordered the royal banner to be put upon a lance, and gave it in charge of another standard-bearer; then commanding the trumpets to be sounded, he departed at the head of his host to seek the enemy.

The field where this great army assembled was called, from the solemn pledge given by the nobles and the soldiery, *El campo de la verdad*; or, The field of Truth; a name, says the sage chronicler Abul Cassim, which it bears even to the present day.

The hopes of Andalusia revived, as this mighty host stretched in lengthened lines along its fertile plains; from morn until night it continued to pour along, with sound of drum and trumpet; it was led on by the proudest nobles and bravest cavaliers of the land, and, had it possessed arms and discipline, might have undertaken the conquest of the world.

After a few days' march, Don Roderick arrived in sight of the Moslem army, encamped on the banks of the Guadalete, where that beautiful stream winds through the fertile land of Xeres. The infidel host was far inferior in number to the Christians; but then it was composed of hardy and dexterous troops, seasoned to war, and admirably armed. The camp shone gloriously in the setting sun, and resounded with the clash of cymbal, the note of the trumpet, and the neighing of fiery Arabian steeds. There were swarthy troops from every nation of the African coast, together with legions from Syria and Egypt, while the light Bedouins were careering about the adjacent plain. What grieved and incensed the spirits of the Christian warriors, however, was to behold, a little apart from the Moslem host, an encampment of Spanish cavaliers, with the banner of Count Julian waving above their tents. They were ten thousand in number, valiant and hardy men, the most experienced of Spanish soldiery, most of them having served in the

African wars; they were well armed and appointed also, with the weapons of which the count had beguiled his sovereign; and it was a grievous sight to behold such good soldiers arrayed against their country and their faith.

The Christians pitched their tents about the hour of vespers, at a short league distant from the enemy, and remained gazing with anxiety and awe upon this barbaric host that had caused such terror and desolation in the land: for the first sight of a hostile encampment in a country disused to war, is terrible to the newly enlisted soldier. A marvellous occurrence is recorded by the Arabian chroniclers as having taken place in the Christian camp; but discreet Spanish writers relate it with much modification, and consider it a stratagem of the wily Bishop Oppas, to sound the loyalty of the Christian cavaliers.

As several leaders of the army were seated with the bishop in his tent, conversing on the dubious fortunes of the approaching contest, an ancient pilgrim appeared at the entrance. He was bowed down with years, his snowy beard descended to his girdle, and he supported his tottering steps with a palmer's staff. The cavaliers rose and received him with great reverence as he advanced within the tent. Holding up his withered hand, 'Wo, wo to Spain!' exclaimed he, 'for the vial of the wrath of heaven is about to be poured out. Listen, warriors, and take warning. Four months since, having performed my pilgrimage to the sepulchre of our Lord in Palestine, I was on my return toward my native land. Wearied and wayworn, I lay down one night to sleep beneath a palm tree, by the side of a fountain, when I was awakened by a voice saying unto me, in soft accents, 'Son of sorrow, why sleepest thou?' I opened my eyes, and beheld one of a fair and beauteous countenance, in shining apparel and with glorious wings, standing by the fountain; and I said, 'Who art thou who callest upon me in this deep hour of the night?'

'Fear not,' replied the stranger, 'I am an angel from heaven, sent to reveal unto thee the fate of thy country. Behold the sins of Roderick have come up before God, and his anger is kindled against him, and he has given him up to be invaded and destroyed. Hasten then to Spain, and seek the camp of thy countrymen. Warn them that such only shall be saved as shall abandon Roderick; but those who adhere to him shall share his punishment, and shall fall under the sword of the invader.'

The pilgrim ceased, and passed forth from the tent; certain of the cavaliers followed him to detain him, that they might converse further with him about these matters, but he was no where to be found. The sentinel before the tent said, 'I saw no one come forth, but it was as if a blast of wind passed by me, and there was a rustling as of dry leaves.'

The cavaliers remained looking upon each other with astonishment. The Bishop Oppas sat with his eyes fixed upon the ground, and shadowed by his overhanging brow. At length, breaking silence, in a low and faltering voice, 'Doubtless,' said he, 'this message is from God; and since he has taken compassion upon us, and given us notice of his impending judgment, it behooves us to hold grave council, and determine how best we may accomplish his will and avert his displeasure.'

The chiefs still remained silent, as men confounded. Among them was a veteran noble named Pelistes. He had distinguished himself in the African wars, fighting side by side with Count Julian, but the latter had never dared to tamper with his faith, for he knew his stern integrity. Pelistes had brought with him to the camp his only son, who had never drawn a sword except in tourney. When the young man saw that the veterans held their peace, the blood mantled in his cheek, and, overcoming his modesty, he broke forth with a generous warmth: 'I know not, cavaliers,' said he, 'what is passing in your minds, but I believe this pilgrim to be an envoy from the devil; for none else could have given such dastard and perfidious counsel. For my own part, I stand ready to defend my king, my country, and my faith. I know no higher duty than this, and if God thinks fit to strike me dead in the performance of it, his sovereign will be done!'

When the young man had risen to speak, his father had fixed his eyes upon him with a grave and stern demeanor, leaning upon a two-handed sword. As soon as the youth had finished, Pelistes embraced him with a father's fondness. 'Thou hast spoken well, my son,' said he; 'if I held my peace at the counsel of this losel pilgrim, it was but to hear thy opinion, and to learn whether thou wert worthy of thy lineage and of the training I had given thee. Hadst thou counselled otherwise than thou hast done, hadst thou shown thyself craven and disloyal, so help me God, I would have struck off thy head with this weapon which I hold in my hand. But thou hast counselled like a loyal and a Christian knight, and I thank God for having given me a son worthy to perpetuate the honors of my line. As to this pilgrim, be he saint or be he devil, I care not; this much I promise, that if I am to die in defence of my country and my king, my life shall be a costly purchase to the foe. Let each man make the same resolve, and I trust we shall yet prove the pilgrim a lying prophet.' The words of Pelistes roused the spirits of many of the cavaliers; others, however, remained full of anxious foreboding, and when this fearful prophecy was rumored about the camp, as it presently was by the emissaries of the bishop, it spread awe and dismay among the soldiery.

On the following day, the two armies remained regarding each other with wary but menacing aspect. About noontide, King Roderick sent forth a chosen force of five hundred horse and two hundred foot, the best armed of his host, to skirmish with the enemy, that, by gaining some partial advantage, they might raise the spirits of the army. They were led on by Theodomir, the same Gothic noble who had signalised himself by first opposing the invasion of the Moslems.

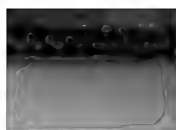
The Christian squadrons paraded with flying pennons in the valley which lay between the armies. The Arabs were not slow in answering their defiance. A large body of horsemen sallied forth to the encounter, together with three hundred of the followers of Count Julian. There was hot skirmishing about the field, and on the banks of the river; many gallant feats were displayed on either side, and many valiant warriors were slain. As the night closed in, the trumpets from either camp summoned the troops to retire from the combat. In this day's action the Christians suffered greatly in the loss of their distinguished cavaliers;

for it is the noblest spirits who venture most, and lay themselves open to danger ; and the Moslem soldiers had instructions to single out the leaders of the adverse host. All this is said to have been devised by the perfidious Bishop Oppas, who had secret communications with the enemy, while he influenced the councils of the king ; and who trusted that by this skirmishing warfare the power of the Christian troops would be cut off, and the rest disheartened.

On the following morning, a larger force was ordered out to skirmish, and such of the soldiery as were unarmed were commanded to stand ready to seize the horses and strip off the armor of the killed and wounded. Among the most illustrious of the warriors who fought that day was Pelistes, the Gothic noble who had sternly checked the tongue of the Bishop Oppas. He led to the field a large body of his own vassals and retainers, and of cavaliers trained up in his house, who had followed him to the wars in Africa, and who looked up to him more as a father than a chieftain. Beside him was his only son, who now for the first time was fleshing his sword in battle. The conflict that day was more general and bloody than the day preceding ; the slaughter of the Christian warriors was immense, from their lack of defensive armour ; and as nothing could prevent the flower of the Gothic chivalry from spurring to the combat, the field was strewn with the bodies of the youthful nobles. None suffered more, however, than the warriors of Pelistes. Their leader himself was bold and hardy, and prone to expose himself to danger ; but years and experience had moderated his early fire ; his son, however, was eager to distinguish himself in this, his first essay, and rushed with impetuous ardor into the hottest of the battle. In vain his father called to caution him ; he was ever in the advance, and seemed unconscious of the perils that surrounded him. The cavaliers and vassals of his father followed him with devoted zeal, and many of them paid for their loyalty with their lives. When the trumpet sounded in the evening for retreat, the troops of Pelistes were the last to reach the camp. They came slowly and mournfully, and much decreased in number. Their veteran commander was seated on his war-horse, but the blood trickled from the greaves of his armour. His valiant son was borne on the shields of his vassals ; when they laid him on the earth near to where the king was standing, they found that the heroic youth had expired of his wounds. The cavaliers surrounded the body and gave utterance to their grief ; but the father restrained his agony, and looked on with the stern resignation of a soldier.

Don Roderick surveyed the field of battle with a rueful eye, for it was covered with the mangled bodies of his most illustrious warriors ; he saw, too, with anxiety, that the common people, unused to war, and unsustained by discipline, were harassed by incessant toils and dangers, and were cooling in their zeal and courage.

The crafty Bishop Oppas marked the internal trouble of the king, and thought a favorable moment had arrived to sway him to his purpose. He called to his mind the various portents and prophecies which had forerun their present danger. 'Let not my lord the king,' said he, 'make light of these mysterious revelations, which appear to be so disastrously fulfilling. The hand of Heaven appears to be against us.



Destruction is impending over our heads. Our troops are rude and unskilful, but slightly armed, and much cast down in spirit. Better is it that we should make a treaty with the enemy, and, by granting part of his demands, prevent the utter ruin of our country. If such counsel be acceptable to my lord the king, I stand ready to depart upon an embassy to the Moslem camp.'

Upon hearing these words, Pelistes, who had stood in mournful silence, regarding the dead body of his son, burst forth with honest indignation. 'By this good sword,' said he, 'the man who yields such dastard counsel deserves death from the hand of his countrymen rather than from the foe; and, were it not for the presence of the king, may I forfeit salvation if I would not strike him dead upon the spot.'

The bishop turned an eye of venom upon Pelistes. 'My lord,' said he, 'I, too, bear a weapon, and know how to wield it. Were the king not present you would not dare to menace, nor should you advance one step without my hastening to meet you.'

The king interposed between the jarring nobles, and rebuked the impetuosity of Pelistes, but at the same time rejected the counsel of the bishop. 'The event of this conflict,' said he, 'is in the hand of God; but never shall my sword return to its scabbard while an infidel invader remains within the land.'

He then held a council with his captains, and it was determined to offer the enemy general battle on the following day. A herald was despatched defying Taric ben Zeyad to the contest, and the defiance was gladly accepted by the Moslem chieftain. Don Roderick then formed the plan of action, and assigned to each commander his several station, after which he dismissed his officers, and each one sought his tent, to prepare by diligence or repose for the next day's eventful contest.

Taric ben Zeyad had been surprised by the valor of the Christian cavaliers in the recent battles, and at the number and apparent devotion of the troops which accompanied the king to the field. The confident defiance of Don Roderick increased his surprise. When the herald had retired, he turned an eye of suspicion on Count Julian. 'Thou hast represented thy countrymen,' said he, 'as sunk in effeminacy and lost to all generous impulse: yet I find them fighting with the courage and the strength of lions. Thou hast represented thy king as detested by his subjects, and surrounded by secret treason, but I behold his tents whitening the hills and dales, while thousands are hourly flocking to his standard. Wo unto thee if thou hast dealt deceitfully with us, or betrayed us with guileful words.'

Don Julian retired to his tent in great trouble of mind, and fear came upon him that the Bishop Oppas might play him false; for it is the lot of traitors ever to distrust each other. He called to him the same page who had brought him the letter from Florinda, revealing the story of her dishonor.

'Thou knowest, my trusty page,' said he, 'that I have reared thee in my household, and cherished thee above all thy companions. If thou hast loyalty and affection for thy lord, now is the time to serve him. Hie thee to the Christian camp, and find thy way to the tent of the Bishop Oppas. If any one ask thee who thou art, tell them thou art of

the household of the bishop, and bearer of missives from Cordova. When thou art admitted to the presence of the bishop, show him this ring, and he will commune with thee in secret. Then tell him Count Julian greets him as a brother, and demands how the wrongs of his daughter Florinda are to be redressed. Mark well his reply, and bring it word for word. Have thy lips closed, but thine eyes and ears open; and observe every thing of note in the camp of the king. So speed thee on thy errand — away, away !'

The page hastened to saddle a Barbary steed, fleet as the wind, and of a jet black color, so as not to be easily discernible in the night. He girded on a sword and dagger, slung an Arab bow with a quiver of arrows at his side, and a buckler at his shoulder. Issuing out of the camp, he sought the banks of the Guadalete, and proceeded silently along its stream, which reflected the distant fires of the Christian camp. As he passed by the place which had been the scene of the recent conflict, he heard, from time to time, the groan of some expiring warrior who had crawled among the reeds on the margin of the river; and sometimes his steed stepped cautiously over the mangled bodies of the slain. The young page was unused to the sights of war, and his heart beat quick within him. He was hailed by the sentinels as he approached the Christian camp, and, on giving the reply taught him by Count Julian, was conducted to the tent of the Bishop Oppas.

The bishop had not yet retired to his couch. When he beheld the ring of Count Julian, and heard the words of his message, he saw that the page was one in whom he might confide. 'Hasten back to thy lord,' said he, 'and tell him to have faith in me, and all shall go well. As yet I have kept my troops out of the combat. They are all fresh, well armed, and well appointed. The king has confided to myself, aided by the princes Evan and Siseburto, the command of a wing of the army. To-morrow, at the hour of noon, when both armies are in the heat of action, we will pass over with our forces to the Moslems. But I claim the compact made with Taric ben Zeyad, that my nephews be placed in dominion over Spain, and tributary only to the Caliph of Damascus.' With this traitorous message the page departed. He led his black steed by the bridle to present less mark for observation, as he went stumbling along near the expiring fires of the camp. On passing the last outpost, when the guards were half slumbering on their arms, he was overheard and summoned, but leaped lightly into the saddle and put spurs to his steed. An arrow whistled by his ear, and two more stuck in the target which he had thrown upon his back. The clatter of swift hoofs echoed behind him, but he had learnt of the Arabs to fight and fly. Plucking a shaft from his quiver, and turning and rising in the stirrups as his courser galloped at full speed, he drew the arrow to the head and launched it at his pursuer. The twang of the bow-string was followed by the crash of armour, and a deep groan, as the horseman tumbled to the earth. The page pursued his course with further molestation, and arrived at the Moslem camp before the break of day.

A light had burned throughout the night in the tent of the king, and anxious thoughts and dismal visions troubled his repose. If he fell into a slumber, he beheld in his dreams the shadowy phantoms of the necro-

mantic tower, or the injured Florinda, pale and dishevelled, imprecating the vengeance of Heaven upon his head. In the mid-watches of the night, when all was silent except the footstep of the sentinel, pacing before his tent, the king rose from his couch, and walking forth looked thoughtfully upon the martial scene before him. The pale crescent of the moon hung over the Moorish camp, and dimly lighted up the windings of the Guadalete. The heart of the king was heavy and oppressed; but he felt only for himself, says Antonio Agapida, he thought nothing of the perils impending over the thousands of devoted subjects in the camp below him; sleeping, as it were, on the margin of their graves. The faint clatter of distant hoofs, as if in rapid flight, reached the monarch's ear, but the horsemen were not to be descried. At that very hour, and along the shadowy banks of that river, here and there gleaming with the scanty moonlight, passed the fugitive messenger of Count Julian, with the plan of the next day's treason.

The day had not yet dawned, when the sleepless and impatient monarch summoned his attendants and arrayed himself for the field. He then sent for the venerable Bishop Urbino, who had accompanied him to the camp, and, laying aside his regal crown, he knelt with head uncovered, and confessed his sins before the holy man. After this a solemn mass was performed in the royal tent, and the eucharist administered to the monarch. When these ceremonies were concluded, he besought the archbishop to depart forthwith for Cordova, there to await the issue of the battle, and to be ready to bring forward reinforcements and supplies. The archbishop saddled his mule and departed just as the faint blush of morning began to kindle in the east. Already the camp resounded with the thrilling call of the trumpet, the clank of armor, and the tramp and neigh of steeds. As the archbishop passed through the camp, he looked with a compassionate heart on this vast multitude, of whom so many were soon to perish. The warriors pressed to kiss his hand, and many a cavalier full of youth and fire received his benediction, who was to lie stiff and cold before the evening.

When the troops were marshalled for the field, Don Roderick prepared to sally forth in the state and pomp with which the Gothic kings were wont to go to battle. He was arrayed in robes of gold brocade; his sandals were embroidered with pearls and diamonds; he had a sceptre in his hand, and he wore a regal crown resplendent with inestimable jewels. Thus gorgeously apparelled, he ascended a lofty chariot of ivory, the axle-trees of which were of silver, and the wheels and pole covered with plates of burnished gold. Above his head was a canopy of cloth of gold embossed with armorial devices, and studded with precious stones. This sumptuous chariot was drawn by milk-white horses, with caparisons of crimson velvet, embroidered with pearls. A thousand youthful cavaliers surrounded the car; all of the noblest blood and bravest spirit; all knighted by the king's own hand, and sworn to defend him to the last.

When Roderick issued forth in this resplendent state, says an Arabian writer, surrounded by his guards in gilded armour and waving plumes and scarfs and surcoats of a thousand dyes, it was as if the sun were

emerging in the dazzling chariot of the day from amidst the glorious clouds of morning.

As the royal car rolled along in front of the squadrons, the soldiers shouted with admiration. Don Roderick waved his sceptre, and addressed them from his lofty throne, reminding them of the horror and desolation which had already been spread through the land by the invaders. He called upon them to summon up the ancient valor of their race, and avenge the blood of their brethren. 'One day of glorious fighting,' said he, 'and this infidel horde will be driven into the sea, or will perish beneath your swords. Forward bravely to the fight; your families are behind you praying for your success; the invaders of your country are before you; God is above to bless his holy cause, and your king leads you to the field.' The army shouted with one accord, 'Forward to the foe, and death be his portion who shuns the encounter!'

The rising sun began to shine along the glistening waters of the Guadalete as the Moorish army, squadron after squadron, came sweeping down a gentle declivity to the sound of martial music. Their turbans and robes, of various dyes and fashions, gave a splendid appearance to their host; as they marched, a cloud of dust arose and partly hid them from the sight, but still there would break forth flashes of steel and gleams of burnished gold, like rays of vivid lightning, while the sound of drum and trumpet, and the clash of Moorish cymbal, were as the warlike thunder within that stormy cloud of battle.

As the armies drew near each other the sun disappeared among gathering clouds, and the gloom of the day was increased by the columns of dust which rose from either host. At length the trumpet sounded for the encounter. The battle commenced with showers of arrows, stones, and javelins. The Christian foot-soldiers fought to disadvantage, the greater part being destitute of helm or buckler. A battalion of light Arabian horsemen, led by a Greek renegado named Magued el Rumi, careered in front of the Christian line, launching their darts, and then wheeling off beyond the reach of the missiles hurled after them. Theodomin now brought up his seasoned troops into the action, seconded by the veteran Pelistes, and in a little while the battle became furious and promiscuous. It was glorious to behold the old Gothic valor shining forth in this hour of fearful trial. Wherever the Moslems fell, the Christians rushed forward, seized upon their horses, and stripped them of their armour and their weapons. They fought desperately and successfully, for they fought for their country and their faith. The battle raged for several hours; the field was strown with slain, and the Moors, overcome by the multitude and fury of their foes, began to falter.

When Taric beheld his troops retreating before the enemy, he threw himself before them, and, rising in his stirrups, 'Oh, Moslems! conquerors of Africa!' cried he, 'whither would you fly? The sea is behind you, the enemy before; you have no hope but in your valor and the help of God. Do as I do and the day is ours!'

With these words he put spurs to his horse and sprang among the enemy, striking to right and left, cutting down and destroying, while his steed, fierce as himself, trampled upon the foot soldiers and tore them with his teeth. At this moment a mighty shout arose in various parts

of the field; the noontide hour had arrived. The Bishop Oppas with the two princes, who had hitherto kept their bands out of the fight, suddenly went over to the enemy, and turned their weapons upon their astonished countrymen. From that moment the fortune of the day was changed, and the field of battle became a scene of wild confusion and bloody massacre. The Christians knew not whom to contend with, or whom to trust. It seemed as if madness had seized upon their friends and kinsmen, and that their worst enemies were among themselves.

The courage of Don Roderick rose with his danger. Throwing off the cumbrous robes of royalty, and descending from his car, he sprang upon his steed Orelia, grasped his lance and buckler, and endeavored to rally his retreating troops. He was surrounded and assailed by a multitude of his own traitorous subjects, but defended himself with wondrous prowess. The enemy thickened around him; his loyal band of cavaliers were slain, bravely fighting in his defence; the last that was seen of the king was in the midst of the enemy, dealing death at every blow.

A complete panic fell upon the Christians; they threw away their arms and fled in all directions. They were pursued with dreadful slaughter, until the darkness of the night rendered it impossible to distinguish friend from foe. Taric then called off his troops from the pursuit, and took possession of the royal camp; and the couch which had been pressed so uneasily on the preceding night by Don Roderick, now yielded sound repose to his conqueror.

On the morning after the battle, the Arab leader, Taric ben Zeyad, rode over the bloody field of the Gaudalete, strewed with the ruins of those splendid armies, which had so lately passed like glorious pageants along the river banks. There Moor and Christian, horseman and horse, lay gashed with hideous wounds; and the river, still red with blood, was filled with the bodies of the slain. The gaunt Arab was as a wolf roaming through the fold he had laid waste. On every side his eye revelled on the ruin of the country, on the wrecks of haughty Spain. There lay the flower of her youthful chivalry, mangled and destroyed, and the strength of her yeomanry prostrated in the dust. The Gothic noble lay confounded with his vassals; the peasant with the prince; all ranks and dignities were mingled in one bloody massacre.

When Taric had surveyed the field, he caused the spoils of the dead and the plunder of the camp to be brought before him. The booty was immense. There were massy chains, and rare jewels of gold; pearls and precious stones; rich silks and brocades, and all other luxurious decorations in which the Gothic nobles had indulged in the latter times of their degeneracy. A vast amount of treasure was likewise found, which had been brought by Roderick for the expenses of the war.

Taric then ordered that the bodies of the Moslem warriors should be interred; as for those of the Christians, they were gathered in heaps, and vast pyres of wood were formed, on which they were consumed. The flames of these pyres rose high in the air, and were seen afar off in the night; and when the Christians beheld them from the neighboring hills they beat their breasts and tore their hair, and lamented over them as over the funeral fires of their country. The carnage of that battle

infected the air for two whole months, and bones were seen lying in heaps upon the field for more than forty years ; nay, when ages had past and gone, the husbandman, turning up the soil, would still find fragments of Gothic cuirasses and helms, and Moorish scimitars, the relics of that dreadful fight.

For three days the Arabian horseman pursued the flying Christians, hunting them over the face of the country ; so that but a scanty number of that mighty host escaped to tell the tale of their disaster.

Taric ben Zeyad considered his victory incomplete so long as the Gothic monarch survived ; he proclaimed great rewards, therefore, to whomsoever should bring Roderick to him, dead or alive. A diligent search was accordingly made in every direction, but for a long time in vain ; at length a soldier brought to Taric the head of a Christian warrior, on which was a cap decorated with feathers and precious stones. The Arab leader received it as the head of the unfortunate Roderick, and sent it, as a trophy of his victory, to Musa ben Nosier, who, in like manner, transmitted it to the caliph at Damascus. The Spanish historians, however, have always denied its identity.

A mystery has ever hung and ever must continue to hang, over the fate of King Roderick, in that dark and doleful day of Spain. Whether he went down amidst the storm of battle, and atoned for his sins and errors by a patriot grave, or whether he survived to repent of them in hermit exile, must remain matter of conjecture and dispute. The learned Archbishop Rodrigo, who has recorded the events of this disastrous field, affirms that Roderick fell beneath the vengeful blade of the traitor Julian, and thus expiated with his blood his crime against the hapless Florinda ; but the archbishop stands alone in his record of the fact. It seems generally admitted that Orelia, the favorite war-horse of Don Roderick, was found entangled in a marsh on the borders of the Gaudalete, with the sandals and mantle and royal insignia of the king lying close by him. The river at this place ran broad and deep, and was encumbered with the dead bodies of warriors and steeds ; it has been supposed therefore, that he perished in the stream ; but his body was not found within its waters.

When several years had passed away, and men's minds, being restored to some degree of tranquillity, began to occupy themselves about the events of this dismal day, a rumor arose that Roderick had escaped from the carnage on the banks of the Gaudalete, and was still alive. It was said, that having from a rising ground caught a view of the whole field of battle, and seen that the day was lost, and his army flying in all directions, he likewise sought his safety in flight. It is added, that the Arab horsemen, while scouring the mountain in quest of fugitives, found a shepherd arrayed in the royal robes, and brought him before the conqueror, believing him to be the king himself. Count Julian soon dispelled the error. On being questioned, the trembling rustic declared that while tending his sheep in the folds of the mountains, there came a cavalier on a horse wearied and spent and ready to sink beneath the spur ; that the cavalier with an authoritative voice and menacing air commanded him to exchange garments with him, and clad himself in his rude garb of sheep-skin, and took his crook and his scrip of provisions,

and continued up the rugged defiles of the mountains leading towards Castile, until he was lost to view.

This tradition was fondly cherished by many, who clung to the belief in the existence of their monarch as their main hope for the redemption of Spain. It was even affirmed that he had taken refuge with many of his host, in an island of the 'Ocean sea,' from whence he might yet return, once more to elevate his standard, and battle for the recovery of his throne.

Year after year, however, elapsed and nothing was heard of Don Roderick; yet, like Sebastian of Portugal, and Arthur of England, his name continued to be a rallying point for popular faith, and the mystery of his end to give rise to romantic fables. At length, when generation after generation had sunk into the grave, and near two centuries had passed and gone, traces were said to be discovered that threw a light on the final fortunes of the unfortunate Roderick. At that time, Don Alphonso the Great, King of Leon, had wrested the city of Visco in Lusitania from the hands of the Moslems. As his soldiers were ranging about the city and its environs, one of them discovered in a field, outside of the walls, a small chapel or hermitage, with a sepulchre in front, on which was inscribed this epitaph in Gothic characters:

HIC REQUIESCIT RUDERICUS,
ULTIMUS REX GOTHORUM.

HERE LIES RODERICK,
'THE LAST KING OF THE GOTHS.

It has been believed by many that this was the veritable tomb of the monarch, and that in this hermitage he had finished his days in solitary penance. The warrior, as he contemplated the supposed tomb of the once haughty Roderick, forgot all his faults and errors, and shed a soldier's tear over his memory; but when his thoughts turned to Count Julian, his patriotic indignation broke forth, and with his dagger he inscribed a rude malediction on the stone.

'Accursed,' said he, 'be the impious and headlong vengeance of the traitor Julian. He was a murderer of his king; a destroyer of his kindred; a betrayer of his country. May his name be bitter in every mouth, and his memory infamous to all generations.'

Here ends the legend of Don Roderick.

L I N E S

WRITTEN UNDER A PORTRAIT OF JUPITER AND DANAE.

FAIR maid of Argos! dry thy tears, nor shun
The bright embrace of Saturn's amorous son.
Pour'd from high Heaven athwart thy brazen tower,
Jove bends propitious in a glittering shower:
Take, gladly take, the boon the Fates impart;
Press the gift treasure to thy panting heart:
And to thy venal sex this truth unfold,
How few, like Danae, grasp both god and gold.

J. SMITH.

T H E D O G - S T A R S P I R I T .

SUGGESTED BY CERTAIN PAPERS ENTITLED 'MIND AND INSTINCT,' IN THE KNICKERBOCKER.

CALM be thy slumbers, faithful TRAY,
 Calm in thy bed
 Low-gathered underneath the clay,
 Where they have laid thy bones away,
 And left thee — dead !

No common dog, dear TRAY, wert thou
 In life's short age ;
 For *instinct* shone upon thy brow,
 And something in thy deep bow-wow
 Proclaimed the sage.

When ugly curs at evening made
 Their hideous wail,
 Mutely thy musing eye surveyed
 Bright themes for thought around displayed,
 Perched on thy tail.

Oft have I seen thy vision turned
 Up to the skies,
 Where thy intelligence discerned
 In all the little stars that burned,
 Strange mysteries.

And then, thy keen glance fixed on one
 That glimmered far ;
 'If souls of men live when they're gone,'
 Thou thought'st, 'why not of dogs when flown,
 In yonder star ?

'Though diverse in our natures, yet
 It do n't ensue
 That other judgment we should meet,
 Because we muster four good feet
 Instead of two.

'And if in some light, wanton freak
 Of Nature's mind,
 She planted hair upon our back,
 And, in capricious mood, did tack
 A tail behind :

'It matters not. That coat of hair
 Is very thin ;
 But the habiliment we wear
 To warm the heart from wintry air,
 We have within.

'Ah, no ! what selfish man would have
 For *him* alone,
 To us a title Nature gave :
 We too shall live beyond the grave,
 When we are gone.'

Now, when at twilight's solemn hour,
 O'er field and lea,
 I see the dog-star gently pour
 Its beamy light — a golden shower —
 I think of thee !

And well, I wot, thy spacious mind,
 With journey brief,
 Hath mounted like a breath of wind ;
 And thou art in that orb enshrined,
 A thing of life.

Then peace be with thine ashes, TRAY,
 In their long rest :
 Faithful wert thou in thy short day ;
 And now, that thou art passed away,
 I know thou 'rt blest.

Pittsburgh, March, 1844.

SANCHO.

A D R E A M .

THIS accident is not unlike my dream ; belief of it
 Oppresses me already.

OVERSEA.

UPON a certain clear and starry night of unbroken tranquillity and peace, in the month of September, in the year of Grace one thousand eight hundred thirty and two ; I, JOHN WATERS of man's Estate, Gentleman, dreamed a Dream. And lest I might be forced, like the great Babylonian monarch of yore, to say 'the thing is gone from me,' I resolved while a vague remembrance yet rested in my thoughts, to record if possible some lasting memorial of it.

Now, more than one half of the average number of years, assigned by computation to a generation of our race, have, since that point of time, rolled into the rearward hemisphere of Eternity ; trials and changes, deep and stern and manifold, have rent and desolated this *house not made with hands*, and have exercised and broken the spirit that is supposed to be contained within it ; yet the slight memorandum, written at that time, lies unchanged before me, and gives evidence of the comparatively impassible duration of inert matter over man ; whose home, and whose abiding-place is not of earth !

It is not that I can hope to describe my sensations of that night, in such a manner as to impart them to the contemplative spirit that may read this sketch, and to afford pleasure at all comparable with that which I enjoyed ; but I have thought that I might by the recital awaken some gratifying recollections of still higher flittings of the imagination into the regions of unlimited Fancy ; where the pleasure has been, as was mine, alike unbounded and pure.

In an Existence like ours, where so much is ideal ; where so many things are feared, that never come to pass ; hoped for, that are never realized ; enjoyed, that are impalpable to sense ; where that, which by common convention is called substantial and real, is very far inferior to that which is falsely termed illusory and vain ; where life borders on immortality ; and the spiritual world so closely overhangs the natural, that it is as difficult to separate them as it is in Switzerland to know

which is Alps and which is Heaven ; — there may oftentimes be much pleasure, perhaps some instruction, in a DREAM.

What should we say of dreams, if our eyes could but once have been opened upon the bright intellectual fancies, and anticipations ; or upon the spiritual movements, of some of those by the side of whose supine and deserted forms it may have been our privilege to watch ; but who, on waking into restored consciousness, remember not what they may have seen, or imagined, or may perhaps have accomplished, in their sleep ?

How often, within the compass of our own minds, do we not find thoughts and images that spring from sources that we cannot trace ! Have we not more than once been called upon to perform some act of life, important to ourselves, or perchance to others ; or been in some incidental circle of friends, or of persons who were strangers until then ; or walked upon some lonely path in Europe — all for the first time as we suppose, and yet have we not had it irresistibly borne in upon our minds, that we have done all this before ! signed the same paper in the same presence ! heard the same voices speak the same words ! noticed the same faces in the same positions ! or recognized the mountains perhaps, and the trees, the landscape, the rocks, the very brook, as acquaintances of old ; although the broad Atlantic had never yet been crossed by us before — except in spirit !

Did you never in the day or night dream yourself to be upon some lofty overhanging precipice ? did you never in imagination look down over its extreme verge upon the dark coast that skirts the foot of it, so far below you that you only distinguish the Rocks themselves by the white foam of the blue wave that breaks over them ? Did you never hold by a bush while you were bending over this awful verge, listening to the low roar of the deep and distant waters, and perceive the Eagle itself soaring mid-way only up the cliff — and while you grew chill with the thoughts of depth, and danger, and distance from relief, did you never feel the bush give way and the gravel slide from beneath you, and the whole mass come thundering down from earth to ocean ?

One throb is given to madness and in the next you wake and find the body in security although perhaps in pain. Have you been in actual danger ? do you believe that you have been ? If not, why do you immediately pray to God and bless Him at such moments for his protection and care of you ? Is it not that while the body has been quiescent, the excursive Soul has been in spiritual presence on the edge of that beetling and stupendous height ?

Suppose, as the mother sits beside the small bed, drinking with her eyes that draught of ecstatic pleasure which only Woman's heart can taste, she could perceive the spirit of her boy, rising from the body that it leaves behind in roseate sleep, a thousand times more beautiful than it and yet the same ; and still her own ; and taking upon himself, as of his proper right, the grace and charm of ' a young and rose-lipped cherub,' should chase, (and all within her sight,) the rainbow-butterflies of Paradise across its swards of velvet, and laugh in music to express his joy !

Suppose that to the husband it should be given to behold his Wife — the pure in heart ! — walking like a seraph in the Spiritual Life, as the ear-

liest light of morning moves along the hill-tops; her countenance 'beautified with salvation' and joy unfolding itself at her approach: he sees and follows her as she enters into grottoes of shells, compared with which all flowers of Earth are mere attempts at colour! She listens to choirs of angels, joining worthily with them in the celestial chaunt! and when the hearts of both are elevated by the anthem strain, she kneels in solitude and prays for him in words that rise to Heaven, a grateful and accepted incense!

Regard in silence those features of the young and beautiful upon the bed of slow consuming death; with what a grace do they not awake from the momentary trance of sleep! thoughts, not given to be revealed, have been garnered by that precious spirit as it hath soared upward toward the Heaven that is now bending with a summons unto everlasting Life! How gently yet how touchingly do not its glances and its last regrets pass through the diaphanous covering that remains to it of mortality, upon the friend who gazes in equal love and wonder at its side! how like the light within the vase! how sublimated the expression! how intent, how occupied that long look! how effulgent that passage of hope! how intimate, how exalted must have been the communion, when gleams of Faith and Joy, too beautiful for utterance, indicate the redeemed soul just fluttering to ascend in 'robes made white in the blood of the Lamb!'

Are not these and such as these, imaginations, communions, capacities, employments of the soul in Dreams? Ah! if what is called the Sleep of Death be mysterious, be awful, be sublime, be beautiful at times; how much more so, — when the form lies waiting to be revived by the quick return of the excursive spirit, — how much more so is the Sleep of Life!

I was lying in my bed, in a deep delicious repose, in my own bed, without either care, or cold, or gout, to molest me even in my dreams; I had been occupied during the evening with some elementary algebraical processes in the company of my dear son who was to prepare them for examination at school on the following day and who had succeeded in arriving at correct results, had copied off his work, and packed it in his satchel for the morning.

Methought, while I slept, my son and I stood together hand in hand in the Church where we were accustomed to worship. We were very near the altar, but with our faces directed toward the organ and front gallery. There is in my mind some recollection of another person, I believe our Rector, near us but a little behind us.

Presently the surface of the gallery extended itself in breadth and height, so greatly as to cover the entire organ-loft with its increased plane, and it became an immense practising-board, such as, upon a small scale, teachers of mathematics use to resolve problems upon for the instruction of a class, and it immediately assumed the deep slate-coloured hue that such boards are frequently painted.

And now there arranged themselves upon this board, in white characters, problem after problem in Equation; the Rule in which we had been exercising. I cannot describe the celerity with which these problems were stated upon the board, and worked out to the intense gratification of

my son and myself; the most difficult and apparently unequal quantities being with the rapidity of thought interchanged neutralized reduced and determined, so that what seemed at the outset extremely involved, became lucid as day, and the unknown quantities made specific to our perfect satisfaction in an instant of time.

We were delighted with the lesson. I felt the hand of my son gently pressing mine, as he was accustomed to do when he would evince his satisfaction at any thing we examined successfully together; and we agreed with each other to cherish the recollection of these elucidations for future practice.

Turning again toward the board, we found it entirely freed from any trace of what had been wrought upon it. And now, in a manner which I have no possible means of imparting to the Reader, the good and evil of Life formed the specific and the unknown quantities that were wrought out upon the board. Problem succeeded problem, formed out of various conditions of life, with the same rapidity as those in Arabicks had been, and though vastly more complicated, with the same satisfactory result. Every variety and combination of circumstances in life seemed exhibited; positive negative neutral in a moment; until certain trials and occurrences led to certain virtues, with the same precision as in the preceding series of demonstrations x had for example been shewn to be equal to 8. Our joy was beyond expression in words; we embraced each other and I well remember saying, 'My dear Hal, this is Truth; positive Truth; moral, but as certain and as irrefragible, as any mathematical Truth is or ever can be shewn to be.'

We turned again toward the Board, and another course altogether of demonstrations passed over the surface of it, and was made scrutable to our perceptions. By one process the illimitable power of God was borne in upon my apprehension with a vividness of conception that I had never felt before.

By another I well remember Truth and Wisdom were shewn to be one and the same, and all Truth to proceed from and to be an attribute of God. By another, Infinite Justice, deduced from Infinite Power and Infinite Truth, was arrived at, as His essential and necessary quality. Again, the revealed Word of God as declared in the Bible was established in my mind as the irresistible result of another process; and, although several had intermediately passed over the Board, this was I think the last. The Board faded, the figure at our side disappeared, we were out of church, and presently I awoke, and lo! it was a DREAM! But the recollection of that dream has never faded from my memory, and I trust that the influences of it may never be lost.

My mind for some time previous had been much afflicted with considerations and doubts respecting the free agency of man, and the truth of the Scriptures so far as they relate to everlasting punishment, and to the prescience of God. These doubts had been infused in conversation by the reasoning of an eminent lawyer. If you believe in the doctrine of everlasting punishment said he, and believe also in the prescience of God, and in His Omnipotence, must you not admit that God might prevent the sinner from entering at all into this world of probation? into this world of trial which is to prove too severe for his powers of resis-

tance? If I know that a candle that I purpose lighting will, from any accident, or by any other hand after I shall have lighted it, be made to burn my neighbor's house; am I not in some degree participant or accessory to the consequence if I persist in the intention? Why is man to be made subject to consequences more direful to him than if he had never been born at all into this world of evil? He has had no voice in determining his mission into it, nor has his will been consulted in the creation of his spirit, nor in the qualities with which that spirit is endued; his existence also in a state of indulgence of wicked impulse, how short and limited it has been; and how frequently mingled with the disposition if not with repeated Effort toward goodness; shall he for twenty years of vice, be subjected to *everlasting* punishment? how can this consist with Divine Justice and Mercy? You say that he has had the free option of good and evil; possibly so; but he has not chosen the good, he has not adopted the course that leads to everlasting happiness, and his everlasting misery might have been prevented; why then should he have been called into being? Is not this misery ordained to him, since it is not prevented, and since it has always been apparent as the result of life to the creative power which must know, and which could prevent, and has yet determined to create?

Now these doubts were weighing on my heart when I first stood before that board; and when I had left the church, they were all removed. They had made themselves — air, into which they vanished. My hands were clasped together in pleasure at the relief; and when I awoke, a sensation, the purest perhaps that life affords, had entire possession of my heart, my mind, my soul. It was that gentle, yet ethereal sensation — that yellow-green of the ransomed spirit — when gratitude that has never drawn a chain behind it, gratitude free as joy, gratitude beautiful as hope, melts into love toward HIM, 'who first hath loved us!'

'Parent of Heaven! great Master of mankind!
Where'er Thy providence directs, behold
My steps with cheerful resignation turn!
Fate leads the willing, drags the backward on.
Why should I mourn, when grieving I must bear;
Or take with guilt what, guiltless, I might share!'

JOHN WATERS.

L I N E S T O B L U M I N E .

WHEN day gives place to sweeter night,
And twinkling stars come out on high,
Like sentinels in armor bright,
To watch amid the ebon sky;

High in the north thine eye will see
That lonely star, whose steady beam
Shall look into thy heart, and be
The phantom of thy troubled dream.

I love thee not: though once thy heart
Beat in warm answer to my own;
Like strangers we shall meet and part,
And I shall tread my way alone.

Brooklyn, L. I.

HANS VON SPIERL.

EPISTLE TO THE EDITOR.

DEAR KNICK : Were 't not for reverence due
From such as I to such as you,
I really could not choose but swear
To think that e'en a millionaire,
With piles enough of brick and stone
To make a city of his own,
And broad domains in simple fee,
Or held in pledge as mortgagee,
And scrip whose outspread folds would cover
His native Hesse-Darmstadt over ;
Should have withal the hard assurance
To hold a Son of Song in durance.
Why, as I lately sauntered out
To see what Gotham was about,
Just below NIBLO's, west southwest,
In a prosaic street at best,
I chanced upon a lodge so small,
So Lilliputian-like in all,
That Argus, hundred-eyed albeit,
Might pass a hundred times, nor see it.

Agog to see what manikin
Had shrined his household gods therein,
With step as light as tip-toe fairy's
I stole right in among the Lares.
There in the cosiest of nooks,
Up to his very eyes in books,
Sat a lone wight, nor stout nor lean,
Nor old nor young, but just between,
Poring along the figured columns
Of those most unmelodious volumes,
Intently as if there and then
He conned the fate of gods and men.
Methought that brow so full and fair
Was formed the poet's wreath to wear ;
And as those eyes of azure hue,
One moment lifted, met my view,
Gay worlds of starry thoughts appeared
In their blue depths serenely sphered.
Just then the voice of one unseen,
All redolent of Hippocrene,
Stole forth so sweetly on the air,
I felt the Muse indeed was there,
And feel how much her words divine
Must lose, interpreted by mine.

For shame, it said, FITZ-GREENE, for shame !
To yield thee to inglorious thrall,
And leave the trophy of thy fame
Without its crowning capital !

The sculptor, bard, as well may trust
To shape a form for glory's shrine,
If, ceasing with the breathing bust,
He leave unwrought the brow divine.

How oft the lavish Muse has grieved
O'er hopes thy early years inspired,
And sighed that he who much received,
Forgot that much would be required.

But not too late, if heeded yet,
The voice that chides thy mute repose,
And bids thee pay at last the debt
Thy genius to Parnassus owes.

'Tis not enough that pride may urge
Thy claims to memory's grateful lore,
And boast, as rapt from Lethe's surge,
The Suliote and the Tuscarore.

Nay, bard, thy own land's mighty dead
Deserve a nobler hymn from thee,
Than bravest of the brave that bled
At Laspi or Thermopylæ.

Remember, then, thy young renown,
Thy country's dead, thy muse's sigh;
And bid thy vigorous manhood crown
What youthful genius reared so high!

Still to his task the bard applied,
Unrecked, unheeded all beside;
And as he closed his balance-sheet,
I heard his murmuring lips repeat:
'Three hundred thousand, city rents,
Item a hundred, seven per cents,
Add cash, another hundred, say
From bonds and notes paid off this day,
And eke from drafts at sight for dues
Just credited to land accrues,
Whose rental stretches on and on
From Aroostook to Oregon;
Total, a semi-million clear
Income received for one short year!
Aladdin's wealth scarce mounted faster
At its spring-tide than thine, *Merr Astor*.

W. P. F.

EARLY SPRING AT THE HOMESTEAD.

BY HANS VON SPIEGEL.

Lo! here is Spring again, the dainty goddess come back to see what Winter has been doing for so many months in forest and meadow, on the broad hill-side and in the valley. The old ice-king has had a merry time of it, playing with the long branches of the graceful maiden-like elm, and wrestling with the gnarled and haughty oak. You might have heard him roaring in the depths of the woods, had you been here, venerable DEIDRICH, day and night for a sevensnight, apparently just for the sake of making a noise, and compelling the obeisance of the forest. Like any other demagogue, he gains attention by his blusterings. How lowly that young poplar bent before him, while the old hemlocks scarcely deigned a show of reverence! When you were in your youth, and the world seemed larger than now, did you not feel more of respect and awe for the *great man* than you now do? Ah! well-a-day! how little is the world's esteem worthy of care! Ambition climbs the dizzy steeps of fame; the young and inexperienced, whose admiration is not worth a straw, applaud; but the wise, for whose good-will Ambition toils, look on with indifference; for they know the emptiness of human greatness. But while we stop to moralize, the reader grows a-weary; and even thou, DEIDRICH, who art so constitutionally polite, compresseth thy labial muscles, and thumpest nervously the floor with thy gold-headed walking stick. What a pity that we cannot talk nonsense gracefully!

There, now, all this time has the damsel Spring been awaiting our commands, shivering mayhap in her scanty drapery, while we have been prating. So it is the world over. The best intentioned forget the claims of others, listening to the sweet music of their own sweet voices. DEIDRICH, you ought to be here in the country to see what Hans and Peter are doing 'at this present.'

Just back of the house, (we are at the old Homestead,) the snow has melted away, and an impatient crocus is just peeping up to get a look at the warm sun. The spruce, at whose foot it grows all the winter long, has kindly extended one of its lower branches over it, to shield it from the frost, and now straitens it up again to give the poor little plant a glimpse or two of the warm blue sky and the golden sun. And here, on the southern side of the house, the windows are thrown up, and the door of the wing swung open for the first time in four long months. There, Peter, in the side of the wing where you see the ends of two or three bricks protruding from a circular hole in the clapboards, is the nest of a pair of wrens that year after year come back to rear a new family, and chirp and chatter away the summer, when their labors have ceased. If it were a few weeks later, you might get acquainted with the comical little occupants, who are as brisk and busy as if they were not in reality great grand-parents to a whole republic of wrens. See! on the top of the wood-shed, how proudly the old rooster struts along the weather-board, enjoying the discomfiture of his wives, who have been trying for this half-hour from the corn-house steps to reach the same desirable elevation. And ever and anon he crows to answer the tumultuous cackle of the plebeian fowl in the barn-yard, with whom he never mingles, save when a hawk threatens them with common danger; and then, forgetting all his aristocracy, he seeks the same sheltering apple-tree or clump of briars in the fence-corner, where the enemy cannot penetrate. Friend Peter, just buckle on your over-shoes and come with me through the back gates which have stood open all winter to allow ingress to huge sled-loads of fire-wood. Tread carefully over the soft snow which 'slumps' at every step, and let us take a look at the barn-yard down yonder, across the way from the farm-house.

Now is there not some poetry here? That yoke of brindle oxen standing under the dripping eaves chewing their cud; can you not see gladness in their broad faces? There is old Line-back, the cow that fifteen years ago used to have the same corner. I wonder if she recognizes me? She is graver than the other cows; red and black, around her butt; the tuft of wool on her horns shows that she retains her old spirit, and does not allow the dainty sheep that crowd around us, to pick out the most savory portions of her hay, without asserting her rights of priority. There, flocking in the hay-loft door, over the cow-house, are the cackling multitude which we heard awhile ago. They were probably instigated to their clamor by the 'cut-cut-ca-da-cut' of some young hen who had laid the first egg of the season. The rest replying, no doubt, that they severally had done the same at some spring-time anterior, but now for the first time thought of mentioning so trifling a circumstance. Peter sagely opines that they are holding a tea party! Let us drop into the 'grain-barn' and see what Hans' little brothers are

raising such a children's noise about. There goes Jim from the highest scaffold into the straw at the bottom of the 'deep bay.' Billy is just preparing to jump too; and Sid, a little more lazy, is but half up the upper ladder. Sid sees us, and without saying a word, begins to climb down again. This draws Billy's attention, and crying 'Hans has come home! Hans has come!' springs off, half smothering poor Jim in his descent. There, now, Peter, after seeing me kiss my brothers, do n't accuse me of possessing a cold heart, merely because I do n't happen to love the women. What is a woman, but flesh and blood after all? Do you think those black, flashing eyes and rosy cheeks and swelling bosom, and those warm lips which breathe soft deceit the while you press them, are any thing more than 'common clay? I have seen many lovely ones, yet as Byron hath it:

'Maidens, like moths, are ever caught by glare,
And Mammon wins his way where seraphs might despair.'

I wish, friend Peter, that we could stay a fortnight to enjoy the opening of spring, but as we must wend our way eastward day after to-morrow, we will resign ourselves to fate, and make the best of it. Look down into the valley where Green Brook comes singing and bubbling out from the deep shade of the hemlocks into the open meadows! The snow has melted away from its margin, and the brown sward is smiling in the cheerful afternoon sun. There, on that tall stump, on the other side, sits a sentinel crow, while his companions are strolling about catching up dainties which the frost and snow have hid from their vision the winter long. Hurra! hurra! see over the edge of Pine Hill come the first pigeons of the season from the warm south! Look how they rise and fall again in their easy flight, as they pass up the valley and go whirring in among the dense evergreens. I told you we should see pigeons soon, but you thought it too early. We will have sport to-morrow, if it is warm. For the present, let us see whether Hans' old fowling-piece is still safe from rust. Here it stands behind his bed-room door, dressed up like an old maid for a sailing party, all in flannels. There, Peter, is a true 'stubb-and-twist,' and the locks, although rather out of fashion, are still as elastic as ever. This Hans himself will use to-morrow; for it is an old friend and might feel hurt to be entrusted to the care of a stranger. Here, Jim, run down to Colonel Hyde's and borrow his long double-barrel; but do n't tell him that pigeons have been seen, or he will want to use it himself. Get a cannister of Dupont, and half a dozen pounds of No. 4 shot. None of the fine mustard-seed or robin, but the heavy duck-shot, that will enter at twenty rods. That is the kind for pigeons, their feathers are so compact; for if you fire at them flying, you might as well toss turnip-seed at them as to shoot fine shot that will glance from their sleek feathers like drops of rain.

Here comes Jim, with the colonel's gun. Is it not a grand one? Now for cleaning the pieces, and filling the flasks and shot-belts. Look out, or you will scald your fingers with the hot water. A little more soap, and the barrels are as clean as a silver thimble. Snap! These are fine caps: put this box into your pocket, or we shall forget it. Let us look out at the sunset before tea, and then go to bed early, that we may be up in season for to-morrow's sport.

How broadly and slowly the sun sinks behind the forest ! The glowing points of his diadem reach to the zenith, and the purple clouds that float around the west, dazzle the eye as they lie in contrast with the soft blue sky. How bland the air is, like that of summer ! We can almost drink it.

Well, mother, I am glad to be at home again at the tea-table. Here, Peter, do n't look sad now because you are not at your own home. We will go up in the summer and view Lake Erie in its beauty and vastness, and stroll along the beach, beneath the overhanging cedars and larches, and the broad-leafed chestnuts. Whose voice is that in the entry ? Why, Kate, how do you do ! Never mind, if you *are* married, you need n't start so. I 'm an old friend, you know, and your lips are as tempting as ever ! Ah ! I forgot there were strangers by. Madam Von Rosenbaker : Herr von Geist, a man after my own heart. Well, Kate, you have n't altered much from what you were when we used to pick blackberries together. Indeed, I have lost the bottle of wine ; you only escaped though by three days over the six months that I limited your marriage to. You shall have the champagne, and I will come up in the summer to bring it, and will buy an indulgence from the tee-total society long enough to drink it with you. Now that she is gone, Peter, let me ask if you do n't think her a glorious woman ? Her large blue eyes, her soft flaxen hair and rosy cheeks, and tall graceful figure, make her 'splendid.' Peter, she was the first girl that I ever 'set my face against,' as poor Power used to say ; and now, old bachelor as I am, I envy her husband.

To bed we go, and Somnus touches our eyes with his wand of poppies. Ye gods ! how sweet and soft a bed at home is, after travelling till one's bones ache with jolting stages and jarring rail-cars !

Up ! up ! friend Peter ; here we are abed, while daylight is glimmering through the blinds. Just put your head out here at this window and snuff the fresh spring air. Hear the roaring of Fish Creek as it comes up over the wooded hills. By no means ! Do n't suppose for the sixtieth part of a minute that I intend to hurry you away without breakfast ; but you must step down into the kitchen, where the girl has prepared us a strong cup of coffee ; as good, no doubt, as Mother Bee used to provide for our matin meal on College Hill. Here, Dancer, you must have some breakfast too.

Well, are we all ready ? Powder, shot, and caps enough, and every thing in order ? Eh ! Peter, what are you twisting your mouth about ? Ah, yes, indeed, I forgot. Here's a dozen Principles to use as occasion may offer, and especially after dinner ; which is to be sent up with the rest into the sugar-bush, where we will rendezvous about one o'clock, and in the afternoon help 'sugar off.' See the sunlight on the barns yonder ; how warm it looks ! Look off on that hill-side, where the snow lies so deep ! How like a speck of gold it shimmers to the eye ! and there goes Dancer on the crust, as if he enjoyed the freshness of the air, and the warm sunlight. Let us try the crust too, and if it will bear us, we shall save time by going across lots. Here we go, with our heels crunching the glittering pavement, leaving scarcely a vestige of our tread, the frost of last night has so effectually congealed it. Yonder

across this valley which the hills prevent our seeing from the house, is the sugar-bush, sloping to the south. The canal we first crossed leads to the old mills down to the right yonder, where you see that grove of black-cherry trees, and the little house on the knoll. The mist that you see to the left, rises from the mill-dam, the monotonous hum of whose falling waters you have heard for some time. This is Furnace Creek, whose swift current harbors the most beautiful trout. That crow yonder on the dry hemlock is calling to his mate, and the speckled wood-pecker is tapping away at that old beech, that the nice insects within its decayed interior may come out to make him a breakfast. Hark! do you not hear the drum of that partridge? He is up there in that thicket of young beeches and hemlocks, on the other side of the road. As you hear the slow, measured drum which he gives at first, and which he hastens into a whirr like distant thunder, does not 'The old Man's Counsel' come fresh to your memory, and almost ringing in your ear? Ah! this is the glory of true poetry, that it clothes the commonest things with a new interest, and forever after they become objects of love, at least of meditation. Who that has read the same author's 'Lines to a Waterfowl,' does not gaze with other than a sportsman's pleasure upon even a wild duck, if it flies past him after sunset. But there goes a flock of pigeons, and here over our heads; one! two! three! more than a hundred in each! What a rushing sound their wings make! They fly too high for us just now: but wait till we get on the cleared hill yonder to the right of the sugar-bush, and we shall have rare sport as they emerge from the trees and skim along the edge of the 'clearing.'

Here we are in the sugar-bush. Are these not noble trees? For how many years have they stood thus interlocking their strong boughs like brethren! While Columbus was asking a supper for his boy at the convent door, three centuries and a half ago, these same trees were here, scarcely younger than now. Yonder is the hill we saw from the rude bridge below the mill-dam. Let us clamber over the log-fence and get into the clearing.

Well, Peter, this hill that we are on is just one mile from home, though it looks not half the distance. Is this not a glorious view? Hill and valley spread out like a map before us! The snow lies in patches upon the fields, and the sun is lighting up the tinned spire of the village church, which, as the stage passed it yesterday, you thought looked like a superannuated old man with a martin-cage upon his crooked back. There is the old homestead looking at us through the locusts that surround it, and there are the orchards off to the right, which in a few weeks will be white with blossoms. Now, steady, my boys! Do you see that flock of pigeons? Wait till they pass us, that our shot may take effect on their backs. Whang! hack!! bang!!! What! three barrels off and only a handful of tail-feathers! How they opened as we fired, as if to let the shot go through. Hist! do n't stir! Look up softly into the dry top of this hemlock, right over our heads: four, five, six! all in a huddle. I'll fetch some of them with my last barrel. Snap! fiz! confound the cap! Hold still, they see us. I've got a fresh cap on: bang! Here comes one, tumbling through the limbs on to the snow. Is he not a handsome bird; with his glossy purple breast and

slender blue neck! Load quickly, and let us be ready for the next flock.

Hear them scream and coo in the wood to the right. Hear the leaves crackle down on that slope where the snow is off under those tall beeches. The ground is fairly blue with them. Softly there over the dry brush! See them turning up the leaves for beech-nuts: they are all moving this way. Down, behind this log: they are not twenty yards off. Cock both barrels; and now fire! What a stunning sound they make, like the roaring of a tornado! Look, they have settled down again on the other side of the ravine. Well, here, Peter, what do you think of the fun now?—fourteen cock pigeons and one hen, to be divided between us. This is what *I* call sport: none of your reed-birds and meadow-larks, such as cockney sportsmen frighten away from the fields of Jersey or Long-Island. Here they come again by scores. Now let us see how good a shot you are. Two cocks on the topmost branch of that old maple, full forty yards to the trunk. No, no! don't get any nearer, for they see you. Well done! Hear him thump on the leaves; and here comes the other, fluttering round and round like a shuttlecock. Ten to one that you shot him through the head. There! I told you so! His wings are not hurt, but a shot has cut away his bill. Here, Dancer, don't bite him so, but bring him here! Chick, chick, churr! Mister Red-squirrel, we'll 'give you a few,' as Jared used to say. On that knot in the green hemlock, he sits with his tail spread out over his head, for all the world like a young miss in a high-backed, old-fashioned easy-chair. Well, we won't harm him, for the sake of the associations his comical appearance awakens.

Dancer is barking down in the ravine. There he comes! as if he were crazy; he is on the track of a hare! Do you see that pair of slender ears pricked up behind the roots of that fallen tree? Let me try my skill at a long shot. I've hit them, that's poz! No, I have n't either; for the nimble-footed thing is scudding away round the hill as safe as if I had not wasted my loading on her.

This sunken cask down here where the water wells up through the white sand, used to be the father of the cool spring water for the uses of the Homestead, and was conveyed the whole distance in 'pump-logs.' You can see the end of one, with an iron band sunk into it, sticking out of the earth. This spring, however, has been long exchanged for one on higher ground, and the wooden logs for lead pipe, half as expensive, and not half so healthy. Just pop over that chip-munk, whose head is peeping out of the ground at the foot of the maple sapling. Too cruel! Well done! you are growing compassionate all at once. Look out for your head! I declare, you escaped narrowly! That dead limb would have dispersed all your theology, had it struck your head. Well, Dancer, what are you staring at? Do you think the old tree dropped one of its limbs on purpose? Ah, ha! I see! Peter, do you see that tuft of dark moss in the crotch of that largest maple: well, I am going to shoot at it for sport, so here goes! I *thought* it was a black squirrel; how he leaps from the top boughs. Hurrah! here we go over logs and through bushes; the squirrel still ahead of us, springing from tree top to tree top. How he rattles down the dry splinters as he scratches up

that dead hemlock. Now we've got him! Go round on the other side of the tree and he will dodge back this way, and I shall get a crack at him. But he don't though! He must have a hole up there. Sure enough, there is one! Let me get this old bough broken in two, and I will start him. Now be ready, and shoot him as he comes out. The old tree is hollow all the way up; it sounds as I strike like an old bass-drum. There! he's out! blaze away! Not that time time did you hit him. That's better! see him hang by one leg! here he comes! 'dead as a door nail!' Thump! how he struck the ground. What a tail he has!

And now we are at the 'boiling place.' Two strong beech crotches are driven into the ground, about twelve feet apart, and a strong pole is laid over them, some five feet from the ground. The huge back-log was the butt of that tremendous beech you see lying just at the top of the knoll. The cauldron you see is filled with the fresh sap two or three times a day, and before filling each time, the boiling liquid is dipped out into the largest kettle alongside of it, and that in turn is emptied into a smaller one, that no time may be lost in boiling it away. Taste the syrup in this smaller kettle; it is almost molasses. Try on that 'neck-yoke' and come, let us help carry sap before dinner. The spiles you see sticking from augur-holes in every maple are made of young sumacs, which are sawed off the right length, and then the pith is punched out with a wire. The clean white-pine buckets, without bails, into which the sap drips from the spiles, are made expressly for this use, and so is that enormous hogshead where the sap is poured before it is strained for the cauldron. For the present let us to dinner. Well, Herr Peter, although our dinner was laid on a beech log, and our table-cloth nothing but a piece of coarse linen, and our knives and forks such as Adam and Eve used before us! was it not excellent! *Wie schmacket es! How smacked it!* as it passed through our devouring jaws; and how sweet was the pure spring water from the bright tin dipper! Now for a quiet smoke on the plank settle in the bough-house, while Joe and Hiram are getting ready to 'sugar off.' Here, if there comes up a storm, they sit and watch the kettles; and sometimes when the weather is clear they sit up all night. So at last you *do* love a cigar better than a meerschaum? I confess it is the same with me! How old DEIDRICH would frown, if he heard such an admission from those who boast as we do the pure *Deutschen-blut*, the true Dutch blood!

What! two o'clock so soon! They have hung the ten-pail kettle that contains the thick syrup upon a pole between two slender crotches, and have already kindled a fire. How it bubbles and 'blubbers' up, like thick hasty-pudding, with a dignified slowness that is inimitable. Now it rises to the top of the kettle and will boil over! O, you need n't turn up your nose at the slice of clean fat pork that Joe has just thrown in, for that has saved our sugar. See, it gradually subsides till it rests a third way down. You have heard that oil will still the surface of the sea; and the oily part of the pork answers the same purpose with the boiling syrup. Now it begins to granulate, swing it off. Here, drop some of it into this bucket of cold water, and then poke it out with that

pine stick, while I run up on the side-hill yonder and get a pail of snow, which will cool it faster. Ha, ha, ha ! you do look handsome ; suppose Meeta could see you with your jaws stuck fast together with the candy, and your face looking like the head of Medusa. While you are getting over the lock-jaw, I will trail some on this snow to take home to little Sue, who begged me to bring her back some maple candy. Now let us ride down home on the ox-sled, with the huge tin pails full of the hot syrup, which wont get half cold before it is safe in the farm-house pantry, in a half dozen well-buttered milk-pans to harden for future use.

Once more in bed after a hearty supper ; and once more out of it, too, for the stage horn is blown. We must hurry or we are left ; for it stops only fifteen or twenty minutes to change the mail.

Yes, Peter, this Brookline *is* a little cleaner than Broadway.

RELIGIOUS CONTROVERSY.

BY FLACIUS.

'Tantæ ne animis celestibus iræ ?'

VIRGIL.

WHEN the full-throated people of the air,
Harmonious preachers of the sweets of love,
That midway range, as half at home with heaven,
Are quiring, with a heartiness of joy
That the high tide of song o'erbrims the grove,
And far adown the meadow runs to waste ;
How would the soul, there floating, loathe to mark
Sudden contention ; sharp, discordant screams,
From throats whose single duty is a song !

Not with less sure revolting — ah ! far more !
Curdles the blood when Christian brothers strive,
And prostitute to wordy war the lips
Commissioned to dispense 'good will to man ;'
And soothe the world with spoken kindness, soft,
And full of melody as song of birds.
O, sad betrayal of the highest trust !
Heralds of peace — to blow the trump of strife :
Envoys of charity — to sow the tares
Of hatred in a soil prepared for love.

Is this a time for soldiers of the cross
To point their weapons, each at other's breast,
When the great Enemy, the common Foe,
Though baffled, unsubdued, lays ever wait
For some unguarded pass, to cheat the walls
Not all his dread artillery could breach ?
How is each lunge, and ward, of tart reproof,
And bitter repartee — painful to friends —
By th' Adversary hailed with general yell
Of triumph, or derision ! O, my friends !
Believe me, lines of loving charity
Dishearten enemies, encourage friends,

And woo enlistment to your ranks, more sure
Than the best weapon of the readiest wit,
Whose point is venom'd with the gall of scorn.

How wiser then, forbearing bitterness
At points of polity, or shades of faith
That different show to different-seeing eyes,
To shun perplexing doctrines which th' Allwise
Has willed obscure, and imitate His life;
His, the meek Founder of our faith, who sowed
His earthly way with blessings as with seed:
Bearing, forbearing, ever rendering good;
The Counsellor, the Comforter, the Friend:
How ope soe'er His word to various sense,
His life is plain; and all that life was love:
Be this our guide, we cannot widely stray.

March, 1844.

THE ENGLISH STATE TRIALS.

DURING THE POPISH PLOT.

THE recent Irish State Trials seem to have been conducted on the part of the government with something of the same violence and partiality that dishonor the ancient records of Great Britain's criminal jurisprudence. The exclusion of Roman Catholics from the jury was an arbitrary and unwarrantable act; unjust in itself, disrespectful to the larger portion of the Irish people, and calculated to destroy the moral effect of the verdict, by producing the impression on the public mind that the prisoners did not have a fair trial. We would not be understood as complaining of the verdict. We do not see how, with a strict adherence to the law and to the evidence, the jury could well have decided otherwise. It is the eagerness to convict the prisoners manifested on the part of the law-officers of the crown that is the object of just reprehension.

Trials for offences against the State have happily been almost unknown in this country, and we therefore find it difficult to conceive of the dangers to which a prisoner is exposed, when the whole power of the government is arrayed against him. But to one familiar with the iniquitous manner in which they were conducted in Great Britain during the seventeenth, and the earlier part of the eighteenth century, the proceedings against O'Connell and his associates seem almost models of judicial fairness and impartiality. To one not thus familiar, it is difficult to convey an adequate idea of the extent to which legal tribunals prostituted their functions to purposes of oppression and revenge. The judges holding their offices by the slight tenure of royal favor, and generally owing their elevation to the zeal they had shown to defend the royal prerogatives, were, with a few honorable exceptions, willing instruments in the hands of power. The interpreters of the law, who, like the prophets of old, were bound to curse, or to bless, in obedience to higher impulses than their own wills, became the mere mouth-pieces of the government; the injustice of the decisions imperfectly concealed

by the sanctity of the office. Justice, and the favor of the court were identical. The law and the royal pleasure were inseparably associated in the mind of the judge.

We would not be understood as meaning that the English judges were unjust, or partial in the trials between private citizens. In these cases it was not often that there was any obstacle interposed to the administration of even-handed justice. It was when the government came in as a party; when political offenders were to be tried, that they too often proved false to their trust. The temptations of office; the love of ease, wealth, and distinction; the fear of ministerial enmity, of royal disgrace, were too powerful for poor Honesty. The hour in which their aid was most needed by the friendless prisoner, was that in which it was withdrawn; for surely if men ever need an upright, able, and impartial administration of the law, it is when they contend single-handed against the influences of flattery, bribery, and intimidation, which those in authority are ever able to employ. The odds are fearful in such a contest. The prejudices of juries, the subservience of lawyers, the servility of judges, gave scarce a hope that justice would not be wrested to serve the purposes of the crown; that considerations of state policy would not prove stronger than any abstract belief of the prisoner's innocence or guilt. That we have not misrepresented the degraded condition of the English tribunals during the period we have mentioned, a reference to the state trials *passim*, will abundantly prove. Nor is it at all strange that such should have been the case. During the dynasty of the Tudors, and the reign of the first of the Stuarts, the duty alike of the courts, and of parliament was simply to register the royal edicts. If the formalities of law were observed, it was rather through the goodness of the sovereign, than from any consciousness of his inability to break through their restraints. But after the rebellion, and especially after the revolution, when the limits of prerogative became marked out with some degree of precision, and monarchs could no longer effect their purposes by open violence, then more subtle means were resorted to, but scarcely less dangerous, to destroy those who were so unfortunate as to become the objects of royal or ministerial enmity. The king, if he could not make the law, could still appoint the judges of the law; and the right of interpretation was hardly less powerful than the power of legislation. Even when, after a lapse of time, the judges became in a great measure independent of the crown, still it was not until many years later, when the voice of an outraged people became more terrible to them than the frowns of kings or ministers, that those accused of political offence could hope for justice at their hands.

The reign of Charles the Second, in every respect the most disgraceful in English history, is that period to which we wish now particularly to ask the reader's attention. During the latter part of it, the chief justice's seat was filled first by Scroggs, and afterwards by Jeffries; the former came to the bench a little before the disclosures that took place respecting the Popish Plot, and presided at the trials that took place in consequence of that event. It is to these trials that we shall now confine ourselves; only premising certain facts necessary to the perfect understanding of the extracts which we are about to make.

It is unnecessary to go minutely into the details of the Popish Plot. A general outline will answer our present purpose. The first who pretended any knowledge of it, or made any disclosure respecting it, was Titus Oates. He, when examined before the council in October, 1678, stated that at a consult held by the Jesuits on the 24th of April preceding, at the White Horse Tavern in London, resolutions had been adopted to kill the king, overthrow the established church, and restore popery. Upon this many arrests were made, and among others was Coleman, who had been secretary to the late Duchess of York. His papers were seized, and there was found a correspondence he had carried on several years before with the confessor of Louis XIV., having reference mainly to the restoration of the Catholic religion in England. These letters, although in no way confirmatory of the alleged Plot, except so far as they indicated an anxious desire on the part of the members of that church to regain their lost ascendancy in Great Britain, and their intention to use every effort for that purpose, things already well known, yet produced great excitement, and were regarded by many as conclusive proof of the truth of Oates' statements. Another event, which happened about the same time, raised the excitement to its highest pitch. Sir Edmundbury Godfrey, a London magistrate, before whom Oates had made his depositions, was found murdered, and under such circumstances as precluded the idea of suicide. Suspicion now deepened into certainty. No one longer dared to doubt the reality of the plot. To doubt, was to confess one's self an accomplice. Nothing was talked of but the Plot. The wildest rumors were caught up and repeated, and soon grew into well-authenticated facts. The name Papist, or Roman Catholic, became synonymous with assassin. Many, not content with carrying arms, clothed themselves in armor. At the funeral of Sir Edmondbury Godfrey, says North, in his *Examen*, 'the crowd was prodigious, both at the procession, and in and about the church, and so heated, that any thing called Papist, were it a cat or a dog, had probably gone to pieces in a moment. The Catholics all kept close in their houses and lodgings, thinking it a good compensation to be safe there, so far were they from acting violently at that time. But there was all that which upheld among the common people an artificial fright, so that every one almost fancied a popish knife just at his throat; and at the sermon, beside the preacher, two thumping divines stood upright in the pulpit, to guard him from being killed while he was preaching, by the Papists.'

Oates immediately became a man of great consequence. He was called the saviour of the nation, had lodgings given him at Whitehall, and a pension from parliament of £1200 a year. But the more cool and circumspect could not forget the notorious infamy of his character, or implicitly rely on the word of a man who openly confessed that he had gone among the Jesuits, and declared himself a convert to their faith merely to betray them. But with the populace his credit was unbounded. The more incredible his fictions, the better they suited the vulgar appetite. In this sort of narrative, as Hume truly remarks, a fool was more likely to succeed than a wise man. Accompanied by his guards, for being supposed to be a special object of popish enmity, guards had

been assigned him, he walked about in great dignity, attired as a priest, and 'whoever he pointed at was taken up and committed; so that many people got out of his way as from a blast, and glad they could prove their two last years' conversation. The very breath of him was pestilential, and if it brought not imprisonment or death over such on whom it fell, it surely poisoned reputation, and left good Protestants arrant papists, and something worse than that, in danger of being put in the plot as traitors.*

Parliament was opened three days after Godfrey's murder, and immediately voted that it was of opinion that there had been, and was 'a damnable and hellish plot;' and every day, both forenoon and afternoon, a session was held at which the whole matter was discussed. The arrests were numerous, and among others were several papist lords, and Sir George Wakeman, the physician to the queen. Even the Duke of York and the Queen herself were accused by Oates as traitors and accomplices. These stories meeting such general credence, and rewards being heaped upon the author, others, as might have been expected, soon followed his example. The most notorious of these minor perjurers was one Bedlow, who pretended to know the secret of Godfrey's murder. When first examined he knew nothing of the Plot, but told a ridiculous story about forty thousand men who were coming over to England from Spain. The next day, however, his knowledge was greatly increased, and he pretended to be as fully informed of all the particulars of the Plot as Oates himself. As we shall see by and by, whatever the bolder villain swore to, his subordinate confirmed.

Such was the state of things when the first victim of this extraordinary popular delusion were brought to trial. The earliest trial, although the accused was not charged with being concerned in the plot, was that of Stayley, a goldsmith or broker, on the 21st of November, 1678. The charge against him was that he had called the king a heretic, and threatened to kill him. The chief witness against him was one Castars. Bishop Burnet, who was well acquainted with him, says, that when he heard who the witnesses were, he thought he was bound to do what he could to stop it: 'so I sent both to the lord chancellor and the attorney general to let them know what profligate wretches these witnesses were. Jones, the attorney general, took it ill of me that I should disparage the king's evidence. Duke Lauderdale, having heard how I had moved in this matter, railed at me with open mouth. He said I had studied to save Stayley for the liking I had to any one that would murder the king.' The trial proceeded, and one of the witnesses testified to the following words as spoken by the prisoner: 'The King of England is the greatest heretic, and the greatest rogue in the world; here 's the heart and here 's the hand that would kill him; I myself.'

PRISONER. 'Here 's the hand, and here 's the heart that would kill myself; not would kill him myself.'

L. C. J. 'What Jesuit taught you this trick? It is like one of them. It is the art and interest of a Jesuit so to do.'

In this, as in all the subsequent trials, the existence of the Plot was

* North's 'Examen.'

taken for granted as an incontestable fact. Another fact was also assumed, most improperly indeed, but not without some show of reason, that it was an admitted doctrine of the Romish church, that however sinful an act might be in itself, it lost its sinfulness if the interests of the church demanded its performance. Therefore it was argued, to kill a heretick, to swear falsely, to deceive an enemy, is to do nothing wrong in the eyes of a Papist, if the pope or the bishops command it. Such a man it is proper for us to regard as an enemy, for his principles would lead him to employ any means for the destruction of those whom he was taught to regard as the enemies of his church.

It is unnecessary for us to stop to point out the fallacy of this mode of reasoning. Our business at present is only to show the effect it had upon the minds both of the court and the jury. Thus the Chief Justice reasoned in his charge at the trial: 'You, and we all, are sensible of the great difficulties and hazards that is now both against the king's person, and against all Protestants, and our religion too; which will hardly maintain itself, when they have destroyed the men; but let 'em know that many thousands will lose their religion with their lives, for we will not be Papists, let the Jesuits press what they will, (who are the foundations of all this mischief,) in making proselytes by telling them, Do what wickedness you will, it's no sin, but we can save you; and if you omit what we command, we can damn you. Excuse if I am a little warm, when perils are so many, their murders so secret, that we cannot discover the murder of that gentleman whom we all knew so well, when things are transacted so closely, and our king in so great danger, and our religion at stake. 'Tis better to be warm here than in Smithfield. When a Papist once hath made a man a heretic, there is no scruple to murder him. Whoever is not of their persuasion are heretics, and whoever are heretics may be murdered if the pope commands it; for which they may become saints in heaven; this is that they have practised. If there had been nothing of this in this kingdom, or other parts of the world, it would be a hard thing to impose it upon them; but they ought not to complain when so many instances are against them. Therefore discharge your consciences as you ought to do; if guilty, let him take the reward of his crime, and you shall do well to begin with this man, for perchance it may be a terror to the rest. Unless they think they can be saved by dying in the Roman faith, though with such pernicious and traitorous words and designs as these are, let such go to Heaven by themselves. I hope I shall never go to that Heaven, where men are made saints for killing kings.'

The flimsy logic and cool-blooded cruelty of this charge are too obvious to require mention. According to the chief justice, no Papist could complain that he was hanged for treason because some members of his church had massacred the Protestants on Bartholomew's day. The recommendation 'to begin with this man, that it may be a terror to the rest,' marks well the character of the judge, and the temper of the jury that could advance or approve such a detestable doctrine.

Stayley was convicted and thus sentenced: 'You shall return to prison, from thence shall be drawn to the place of execution, where you shall be hanged by the neck, cut down alive, your quarters shall be

severed, and be disposed of as the king shall think fit, and your bowels burnt, and so the Lord have mercy on your soul.'

This sentence was executed five days after.

The next victim was Coleman. The evidence against him was of a twofold nature; his own letters, and the testimony of Oates and Bedlow. As to the first, they disclose clearly enough the existence of a Plot, but a Plot in which Charles himself was the chief conspirator; a Plot not only to restore popery, but to destroy English liberty. This Plot was of an early date, and began indeed almost at the restoration of the king. The monarch of France and the Duke of York were his accomplices. Coleman's part in it seems to have been merely that of an ambitious, intriguing, bigotted partizan, pleased with being entrusted with the secrets of the great; and much disposed to magnify the importance and value of his services. His letters, that were produced on his trial, related to the years 1674 and '5. If there was any correspondence of a later date, it was never discovered. In fine, we may say of these letters that if there was enough in them to convict Coleman of high treason, the king, the duke, and several of the most prominent statesmen of that period were equally guilty.

The testimony of Oates was so strange and improbable, that it never could have obtained credence for a moment, except at a time when men had 'lost their reason.' The basis of his whole narration, was his statement relating to the consult of the Jesuits in April, which we give in his own words. 'They were ordered to meet by virtue of a brief from Rome, sent by the father general of the society. They went on to these resolves: That Pickering and Grove should go on, and continue in attempting to assassinate the king's person by shooting, or other means. Grove was to have fifteen hundred pounds. Pickering being a religious man, was to have thirty thousand masses, which at twelvepence a mass amounted to much that money. This resolve of the Jesuits was communicated to Mr. Coleman in my hearing at Wild House. My lord, this was not only so, but in several letters he did mention it, and in one letter, (I think I was gone a few miles out of London,) he sent to me by a messenger, and did desire the duke might be trepaned into this Plot to murder the king.'

But one consult of fifty Jesuits, all eager to carry their diabolical plans of assassination and murder into execution, was not enough for Dr. Oates, and he went on to relate the proceedings that took place at another, held at the Savoy in the month of August, when the Benedictine monks were present with the Jesuits. 'In this letter,' (one written by Archbishop Talbot, the titular archbishop of Dublin,) 'there were four Jesuits had contrived to despatch the Duke of Ormond. (These were his words.) To find the most expedient way for his death Fogarthy was to be sent to do it by poison, if these four good fathers did not hit of their design. My lord, Fogarthy was present. And when the consult was almost at a period, Mr. Coleman came to the Savoy to the consult, and was mighty forward to have father Fogarthy sent to Ireland to despatch the duke by poison. This letter did specify they were then ready to rise in rebellion against the king for the pope.'

ATT. GEN. 'Do you know any thing of arms?'

'There were forty thousand black bills; I am not so skilful in arms to know what they meant, (military men know what they are,) that were provided to be sent into Ireland for the use of the Catholic party.'

In addition to the forty thousand black bills, Oates stated that there had been £200,000 contributed by the Catholics, and that he heard Coleman say 'that he had found a way to transmit it for the carrying on of the rebellion in Ireland.'

Here certainly was treason enough concocted, if one could believe the witnesses, to have hung a hundred men. No less than seven men had engaged to kill the king; all of whom, through some strange infelicity, did not find an opportunity even to make the attempt. Not satisfied with this number of assassins, Coleman would have had the Duke of York brought into the Plot, and made the murderer of his brother. Could human folly frame a set of lies more gross and palpable?

Beside Coleman's general knowledge of the Plot, Oates mentioned several circumstances showing the special interest that he had taken in it; that he had written letters which the witness had carried to St. Omers, in which were these 'expressions of the king, calling him tyrant, and that the marriage between the Prince of Orange and the Lady May, the Duke of York's eldest daughter, would prove the traitor's and tyrant's ruin;' that 'this letter was written in plain English words at length;' that he had sent another letter in which he promised 'that the ten thousand pounds' (sent by the Jesuits,) 'should be employed for no other intent or purpose but to cut off the King of England;' and that he had given money that 'the four Irish ruffians,' who were to kill the king at Windsor, might be speedy in their business.

In all these trials there is nothing that more strikingly shows the infamous manner in which these witnesses were allowed to testify, than the withholding of such parts of their evidence as they pretended it was improper at that time to bring forward. Thus they protected themselves; for no one durst accuse them lest he himself should be charged as a party to the conspiracy. At this trial Oates said, without a word of dissent from the Chief Justice, 'I could give other evidence but will not, because of other things which are not fit to be known yet.'

It is impossible that the Chief Justice, or the other judges, should have believed such a story as this even for a moment. We make all necessary allowance for the influence of great popular excitement. We know that judges are but men, and are not exempt more than other men from the contagion of those occasional outbursts of frenzy, which seem to destroy all individual independence, and all sense of individual responsibility; and which for a time makes a nation like a herd of maddened buffaloes, ignorant whither it is going, but unable to stop in its furious career. Yet by their position judges are, of all classes of men, the farthest removed from popular influences of this nature. Their habits of legal investigation, fit them in an eminent degree to weigh with scrupulous accuracy the characters of witnesses; to detect improbabilities and contradictions. Stories that may deceive even intelligent men unacquainted with the laws of evidence, and the bearings of testimony, stand revealed at first glance to the practised eye of the judge as a tissue of falsehoods. Here the judges could not have been deceived.

Who could believe that the Jesuits, a body of men not less celebrated for their profound knowledge of the politics of every kingdom in Christendom, than for the wisdom with which they adapted their plans of proselytism to the changing circumstances of the times, should have formed a plan to restore popery in England by massacre and conquest? The thing is too preposterous to merit a moment's attention.

Still more ridiculous are the details of the Plot as disclosed by Oates. Would the Jesuits, even if they had formed such plans, confide them to a penniless, friendless vagabond; a man of notoriously bad character, who was, while at St. Omers, the butt and laughing stock of the whole college? Such secrets are not usually revealed to any but tried men, and the Jesuits were the last of all conspirators to bestow their confidence rashly. Yet here was a conspiracy whose disclosure would have brought a certain and speedy death to every one engaged in it, known we know not to how many hundreds, and many of these too found in the lowest ranks of the populace. The manner of its execution is of a piece with all the rest. First, two men were employed to kill the king. For two years they could find no opportunity to do it. Then four Irish ruffians were employed. Who they were, or what became of them, no one knew. Then the physician of the queen was hired to poison him. To this horrible plan of assassination, were consenting not only the highest dignitaries of the Romish church, but some of the noblest peers of England and of France. But we have neither time nor patience to proceed farther with such miserable fabrications. We say then that the judges never could have believed in the existence of such a Plot, and that the prisoners tried before them were immolated upon the altar of their own personal popularity. Rather than resist the current of popular feeling, and dare to award justice and uphold the supremacy of impartial law, they chose to swim with the tide, and sacrifice men whom they knew in their hearts to be innocent. It is this that adds tenfold guilt to the brutality of their conduct. We cannot forget that they were dishonest in their very cruelty; that they insulted their victims, brow-beat the witnesses, trampled on judicial forms to gain the favor of an infuriated mob, whose madness they laughed at and derided.

At the commencement of the trial, Coleman thus alluded to the law of England, forbidding counsel to prisoners accused of criminal offences, and to the prejudice that then prevailed against those of his religion: 'I hope, my lord, if there be any point of law that I am not skilled in, that your lordships will be pleased not to take the advantage over me. Another thing seems most dreadful, that is, the violent prejudice that seems to be against every man in England that is confessed to be a Roman Catholic. It is possible that a Roman Catholic may be very innocent of these crimes. If one of those innocent Roman Catholics should come to this bar, he lies under such disadvantages already, and his prejudices so greatly biasseth human nature, that unless your lordships will lean extremely much on the other side, justice will hardly stand upright and lie upon a level.'

L. C. J. 'You need not make any preparations for us in this matter; you shall have a fair, just and legal trial; if condemned it will be apparent you ought to be so; and without a fair proof there shall be no

condemnation. Therefore you shall find we will not do to you as you do to us, blow up at adventure, kill people because they are not of your persuasion : our religion teacheth us another doctrine, and you shall find it clearly to your advantage.'

This was fairness and impartiality in the eyes of the Chief Justice!

Coleman did not conduct his defence with so much ability as his reputation might lead us to expect. He seems to have been dismayed at the dangers that threatened him, and hopeless of a fair trial, bowed before the storm. An attempted alibi was feebly supported, although Oates was so indefinite in regard to time that to attempt to convict him of falsehood was of little avail. The chief points of his defence were the improbability of the whole story, and the fact that Oates on his examination before the council had said that he did not know him. Oates thus excused himself: 'My lord, when Mr. Coleman was upon his examination before the council board, he saith I said that I never saw him before in my life; I then said that I would not swear that I had seen him before in my life, because my sight was bad by candle-light, and candle-light alters the sight much; but when I heard him speak, I could have sworn it was he, but it was not then my business. I cannot see a great way by candle-light.'

Being asked why he had not accused Coleman at the same time when he accused Wakeman and the Jesuits, he pretended that it was 'for want of memory. Being disturbed and wearied in sitting up two nights, I could not give that good account of Mr. Coleman, which I did afterwards when I consulted my papers;' as if in giving the names of many meaner persons, he should from forgetfulness overlook one so considerable as Coleman. The testimony of Oates was confirmed by Bedlow, who did not hesitate to swear to any thing that the more inventive genius of his fellow-witness had devised.

In summing up, the Chief Justice animadverted with considerable force upon the nature of the letters that had been read as proof of a design to restore popery in England; this he most unjustifiably argued, could not be effected by peaceable means: 'Therefore,' he says, 'there must be more in it, for he that was so earnest in that religion would not have stuck at any violence to bring it in; he would not have stuck at blood. For we know their doctrines and their practises, and we know well with what zeal the priests push them forward to venture their own lives, and take away other men's that differ from them, to bring in their religion and to set up themselves.'

After speaking of the general ignorance of the Papists, and the general diffusion of knowledge among the Protestants, 'insomuch that scarce a cobbler but is able to baffle any Roman priest that ever I saw or met with,' he goes on; 'and after this I wonder that a man who hath been bred up in the Protestant religion, (as I have reason to believe that you, Mr. Coleman, have been, for if I am not misinformed your father was a minister in Suffolk,) for such a one to depart from it, is an evidence against you to prove the indictment. I must make a difference between us and those who have been always educated that way. No man of understanding, but for by-ends, would have left his religion to be a Papist. And for you, Mr. Coleman, who are a man of reason and

subtily, I must tell you, (to bring this to yourself,) upon this account, that it could not be conscience; I cannot think it to be conscience. Your pension was your conscience, and your secretary's place your bait. I do acknowledge many of the popish priests formerly were learned men, and may be so still beyond the seas; but I could never yet meet with any here, that had any other learning or ability but artificial, only to delude weak women and weaker men.'

'They have indeed ways of conversion and conviction by enlightening our understandings with a faggot, and by the powerful and irresistible arguments of a dagger. But these are such wicked solecisms in their religion, that they seem to have left them neither natural sense nor natural conscience. Not natural sense, by their absurdity in so unreasonable a belief as of the wine turned into blood: not natural conscience, by their cruelty, who make the Protestant's blood as wine, and these priests thirst after it. *Tantum religio potuit suadere malorum.*'

'Mr. Coleman, in one of his letters, speaks of rooting out our religion and our party; and he is in the right, for they can never root out the Protestant religion but they must kill the Protestants. But let him and them know, if ever they shall endeavor to bring popery in by destroying of the king, they shall find that the Papists will thereby bring destruction upon themselves, so that not a man of them would escape.

'Ne catulus quidem relinquendus.'

'Our execution shall be as quick as their gunpowder, but more effectual. And so, gentlemen, I shall leave it to you to consider what his letters prove him guilty of directly, and what by consequence what he plainly would have done, and then how he would have done it, and whether you think his *fiery zeal* had so much *cold blood* in it as to spare any others.

'For the other part of the evidence, which is by the testimony of the present witnesses, you have heard them: I will not detain you longer now; the day is going out.'

Mr. JUSTICE JONES. 'You must find the prisoner guilty, or bring in two persons perjured.'

The verdict was what might have been anticipated from such a charge. Coleman was found guilty, and the next day sentenced. After sentence had been pronounced, he protested his innocence, but was brutally interrupted by the Chief Justice: 'I am sorry, Mr. Coleman, that I have not charity enough to believe the words of a dying man.'

In answer to Coleman's request that his wife might visit him in prison, he at first seemed disposed to deny it, and said: 'You say well, and it is a hard case to deny it; but I tell you what hardens my heart: the insolencies of your party, (the Roman Catholics I mean,) that they every day offer, which is indeed a proof of their Plot, that they are so bold and impudent, and such secret murders committed by them as would harden any man's heart to do the common favors of justice and charity that to mankind are usually done. They are so bold and insolent that I think it is not to be endured in a Protestant kingdom.'

His request however was granted. He was executed the third of December following.

We have dwelt with some particularity upon this trial, not because it is by any means the most flagrant for the contemptuous disregard shown by the judges, not only to the legal rights, but to the feelings of the prisoner, but because it came first in the order of time, and serves in a good measure to explain all the trials that follow it. Comment upon it is needless. Such a mockery of justice would disgrace the tribunals of savages. Whatever seems unfavorable to the prisoner is pressed home by the Chief Justice, most strongly against him. Whatever makes for him is kept out of sight. To have been born a Roman Catholic is a crime; to have deliberately adopted that faith, is a damnable sin; one for which there is no expiation. The absurd fictions of Oates and Bedlow are commended to the jury as worthy of implicit credence. The whole weight of judicial authority and influence is thrown into the scale of condemnation.

On the seventeenth of the same December, Whitehead, Fenwick, Ireland, Pickering and Grove, were brought to trial. The chief witnesses against them were Oates and Bedlow. The counsel for the crown thus opened the case: 'May it please your lordships, and you gentlemen of the jury, the persons here before you stand indicted of high treason; they are five in number; three of them are Jesuits, one is a priest, the fifth is a layman; persons fitly prepared for the work in hand.' After a few other observations, he proceeds to institute a comparison between this Plot and the famous Gunpowder Plot. The second and third points of resemblance in the two, he thus states: 'Secondly, the great actors in the design were priests and Jesuits, that came from Valladolid in Spain, and other places beyond the seas. And the great actors in this Plot are priests and Jesuits that are come from St. Omers and other places beyond the seas, nearer home than Spain.

'Thirdly, that Plot was chiefly guided and managed by Henry Garnet, superior and provincial of the Jesuits then in England; and the great actor in this design is Mr. Whitehead, superior and provincial of the Jesuits now in England.'

The evidence of Oates was the same in substance that he gave at Coleman's trial, but with such additional particulars as he judged necessary to keep the popular excitement alive. Thus, in answering the question, what he knew of any attempts to kill the king at St. James' park, he said: 'I saw Pickering and Grove several times walking in the park together, with their secured pistols, which were longer than ordinary pistols, and shorter than some carbines. They had silver bullets to shoot with, and Grove would have had the bullets to be champt for fear that if he should shoot, if the bullets were round, the wound that might be given might be cured.'

ATT. GEN. 'Do you know any thing of Pickering's doing penance, and for what?'

'Yes, my lord. In the month of March last, (for these persons have followed the king several years;) but he at that time had not looked to the flint of his pistol, but it was loose, and he durst not venture to give fire. He had a fair opportunity, as Whitebread said; and because he missed it through his own negligence he underwent penance, and had

twenty or thirty strokes of discipline, and Grove was chidden for his carelessness.'

Of the 'four Irish ruffians' that went to Windsor to kill the king, Oates could give no account. How he could reconcile it with his duty to His Majesty to let these assassins lie in wait from August to October, without notifying any one of their murderous intentions, he did not see fit to explain, and of course the attorney general and the judges forgot to ask him.

Not the least wonderful part of his evidence is that which he speaks of the ill usage he received from Whitebread in September, who charged him with having betrayed them: 'So, my lord, I did profess a great deal of innocency, because I had not then been with the king, but he gave me very ill language, and abused me, and I was afraid of a worse mischief from them. And though, my lord, they could not prove that I had discovered it, yet upon the bare suspicion, I was beaten and affronted, and reviled, and commanded to go beyond sea again; nay, my lord, I had my lodgings assaulted to have murdered me if they could.'

This is certainly the strangest way to conciliate a disaffected conspirator, that we ever heard of! Most men would have preferred to use bribes and caresses; but the Jesuits, it seems, knew their man, and chose to beat him into secrecy and submission!

Bedlow's evidence, as usual, was mainly confirmatory of the statements of Oates, embellished by such new incidents as his feebler powers of invention could frame. He was, however, not quite satisfied with this subordinate part; and therefore at the close of his evidence pretends to recollect that he had omitted one thing very material: 'At the same time that there was a discourse about these three gentleman being to destroy the king at New-Market, there was a discourse of a design to kill several noble persons, and the several parts assigned to every one. Knight was to kill the Earl of Shaftsbury, Pritchard, the Duke of Buckingham, Oniel, the Earl of Ossory, Obrian, the Duke of Ormond.' An assassination of noblemen on a truly magnificent scale!

Nothing appearing in Bedlow's evidence to implicate Fenwick and Whitebread, and two witnesses being necessary to prove the charge, they were sent back to prison. When they were subsequently brought up for trial for the same offence, and pleaded that they could not a second time be tried, their plea was overruled, although founded on one of the commonest principles of law, and sanctioned by a thousand precedents. The reasoning of Scroggs and North, the Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, is so curious that it is worth quoting. Whitebread, after objecting that he is informed that no man can be put in jeopardy of his life the second time for the same cause: 'I speak it not for my sake only, but for the sake of the whole nation; no man should be tried twice for the same cause; by the same reason a man may be tried twenty or one hundred times.'

SCROGGS. 'You say well, it is observed, Mr. Whitebread; but you must know that you were not put in jeopardy of your life for the same thing, for first the jury were discharged of you; it is true, it was supposed when you were indicted that there would be two witnesses against

you, but that fell out otherwise, and the law of the land requiring two witnesses to prove you guilty of treason, it was thought reasonable that you should not be put upon the jury at all, but you were discharged, and then you were in no jeopardy of your life.'

'Under favor, my lord, I was in jeopardy, for I was given in charge to the jury; and 'tis the case in Seyer, 31 Eliz., he was indicted for a burglary committed the 31st of August, and pleaded to it, and afterward another indictment was preferred, and all the judges did declare that he could not be indicted the second time for the same fact, because he was in jeopardy of his life again.'

C. J. NORTH. 'The oath the jury take is, *that they shall well and truly try, and true deliverance make* of such prisoners as they shall have in charge; the charge of the jury is not full 'till the court give them a charge at last, after evidence had; and because there was a mistake in your case, that the evidence was not so full as might be, the jury before they ever considered concerning you at all they were discharged, and so you were not in jeopardy; and, I in my experience, know it to be often done, and 'tis the course of law.'

In this opinion all the judges coincided. Sad indeed was the condition of things in poor England when all her judges could resort to such miserable quibbles; or worse than this, could deliberately falsify the law, to condemn to an ignominious death two defenceless prisoners!

To return from this digression. The three remaining prisoners were found guilty. The Chief Justice in charging the jury was even more violent against the Papists than in his charge at Coleman's trial: 'Some hold that the pope in council is infallible; and ask any Popish Jesuit of them all and he will say the pope is himself infallible in council or he is no true Jesuit; and if so, whatever they command is to be justified by their authority; so that if they give a dispensation to kill a king, that king is well killed. They indulge all sorts of sins, and no human bonds can hold them.'

'They have some parts of the foundation 'tis true, but they are adulterated and mixed with horrid principles and impious practises. They eat their God, they kill their king, and saint the murderer. This is a religion that quite unhinges all piety, all morality, all conversation, and to be abominated by all mankind.'

'I return now to the fact which is proved by two witnesses, and by the concurrent evidence of the letter and the maid; and the matter is as plain and notorious as can be, that there was an intention of bringing in popery by a cruel and bloody way; for I believe they never could have prayed us into their religion. I leave it therefore for you to consider whether you have not as much evidence from these two men as can be expected in a case of this nature; and whether Mr. Oates be not rather justified by the testimony offered against him, than discredited. Let prudence and conscience direct your verdict, and you will be too hard for their art and cunning.'

'Gentlemen, if you think you shall be in long we will adjourn the court till the afternoon and take your verdict then.'

JURY. 'No, my lord, we shall not be long.'

After a very short recess the jury returned with a verdict of guilty against all.

C. J. 'You have done, gentlemen, like very good subjects and very good Christians; that is to say, like very good Protestants. And now, much good may their thirty thousand masses do them!'

Before the court pronounced sentence Ireland loudly complained that he had had no time to call his witnesses: 'So that we could have none but only those that came in by chance, and those things they have declared, though true, were not believed.' His objection was overruled, and the Recorder, Sir George Jeffries, proceeded to pass sentence. The spirit that pervaded his speech may be seen in this extract: 'I am sure this was so horrid a design, that nothing but a conclave of devils in hell, or a college of such Jesuits as yours on earth, could have thought upon.'

At the trial of Berry, Green and Hill, for the murder of Sir Edmond-bury Godfrey, the improbabilities of the testimony and the contradictions of the witnesses were so glaring that it seems incredible that any man could believe them. As a specimen: Praunce, the chief witness, said that the body was taken to Hill's lodgings where it remained two days in a certain room he mentioned. In defence, it was shown by all the family, that that room was an open one; that scarcely an hour passed but some one went through it. But instead of receiving this testimony, the Chief Justice told the witnesses that it was very suspicious they had not seen the body, and that it was well for them they were not indicted. But we have not space to quote further. The extracts we have already made will be sufficient to show Scrogg's utter contempt for those duties which the law imposed upon him as the counsel for the prisoners; his abusive and threatening demeanor toward their witnesses; his appeals to the passions of the jury, their bigotry and their fears; and in a word, his total destitution of every quality that marks the honest, fair-minded, and impartial judge.

We intended to speak of the disgraceful and cowardly part which Charles the Second bore in these proceedings. Convinced that the Plot was a mere fiction, he saw day by day his innocent and faithful subjects led to the gallows without making an effort for their safety, or giving utterance to a word of disapprobation. It was not until the Queen was attacked, that the selfish monarch interfered. A word from him turned the abuse of Scroggs into an opposite channel, and Oates and Bedlow were now as bitterly reviled as the Jesuits had been before. We believe that Charles was a willing spectator if not an active promoter of these legal butcheries, hoping that thereby a vent would be given to the popular fury, and he himself, by such a sacrifice, regain the lost affections of his people.

We intended also to speak of the conduct of the leading English statesmen during this period; of Lauderdale, of Shaftsbury, of Danby, and of Buckingham; but our limits are already overpassed. We can only say that the character of the monarch was truly reflected in the character of his counsellors; that as England has never had so faithless and profligate a king, she has never been disgraced by such unscrupulous, despicable, and short-sighted ministers.

THE INFANT'S BURIAL.

BY THE SHEPHERD OF SHARONDALE, VALLEY OF VIRGINIA.

‘EARTH to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust.’

I.

‘DUST unto dust!’ Sweet child!
 Was that dark sentence ever meant for thee?
 For that bright form, that tablet undefiled,
 Creation’s mystery?
 No no, it could not be, for God is just;
 That beauteous brow! oh, who could call that dust?
 And yet methought I heard
 Those words slow uttered o’er thy tiny grave,
 As though that Eden-calm had e’er been stirred
 By Passion’s stormy wave.
 It should have been, ‘Angels an Angel meet;
 Seraphs on high a sister-eraph greet!’

II.

‘Earth unto earth;’ ’t is well
 That sordid earth should pass to earth again:
 In those dark fane’s where truth has ceased to dwell,
 Why should the shrine remain?
 Deep in the dust let all such pass away;
 Why should they not?—clay mingles but with clay:
 Such is dark Manhood’s prime,
 From whose high nature all of Heaven has past,
 Whose once pure mould is deeply dyed with crime;
 Bound down with fetters fast:
 Gone, gone is all of holiness and worth,
 And what remains is naught indeed but earth.

III.

‘Ashes to ashes!’ Yes!
 Let it be thus with those whom age has chilled,
 Whose life is but the dying ember’s glow—
 There let it be fulfilled!
 Say, ‘When the altar-fires but dimly burn,
 ‘Ashes to ashes, dust to dust’ return!’
 And with that aged band,
 The blackened craters of whose hearts are charred
 By scathed hopes and Hate’s undying brand;
 Let not this fate be marred:
 Ope wide thy portals, Grave! Death, pass them down!
 For these, and such as these, are all thine own.

IV.

But oh, my beauteous one!
 This gloomy path should not by thee be trod;
 The grave, the worm, should not by thee be known—
 Go thou direct to God!
 Thy passport white at Heaven’s gate unroll,
 (No dark hand-writing e’er hath soiled that scroll.)
 ’T was thus the SAVIOUR spoke:
 ‘Those little children; suffer them to come.’
 The mandate thou didst hear; the fetters broke
 Which kept thee from thy home:
 Awhile life’s threshold thou didst press with glee,
 Then turned away; *this* life was not for thee!

A PISCATORIAL ECLOGUE.

VEL ISAACUS WALTON IN NOVAM SCALAM REDIVIVUS.

BY PETER VON GEIST.

PISCATOR. You are happily met, my fair young lady !

DISCIPULA. A very good morrow to you, Mr. Piscator. You are early a-foot, with your rod and lines.

PISCATOR. A veteran of the angle will be stirring early ; there is a brace of fish waiting for my hook on the other side of our lake. But you, my gentle maiden, have you come down to the beach to see the sun rise ? and mayhap to pluck a rose with the dew on't ? I think you have found it ; for I think I can see the rose on your cheek, and the dew in your eye. It is sweet to be up betimes in the morning, when the air and the new sunlight are as clear and calm as your own thoughts.

DISCIPULA. It is even so, as you and I know right well. A pleasant sail to you ; God send a dozen fish, and may you kill them merrily. But honest Mr. Piscator, do you go alone to-day ?

PISCATOR. I think so to do ; for you are to note, a companion of patience and sober demeanor, free from profane jests and scurrilous discourse, is worth gold, but is not so easy to be come at. And none other than such jumps with my humor.

DISCIPULA. And when, my good Mr. Piscator, will you give me another lesson in the art of angling ? For you must know the last has only increased my desire to learn something more of it. Or do you think that we women can never attain skill in that noble and gentle art ?

PISCATOR. That it is a noble and a gentle art I am ready to maintain ; and that women have attained skill in it is not to be doubted ; as you will read in books of old time, that ladies both hunted, and hawked, and fished.

DISCIPULA. But the lesson, my honest master ? When shall I have another lesson ?

PISCATOR. You shall even suit your own convenience. And some fine morning, when you are so disposed, we will take a walk down the river ; when I will teach you to cast your line for trout ; for indeed, it requires a sharp wit and much practice to throw your fly so that the trout will rise at it.

DISCIPULA. Not in the river, if it please you, good Mr. Piscator, not in the river ! Teach me to fish in the lake.

PISCATOR. Without doubt, my fair young lady, it must be as you desire. And yet, it is not every woman that would have the courage to cross the pond in a skiff that rocks to every ripple.

DISCIPULA. Trust me for that. You should know that I am not wont to be frightened at trifles.

PISCATOR. Truly, it is so ; and I do not question your courage.

Then on any day that you will appoint, God willing, I will give you a sail ; or indeed, this morning, if duty does not incline you in another direction, and you will step with me into my little boat yonder.

DISCIPULA. That shall I with right good will. But I shall have to make you wait while I get my fishing tackle.

PISCATOR. Of necessity you shall not do that ; for I remember now, I can fit you with a spare harness of my own.

DISCIPULA. Then let us be going, say I. And is this the skiff? What a painted little cockle-shell of a boat, with its two masts! I suppose it will bear us both?

PISCATOR. It will bear twenty like you and me. Please let me help you to step in ; and though you feel it to give under your feet, and as it were, slide away from beneath you, yet now when you are set down on the bench, you perceive it is perfectly steady.

DISCIPULA. Oh, I shall not be in the least afraid. What a tiny little schooner! But is it not bold to spread both sails? And see, now that we come round to the wind, how the skiff keels over.

PISCATOR. It is entirely safe, my fair scholar ; for since you have chosen me to be your instructor and master in the science of the angle, you must be content to be called my scholar. It is entirely safe ; and you must observe, that however much it may keel over, it cannot upset ; for if struck by a sudden squall, or flaw of the wind, the masts will go by the board, and so it will right.

DISCIPULA. Excellently well contrived. But has not the breeze suddenly died away? Yet the sails are distended, and miniature waves are thrown off from either side of the bow.

PISCATOR. The breeze seems to have decreased, because we are moving in the same direction with it ; and you will see, now when I bring the boat more toward the wind, that it blows as strong as before, and our motion is well nigh stopped.

DISCIPULA. That I can very well see ; and I pray you, my master, not to bring the skiff so far into the wind to prove your proposition to me as to capsize it. The masts bend over toward the water more than it is pleasant to see.

PISCATOR. There is no danger ; and after half an hour's experience you will become used to it, and lose all apprehension. I think I will alter our course a couple of points ; so if you have a mind, since I cannot well leave the tiller, you may unloose the cord that fastens the forward sail to the side of the boat ; wait a moment till we come round, and the sail hangs loose in the wind ; now loose the rope, and let it out about a foot ; so, wind it round as it was before. Neatly done ! Next, let out the other sail in the same way and to the same length. It was well executed ! Really, you are destined to become a sailor's wife after all.

DISCIPULA. Marry, I hope so. But why 'after all?'

PISCATOR. Nay, I meant nothing ; except, that whereas I formerly thought you rather affected the land, now I find that you are courageous on the water ; and therefore, I say you deserve a Commodore. Observe now, we are running more nearly with the wind, and move faster. It is a favorable breeze ; for our fishing-ground is in the south-eastern

corner of the lake, behind that highland which you see yonder ; and this blows from the western quarter. We shall soon be there.

DISCIPULA. Be in no hurry ; I am in none. Is it not a fine morning ? Those white, high-flying clouds, rolled up into fleeces like wool, with ragged patches of the sky between them, above us, and the broad blue bosom of the lake, with the multitude of little waves leaping up and dancing all over its surface beneath us, and our boat, in the midst of both sky and water, gliding calmly along like a bird with his wings spread floating in the air ! Is it not a lovely morning ? Yes, yes ; I must be a sailor's wife, and live on the ocean ! Or perhaps, rather, a fisherman's wife, and sail on a lake like this. If I should happen to meet with one of the latter class, of approved character, somewhat mature in years and grave in demeanor, kind of disposition and manly of countenance, one who would let me go sailing with him every day, (of course I am not describing you, Mr. Piscator,) I think — yes, I am quite certain, that he would content me.

PISCATOR. Nay, nay, my fair young lady, you are pleased to mock ! 'Mature in years and grave in demeanor,' said you ? A gallant young sailor for you, say I ! There are many who sigh for the favor which you have so freely granted me to-day. Ah, you should not jeer.

DISCIPULA. I tell you, Mr. Piscator, none but you for me this day ! I am not going to think of any body but you ; for I tell you plainly, I like you very much.

PISCATOR. Ah, yes, yes ; certainly — without doubt, I hope so ; surely, why should you not ?

DISCIPULA. And what a beautiful island ! The grass grows down almost to the water's edge, leaving a narrow belt of white sand ; how it glistens in the sun-light ! and those half-a-dozen tall trees in the centre, how do you suppose they came to grow there alone so ?

PISCATOR. That is a question which I have often asked, but have never been able to satisfy myself, as to how they came there. They have stood for more generations than one, and will cast their shadows on the water when other boats than ours sail past them, and other eyes than ours wonder at them. Now we are nearly at our journey's end ; when we pass through the opening between that island ahead of us, and the main land, we shall be on our fishing-ground.

DISCIPULA. Is it possible that we have reached here so quick ? It is not half so far as I thought it was. And yet, on looking back, there is a wide waste lying between us and the cove from which we started. How diminutive the house on the high ground back of the landing-place looks ; like a mole-hill, and the trees around it like shrubs ! Well sped, little bark ! A swift and an easy-paced courser are you ; steadily now, through this narrow strait ; steadily and gently, for your race is almost run.

PISCATOR. The channel begins to widen again ; and lo ! here we are in a lake by itself as it were ; a sheet of water full a mile long and a quarter of a mile wide. And herein the fish mostly do congregate. I will hold on to near the middle, and then drop the anchor.

DISCIPULA. It is indeed a fine sheet ; smooth as any mirror ; clearer than glass. I suppose the fish assemble here when they get tired of the

roughness and commotion of the lake without, because it is so calm and still. Is it not so?

PISCATOR. It may be so; it is a good reason, and I will believe that it is so, since you have supposed it. This is as good a place as any, and here we will cast our lines; and there is so little wind stirring, that we shall only need to furl our sails, and the boat will remain at rest. Now then, here is your rod, nicely put together, with a fly on the hook. A pike will rise as quick at an artificial fly as at a live one; a greedy fish is that pike; and if we should have occasion, I have other kinds of bait. Take it, and throw your line out as I taught you before. But what are you regarding so intently?

DISCIPULA. I am looking at the shadow of the trees in the water; an inverted forest in the lake. Fish a little while alone, and let me look.

PISCATOR. It has become so late in the day that I have not much hope of taking many now. However, I can but try. This same rod and line have done me good service in this same place, before to-day. Ah, I see a pike! I'll have him! Look! look how slowly and warily he comes up toward the bait! When he gets within a few feet of it, he will make a dash, and gorge it without stopping to think. Ah, there he goes with it; and here he comes back with it, straight up into the boat. Upon my word, a reasonable fish; he wont weigh short of three pounds.

DISCIPULA. Oh, Mr. Piscator! here's a new heaven and a new earth beneath us! Waving trees with birds flitting among their branches, and far down below, flying clouds and blue sky. A perfect hemisphere, and we are hanging over it, without any thing to support us! I should n't be surprised, to feel myself this minute tumbling down into it, down to the new heaven! I have been expecting to, for some time past; and what a fall would that be! Do you suppose we should stop when we got there?

PISCATOR. If we did not, where should we go to?

DISCIPULA. Ah, where!

PISCATOR. These fish do not seem inclined to bite this morning. Yet there is one larger than that I caught before. I must have him, too. Observe how wistfully he eyes the bait; let the fly skim slowly along the water, just over him; that is the way, Sir, to swallow a hook; and now come up, and slide into the basket, out of sight, and keep your brother company.

DISCIPULA. Mr. Piscator, when you make such a splashing in the water, you ruffle and wrinkle my submarine prospect. Please don't.

PISCATOR. I think it will be profitless trying to take any more this forenoon; toward night they will bite again. And what shall we do in the mean time? Usually, when I come out here alone, I go ashore, and rest myself during these hours, amid the fragrant shades of the thick trees, that screen me from the mid-day heat. Would you like to take such a ramble?—or are you inclined to stay here, and gaze into the water?

DISCIPULA. I suppose the picture will keep till we come back. Let us go ashore, and wander around in the woods, and find romantic grottoes, and weave flower-wreaths, and build castles in the air.

PISCATOR. And half a mile inland, you can see its summit from here, is a hill that commands a vast tract of lake and woodland.

DISCIPULA. Yes, yes ; let us go !

PISCATOR. Well, scholar, here we are again, after our long tramp. You see I am a better land-pilot than you just now took me to be ; for I have brought us out to the right spot ; more by token, yonder is the boat, safe and sound. I am afraid you are fatigued with our long travels ?

DISCIPULA. Not much ; but I would like to sit down on the green carpet, under this shade, for a few minutes.

PISCATOR. It must be, at the least, four of the clock ; and although your nature, my fair young lady, is probably too ethereal to think of such homely matters, I do not profess mine to be such, and am ready to acknowledge, that a *little dinner* would not be unacceptable.

DISCIPULA. Unacceptable ? No ; but where are we to get it ?

PISCATOR. I always bring with me, on my excursions, a hand-basket, containing —

DISCIPULA. Why in the world !— why *did n't* you let me know that before ? Let us have it as quick as possible !

PISCATOR. It is in the boat, and if you will remain a moment, I will bring it up here.

DISCIPULA. Oh yes, do ! And be quick, my good master !— as quick as you can !

PISCATOR. Nimble as any page, that waits on lady bright. Here we have the provisions ; and if we could manage to find something for a table-cover, we might dispense with knives and — Right, scholar, put your hand into the basket and help yourself.

DISCIPULA. Ham sandwich ! Oh, Mr. Piscator, this is good ! Is there enough of it ?

PISCATOR. Enough for us two ; and therefore you need not fear to help yourself heartily, as I am glad to see that you are not. Never was sumptuous feast to an epicure on gala-day better than my simple fare to me on this beach, after a morning's sail and ramble.

DISCIPULA. Most excellent ! I'll come out here every time I can get a chance, for the sake of dining with you under the old beech tree.

PISCATOR. It brings to my mind the story of the king, who, after the chase, took some bread and water at the hut of a woodsman ; which, as it is no doubt well known, I shall not repeat unto you. But the bottom of the basket begins to appear. What ! done already ? Good despatch ! And now, scholar, we will immediately to our sport, for we have no time to waste.

DISCIPULA. Yes, yes, immediately to work ; I long to try my hand. Here 's the boat ; I should think it would have got tired waiting so long for us. But it looks very patient.

PISCATOR. You may get in, while I loose, and shove off. There appears to be a sharp breeze blowing on the lake without, yet our pond is as unruffled as when we left it. We will return to the same spot we were in before, and cast out our lines.

DISCIPULA. Is this my rod ? Fix the bait for me skilfully, and I 'll catch them.

PISCATOR. I cannot promise you great success at first, considering your inexperience —

DISCIPULA. Oh, I'm going to catch an hundred !

PISCATOR. I hope you may ; certainly — I hope you will ; and you can only try. There, your fly is fastened to the hook as well as my art is able. Come, and sit on this side, and I will give you some instructions how to use it. First, see that the line is clear of the rod ; then give it one swing round your head ; so — and cast it quickly but softly, as far from you as you can on the water. Neatly done ! Now draw it slowly along the surface, and you shall presently see a fish rise at it. Be more moderate ; you draw it too rapidly. Ha ! there it goes under ! Wait till you feel him pulling on the line ; now give him a little jerk to the right ; there you have him, fairly hooked ! You must be careful, or you 'll lose him yet. No ; he 's not very heavy, and you may raise him strait out of the water, and land him in the boat ; so !

DISCIPULA. Ah, my master, will you tell me that I can't catch fish ! Poor little fish ! Oh, but he 's a small one : take him off, master, and put him into the hold. I hunt for nobler game.

PISCATOR. Not a good thought, not a good thought for an angler. Hunt for nobler game, if you like ; but a fisherwoman must not despise the smallest that comes to her net. Every thing counts.

DISCIPULA. Despise ? No ; oh no ! I would like to catch fifty just such ; that is, if there are no larger ones to angle for.

PISCATOR. Well, your bait is set again. Cast out as before, and I wish you better luck.

DISCIPULA. Now I am going to catch a large one — a foot long. But, Mr. Piscator, why do you not use your line ?

PISCATOR. I will not interfere with your sport ; and beside, I may want to give you advice how to manage yours. It is not, in general, a good plan to let the fish see you when you are angling ; they are apt to be frightened away. However, in this case, I shall say nothing against it ; because if they have an eye for beauty, as is commonly believed, your showing yourself should have a contrary effect. In truth, the influence of beauty is much to be marvelled at. I remember myself when I was young, and had not yet learned their vanity, how easy I was to be led away and bewitched by a fair face and a sparkling eye. That was some time ago ; you draw your fly too fast ; it was some years ago ; and yet I am fain to confess, that even now, in nothing do I take more pleasure, than in looking on a ruddy cheek, a polished brow, the long lashes of a soft blue eye, and upon heavy folds of auburn hair ; and it is for this reason that I have placed you opposite to me now.

DISCIPULA. Why, Mr. Piscator ! Did you mean that for a compliment ?

PISCATOR. Certainly no. I seldom speak but what I think, for flattery I like neither to give nor receive. Ah, yes ; there are witches in the world yet. And their witchcraft consists not in magic filters, and potent herbs gathered at midnight under the full moon ; far more subtle and powerful is it. Like the poisons of eastern countries, it is communicated by a touch, by a look, by the breath of a word. This is the witchcraft that they use ; therewith lure they men to commit folly. It would seem to be their chief delight, their main occupation. But I am willing to believe that you are not so evil-minded ; and that when you

bewitch men, it is not because you love to do it, but that it is altogether involuntary.

DISCIPULA. Oh, of course, altogether involuntary. If I had my way, I never would cause a single flutter in any body's breast — not I. But you see how it is, I can't help it, and therefore it is not my fault. These fish do not bite well. There is one, he will weigh four pounds, that has been playing round and round the hook, but won't touch it. Have n't you got some kind of sweet smelling oil or perfume to scent the bait with?

PISCATOR. I have some lavender-leaves, and if you will draw up the line, I will rub the fly over with them, for fish love the smell of lavender. Try him with that. Ah, I see him — a respectable fish. He is coming up toward the hook; I think he will take it.

DISCIPULA. He stops and eyes it, as though he half suspected that it would not be pleasant to the taste, for all its fair looks. But I'll have him, in spite of his wits. You scrutinize too closely, Sir Pike! You had better take it at once, without useless inspection. What a noble fellow! How gracefully he moves through the water! I will make it float carelessly away from him, dancing on the silver surface, as though it had just fallen fresh from Heaven; and beside, distance lends enchantment. Ha! see him make a dive at it! There you have it, Sir! and there I have you!

PISCATOR. Take care, or you'll be over! Hold hard, or he'll have you too! Upon my word, I was afraid you would go overboard! You should not, in your eagerness, lean out over the water so far. But you have got the better of him, and now pull him into the boat and let me take him off.

DISCIPULA. I came near losing my balance; I thought I was gone! Lucky escape! — but my heart beats yet.

PISCATOR. A fine fish. He has swallowed the bait whole; your large fish always do. O! I don't know as I can take it out, without hurting him.

DISCIPULA. Poor fish! He does not look quite so spruce and independent as he did a little while ago. Did your mouth water for that tempting fly. It will never water again! What deep sighs heave his little breast! but they will soon be over. Fix the bait, Mr. Piscator, and rub some more lavender on it. I'll catch another, in less than a minute.

PISCATOR. It is done already. And this time, do not lean over so far, or you will be in danger of being pulled in, by some fish of greater strength than usual. Really, I think you are a good angler; you seem to possess the skill by intuition. Is it not fine sport? I see by the increased flush and light of your countenance, that you are of the same opinion. It is truly a gentle, a feminine sport.

DISCIPULA. There is one with the beautifullest eyes, and covered all over with gold and silver. But he is exceedingly shy. Come, Sir, if you are so distant, I shall have to approach you myself. I desire a nearer acquaintance with your beautiful eyes, and your gold and silver scales. Oh! if you move off in that direction, I shall retire in this! Ah, you've thought better of it, and are coming back. I knew you

would. Observe, Mr. Piscator, how he turns round and hesitates and doubts what to do. There is no use in his deliberating; it is inevitable; he has got to do it. Now he turns back. He seems to have made up his mind that he must have it at all hazards. And see him shut his eyes and make a dash. I am afraid he finds it unpalatable! Too rash! too rash! You should have considered better! Take him off, master; he is nothing very great, after all.

PISCATOR. I see a large one, lying here at the left, deep in the water; of the kind which we call sucker. It is his nature to lie perfectly still as though asleep, and not to move till he is touched. Reach here the hook, while I fasten some pieces of lead to it, enough to sink it; and then I will tell you how to hook him.

DISCIPULA. I see! I know! I can do it myself, I will let the bait sink gently down into the water, a little forward of him, thus. Ah, it fell right on his back! He must be asleep, for he does n't stir, nor seem to notice it. Now then, a little forward of him; and so, slowly, softly, float up toward his nose. He appears to be inspecting the fly; he sleeps with his mouth wide open; as a natural history philosopher might examine a butterfly; and since it is so closely presented, suppose you try the sense of taste too, Sir! It is pleasant to the eye, you will find it also good for food, and to be desired to make one wise. Allow it to fall imperceptibly into your mouth; nay, you cannot judge of its merits from a half trial, like that; it must be taken entirely in. Do n't exert yourself, in the least; another inspiration, and you are possessed. Ha! is it not good? — is it not sweet? He must be very fond of it, he holds on to it so hard! Astonished fish! he wakes up, and opens his eyes with wonder; there is more in it than he dreamed of! Strait up to the light here, and show your agitated countenance. Now please to open your lips, and disclose the cause of all your sorrows, while kind Mr. Piscator extracts it.

PISCATOR. Well hooked! Indeed, scholar, it was well done of you. But the heavens are becoming overcast; it threatens storm. Would it not be wise to set out on our return?

DISCIPULA. Oh no, no! I can't think of going yet? 'Wise!' It seems to me that it would be very foolish, while the lake contains so many more fish as good as any that we have already caught.

PISCATOR. You do not expect to take them all?

DISCIPULA. All in this place; what should hinder?

PISCATOR. They will not bite for ever in the same place. They are a cunning animal, and get frightened.

DISCIPULA. Then let us remove to another spot.

PISCATOR. That we might do, if there were time; but the sun is entirely hidden by clouds, and is near his going down. We shall presently have a thunder-storm. And then a stiff breeze from the south, which will waft us speedily toward our landing place; had we not better begin to think of leaving?

DISCIPULA. Wait till I catch one fish more; I had a nibble just then.

PISCATOR. You should handle your rod more gently. The wind blows up fresher and fresher; it will be dark as pitch too, when night

fairly comes on. Shall we not spread our sails, and speed merrily homeward ?

DISCIPULA. Well, as you will, master ; though really I don't see any occasion for all this hurry. Look at that fish ! He rose almost to the surface after my hook, and yet would n't take it. Oh, my poor fly ! my poor bait ! See it, master ! All faded and worn and torn, no painting or patching can renew its comeliness ! And there sticks out the hook, plain to view ; a blind fish might see it ! Oh, my poor fly, that could n't conceal the hook any longer ! Mr. Piscator, lend me your knife, while I cut the bait from the line, rags, paint, iron and all, and throw it back into the water, thus. Now then, little fish ! silly fish ! come all of you, and see what has befooled you ! What some of your tribe have swallowed because they thought it was good, and some because they were careless, and others because they were hungry and must have something ! What many of ye have taken in, and more have nibbled at, and all have gazed at, and admired and longed for ! Oh, rare sport have ye made me, foolish things ! And longer would I have played with you, but the evening comes on, and I must bid you a happy farewell. So we are under way again, are we ?

PISCATOR. We are again under way ; and I have hope of reaching home before yonder cloud comes over us. And trust me, when it does come, it will bring more wind with it.

DISCIPULA. Once more on the open bosom of the lake ! How the little black angry waves dance up one after another, and roll past us toward the northern shore. And see that dim hill at the other extremity of the pond, how gigantic and broken it looks. Oh, Mr. Piscator, let's go and see it ! let's go and see it ! And those high perpendicular rocks, that stand out so boldly. Yes, yes, put up the helm ! we'll go and see how they look in the twilight.

PISCATOR. But my dear child, it will take an hour and a half longer to go round by the rocks, and before that time, I fear the storm will increase.

DISCIPULA. Oh, never fear the storm. I'll risk it ! And when we get up there, we can take a short cut across to our port ; so put up the helm ! — good Mr. Piscator, kind Mr. Piscator ! do let us run up to the hill ! I can assure you there is no danger.

PISCATOR. I cannot well deny any thing that you ask of me ; but much I doubt, Mr. —

DISCIPULA. Nay, nay, doubt nothing. We shall get home safe, trust me for that. And that cloud, that you are so fearful of, is not coming over us, at all ; it is coming down on the other shore of the lake. Please, Mr. Pilot, to keep in a little nearer the land, or we shall pass the rocks so far out, that we shall not be able to see them with distinctness.

PISCATOR. A wilful woman must even have her own way. My child ! you will catch your death with cold, to take off your bonnet so !

DISCIPULA. I'm not afraid of it ; I want to feel the air.

PISCATOR. And where are you going now ?

DISCIPULA.. Going to sit down in the bow of the boat This view is much finer ! Oh, this is grand !

PISCATOR. But, good scholar! good scholar! you will certainly fall out there! I believe you are crazy, you look so wild!

DISCIPULA. How the boat pitches over the little waves! And, Mr. Piscator, direct the boat toward the shore, so as to make it rock more. The heavens are all grey, and the waters are all black, and the wind is high and wild in its sport like an imprisoned bird let loose. Oh master, spread the other sail, and see if we can't fly faster! Here are the rocks so grim; but it is growing dark, and I can only just make them out. Why, Mr. Piscator, you are not going near enough! Run close in under them!

PISCATOR. I shall say to you plainly, what you ask is impossible. It would be running an unwarrantable hazard; as indeed coming up here at all was unwarrantable.

DISCIPULA. At least then, good master, keep along up at this distance, if that pleases you best; for there is a bluff just ahead, which projects farther out than the others, and we shall pass close by it.

PISCATOR. It is high time that we commenced our return in good earnest. And therefore, scholar, for I must remind you that you are my scholar till I see you safe ashore; therefore, if you please, you may stand by the sail to tack.

DISCIPULA. But just look once, how boldly and sternly it lifts up its calm front out of the boiling waters!

PISCATOR. It is without doubt, very fine; but it is impossible to hold on a foot farther. So if you will stand by the sail —

DISCIPULA. I wish I had a boat of my own to sail out here alone in and go where I choose! Well, what shall I do? how shall I go to work! Oh, Mr. Piscator! honest Mr. Piscator! let me hold the helm while you take care of the sails.

PISCATOR. Willingly, if your hand is strong enough. Try it; shall you be able to hold it as it is?

DISCIPULA. With the greatest ease. Now then, are you ready? What are you letting down the sail for? That three-cornered rag from the bow-sprit won't be enough!

PISCATOR. It would be unsafe to set the main-sail, and I think with this breeze the fore-stay-sail will drive us sufficiently fast.

DISCIPULA. Well, suit yourself. Now are you ready?

PISCATOR. Ready, certainly, when I take the helm. But what are you doing? If you undertake to let the skiff fall off before the wind you will upset us, as sure as —

DISCIPULA. Just see if I do. Let me hold the helm. Oh yes, let me!

PISCATOR. But scholar! good scholar! dear scholar!

DISCIPULA. No, no, I won't give it up! you can't have it! Honest Mr. Piscator, let me steer the boat, only a little way! Oh, but I will; and there is no use in your trying to prevent me. See there now, have n't we come round to our course in good style?

PISCATOR. A taste of power to those who are unaccustomed to it is always dangerous, and I blame myself for permitting you to usurp the post of pilot. Though, as you seem determined to maintain it, I cannot choose but to sit down here quietly, and trust our lives to your skill.

My life indeed! But yours? Seriously now, my fair young lady, would it not be wiser——

DISCIPULA. Seriously now, my careful master, I do n't think it would. Why, what would you have? Are we not skimming over the waves like a sea-bird free? And see those two birds, how they dash by us, and wheel round over us, and breast the gale! Oh master! would n't you like to be a sea-bird, and swing sideways, with your face to the wind that almost took your breath away, swing down, down, glance against the water, then on the other side, swing up, up? And would n't it be sweet too to struggle your way up through the storm, high over that cloud yonder, with the thunder on its inside and the lightning on its out—then fold your wings, close your eyes, and fall calmly down on to its dark, soft, bosom? Oh, would n't it be sweet?

PISCATOR. My dear scholar, our landing place lies here, toward the north-east, and you are running directly north.

DISCIPULA. Do n't be under any apprehensions; I am only going to run out half a mile farther, that we may get before the wind, and then we'll scud straight toward home. And beside, we rock more, going in this direction. I wish it would blow harder, and make more swell! You know now, Mr. Piscator, how a wild swan feels when he sits on the water and is buoyed up on the heaving wave, and in a breath sinks into the black abyss. If I were a wild swan I would go to sleep and let the winds blow and the waters heave! How the boat careens over and plunges down when the blast whistles against the masts! Drive on! Drive on! my light gallant bark! Oh, my master! shall I sing you a song? a little song of the sea? a pirate song?

PISCATOR. You look at this present moment as if you might sing a pirate song, or be a pirate yourself. I observe that since you have taken off your bonnet, the wind has somewhat disarranged your hair.

DISCIPULA. Would n't you like to be a pirate, though? I would; and roam over the ocean at my own free will; and through the storm and spray, and lightning-glances of the wild midnight, dash on my fleeing victim like the eagle on his prey! All hands on deck to get on more sail! Stand by to unfurl the main-sail to the tempest!

PISCATOR. Will it please you, my fair pilot, to inform me whither you are taking us?

DISCIPULA. I am going to run into that cloud yonder; the one before us, with the thunder on its inside and the lightning on its out.

PISCATOR. What you call a cloud appears to me to be a hill, that rises a few rods back from the shore.

DISCIPULA. Oh, it's a cloud—a cloud! And there is a star that glimmers through it.

PISCATOR. I see nothing but the twinkling of a taper, from the window of some dwelling.

DISCIPULA. I tell you it's a star—a star! The cloud has settled down into the water like a mountain; and through its base penetrates a tunnel, through which the ray of that star comes—a long, straight cavern, arched overhead and on either side by wreathed and rolling pillars of smoke. I'll put up the helm and run into it! Bear up! bear up! bear stoutly up, my brave, bold bark! and plunge forward like the

horse into the smoke of battle, through this path to the subterranean abodes !

PISCATOR. Let me take the tiller ! Let it go ! Put it around quick then ; you are running on the beach !

DISCIPULA. Why don't you see we are just entering the dark mouth of the tunnel ? We shall soon be into it.

PISCATOR. Hark ! here it comes ! Now hold hard, for there we are, grounded and staved !

DISCIPULA. Tartarian rocks and whirlpools !

PISCATOR. Quick ! ashore ! The boat is going to pieces !

DISCIPULA. Ha ! ha ! ha ! Was it well done, my master ? was it well done ?

PISCATOR. It *was* well done, you little water-witch !

L I N E S

ON SEEING MY SISTER FILL A LITTLE BEGGAR-BOY'S BASKET WITH GOLD VICTUALS.

BY R. S. CHILTON.

Ay ! fill it up, my sister dear ;
His brothers all like him are gaunt,
And sister's too ; then do not fear
To choke the gaping mouth of want.
Fill up ! his heart beats quick and high,
The tears stand in his sickly eye ;
Poor, wretched, ragged beggar-boy,
He scarce can thank thee now, for joy !

The basket's heavy ; what of that !
His heart is light, he heeds it not ;
His feet are cold and bare, poor brat !
But this has always been his lot.
He trudges on, or stops to steal
Quick glances at the dainty meal ;
And then his purple lips do bless
The heart that pitied his distress.

At home, how will the meagre ones
Clutch at those broken bits of bread !
How will they banquet on those bones,
Like ravens feasting on the dead !
A dainty stomach would refuse
Such food ; but 'beggars cannot choose :'
They relish what the rich condemn,
But hunger makes the sauce for them.

Ah, sister ! when the beggar-boy
Returns, think still on hunger's pain ;
Lighten his little heart with joy,
And fill his basket up again.
Who *pities* wretchedness does well,
But who *relieves* it, doth excel.
Then ever, till the common end,
Let Misery find in thee, a friend.

THE QUOD CORRESPONDENCE.

Harry Harrison.

CHAPTER XXVL

At the dead of the night, when all others were at rest, Michael Rust glided out of his office. It was a strange hour, but he had become a strange man. Through the silent streets he stole, with a step so noiseless that it awoke no echo. Along Broadway, passing where the city ended and the fields began, mile after mile he went. He met no one. Every house that he passed was as silent as the grave; excepting a solitary one, standing by itself, with a light shining through an upper window, as if some one kept watch at a sick bed. Sometimes the road ran between high trees, whose skeleton outlines stood grimly up between him and the stars, stiff and motionless. At other times, it coursed along dreary wastes; then again, it was buried in dense shadow; now ascending, now descending. At times he caught a glimpse of the distant gray river, gleaming in the darkness, with here and there the light on board some vessel at anchor, glittering like a star. In some places, where it was shut in by high banks, the road seemed inky black; and parts of it were so solitary, that even a stout heart might have shrunk from traversing it at that dreary hour. But Rust thought not of fear. What had *he* to do with that feeling, who sought only revenge and a grave?

It was yet night, when he reached a house in the upper part of the island, and near the river. Little except its dim outline was visible in the obscurity; and as he opened the gate, and passed beneath an avenue of tall trees which led to it, the darkness was such that he could scarcely see. But he was familiar with the ground, and without hesitation went directly to the door of the house. It was locked. He drew a key from his pocket, unlocked it, went in, and closed it after him. He groped his way along the entry, until he came to the door of a room, which he opened. A few embers were smouldering on the hearth, sufficient to throw out a dim light. Lighting a candle, which stood on a table, he drew a chair to the fire and sat down. The chamber was large, fitted up as a library, and filled with massive book-cases of dark wood, elaborately carved, which gave a sombre appearance to the room. Nothing that money could buy had been spared; for this was the home of Rust's daughter, and that hard, reckless, gripping man had been alive but to one feeling—love to his child. In *her* were garnered up all his affections, and upon her he had lavished all that his means could obtain.

For a long time he sat without changing his position, his eye fixed, his mouth compressed, his brow knit, not a sound escaping him. At last he started from his fit of abstraction, with a slight shiver; passed

his hand once or twice before his eyes, as if to dispel something that clouded his sight; and said, in a whisper, 'Can all this be real?' The clock struck three. He rose, cast a stealthy glance over his shoulder, and taking the candle in his hand, held it up over his head, examining the room with a suspicious look, as if he momentarily expected some form to start from behind the heavy furniture. As his eye was wandering round the room, it rested upon a picture in a carved frame, which hung against the wall. He went to it, and held the light so that its rays fell full upon it. It was the portrait of a girl of about seventeen. Could the child-like, innocent face which gazed out from the canvas upon that fierce, passion-worn old man, be that of *his* child? Could aught so pure and beautiful have sprung from such as him? And worse than all, could she have lost that purity which was stamped on every line of her face?

With fixed and rigid features; with a hand that did not tremble, with a heart that scarcely beat, he contemplated the picture; and then, slowly, as if in a dream, replaced the candle, and took his seat. There was that at work within him, however, which banished bodily repose; for in one minute afterward, he was up and pacing the room, muttering and gesticulating to himself; the *next*, he went to a mirror, and looked at his own face. He started as he did so; for he had not seen it in a week; and in that time so altered and wasted had it become, with its long unshorn beard, and ghastly white complexion, that he could scarcely recognize it.

'What a bird of prey the mind is!' muttered he; 'how it devours the body!' He turned away, and once more his eye rested on the picture which hung against the wall. Some strange feeling seemed to spring into existence as he did so; for his breath came thick and hard; his heart beat, until its pulsations could be heard, loud and strong like the blows of a hammer; his hand shook, but at the same time, his brow darkened, and its look of anxious and half-wandering thought gave place to an expression that was perfectly fiendish. He muttered a few words; then taking the light, cautiously opened the door, and stole up the broad flight of stairs which led to the upper story. At the head of it was a door; he tried it; it was not locked but yielded to his push. It opened into a bed-room, luxuriously furnished with mirrors, and various nick-nacks, and articles of taste, such as a young and wealthy female gathers about her; and in the bed lay a beautiful girl, the original of the picture below, sound asleep, her long hair, which had become unbound as she slept, lying in loose tresses upon the pillow. How bright and beautiful she was! How gentle and calm her breathing was! And well might the stern old man, as he looked at her angel face, have misgivings as to the truth of Grosket's tale. Rust's hard features worked convulsively as he stood over his child, as if powerful feelings were tugging at his heart-strings; but it was only for a moment, for he choked them down; and going out, in the cautious manner in which he had entered, he closed the door and descended to the room below.

He resumed his seat; and although hour after hour elapsed, until day-light stole in the room, his attitude remained the same; until a servant came in to light the fire, and uttered an exclamation of surprise

at seeing him. This aroused him; and rising hastily, he said, 'I'm going out. Tell your mistress that I'll be here at ten o'clock.' He left the house; and after wandering up and down the road, he crossed the fields, until he came to the edge of the river, and when he had sauntered along it for some time, he sat down upon a rock, and commenced casting pebbles in the water.

How long a time he passed in this way, he could not tell, but it must have been several hours; for on looking at his watch, he found that it was late in the day. Suddenly, recollecting his message to his daughter, he rose and went directly to the house. He crossed the lawn in front of it; but before he had time to reach the door, a light figure sprang out, and his child's arms were about his neck.

'Dear father! it's a very long time since I saw you!' said she, putting back the hair which hung over his face, and pressing her lips to his cheek. 'I'm very happy at having you here once more. But you are ill—very ill! What ails you?' said she, suddenly, as she observed the inroads which the last few days had made in his whole form. Rust withdrew himself from her embrace, and without answering her question, said in a cold tone: 'Come in the house.'

Though his words were simple, there was that in his manner (or it might have been the consciousness of guilt on the part of the girl) which caused her cheek to grow pale, and her step to falter; and she accompanied him to the library, with the silent and downcast look of a criminal. He took a chair, drew it to the fire, and pointing to another, said in the same cold tone: 'Be seated.'

The girl obeyed without a word. At that moment a servant opened the door, and told Rust that a man was inquiring for him.

Rust got up, and went out. In the entry were two men. One of them, a powerfully-built fellow, of about five-and-thirty, with light hair and a prominent eye, asked, 'Are you Michael Rust?'

Rust scanned him from head to foot. He suspected his errand; for he had seen him before, and he replied simply: 'I am.'

'Then, Sir, we've come for you.' At the same time, the man produced a slip of paper, and tapped Rust on the shoulder. 'Here's the warrant, if you'd like to look at it, and the vehicle's in the road there.' He gave a nod in the direction.

Rust evinced neither surprise nor trepidation. He merely said, in a musing tone, 'I should have stipulated for a longer time, for the lawyer has lost none.' Then addressing the officer, he added: 'My daughter is in the room. Before going with you, I should like to speak with her in private. You may examine the room, to see that there are no means of escaping from it.'

The man took him at his word; went in the room; glanced round without noticing the girl, who regarded him with some surprise; then went to an inner door, locked it, and put the key in his pocket.

'Are you satisfied?' asked Rust.

The other again stared round the room: went to the window; looked out to see how high it was from the ground; said that he was, and then inquired: 'How long?'

'Ten minutes,' was the reply.

'Good!' said the man; and with a knowing look at Rust, and a shambling bow to the girl, he went out, and seated himself on a chair in the hall, having taken the precaution to send his companion to keep an eye on the windows, which were within leap of the ground.

Rust returned to his seat. 'Come hither, Ellen,' said he.

His daughter rose, and came to him; but in dead silence.

'Look at me. Am I much altered?' inquired Rust.

The girl raised her eyes to his. They quailed before his stern, searching glance; but she replied in a low voice: 'You're very much altered; you're wearing yourself out.'

A smile of strange meaning crossed Rust's face. He turned, and pointed to the picture which hung against the wall.

'Was that ever a good likeness of you?' asked he.

His daughter glanced at it, with some surprise at the sudden question, and then replied: 'I've often been told so, father — a very good one.'

'They told you the truth. It *was* a good one; and now,' said he, turning to her, and fixing his eyes on her face: 'Do you think I am as much changed from what *I* was, as you are from what *you* were, when that picture was painted? Mark it well!' said he, speaking quickly and earnestly, and leaning forward until his face almost touched hers. 'Look at every feature. See what innocence, what purity of soul and thought is in every line of that face. An angel might have envied its innocence. There is a mirror,' said he, pointing to the looking-glass; 'Now look at yourself.' He half rose, and his voice was cold and cutting as he concluded.

The girl grew red; then deeper and deeper crimson; then deadly, ghastly pale; the perspiration stood upon her forehead, and her eyes were blinded with tears; but she could not meet his glance.

His voice sank almost to a whisper, as he asked: 'Then what I have heard is true?'

The girl seemed absolutely stunned.

'Be it so. Now you know the cause of my illness. Look at me. Look at this face, scored with wrinkles; these hollow cheeks, and this frame, broken down by premature old age. Look at them, I say, and you will see but a faint image of the utter, hopeless waste that has been going on in my heart.'

The girl made an attempt to speak; sank on the floor; and clasping his knees, pressed her head against them, and sobbed aloud. But Rust moved not. There was no trace of compassion in either tone or manner, as he continued: 'From your childhood, until you were grown up, you were the person for whose welfare I toiled. I labored and strove for you; there was not a thing that I did, not a thought that I ever harbored, which had not your happiness for its aim; and to your love and devotion I looked for my reward; and as I brooded over my own guilty life, blackened as it was with the worst of crimes, I thought that it was some palliation to be the parent of one pure and spotless as you were. Well, you turned out as hundreds of others have done, and my labor was lost. I loved you as never child was loved; and in proportion as my love once was great, so now is my hate and scorn!'

'Oh! my God!' gasped the girl. She sank down as if crushed. Rust looked at her unmoved, and did not stir to assist her. She raised her hands to him, and said in a supplicating tone: 'Father! as you hope for mercy, hear me!'

'If I received not mercy from my own child,' said Rust, sternly, 'to whom can I look for it? I hope for it no where; I ask for it no where; I am at bay to the whole world.'

One of those dark, withering expressions which had once been so common to his features, but which his anguish had for the last few days in a great measure banished from them, swept across his face.

The girl wrung her hands, as she received his harsh answer. At last she said, in a broken voice: 'Father, I am sadly guilty; but hear me, for God's sake, *do* hear me!'

At that moment, the door was opened, and the officer's head was thrust in.

'Time's up.'

'I must have ten minutes more,' said Rust.

'You can't.'

'I must, I *will*,' exclaimed Rust, sternly.

He tossed him a dollar, which the man caught in his hand with professional dexterity; and then, with a grin, said: 'Well, if you're so very anxious, of course you must be accommodated;' and disappearing, shut the door.

'You said that you were guilty,' resumed Rust, turning to his daughter. 'I know it. There's but one more so. You know to whom I allude. What is his name?'

The girl grew very pale, and hung down her head in silence.

'Who is he?' again demanded her father, seizing her arm with a strong grasp.

Still she made no reply.

'Be it so,' said Rust flinging her hand from him. 'Perhaps silence is best. Now, one other question. *Where* is he?'

She shook her head, and replied in a scarcely audible tone that she did not know.

'When was he last here?'

'About a week since.'

'And when did he promise to return?'

'On the same day,' answered the girl, in a low tone.

'And he has not kept that promise. The first of a series of black-hearted lies!' exclaimed Rust, bitterly, speaking more to himself than to her. 'In these cases, lies come first, and the truth last.' He again addressed her: 'Does he speak of marriage? and do *you* urge it upon him?'

'I *do*, indeed I *do*!' replied the girl, apparently anxious to hit upon something to conciliate the stern mood of her parent. 'Often and often, I beg him to do it, and remind him of his promise.'

'And what is his answer?' demanded Rust, with a half-mocking smile.

'He says that he cannot marry me just now, but that he will soon. He wishes to obtain the consent of his father, who is very ill, and can-

not be spoken to about it; but that he will soon be better, and that then it will all be settled.'

'How long has he been making these excuses?'

'A very long time—a very long time,' said the girl, sadly: 'A month and more.'

'How often did he come here at first?'

'Every day,' said the girl.

'And now?'

His daughter was silent; for she began to see the drift of this cold examination, and it sent a chill to her heart.

Rust was satisfied; and he said in a half-musing tone: 'The same stale, hackneyed story. She is on her way to where the first misstep always leads. Already he is wearied, and wants but an excuse to fling her off; and I—I—I—her avenger,' exclaimed he with a burst of fierce impatience, 'I am shackled; a prisoner, and can do nothing!'

He made a hasty step to the door, opened it, and beckoned to the officer to come in. As he did so, he shut it after him, took the man by the arm, and drew him to one end of the room:

'I want a week,' said he, in a quick tone. 'I'll give a thousand dollars to gain one week; and at the end of that time will surrender myself a prisoner.'

The man shook his head: 'It can't be done, Sir,' said he.

'What's the reward offered for my apprehension?'

'A cool five hundred,' replied the officer.

'I'll double it to escape,' said Rust, 'or to gain a week, but a single week.'

The man shook his head. 'Too many knows that we're arter you. It would n't do.'

'But at the expiration of that time I would surrender myself, and you could secure the reward too.'

The man gave vent to a low chuckle; and placed his finger on the side of his nose, accompanying the motion with a sly expression, signifying an utter disbelief in Rust's promises.

Rust gnawed his lip with fierce impatience, then taking the man by the arm, he led him into the hall, and shut the door.

'I must speak out,' said he, 'and trust to your honor not to betray me. A villain has seduced my child. I want time to find him, and to compel him to make her his wife. Now you know why I ask a week.'

The officer at first whistled, then muttered something about its being a hard case; but concluded by saying, in a positive tone: 'It can't be did, Sir; I'm sorry for it; upon my word, I am; but I must keep you now that I've got you. I wish you'd given me the slip at first; but I can't let you go now. It's impossible—quite.'

Rust eyed the man, as if endeavoring to find in his hard features some loop-hole to his more kindly feelings; but apparently he met with no success.

'Well, if it can't be done, there's an end of it,' said he, abruptly terminating his scrutiny. 'I've some other matters to speak of, and want a few moments more. I'll not detain you long, and will call you when I'm ready.'

‘I’ll give you all the time I can,’ said the man, civilly.

Rust turned to enter the room, but as he did so he heard a quick step behind him ; and looking round, found himself face to face with a young man of two or three and twenty, elegantly dressed, who eyed him carelessly, and then passing him, entered the room with the air of one perfectly at home. A suspicion of who he was flashed across Rust’s mind. That he himself was unknown to the other was not strange, for he had been so much absent, and when he visited his child it was at such irregular intervals, and for such short periods, that a person might have been even a frequent visitor at his house, without encountering him. Nor was there any thing in the outward appearance of the slovenly, haggard old man to attract attention. But the indifference of the other was not reciprocated ; for Rust followed him, and closed the door after him, with feverish haste, as if he feared his prey might escape him. He observed the deep blush that sprang to the cheek of his daughter, at the entrance of the stranger ; her guilty, yet joyous look as he addressed her ; and above all, he perceived *his* careless, cold, indifferent reply to her warm salutation ; and a feeling of revenge, the deadliest that he had ever felt, sprung up in his heart against that man ; not so much because he had blasted the happiness of his child, as because he had torn from *him* all that he had clung to in life.

Rust walked to the fire-place, turned his back to it, and without uttering a word, faced the stranger, who eyed him from head to foot with a cool, supercilious stare ; then looked at the girl, as if seeking an explanation.

The pause, however, was broken by Rust himself, as he pointed with his thin finger to their visitor, and inquired of his daughter : ‘Is *that* the man ?’

‘The girl’s face became ghastly pale ; her lips moved, but she dared not raise her eyes ; for she could not encounter the keen, inquiring look which she knew was fixed upon her.

‘Answer my question,’ said he, sternly. ‘This is no time for tampering with my patience.’

His daughter attempted to speak. She trembled from head to foot ; but not a word escaped her. So intense was her anguish, that it awoke a spark of better feeling in the young man ; for confronting Rust, he said in a bold voice : ‘If you have any questions to ask respecting me, address them to *me*, not to *her*.’

‘I will,’ replied Rust, fixing upon him an eye that fairly glowed ; ‘for you should best know your own character. Are you the cold-blooded scoundrel who, taking advantage of that girl’s confiding disposition, of the absence of her father, stole like a thief into his house ; by lies, by false oaths, and damning hypocritical professions of love, won her affections ; blighted her, and then left her what I blush to name ? You wish the question addressed to you ; you have it. I’ll have your reply.’

Withering like a parched leaf ; shrinking as if a serpent were in his path ; with a face which changed from white to red, from red to white, the stranger met these questions. But Rust’s eye never left his face. There was no trace of anger nor emotion, in his marble features. He merely said : ‘I want your answer.’

With a face heavy with guilt ; with a voice that shook even while it assumed a tone of boldness ; the stranger demanded : ' Who are you ! and what right have you to question me thus ?

' Not much right,' replied Rust ; ' I'm not even a rival suitor ; I'm only this girl's father. Perhaps you will answer me now.'

The other was silent. Rust turned to his daughter, and said : ' This man has suddenly become dumb. Is this he of whom we spoke ? An answer I must have, and a true one. Do not add a lie to the infamy which already covers you.'

The girl hesitated, and then uttered something in a voice so low as to be scarcely audible ; but faint as it was, Rust caught the words, ' It is !'

' It is well,' replied he, facing the stranger, and drawing his person up erect. ' I have no time to waste in words, and will state what I have to say as concisely as possible, and will act as promptly as I speak. This is my only child. She was once unsullied, and I was proud of her : that she is not so now, is your fault. There is but one mode of repairing what you've done. Will you marry her ?'

' I certainly intend to do so,' said the young man, with a guilty look, which gave the lie to his words.

' I want *deeds*, not *intentions*,' replied Rust. ' What you do must be done now—before you leave this room. A clergyman resides within a mile. In half an hour he can be here.'

The girl clasped her hands joyfully, and looked eagerly at him ; but there was nothing responsive in the expression of his face ; and he answered :

' I can't see the necessity of this haste ; beside, it would ruin all my prospects.'

' You can't see the necessity of this haste !' exclaimed Rust, in a voice of thunder. ' Ruin your prospects ! What has become of *her* prospects ? What—what—— But no matter,' added he, choking down a fierce burst of passion, and suddenly assuming a tone so unnaturally calm that it might have been a warning to the other that it was but a lull in the storm. ' Michael Rust presents his compliments to his unknown friend, and begs to know if he will do him the honor of marrying, on the spot, his daughter whom he has polluted ?'

He paused for an answer ; his lips were deadly white, and quivering ; and his eye glowed like a serpent's. The young man quailed before it ; but apparently he was only waiting for an opportunity to throw off the mask ; for he answered boldly : ' No, I will not.'

' You had better,' said Rust, in a low, warning tone. ' Think of it again.'

' You have my answer,' was the reply.

' Then take Michael Rust's thanks !' A flash and report followed ; and when the smoke cleared away, the seducer was lying on the floor, stone dead. A bullet had passed through his head. The policeman rushed in the room.

' If I could have had a week, I might have avoided this,' said Rust, coldly. ' As it was, I had no alternative.'

He rang the bell, and a servant came in. He pointed to his daughter, who was lying senseless at his feet.

‘Look to your mistress!’

Turning to the police men who stood by with blanched faces, he said : ‘Now then, I am ready!’

CHAPTER TWENTY-SEVEN.

In a small room, containing a box-bedstead, a single chair, and a common wooden table, on which was a pitcher of water, sat Michael Rust. The heavy iron bars which grated the windows, and the doors of thick oaken plank, secured by strong bolts of iron, indicated beyond a doubt the nature of his abode—a prison. He was sitting on the edge of his bed, with his arms resting on the table, which was drawn close to it, and his head leaning upon them. At times he straightened himself up, looked listlessly about the room, and then resumed his old position.

A key turned in the door; the heavy bolt was drawn back, and a head was thrust in.

‘Some one wants to see you. Shall he come in?’

‘Yes.’

The head was withdrawn, and the door being opened, admitted no less a person than Mr. Kornicker, somewhat faded in appearance since we last saw him, but still wearing an air of dashing pretension. He stood at the door, shaking his head, winking to himself, and fumbling in his pocket, evidently in a state of great mental perplexity, probably from his entertaining doubts as to what would be the character of his reception; or from his being equally uncertain as to the best mode of opening the conversation. Nor was he at all relieved by Rust, who without moving, fastened his eye upon him with a cold, steadfast stare.

Kornicker, however, seemed to have fixed upon his course of action at last; for he walked up to him, and stretching out his hand, said:

‘Wont you give us your flipper, my old fellow? You’re in trouble, but I’ll stand by you to the last. If I don’t, damme!’ He struck his other hand on the table, and nodded and winked with great vehemence.

‘So there is yet one who has not turned his back on the felon,’ said Rust, partly addressing Kornicker and partly speaking to himself; ‘one true man; a rare thing in this world; a jewel—a jewel, beyond all price; and like all costly stones, found only in the poorest soils; but,’ added he, ‘what have I done to gain friends, or to link one solitary heart to my fortunes?—what?’

He shook his head; and although his face was unmoved, and he spoke in the low, half-soliloquizing manner of one who rather brooded over the past than regretted it, yet there was something so sad in his tone, and in his melancholy gesture, that it did more to call forth the warm feelings of Kornicker than the most eloquent language.

‘What have you done?’ demanded he, earnestly; ‘I’ll tell you what you did. When I was at low water mark, with scarce a rag to my back or a crust to my stomach, and without a prospect of getting one, you took me by the hand, and in a d—d gentlemanly way gave me a

h'ist out of the gutter. *That's* what you did ; and if you *did* flare up now and then, and haul me over the coals ; it was soon over, and soon forgotten. I do n't bear malice, old fellow ; no, no. It is n't my way ; and as you're in trouble now, if I *can* help you, I *will*. Never desert any one ; am unfortunately bloody short of cash ; but you can have what I've got, and when I get more, you shall have *that* too.'

As he spoke, he plunged his hand to the bottom of his pocket, drew out a very shabby-looking pocket-book, deposited it on the table.

'It is n't much ; but you'll find it useful here, and you're welcome to it. This is n't the shop where nothing put out at interest produces a heavy income.'

This offer had a powerful effect upon Rust ; and it seemed as if some long dormant feelings were working their way to the surface from the depths of his heart. He gazed earnestly at his clerk, and once or twice opened his mouth to speak ; but finally he got up, and taking the pocket-book from the table, handed it back to Kornicker, saying :

'I'm not in want of money. Gold is but dross *now*. I've plenty of it ; but its value in my eyes is gone.'

'But,' remonstrated Kornicker, holding his hands behind him, and looking obstinately in another direction, partly to avoid taking the pocket-book and partly to resist the solieitations of his own necessities, which were strenuously urging him to do so, 'but you may want a lawyer to fight for you at your trial.'

'For that farce I am prepared. I *have* one. He's paid for it, and he'll fight,' said Rust. 'It will avail nothing, for I did slay the man. It was a cold-blooded, deliberate murder. I planned it ; I went up to that place with the stern determination to commit it ; and I *did* commit it. It was no hasty act, done in a moment of fierce and sudden passion ; but a deed duly and deliberately meditated, and one that I would repeat. What *he* had done, it's useless to mention. I had no redress, except what my own hand could give me. He has paid his forfeit, and I'll pay mine. I'll fight to the last ; because,' added he, with that expression of stern purpose which so often settled on his face, 'Michael Rust never yields ; and then, let the law do its worst. Take your money ; I do n't need it.'

Kornicker hesitated ; and then thrusting it in his pocket, said : 'I suppose, if you should happen to be short, you'll let me know.'

'I will,' replied Rust ; 'but I've enough to last until my sand is run out. They'll hang me.'

'Do n't talk so,' exclaimed Kornicker, with a feeling not a little akin to fear, at the cold, indifferent manner in which the other spoke. 'You *may* escape—who knows ?'

Rust looked at him steadily, and then said, in a low, calm voice : 'If it were not that man and law were leagued against me to *force* me to my doom, not one dollar would Michael Rust give to add an hour to his life. He looks to the grave only as that dark abyss which knows neither thought nor care ; where the past is forgotten ; where the future ends. Death is but a deep dreamless sleep, which has no waking. Yet even this boon he will not accept, if it's *forced* upon him.'

'But the disgrace, the disgrace of such an end,' exclaimed Mr. Kor-

nicker, twisting his fingers together, and in his earnestness cracking the knuckles of all of them. 'Think of that, my old fellow. Think of the stain that will always rest upon your memory.'

A smile, without a trace of pleasure, but cold and icy, passed across Rust's face.

'What is my memory to me? What care I for the whispers and sneers and surmises of the reptiles who crowd this world, and who will soon be as *I* then shall be? What are these very men themselves? Shadows!—shadows! Go—my course is chosen. You can do nothing for me.'

Still Kornicker did not show any intention of quitting the room, but shifted from one leg to the other, in a fidgety manner, as if he had something farther to communicate, upon which however he did not like to venture. At last he said: 'Your daughter?'

Rust turned a quick keen eye on him, but farther than this evinced no emotion.

'Perhaps she may need a friend, when — when ——'

'I'm dead,' said Rust, concluding what seemed to be rather an embarrassing sentence to Kornicker.

'I'm not exactly the fellow to make the offer,' said Kornicker, adopting the conclusion which Rust had given to the phrase; 'but—but I'll keep an eye on her, and will lend her a helping hand if she gets in trouble.'

Rust's countenance expressed neither pleasure nor anger, as he answered:

'Nothing can be done for her. Her fate is sealed; her path is marked out. There is neither turn nor winding in it, nor escape from the destiny to which it leads. She has taken the first step in it, and must follow it to the end. Look at the reckless and abandoned of her sex, who crowd our thoroughfares at night. *Their* fate must be *her* fate; an outcast—then the tenant of a public prison where her associates will be the thief and the felon. That's her second step. The third is—to her coffin; broken down; beggared, perhaps starving, she'll die surrounded by the offscouring of the earth—happy if she reaches her grave before she has run her full course.'

There was something in the apathetic manner in which the old man pointed out the future fate of his own child, that actually silenced Kornicker. He knew not what to say. There was no grief to console; no anger to deprecate; no wish to be fulfilled. He had however come to the prison with his mind made up to do something, and he did not like to be thwarted in his purpose. But before he had fairly determined what course was to be pursued next, Rust interrupted the current of his ideas by saying, as he pressed his hand upon his heart:

'You can do nothing for me. The disease is *here*; and the only physician who can heal it is Death. Could you blot the past from my memory and leave it one vast blank; could you gild the future with hopes which this heart did not tell me were utterly hollow; then perhaps Michael Rust might struggle on, like thousands of others, with some object in view, always to be striven for, but always receding as he advanced, or turning to ashes in his grasp. But it cannot be.

I've played my part in the great drama of life, and the curtain will soon fall.'

A spirit of callous indifference pervaded all that he said and did; and making a gesture to Kornicker, forbidding all farther remark, he threw himself on the bed, and drew the clothes about his head, as if determined to shut out all sound.

Kornicker made one or two efforts to draw him again into conversation, but the communicative mood was past; and finding that nothing farther was to be done, he left him to his meditations.

From that time Kornicker, true to his maxim of deserting no one, was constant in his visits and endeavors to comfort and assist him in preparing for his trial. But never had man a more arduous task than he found in this self-imposed duty; for the hidden transactions of Rust's past life had become public, and had turned the full tide of popular feeling against him; and far and wide, through town and country, with all that could excite public animosity, rang that bloody tale, (for the dead man had powerful friends to battle for vengeance.) It was in every mouth, and whispered in every ear. In the broad glare of day, and before the eyes of the whole world, was paraded every secret of Rust's life. Witnesses who had been forgotten and had sunk from sight, and were supposed to be dead, sprang into life, all having some dark deed to record. Pamphlets, teeming with exaggerated details of the murder, were hawked through the streets; peddled at every corner; hung in every shop window. Rust's own black life had prejudged him, and had turned public opinion into public hate; until every voice called out for blood. It was under this feeling that his trial came on.

Early on that morning, long before the court was opened, a stream of people was thronging toward the City Hall by twenties and thirties and hundreds. The iron gates were barred to keep them out; still they contrived to get in, and swarmed through the halls. And when the court was opened, officers armed with staves were stationed on the stairs, to fight them down, for there was no room for them. The court-room was crammed with men heaped upon men, climbing one on the other; heads upon heads, swarming like bees, and packed and wedged together, leaving not a foot to spare. And in the midst of all that living mass sat Rust, unmoved, unflinching; returning look for look, defiance for defiance; reckless as to his fate, but resolute not to yield.

There was one however at that trial who was not so indifferent. He was a man of about fifty, tall and thin, with a grave, dignified face, which yet bore a strong resemblance to that of Rust. He was deadly pale, and sat next to Rust's lawyers, conversing with them in a low earnest tone; and at times, as the trial went on, suggesting questions to them. This was Rust's brother; the father of the two children, who, generous to the last, had forgiven all, and was battling for the life of him who had done his utmost to blast his. If Rust's cold eye sank, or his spirit quailed, it was only when he encountered the mild, sad eye of that brother.

The jury was empannelled. The District Attorney opened for the prosecution; and then the examination of witnesses commenced. Foot by foot and inch by inch was the ground contested by Rust's counsel.

Exceptions to testimony were taken, points of law raised, and every informality or technicality, which afforded a loop-hole for objection, was taken advantage of. The day dragged heavily on, and Rust grew weary. The constant stir about him; the hum of voices, occasionally hushed into silence at the cry of the officer, or the tap of the judge on his desk; the hot, stifling air of the room; the wranglings of the lawyers, all tended to bewilder him. All excitement had long since left him. A leaden heaviness had settled upon all his faculties, and leaning his head upon the table, even while life and death were in the scale, he slept soundly.

He was aroused by his lawyer, touching his arm. He sat up, and gazed vacantly about him.

'Who's that?' said he, pointing to the witness's stand.

Rust half started to his feet; then clasping his hands hard together, sat down, and leaned his head on the table, but said not a word.

The clerk called out her name.

'Ellen Colton.'

'Who is she?' demanded the lawyer.

Rust drew himself up; and many who had been watching him, observed that his face had become perfectly corpse-like; his breathing oppressed, and that his eyes seemed starting from their sockets, as he fixed them on the witness.

'My own flesh and blood,' muttered he; 'my own child!'

The girl was sworn; but it was evident that a terrible struggle was going on, and she had to be supported to a chair. The lawyer for the prosecution took down her name, and then asked her a question. He received no answer. He repeated it; but the girl was silent. She held down her head, and seemed half fainting.

'You *must* reply,' said the judge.

The girl raised her eyes, and said, in a low supplicating tone, 'He's my father.'

The judge shook his head. 'It's a very painful task,' said he, 'but there's no alternative.'

The girl uttered not a word, and the court-room became so hushed that even the hard breathing of the witness was audible.

'I must have a decided answer,' said the judge, gravely, yet mildly, for he respected the feelings which dictated her course. 'Will you answer the question put by the district attorney?'

'I will not,' was the firm reply.

The face of the judge grew a little flushed, and he compressed his lips, as if the duty which now rested with him were an unpleasant one. But before he had time to speak, the district attorney rose, and muttering in a tone loud enough to be heard, 'I will not slay the parent through the child,' said: 'If the court please, I withdraw the question. I'll call another witness.'

The judge bowed, and the girl was led away.

Rust had risen to his feet as if to speak, but he sat down, and the trial proceeded. The whole of that day passed in the examination of witnesses; so did the day following. Then came the summing up of the lawyers, and the charge of the judge to the jury. During the

whole time the crowd came and went, but at all times the room was thronged. The jury went out; still the crowd hung about the Hall. It grew dark; but they could not go to their homes until they knew the result; but round and round the Hall, and through the avenues of the Park, they wandered, watching the dim light in the jury room, and wondering what the verdict would be. One of them stole up to the gray-headed constable who watched at the door, and inquired what the chance was; and as the old man shook his head, and muttered that they leaned toward a fatal verdict, he rubbed his hands with glee, and hastened to communicate the tidings to those below. Twelve—one—two—three o'clock at night came; still the twelve men held out, and still the judge, an upright, conscientious, patient man, maintained his post, waiting for the verdict, and ready to solve any doubts or points of law that might arise. The court-room grew cold; the fires went out, except one near the bench, and where the prisoner was. Sixty or seventy persons were sitting in the dim recesses of the room, looking like dark shadows, resolved to await the result. A few stretched themselves on the benches, and others gathered in knots near the fire, and whispered together; and now and then there was a loud laugh, suddenly hushed, as the person who uttered it remembered where he was. At last the judge went out, and left word with the officer to send for him if the jury agreed, or wanted his advice. The night waned; the sky grew gray in the east; and presently the day broke—but no verdict. At an early hour the judge returned, and the court-room filled again. Nine—ten—eleven. Suddenly there was a hum—a shuffling in the hall. The door was thrown open by the gray-headed constable, and the jury entered.

'The jury's agreed,' cried the officer. There was a dead silence; and the foreman gave in the verdict:

'GUILTY OF MURDER IN THE FIRST DEGREE!'

Rust moved not; no change of color or feature was perceptible, except a slight smile, and that too faded in a moment.

The trial was over; and the crowd poured through the streets, yelling with delight, and stopping those whom they met, to tell them that Michael Rust was doomed to die.

Rust sat without stirring, until an officer touched him, and told him that he must go. He then rose, and followed him without a word. The crowd gathered around him, as he went out; but he did not notice them. His brother walked at his side, but he heeded him not; and when he reached his prison, without uttering a word, he flung himself wearily upon his bed, and was soon sound asleep.

He awoke, a different man; and when his lawyer called to see him on the following day, he found him as fierce as a caged beast. He endeavored to utter some remark of consolation; but Rust impatiently motioned him to be silent. He spoke about a clergyman; but the reply was a laugh, so mocking and scornful, that he was glad to drop the theme.

'Is the game ended?' at last inquired Rust. 'Is there no farther cast of the die left?'

The lawyer looked at him, as if in doubt of his meaning.

Rust, in response to the look, repeated the question. 'Is there nothing

more to be done, in that farce called the law? Is there no farther blow to be struck for life?

'We can appeal,' replied the lawyer; 'but there is little chance of success.' He took Rust by the hand, and said in a soothing tone: 'My poor friend, you must be prepared for the worst; for I cannot promise to save your life.'

Rust rose and stood directly in front of him; and pointing to a small coin which lay on the table, said: 'Not the tenth part of *that* would Michael Rust give to have one hour added to his life; but I *will not* be driven from it. I *will not* be beaten down and crushed.' He stamped furiously on the floor.

'Fight!' said he, fixing his glaring eye on the lawyer; 'fight to the last; leave nothing untried; spare not gold; bribe—corrupt—suborn; do any thing; but do not leave the triumph to my enemies. It's that that is tearing away at my heart. It's *that* which is killing me,' exclaimed he, bitterly, shaking his hands over his head.

'We shall leave nothing untried,' said the lawyer. 'Perhaps too we may obtain a pardon, for if ever a murder was justifiable, that was.'

'Pardon!' exclaimed Rust with a sneer; '*pardon!* Because I defended my own flesh and blood; because the laws had forced upon *me* the task which *they* should perform! I must die, or sue for pardon. A noble thing is law!'

The lawyer was silent. He felt that Rust's own previous criminal life had been his worst enemy, and that it was the disclosure of his own evil plans which had been in every mouth long before the trial, that had done much to harden the feelings of the jury, who in another case might have stretched a point to save him.

Merely repeating what he had already said, that every thing should be tried, he took his leave.

Several weeks elapsed. The appeal was made, and was unsuccessful; the decision of the court below was affirmed; and nothing was left but that the sentence of the law should be enforced. Rust still maintained his indifferent bearing. All attempts to move him to any thing like repentance were unavailing. Pious men had conversed with him, but he had turned a deaf ear to their words; clergymen, too, anxious even at the last hour to turn his thoughts to holier things, had called upon him, but were equally unsuccessful; and at last he forbade them admission.

It was just about dusk, on the day previous to that fixed for his execution, that he was sitting in his cell, when he was aroused by the opening of the door. He looked up, and observed a dim figure just inside the door, cowering as if with fear; but it was so dark that he could not distinguish more than its mere outline.

'What do you want?' demanded he, harshly. 'Am I a wild beast, that you have come to stare at me?'

The only reply was a low, suppressed cry, as of one endeavoring to stifle down severe pain.

Rust rose up, advanced to the figure, and with a sudden jerk threw off the cloak which enveloped it. It was his own child.

'So it's *you!*' said he, bitterly, as he turned from her. 'And you've

come to see your work. Look at me well. You 've succeeded to your heart's content.'

The girl endeavored to clasp his hand, but he flung her from him; and facing her, said: 'What you have to say, say at once, and be gone. There is little policy in seeking me out now, for I have nothing to give.'

The girl cast herself at his feet, in a passion of grief. 'Oh! father! dear father! I ask nothing, except your forgiveness. Give me *that*, for the love of God! I ask nothing more. Do not refuse me that, as you hope for forgiveness of your own sins!'

'There was a time,' said Rust, 'when I could not have resisted those tones, when I could have refused you nothing. My very heart's blood was yours; but I am changed—changed indeed; since not a single spark of tenderness for you is left; not even the shadow of the love which I once bore to you. You are a stranger to me; or worse than that, you are *she*, whose wanton conduct has placed me here, and to-morrow will lead me to the gallows.'

The girl rose up hastily, and said in a quick husky voice:

'Farewell, father; I will not stay until you curse me, for I fear it may come to that. May God forgive both you and me! I have done wrong, and most bitterly have I suffered for it.'

She caught his hand, pressed it to her lips, which were hot as fire, and left the cell.

That was the last time that the father and daughter ever met.

The gaoler soon afterward brought in a light, and asked Rust if he wanted any thing; and on being answered in the negative, went out.

The night wore on heavily. Rust heard the clock, as its iron tongue struck the successive hours from his life. At last the hour of midnight sounded. He took out his watch, wound it up, and set it.

'Your life will last longer than mine,' said he, as he held it to the light, and examined the face. He then placed it on the table, and leaning his head on his hand, contemplated it for a long time. Time was hurrying on; for while he was sitting thus, the clock struck—one. He looked about the room; went to the door, and listened; then resumed his seat, and thrusting his hand in his bosom, drew out a small vial, containing a dark liquid. He held it to the light; shook it; smiled; and applying it to his lips, swallowed its contents.

'I'll disappoint the sight-seers,' said he. He raised the light; took a long and earnest survey of the room; undressed himself; sat on the edge of his bed, for a moment, apparently in deep thought; then got into bed and drew the cover closely about him.

'Now, then,' said he, 'the dream of life is past. I'll soon know whether there is any waking from it.'

These were his last words; for when the cell was opened in the morning, he was dead in his bed. As in life, so in death, his own evil acts clashed with his interests; for at an early hour in the morning a messenger arrived with a pardon. In consideration of the heinous nature of the provocation, which had led to the commission of Rust's crime, and of the inadequate punishment inflicted by the laws for such offences, the governor had remitted his sentence.

N I A G A R A .

BEHOLD! again I view thee, in thy majesty and might,
Thy broad sheet flashing in the blaze of morning's glorious light;
I mark thee maddened in thy fall, and pale with hoary rage,
And fretting in thy passion, that hath boiled from age to age.

Like thunder on my startled ear, thine everlasting roar
Hath broken, and reverberates from shore to echoing shore;
Continuous and fearful, with dread power in its tone,
That shakes the earth's foundations and rives the solid stone!

How tremulous beneath the shock the fearful earth hath grown!
Reeling beneath the mighty plunge, it sighs with ceaseless moan;
Now rush thy waves, with frenzy wild, in foam of dazzling white,
Now, placidly they sweep along, with ever-changeable light.

O, wondrous Power! O, giant Strength! how fearful to behold,
Outstretched on yon o'erhanging crag, thy mad waves downward rolled:
To look adown the cavernous abyss that yawns beneath—
To see the feathery spray flash forth in many a glittering wreath!

Voluminous and ceaseless still, forever swift descend
The waters in their headlong course, then turning, heavenward wend:
Now, disenthralled, their essence hath its spirit-shape resumed;
Bright, bodiless and pure, its flight to yon empyrean plumed!

The Falls, 1842.

CLAUDE HALORÉ.

T O M A R Y .

I WONDER if the magic spells
That in the days of yore
Bewitched so oft poor harmless folks
(Unlucky wights!) are o'er!

I can't believe it, for I've felt
The witchery of thy smile;
I've felt thy magic arts, and yet
I've loved thee all the while.

Is it the gleam of snowy teeth,
Or wave of silken tress,
That brings me to thy side, to gaze
Upon thy loveliness?

It cannot be, for I have seen
Full many a maid as fair;
I've seen as ruby lips before,
I've seen as glossy hair.

Some dark enchantress has bequeathed
To thee her magic art,
And thou hast bound me with thy spell,
And stolen all my heart.

RONACE.

L I T E R A R Y N O T I C E S .

CURIOSITIES OF LITERATURE, AND THE LITERARY CHARACTER ILLUSTRATED. By I. C. D'ISRAELI, Esq., D. C. L., F. S. A. With Curiosities of American Literature. By RUFUS W. GRISWOLD. Complete in one volume. New-York: D. APPLETON AND COMPANY, Broadway.

THE ensuing remarks refer rather to the Supplement to D'ISRAELI's 'Curiosities of Literature,' edited by Rev. RUFUS W. GRISWOLD, than to the well-known work to which it adds its attractions. It is an excellent collection of the many odd and quaint and foolish and good things which our forefathers 'did and performed.' Mr. GRISWOLD has spiced his work with a variety, though he has done it more judiciously than a splenetic author when he introduces in his work, who, in a vexatious mood at some severe criticisms on a former book, puts a dozen or more rows of interrogation and exclamation-points, commas, semi-colons, etc., and tells his readers 'they may pepper and salt it as they please.' Mr. GRISWOLD well understands the history of American literature; and we venture to say there is no man in the country who knows the names and contents of so many American books as he. This knowledge he has found of great service to him, enabling him to lay his hand at once on those things most worthy of preservation. If he had understood the linking process a little better, it would perhaps have added to the interest of his work. A sort of running commentary would have given greater vivacity to the numerous extracts. The way in which specimens of an author are introduced affects very much the impression they make. But Mr. GRISWOLD has succeeded well in gathering up the unravelled ends of our early literature; and the present edition of D'ISRAELI's Curiosities of Literature will be the only one for the future in the American market. The most 'curious' part of our literary history is embraced in the revolution, with the short period preceding and following it. The British and Tories furnished endless themes to the pasquinader and ballad-maker, while the gaw rights involved in the struggle called forth the efforts of more serious and thoughtful pens. The Puritans of New-England wrote most; and there is a union of the soundest sense with the most childish folly, the strongest character with the weakest prejudices in our good Yankee forefathers, that is quite incomprehensible. Like the Puritans of England in the time of CROMWELL, when called into the hall of debate to discuss the rights of man, or into the field to battle for them, he were a bold man who dare smile at them. Yet in their religious acts they were often bigoted, intolerant and puerile. The same incongruity is seen in their tastes. Men of deep poetical sentiment, they often murdered poetry for conscience sake. A man who could write a defence of the colonies with a pen that fairly glowed with the burning Saxon that fell from it, would not be shocked at all at the impropriety of the following epitaph on a tomb-stone:

'Here lies Jonathan Auricular,
Who walked in the ways of God perpendicular.'

Mr. GRISWOLD gives us a specimen of the versification of the 137th psalm, in the Bible;

one of the sweetest lyrics ever written, beginning 'By the rivers of Babylon there we sat down; yea, we wept when we remembered Zion; we hanged our harps upon the willows,' etc. This psalm, whose exquisite beauties are so well preserved in our common English version, was put into verse with the rest of the psalms, by our pious forefathers. To their credit we can say, however, that the authors of the first version declare that they 'have attended to conscience rather than to elegance' in completing their work. We cannot excuse President DUNSTER of Harvard College, so easily, who revised the edition and sent it forth with the advertisement that they had in it a 'special eye both to the gravity of the phrase of sacred writ, and to the sweetness of the verse;' especially when we find this same sweet psalm completely murdered by him. After stumbling along through two stanzas, he thus paraphrases. 'They that led us into captivity,' he says:

'REQUIRED of us a song, and thus
Askt mirth us waste who laid,
Sing us among, a Zion's song,
Unto us then they said.

The LORD's song sing can we, being
In stranger's land? — then let
Lose her skill my right hand if I
Jerusalem forget.

Let cleave my tongue my palate on
If mind thee doe not I,
If chief joys o'er I prize not more,
Jerusalem my joy,' etc., etc.

Such wretched stuff as this our good forefathers sung with the profoundest gravity; and those who thus murdered the king's English and the Hebrew's poem were called 'poets!' Yet this same age could produce such poets as Mrs. ANN BRADSTREET, of whom her great panegyrist, JOHN NORTON, in a poetical description of her says:

'HER heart was a brave palace, broad street,
Where all heroic ample thoughts did meet,
Where nature such a tenement had ta'en,
That other souls to hers dwelt in a lane.'

The *pun* here is good, but the comparison might have been dropped sooner without damage. The poem of Mrs. BRADSTREET, entitled 'Contemplations,' possesses a great deal of merit, and proves her to be worthy of the extravagant praise of her extravagant admirer. The extracts from the poetry of Governor WOLCOTT are very favorable to the poetic reputation of the governor. But the richest thing in the whole collection is the 'Simple Cobbler of Aggawam,' occupying ten columns. The king-fashionable ladies, and long-haired young gentlemen, are successively put on the cobbler's lapstone and hammered most industriously. And we must say, cobbler as he is, he appears to us to give vastly more *blows* than he takes stitches. This part of the work alone is worth the price of the whole book. It is quite too long to quote entire, and a mere extract would do it injustice. FREENEAU was a rare character, and his pasquinades on RIVINGTON, a tory editor, are rich specimens. The confession he puts in the mouth of RIVINGTON, in his 'Address to the Whigs of New-York' immediately after the close of the war, is equal to 'Death and Dr. Hornbook' on the poor Scotch quack.

This RIVINGTON, however, was not a more unlucky dog than another tory named BENJAMIN TOWNE, editor of the 'Pennsylvania Evening Post.' Supposing the cause of the rebels to be hopeless, he undertook to win favor and reward from the British by the most unsparing abuse of the Americans. But when the cause of freedom finally triumphed, the unlucky editor was left on the sand. Without money, without patrons, he found himself in the midst of those whom he had traduced, and dependent on them for a livelihood. In this emergency, he goes to the celebrated Dr. WITHERSPOON for aid. The stern republican doctor would listen to nothing, unless TOWNE would make his peace with his country by a most humble confession. Finding no other resource, he consented to publish in his paper anything the doctor would write. This confession is given by Mr. GRISWOLD at length;

and if the tory editor does not make himself out a most precious scoundrel, the fault is certainly not with the doctor. He acknowledges that he had lied without limit, and was willing to publish bigger lies had they been brought him; he assures the people that he did every thing for personal gain, and was willing to do and say any thing now for the same purpose. He was moreover a brave man! 'I hope,' says he, 'the public will consider that I have been a timorous man, or if you will, a coward from my youth, so that I cannot fight; my belly is so large that I cannot run; and I am so great a lover of eating and drinking that I cannot starve. When these things are considered, I hope they will fully account for my past conduct, and procure me the liberty of going on in the same *uniform* tenor for the future.' The collection teems with rich matter, and we have not even skimmed the surface. Here and there only have we touched a point. We could fill twice the space allotted us, with the revolutionary ballads alone, for the gathering of which Mr. GRISWOLD deserves our thanks. New-England epitaphs come in for their share; and there is a capital anecdote of Dr. DWIGHT and Mr. DENNIE, at which we gazed and pondered wistfully for a long time, in the hope, (a vain one, we are sorry to say,) of being able to present it to our readers.

This collection of Mr. GRISWOLD brings together and preserves what was before floating around and slowly disappearing with the lapse of time. Our early literature is now grafted on a work which will secure its life; and those peculiar characteristics of a remarkable age, which grow more valuable the more distant the point from which we view them, will never pass away. Nothing is more difficult than to preserve the scanty and fugitive literature of an early age. A *great* work will live; but those fragments which are thrown off here and there, in a careless or earnest moment, perish, because they *are* fragmentary. They do not belong together in a book, and cannot stand alone. In a later period of the history of the country, this would be of little consequence, because there is enough else to stand as exponents of that age. But these fragments are all that is left to tell us how our fathers felt, and thought, and spoke. Without them, we are without every thing. This collection greatly enhances the value of the English edition, and cannot fail to increase its already extensive sale.

NORTH-AMERICAN REVIEW FOR THE APRIL QUARTER. Number CXXIII. pp. 268. Boston: OTIS, BROADERS AND COMPANY. New-York: C. S. FRANCIS AND COMPANY.

THERE has not been issued for many a long month so good a number of this excellent and venerable Quarterly, as the one before us. It abounds in a good variety, alike of theme and style; and there is a manly, vigorous tone, and an independence of thought and expression, which we have not before observed, at least in so marked a degree. The number opens with a caustic and well-deserved critique upon the writings of JAMES, the novelist; and we are the more gratified at this, because the defects of this romancer are the besetting sins of certain of our own novelists, who had at one time a fair degree of transient popularity. A lack of skill in the creation or accurate delineation of individual character, which, instead of representing men and women, are didactic exhibitions of the author himself, projected into various personages, and all bearing an unmistakable family resemblance—this it is that is at the bottom of the sudden decadence into which the writings of one or two of our more prolific romancers have fallen, past all redemption; and this is the great fault of Mr. JAMES. 'To be successful in the exact delineation of character,' says the reviewer, 'requires a rare combination of powers—a large heart and a comprehensive mind. It is the attribute of universality; it can be obtained only by outward as well as inward observation; not by that habit of intense brooding over individual consciousness, of making the individual mind the centre and the circumference of every thing, a habit which only makes of the writer an egotist, and limits the reach of his mind.'

Mr. JAMES has certain types of character which he generally reproduces in each successive novel. His heroine is idealized into something which is neither spirit, nor flesh and blood. 'His women, like his men, are ideas and feelings embodied; they are constructed, not created nor painted; built, not drawn. They do not stand boldly from the canvass.' His rascal is an unmitigated rascal, intermingled with the machinery of his plot, and appearing regularly in every novel. 'Mr. JAMES is a great spendthrift of human life. The carelessness with which he slays, evinces the feebleness with which he conceives. If his personages were real to his own heart or imagination, he would not part with them so easily, nor kill them with such *nonchalance*.' A very faithful description is given of Mr. JAMES's style; and it is one which will apply with equal force, though certainly in a subordinate case, to certain of our own novelists, whom the reader will readily recall, but whom it would be invidious perhaps to mention. 'His style,' says the reviewer, 'has little flow and perspicuity, and no variety. It is usually heavy, lumbering, and monotonous. Half of the words seem in the way of the idea, and the latter appears not to have strength enough to clear the passage. Occasionally, a short, sharp sentence comes like a flash of lightning from the cloud of his verbiage, and relieves the twilight of his diction. There are but few felicitous phrases in his manifold volumes. He has hardly any of those happy combinations of words which stick fast to the memory, and do more than pages to express the author's meaning. He has little command of *expression*. His imagery is common; and his manner of arranging a trite figure in a rich suit of verbiage, only makes its essential commonness and poverty more apparent. His style is not dotted over with any of those shining points, either of imagery or epigram, which illumine works of less popularity and pretension.'

The review of Mr. JAMES's works is followed by an excellent critique upon the poems of Mr. JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, which receive due commendation. There are some 'rough truths' in the reviewer's opening remarks. 'We have among us little companies of people, each of which 'keeps its poet,' and not content with that, proclaims from its small corner, with a most conceited air, that its poet is the man of the age.' Instances are mentioned, closing with this irresistible climax: '*One man* thinks CORNELIUS MATHEWS has written the finest American poetry!' In allusion to the whimsical peculiarities of Mr. CARLYLE—a man of genius, learning, and humane tendencies—and their effect upon the servile tribe of imitators, the reviewer observes: 'The study of German became an epidemic about the time that CARLYLE broke out; the two disorders aggravated each other, and ran through all the stages incident to literary affectation, until they assumed their worst form, and common sense breathed its last, as the '*Orphic Sayings*' came; those most unmeaning and witless effusions—we cannot say of the brain, for the smallest modicum of brains would have rendered their appearance an impossibility—but of mere intellectual inanity.' The American Euphuists, being possessed of the demon of affectation, strive to set themselves apart from the common herd, imagine that they are inhabitants of a sublimated ether, and look down with pitying contempt on all who profess an inability to detect a meaning in their vapid and mystical jargon. 'These be *truths*;' and our readers will bear us witness that months ago, with but little variation of terms, we promulgated them in these pages.

There is an excellent paper upon the 'Forest Lands and the Timber Trade of Maine;' it is full of interest, despite the nature of its general theme. The 'Boundary Question' did not indicate the first usurpations of the British in Maine. It was the acts of parliament that forbade the use of water-falls, the erecting of machinery, of looms and spindles, and the working of wood and iron; that set the king's arrow upon trees that rotted in the forest; that shut out markets for boards and fish, and seized sugar and molasses, and the vessels in which these articles were carried; and that defined the limitless ocean as but a narrow pathway to such of the lands that it embosoms as wore the British flag; it was these restrictions, to release which the revolution was created. The articles upon the various 'Theories of Storms,' and 'The Recent Contest in Rhode-Island,' we have not

found leisure from pressing avocations to peruse. The paper on 'Architecture in the United States' is from the pen of one who 'knows whereof he writes;' and he has not been sparing of deserved satire upon the sad and ridiculous mistakes of those among us who are miscalled architects. High praise is awarded to our Trinity Church, now in progress of erection. 'In size, in the delicacy and propriety of its decoration, and in the beauty of its general effect, it surpasses any church erected in England since the revival of the pointed style.' In a notice of the 'Writings of Miss BREMER,' MARY HOWITT 'suffers some,' on account of a certain hysteric preface of hers to a translation of one of the Swedish lady's productions, in which she complains of the American translations from this popular writer. Among the 'Critical Notices' which compose the last article is the Review, is a critique upon Mr. CORNELIUS MATHEWS's 'Writings,' including his poem on 'Man in his Various Aspects,' which embodies the opinions we have ourselves expressed in relation to them. Since the unfounded charge of being 'actuated by private pique,' which was brought against us by the author, cannot be assumed against the North American Review, we trust that our 'complainant' will not object that we fortify our own estimate of his literary merits by grave authority. The following is an extract:

'Mr. MATHEWS has shown a marvellous skill in failing, each failure being more complete than the last. His comedy of 'The Politicians' is 'the most lamentable comedy;' and the reader exclaims, with Hippolyta, 'This is the silliest stuff that ever I heard.' The 'Career of Puffer Hopkins' is an elaborately bad imitation of DICKENS; and must be ranked in fiction where 'The Politicians' stand in the drama. It aims at being comical, and satirical upon the times. The author studies hard to portray the motley characters which move before the observer in a large city; but he has not enough of the vision and the faculty divine, to make them more than melancholy ghosts of what they profess to be. The attempts at humor are inexpressibly dismal; the burlesque overpowers the most determined reader, by its leaden dullness. The style is ingeniously tasteless and feeble. He who has read it, through can do or dare anything. Mr. MATHEWS suffers from several erroneous opinions. He seems to think that literary elegance consists in the very qualities which make elegance impossible. Simplicity and directness of language he abominates. When he has an idea to express, he aims, apparently, to convert it into a riddle, by inventing the most forced, unnatural, and distorted expressions. If the thing can be obscured, he is sure to obscure it. He seems to say to the reader, 'Can you guess? do you give it up?' But then, less obliging than the maker of charades, he leaves the puzzled victim without an explanation at last. He studies a singularity of phrases at once crabbéd and finical, and overloads his pages with far-fetched epithets, that are at once harsh and unmeaning. He seems to have been told that he has wit and humor, and—strange delusion!—to believe it. He writes as if he imagined that he possessed the inventive power: never was a greater mistake. These qualities and these mistakes make his prose writings unreadable and intolerable, at least all the law ones. But when to the charms of his ordinary style are added the attractions of verse, then the same aches with the combined and heightened beauties. The present volume exaggerates all his literary vices. The plan of these poems is very well; if executed with taste and power, the volume would have been interesting. As it is, we have here and there a good line, a striking figure, or a bold expression. But most of the poems are deformed by harshness of versification, feebleness of thought, and every species of bad writing. Compounded words, never seen before, and impossible to be pronounced, epithets detailed on service for which they are wholly unfit, figures that illustrate nothing but their own absurdity, and rhymes that any common book would die of, astonish the reader on every page. Had the poet purposely aimed to twist the English language into every conceivable form of awkwardness; had he designed to illustrate, for the use of beginners, every possible defect and every positive fault of diction; his success in accomplishing the object could not have been more complete.'

We annex a few of the 'original' beauties which the reviewer has selected from Mr. MATHEWS's poem. Two or three of them, we perceive, are identical with those which we ourselves selected from that luminous effort of the mind and the imagination:

'We had marked many characteristic passages in the present volume, to illustrate the observations we have felt called on to make. But we have space only for a few lines. In the first poem, besides many other absurdities of thought as well as expression, occurs this line:

'Strides he the globe, or CANVASS-TENTS the sea.'

Who ever heard of the verb to *canvass-tent*? To *canvass-back* the sea would be much more rational.

In the second poem we find this luminous line:

'CLEAR AS THE CLEAR, round midnight at its full,'

which must be very clear indeed.

What can be the meaning of the following words in the 'Teacher'

'Whose eyes cry light through all its dawning void.'

Again, in the 'Farmer':

'Pierce revolutions rush in wild-ORBED haste.'

In the 'Mechanic,' the following very intelligible direction is given to the architect:

'In the first Builder's gracious spirit work,
Through hall, through engine, and TEMPLES MENK,
IN GRANDEUR TOWERED, OR LAPSING BEAUTY-SLEEK,
Let order and creative fitness shine.'

In the 'Merchant,' the poet affirms:

'Undimmed the man should through the trader shine,
And show the soul UNBESIEGED by his craft.'

This can only mean, that the soul of the trader ought not to be supplied with babies by his craft. The 'Sculptor' ends with this prediction:

'And up shall spring through all the BROAD-SEA land,
The FAIR WHITE PEOPLE of thy love unnumbered.'

In the 'Journalist,' we find the following *directions to the printer*:

'Hell not the quiet of a Chosen Land,
Thou grimy man over thine engine bending.'

Hell, as a common noun, is a sufficiently uncomfortable idea; but when converted into an active verb, it becomes positively alarming.

The poet thus advises 'The Masses':

'In vast assemblies calm, let order rule,
And every shout a cadence owning,
Make musical the vexed winds moaning,
AND BE AS LITTLE CHILDREN AT A SINGING-SCHOOL.'

And the 'Reformer' is told to

'Seize by its horns the shaggy Past,
Full of uncleanness.'

A PRACTICAL TREATISE ON MIDWIFERY. By M. CHAILLY, M. D., Professor of Midwifery, etc., etc. With two hundred and sixteen wood-cuts. Translated from the French, and edited by Dr. GUNNING S. BEDFORD, of the University of New-York. In one volume. pp. 530. HARPER AND BROTHERS.

THIS work comes to us under the fairest auspices. The author, M. CHAILLY, is a distinguished Parisian lecturer on Obstetrics, a pupil of the eminent PAUL DUBOIS, of the University of Paris, and generally recognized as the exponent of the views of that celebrated *accoucheur*. By all who are familiar (and who of the medical world is not?) with the high reputation of DUBOIS for sound medical philosophy and unbounded practical knowledge, it has been long regretted that the just opinions he so eloquently promulgates in the lecture-room have never assumed the diffusible shape of a printed book. M. CHAILLY, in the work before us, supplies us with that which has been so much desired, and which Prof. DUBOIS himself, from some cause not easily appreciated, has so long withheld from the world. The Parisian board of public instruction has moreover stamped the work of M. CHAILLY with their approbation, and fixed it as the standard text-book of the French medical schools. This is a promise of excellence which a diligent perusal of the work will fully confirm. Professor BEDFORD, the American translator, who has performed his duty as might be expected from his high character and prominent position, as Professor of the flourishing medical school of the University of New-York, felt the want of a good text-book for the student, and a sound practical guide for the physician, and has exhibited a sound judgment in this selection to supply that want. The work of VELPEAU, hitherto unquestionably the most popular book with the medical profession, is diffuse and speculative. The present work is direct, concise, and complete. Dr. BEDFORD has enriched the original with copious notes, the result of his own extensive experience and observation. The publishers have performed their duty well, in presenting the work in a handsome library form; and it is only the very extensive business facilities of the MESSRS. HARPERS that could afford so full and well illustrated a *scientific* book at so reasonable a price.

THE LITERARY REMAINS OF THE LATE WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK: including the 'OLLAPODIANA' papers, 'The Spirit of Life,' and a choice Selection from his Miscellaneous Prose and Poetical Writings. With a Memoir of the Author. Edited by LEWIS GAYLORD CLARK. Complete in five Numbers of ninety-six pages each. New-York: BURGESS, STRINGER AND COMPANY.

It does not become us, perhaps, to enlarge upon the merits of this work, the character of which is known to many of our readers. As there are *other* many of them, however, who may not be conversant with much of the prose which makes up a large portion of its contents—having become subscribers to this Magazine since the 'Ollapodiana' papers and the other prose miscellanies appeared in its pages—we shall venture to present a few extracts, and to preface them with the following remarks of the able Editor of the *United States Gazette*, of Philadelphia, upon the writer's merits; praise, we may add, which has been confirmed by the kindred commendation of almost every journal in the Union: 'MESSRS. BURGESS, STRINGER AND COMPANY, of New-York, have commenced the publication, in a series of numbers, of the Literary Remains of WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK. The first number has been for some days upon our table, and after a biographical notice of the author, contains a portion of the 'Ollapodiana,' those admirable papers furnished for the KNICKERBOCKER. Almost every body, who read five years ago, knows the beauties of CLARK's composition. They are permanent beauties; beauties that always are to be found by those who ever had taste to admire them. They are not dependant upon a jangle of words for temporary popularity; they appeal from the heart to the heart, in language that knows no variation of time. They express sentiments that are permanent, feelings common to mankind; and those who would profit by a delicate delineation of the affections of the human heart, will love the poetry of CLARK. Those who would have a broader seal set upon manners, and the peculiarities of the mind set forth in pleasant grotesques, will smile at the 'Ollapodiana.' But all will profit by *all*; and we regard it as a literary obligation conferred upon the age, and carrying with it a moral obligation also, to multiply the copies of such writings as CLARK prepared. We express not our feelings, when we write of CLARK as an author. There are some of us who knew his heart better than he did, and who have never forgotten his worth. These monuments, that are erected to his fame from his own works, like the trophies of victory, moulded to a triumphal pillar, denote public respect. Individual feeling loves a silent flow, that is constant and hearty.'

If the reader has had the fortune to travel in a canal-packet, in the summer solstice, he will readily recognize the faithfulness of the following picture:

'At first, when you embark, all seems fair; the eleemosynary negro, who vexes his clarionet, and governs its tuneless ventiles, to pay for his passage, seems a very Apollo to your ear; the appointments of the boat appear ample; a populous town slowly glides from your view, and you feel quite comfortable and contented. As yet, you have not gone below. 'Things above' attract your attention—some pretty point of landscape, or distant steeple, shining among the summer trees. Ah, the scenery becomes tame, and you descend. A feeling comes over you as you draw your first breath in the cabin, which impels to the holding of your nose. The cabin is full; you have hit your head twice against the ceiling thereof, and stumbled sundry times against the seats at the side. Babies, vociferous babies, are playing with their mothers' nooses, or squalling in appalling concert. If you stir, your foot treads heavily upon the bulbous toes of some recumbent passenger; if you essay to sleep, the gabble of those around you, or the noisy gurgle of a lock, arouses you to consciousness; and then, if you are of that large class of persons in whom the old Adam is not entirely crucified, then you *sneez*. Have you any desire for literary entertainment? Approach the table. There shall you find sundry tracts; a copy of the Temperance Recorder; Goldsmith's Animated Nature, and Pinter's Lives. By and by dinner approaches: and oh! how awful the suspense between the hours of preparation and realization! Slowly, and one by one, the dishes appear. At long intervals, or spaces of separation from each other—say five for the whole length of the boat—you behold tumbler arranged, with two forlorn radishes in each. The butter lies like gravy in the plate; the melodious passengers of the masculine gender draw nigh to the scanty board; the captain comes near, to set his oft-repeated part, as President of the day. Oh, gracious! 'tis a scene of enormous cry and scanty wool. It mendicants description. . . . But the grand charm and scene of a canal packet is in the evening. You go below, and there you behold a hot and motley assemblage. A kind of stillness begins to reign around. It seems as if a protracted meeting were about to commence. Clergymen, capitalists, long-sided merchants, who have come from far, groan-horns, taking their first experience of the wonders of the deep on the *canawl*, all these are huddled together in wild and inexplicable confusion. By and by the captain takes his seat, and the roll of berths is called. Then, what confu-

sion! Layer upon layer of humanity is suddenly shelved for the night; and in the preparation, what a world of bustle is required! Boots are released from a hundred feet, and their owners deposit them wherever they can. There was one man, OLLAPOD beheld him, who pulled off the boots of another person, thinking the while—mistaken individual!—that he was disrobing his own shrunken legs of their leathern integuments, so thick were the limbs and feet that steamed and moved round about. Another tourist, fat, oily and round who had bribed the steward for two chairs placed by the side of his berth, whereon to rest his abdomen, amused the assembly by calling out; 'Here, waiter! bring me another pillow! I have got the ear-ache, and have put the first one into my ear!' Thus wore the hours away. Sleep, you cannot. Feeble moschetoës, residents in the boat, whose health suffers from the noisome airs they are nightly compelled to breathe, do their worst to annoy you; and then, Phœbus Apollo! how the sleepers snore! There is every variety of this music, from the low wheeze of the asthmatic, to the stentorian grunt of the corpulent and profound. Nœc after nœc lifts up its tuneful oratory, until the place is vocal. Some communicative free-thinkers talk in their sleep, and altogether, they make a concerto and a diapason equal to that which Milton speaks of, when through the sonorous organ 'from many a row of pipes, the sound-board breathes.' At last, morning dawns; you ascend into pure air, with hair unkempt, body and spirit unrefreshed, and show yourself to the people of some populous town into which you are entering, as you wash your face in canal water on deck, from a hand basin! It is a scene, I say again, take it for all in all, that throws description upon the parish, and makes you a pauper in words. '*Oke jam satie!*'

Let the old bachelor, who 'longs but fears to marry,' perpend the annexed invitation to matrimony:

'Some of my contemporaries have supposed that the estate of a Benedict forbiddeth the resident therein to disport himself as aforetime, in the flowery fields of fancy, and to amble at random through the remembered groves of the academy, or the rich gardens of imaginative delight. Verily this is not so. To the right-minded man, all these enjoyments are increased; the ties that bind him to earth are strengthened and multiplied: he anticipates new affections and pleasures, which your cold individual, careering *solus* through a vale of tears, with no one to share with him his gout of optical salt water, wots not of. As a beloved friend once said unto me: 'When a good man weds, as when he dies, angels lead his spirit into a quiet land, full of holiness and peace; full of all pleasant sights, and 'beautiful exceedingly.' One's dreams may not all be realized, for *dreams* never are; but the reality will differ from, and be a thousand fold sweeter, than any dreams; those shadowy and impalpable though gorgeous entities, that flit over the twilight of the soul, after the sun of judgment has set. I never hear of a friend having accomplished hymenization, without sending after him a world of good wishes and honest prayers. Amid the ambition, the selfishness, the heartless jostling with the world, which every son of Adam is obliged more or less to encounter, it is no common blessing to retire therefrom into the calm recesses of domestic existence, and to feel around your temples the airs that are wafted from fragrant wings of the Spirit of Peace, soft as the breath which curled the crystal light

— 'of Zion's fountains,
When love, and hope, and joy were here,
And beautiful upon her mountains,
The feet of angel messengers.'

No common boon is it—we speak in the rich sentence of a German writer—to enjoy 'a look into a pure loving eye; a word without falseness, from a bride without guile; and close beside you in the still watches of the night, a soft-breathing breast, in which there is nothing but paradise, a sermon, and a midnight prayer!'

Here is a specimen of 'the show-man's trick,' which, as old MATTHEWS used to say, 'made a great laugh at the time.'

'It is diverting in the extreme to observe the pompous grandiloquence in the advertisements of the amusement-furnishing public, about Christmas and New-Year. Sublimity glares from the theatrical hand-bill, and the menagerie *affiche*. Curiosities, then, have a 'most magnanimous value.' I remember, not long ago, that I desired a lovely lady, a French countess, to accompany me to a Zoological Institute, to behold an *American Eagle*. I was pleased at the expressed wish which led me to make the invitation, and proud of the prospect of showing a living emblem of our country's insignia to one who felt an interest in the subject. The bills of the institute set forth, that 'the grand Columbia's Eagle was the monarch of its tribe, measuring an unprecedented length from the tip of one wing to the other, in full plumage and vigor.' The countess had never seen but one eagle, in the *Jardin des Plantes* at Paris, and that was a small one, and ungrown; so that her anticipations of novelty were as great as mine. We went, and with interesting expectancy, asked of the president of the institute, who was engaged in the noble pursuit of feeding a sick baboon with little slices of cold pork, to discover to us 'Columbia's eagle.' He marshalled us to the other end of the institute, past the cages of lions, bears, libbards, and other animals—among which was a singular *quadruped*, with six legs—to the cage of the eagle. 'There,' he exclaimed, with professional monotony, 'there is the proud bird of our country, that was caught in the West, and has been thought to have killed many animals in his life-time. He was five hours and twenty-three minutes in being put into the cage, so strong was his wings. Look at him *cluz*. He'll bear inspection. Jist observe the keen *irish* of his eye.'

'An involuntary and hearty laugh from us both, followed the sight, and the announcement. It was a dismal looking bird, about the size of a goodly owl, with a crest-fallen aspect, the feathers of the tail and wings dwindled to a few ragged quills; and the shivering fowl, standing on one leg, looked with a vacant, spectral eye at his visitors. Nothing could be so perfectly baricque, and we enjoyed it deeply and long. I shall never be deceived by show-bills again.'

The following must close our quotations. We venture to say that it describes a scene which many a reader has more than once witnessed :

'TALKING of a man's making a hero of himself, reminds me of an old friend of mine, who is fond of telling long stories about fights and quarrels that he has had in his day, and who always makes his hearer his opponent for the time, so as to give effect to what he is saying. Not long ago I met him on 'Change, at a business hour, when all the commercing multitudes of the city were together, and you could scarcely turn, for the people. The old fellow fixed his eye on me; there was a fatal fascination in it. Getting off without recognition, would have been unpardonable disrespect. In a moment, his finger was in my button-hole, and his rheumy optics glittering with the satisfaction of your *true bore*, when he has met with an unresisting subject. I listened to his common-places with the utmost apparent satisfaction. Directly, he began to speak of an altercation which he once had with an officer in the navy. He was relating the *particulars*. 'Some words,' said he, 'occurred between *him* and *me*. Now you know that he is a much younger man than I am; in fact, about *your* age. Well, he *'made use of an expression'* which I did not exactly like. Says I to him, says I, 'What do you mean by that?' 'Why,' says he to me, says he, 'I mean just what I say.' Then I began to burn. There was an impromptu elevation of my personal dandriff, which was unaccountable. I didn't waste words on him: I just took him in this way,' (here the old *spooney* suited the action to the word, by seizing the collar of my coat, before the *assemblage*,) 'and says I to him, says I, 'You infernal scoundrel, I will punish you for your insolence on the spot!' and the manner in which I shook him (just in *this way*) was really a warning to a person similarly situated.'

'I felt myself at this moment in a beautiful predicament; in the midst of a large congregation of business people; an old gray-headed man hanging, with an indignant look, at my coat-collar; and a host of persons looking on. The old fellow's face grew redder every minute; but perceiving that he was observed, he lowered his voice in the *detail*, while he lifted it in the worst places of his colloquy. 'You infernal scoundrel, and caitiff, and villain,' says I, 'what do you mean, to insult an elderly person like myself, in a public place like this?' and then, said he, lowering his malapropos voice, 'then I shook him, *so*.'

'Here he pushed me to and fro, with his septuagenarian gripe on my collar, as if instead of a patient much bored *friend*, I was his deadly enemy. When he let go, I found myself in a *ring* of spectators. 'Shame, shame! to insult an old man like him!' was the general cry. 'Young puppy!' said an elderly merchant, whose good opinion was my heart's desire, 'what excuse have you for your conduct?'

'Thus was I made a martyr to my good feelings. I have never recovered from the stigma of that interview. I have been pointed at in the street by persons who have said as I passed them, 'That's the young chap that insulted old General ———, at the Exchange!'

We should not omit to state that the publishers have done ample justice to the work. It is beautifully stereotyped and printed upon new type and fine white paper, and the numbers are enclosed in very neat and tasteful covers. The work we are glad to say meets with a liberal and constant sale.

ITALY AND THE ITALIANS. In a Series of Letters. By J. T. HEADLEY. In one volume. pp. 64. New-York: L. S. PLATT.

MR. PLATT has commenced a series of publications, at a moderate price, which should secure a liberal share of the public favor. These 'Letters,' which form the initial number, are replete with interest. Many of them appeared in the original foreign correspondence of the '*Tribune*' daily journal, where they excited the admiration of the press, and 'the people' whom the press represents; but a large portion now see the light for the first time. MR. HEADLEY has not given us, in tiresome detail, minute descriptions of galleries of art and public edifices; although his description of St. Peter's at Rome, (a 'nice building, with a dome handsomely scooped out,') is the most vivid picture of that world-renowned structure that we ever perused. He has wisely chosen rather to illustrate the people and country by things perhaps trifling in themselves, but which give to the reader a constant succession of 'sketches from Nature,' which are not only very pleasant to read, but which it is quite evident are exceedingly faithful. 'The condition of the people,' in short, 'occupies more space than the condition of art, simply because the latter is well known, while the former is almost wholly neglected.' Briefly, for 'brief must we be,' the book affords what MRS. RAMSBOTTOM would call 'a supreme *cou-d'yle*' (coup d'œil) of 'Italy and the Italians,' and is presented in a dress worthy of its internal merits.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

OUR old friend and correspondent 'HARRY FRANCO' cometh late, but he can never arrive too late to be welcome. Let us hope only that he will not object to being placed as it were 'below the salt,' instead of being seated with his peers at the more conspicuous board of the 'regulars.' He has deftly touched a fruitful theme, at which we have more than once hinted in this department of the KNICKERBOCKER.

THE IMPUDENCE OF THE FRENCH.

KEEP your tempers, Messieurs; we shall not quarrel. There is a difference between Impudence and Impertinence. The two words are often used synonymously by the vulgar, but they are no more alike than any other two words that begin with an I. 'When we behold an angel, not to fear is to be IMPUDENT,' says DRYDEN: 'We should avoid the IMPERTINENCE of pedants,' says SWIFT. These two great masters of the English tongue have well defined the difference between the two words. There is always an air of confident greatness about impudence that wins respect, and not infrequently success. ALEXANDER was assuredly the most impudent man of his time; so was CÆSAR; so was LUTHER. Even now, when half the human race has grown impudent, we cannot but wonder at the impudence of that obscure monk. GALILEO, too, was a very impudent fellow until the well-bred 'Rev. and dear Sirs' of his time taught him modesty. And CROMWELL! what an Arch-Impudence was he! And NAPOLEON! he put Impudence itself to the blush. And have there been no Impudences among us? It cannot be denied that our Fourth-of-July-men made a very impudent declaration, to say the least of it. But these were all individual instances. The French are impudent as a nation. They have no sense of modesty. They insist that all the world shall eat French, drink French, talk French, dance French, and dress French. Did ever any traveller visit a city or town in any quarter of the globe in which a Frenchman had not set up a restaurant? FANNY ELLSLER was astonished when she landed at the American Hotel, to find that her dinner had been prepared by a Parisian cook; and yet she had come over here to show us her French steps. Simple Fanny! How did she think we could live without French cookery, if we could not live without French dancing? What traveller has ever visited a remote village that a French *modiste* had not visited before him? Is it possible to dine any where, without having a French bill of fare thrust into your hand, and some dish with an *à la* under your nose? Is there a living being in any part of the world willing to make oath to having visited a ball-room or a church without encountering a French dress or a French bonnet? The Quakers cannot; they would as soon wear scarlet ribbons as any other than French gloves and French muslins.

Untravelled New-Yorkers as they walk through Broadway, and see the names of *Madame Grand-this* and *Mons. Grand-that* 'from Paris,' over every other shop-door, and see the French shoes, the French gloves, the French chocolate, the French clocks, the *liqueurs*, the *bon-bons*, the *bijouterie*, the *meringues*, the *pâtes-de-foi-gras*, in the windows, may think that the Gauls have marked us for their 'own peculiar;' but it is so in St. Petersburg, 'tis so in Constantinople, 'tis so in Lima, in the Banda Orientale, in Rio, in Mexico, in Montreal, in London, in Vienna, in Boston, in Philadelphia, in Grand Cairo—'tis so all over the earth. The Sorbonne and the Louvre rule the world. Can any body be tired, or weary, or dumpish? No. We must be *ennuyé*, or *blazé*, or *fatigué*, or something else ending in *é*. Does any lady ever give an evening party? No. Nothing but a *soirée*. Are there any more gatherings of friends? No; only *réunions*. Is it possible to dance a cotillion in English? Is there any body in New-York with sufficient moral courage to sleep upon any thing short of a French bedstead? Is there a chamber-maid who will lie upon any thing less than a *paliastre*? Are there any more fat, or plump, or round, or full people? No. Even Falstaff would be inclined to *embonpoint* if he were alive, in these days of Gallic supremacy. Well might VICTOR COUSIN and the rest of them declare that the French were not defeated at Waterloo. The allied armies entered Paris it is true, but they made their Exodus in slavery. The English, Germans and Russians went home from France manacled with French fashions, and not a soul of them has dared to assert his independence since.

We are by no means sure that French cookery has not done more to preserve the peace of Europe, during the last twenty years, than all other causes put together. It is impossible to think of a war with France. The mind staggers under the supposititious case of the nations of the earth deprived of French *bon-bons*. Imagine the commerce with France suspended! Who would perfume us? who feast us? who dress us? Where would our gloves come from? what should we do for slippers? how should we be off for soap? Would there be any more ribbons? any more brandy fruits? any more *meringues*? any more chocolate? Where should we look for another BLANCARD, another FAUVEL-GOURAUD? Would there be any more dancing? any more fashions? any more any thing? The true *Mystères de Paris* nobody knows any thing about but the Parisians themselves, and they are too cunning to pronounce their open sesame loud enough to be heard by the rest of the world. How like gudgeons we all snapped at the bait of EUGENE SUE! But the *Mystères de Paris* are written in a kind of Parisian Coptic, which none but the Parisian can read.

The English eat, or at least a portion of them do, and they cook, but who ever heard of an English eating-house, or of an English cook? We have heard of DOLLY's chop-house, but its reputation was gained by the quality of its guests rather than the merit of its cooks. For aught the world knows to the contrary, there is not an eating-house in any of the European capitals beside Paris. But every body knows the names, the situation, and even the *carte du jour* of at least a dozen restaurants in the French capital without ever having been there. The 'Rocher' is as well known as the Rock of Gibraltar, and Very and Châtelet have reputations as extended as those of Guizot and Thiers. Vatel is more famous than Vattel, and the cook will doubtless be remembered when the philosopher is forgotten: he will never die, at least, while the memory of Sevigné lives.

Not long since we saw on a sign-board, stuck up at the entrance of a cellar on the corner of Reade-street and Broadway, '*Au Rocher de Cancale*,' painted in very soup-maigreish looking letters, with an attempt at the representation of an oyster-shell. Now look at the impudence of the thing; at the Frenchiness of it! Here we are with our Prince's Bays, our York-rivers, our Mill-ponders, our Shrewsburies, and Blue pointers, a shilling's worth of either worth all the shell-fish that ever grew on the French coast; and this Parisian sets up his sign in the midst of these marine riches, with a '*ROCHER DE CANCALE*!' No other nation could have been guilty of such arrogance. No Englishman has ever had the temerity to insult us with an allusion to his dirty 'natives.'

What would be thought of an American who should have the presumption to open a

House of Refreshment in the Rue St. Jacques or the Palais Royale, and announce to the Parisians that he would serve up for them Prince's Bay oysters, fried, stewed, roasted or in the shell; clam soup, pumpkin-pies, waffles, hoe-cakes and slap-jacks, or mush-and-milk and buck-wheats? Would the most inquisitive or most vulgar man in France venture within the doors of a house where such barbarisms were perpetrated? But why not, Monsieur! Why not, as well as for us to crowd the *salons* of the Messieurs who tempt us with their equally outlandish *carte à manger*, or who exclaim to us when we enter:

'Mon salon est toujours gamé,
Et mon buffet bien assorti,
Ou vante mon chablis,
Mes huitres, mes radis,
Ainsi que mes salmis
De perdrix :

Mes godiveaux au ris ;
Mes tourtes, mes hachis ;
Fameux pâlis, gros et petits ;
Boeuf au naturel, au coulis ;
Papillotes,
Gibelotes,
Matelotes,
Fines compotes,' etc., etc.

Why should not we send over some of our JENNINGSSES and STETSONS, our BERGALEWS and DOWNINGS, to repay our French friends for their many favors, and instruct them in the art of making pumpkin-pies and eating canvass-back ducks? The French at present know little more about us than that Doctor FRANKLIN made lightning-rods, and that COOPER writes Indian novels. They eat nothing that we raise, they wear nothing that we make, they adopt none of our fashions, they use none of our phrases. You would look in vain in the *carte* of any restaurateur in Paris for such delicacies as apple-dumplings or corn-bread, and you might call in a Parisian café until you were hoarse, for a 'cobbler' or a julep, without getting either. Yet our uppish people will eat nothing, drink nothing, wear nothing that is not French. We have been told of certain brokers in Wall-street who import even their *desserts* from Paris; not their *deserts*, my friend, for the guillotine is the only French thing which we don't imitate or import. No wine is fit for our tables without the prefix of a *chateau* something; every thing that is composed of wool is something *de laine*, and all our clothes are made of *drap de this* or *drap de that*.

But let us not paint our Gallic friends a shade darker than they deserve. They have taught us the use of napkins and silver forks; they give us the best perfumery in the world, and make the best gravies for our meats. What is the privilege of writing the songs of a nation, compared with the privilege of setting its fashions? The supremacy of the French in all matters of taste is not the effect of accident. Why do they rule the world by their elegancies? There is a philosophy in these things, as well as in every thing else, which is worthy of grave consideration.

The secret of French authority lies in the simple truth that they count every thing worthy of being well done which is worth doing at all. We have grades of usefulness. Not so with them. Whether they make a pâté or build a palace, it is a grave matter; and the consequence is, that their pâtés as well as their palaces excel those of the other kingdoms of Europe. The Louvre is as much superior to Buckingham Palace as a Charlotte-Russe is to a Yorkshire pudding. Cookery and Architecture are the first arts practised by mankind, and the last in which they arrive at perfection. The French excel all other nations in both. The condition of one art might be ascertained with precision by examining the state of the other in any part of the world, or in any age. When cooks served up pastry with peacocks' tails sticking out of the top crust, architects built gothic churches and campanile towers. Penault and Vatel ornamented the same age. One built a palace and the other cooked a dinner, and they are both immortal. It would be no difficult matter to guess at the extravagance and unhealthiness of our kitchens, from a glance at our Ex-

change and Custom House. The ponderous marble and granite boulders in these senseless structures have their correspondents in many a lump of indigestible food; and the bizzarreterie of the new Trinity Church have their correspondents in many a temple composed of macaronis and cocoanut candies.

We have grades of usefulness, but it is no easy matter to discover the principles upon which our scale of respect is graduated: money is not always the test of merit; it matters how you get it. If you earn it yourself, it will not entitle you to half the respect it would if your father or grandfather earned it for you. Any occupation which soils the hands or the clothes, is looked upon with disfavor by the upper classes. A broker who never does any thing that is either useful or ornamental, grows nothing, invents nothing, imagines nothing; who instructs nobody, amuses nobody, enriches nobody; who leaves the world in the same condition that he found it, may be called a gentleman, visit in the first circles, have those mysterious letters, *E. S. Q.*, written after his name, and if he is rich, will be elected a member of more societies than will be agreeable to him. But a wig-maker who has invented a new spring for a toupée, or a new dye for the hair, and thereby really done mankind a service, could no more get into the first circles with us than he could go to heaven, like Mahomet, on the back of an ass. Shoemakers' wives and bakers' daughters are people of whose acquaintance nobody ever speaks boastingly. I once knew the nephew of a barber who always blushed when his uncle was named in his hearing. But an attorney's lady, or a banker's daughter, are often paraded in an ostentatious manner before one by their friends, and I have never known the nephew of a soldier-officer, whose business is to take people's lives, blush at the profession of his relative. It cannot be expected that men will labor in callings that gain them only the contempt of their neighbors; and therefore while it is accounted disgraceful among us to do any thing that is useful, we must be content to remain dependent upon any people who have more sense in regard to this matter than ourselves.

We are very well aware that shoemakers and pastry-cooks are not the kind of people who compose the French court; but there can be no denial of the fact that certain kinds of artisans are treated by the French people with a greater degree of respect than they are with us. Very different from the dogged surliness of an Englishman, or the who-cares-for-you manner of our own countrymen, is the air of conscious self-respect of certain classes of French tradesmen. In the present condition of our society, we hold it to be among the impossible things to make a decent pastry-cook out of an American citizen, or a decent citizen out of a pastry-cook. But is there any good reason why we should not? Do not pastry-cooks contribute as much toward human happiness as sugar-refiners or importers of molasses? Should you not feel as well disposed toward the individual who had made a meringue to your liking, as toward him who had imported the materials of which it was composed? The King of the French seats artists at his dinner-table, bestows the 'legion of honor' upon them; pays them liberally for their works, and settles pensions upon them. Artists with us, as artists, do not often find their way into our upper circles; if they are respectable in their habits and associates, they are rather countenanced for their respectability than noticed for their genius. We know a whiskey-distiller who refused his daughter to a portrait-painter, unless he would abandon his profession; simply because it was a low calling.

It is very common with us to call the French triflers; but it is one of the many bad habits which we have inherited from the English, and the sooner we free ourselves from it, the better will it be for us. We shall never be ambitious to excel a people whom we pretend to despise. If doing small things well be trifling, then the French are triflers. But what must we call them for their great works? There is no art, no science, no department of learning in which the English excel them. They are the best architects in Europe; the best physicians; the best chemists, the best astronomers. They have cut off the head of one king and banished another; what more have the English done? But they can afford to be called any thing: they set the fashions of the whole world. QUEEN VICTORIA is as

much a subject of *LOUIS PHILIPPE* in her dress as any lady in France. With all her immense territory, her great authority, she cannot change the fashion of a bonnet.

The difference between French and English art is as great as the difference between the Louvre and the National Gallery in Trafalgar Square; and about the same relative difference prevails with regard to us. At the last exhibition of the Louvre there were four thousand paintings offered; at the last exhibition of the National Academy there were about four hundred. This is not a very correct method of judging of the artistic excellence of a nation, but it is not far from correct in this case.

H. F.

A PICTURE BY MURILLO.—The time has yet to arrive when the march of empire westward will bring in its train our portion of those chef d'œuvres of painting and sculpture which adorn the princely palaces of Europe, and confer distinction upon the possessors of wealth and taste in humbler abodes. To us, who have never visited those miracles of art, the sight of one of them is too gratifying to be passed over without imparting a share of the pleasure to our less fortunate readers. For the first time in our lives, we have enjoyed the delight of seeing at the house of a friend one of the grand pictures of *MURILLO*, which was obtained by a distinguished connoisseur at Lima, in 1828, from the cloister of an old convent, where it had hung for countless years in ignoble seclusion. It had probably been brought from Spain during the life-time of the painter, as it is not described by any of his biographers, who have carefully enumerated the works of his pencil. This idea is strengthened by the fact of his having inscribed his name upon the picture, which is not to be found upon any of his master-pieces at Madrid and Seville. Although it has not escaped the injuries of time and ignorance, it appears to have had the rare good fortune never to have passed through the hands of a restorer or scourer: the whole effect of its magical colouring remains unobscured, except a few touches of the brush of some dauber, who has tried the experiment of adding freshness to the rose.

The subject of it is the Holy Family, of life-size. Saint Joseph is seen in the background, with the infant Saviour in his arms, presenting him to his mother, who is kneeling with extended hands to receive the precious burthen of love. Like most of his great scriptural pictures, the composition is simple and natural, exhibiting a familiar scene in domestic life, elevated by expression, and ennobled by beauty. The Saint's face, which is of the true Andalusian type, is fraught with benignity, as he graciously inclines toward the mother, with the infant resting tenderly in his hands as if supported by a bed of down. Nothing can surpass the graceful figure and attitude of the mother, whose features are literally overflowing with maternal affection, while she caressingly holds out her hands to receive her son. But the charm of the picture is the infant *DEITY* himself, upon whom the painter has lavished his art, and poured forth the inspiration of his genius. His position forms the centre of the group, and instantly arrests the attention and commands the admiration of the spectator. He looks as if just awakened from a deep slumber; his eye-lids are tinged with red, and the motion of his limbs betokens the sudden consciousness of suspended existence; his playful smiling features are radiant with joy at recognizing his mother, toward whom his hands are invitingly opened. His figure is foreshortened, and to such a degree that his legs are out of the canvass, instinct with life and motion. His flesh has the plumpness and transparency of perfect health, flushed with roseate tints; his appearance denotes a child of nine or ten months old, but without that expression of premature intelligence by which the infant Saviour is distinguished in the pictures of *RAPHAEL*. He is, in short, just one of those angelic creatures fresh from the hands of the CREATOR, oftener found in the cradles of peasants than of princes. The hands and feet of all the figures are painted with warmth, and with such sun-light transparency, that the ruddy current seems actually coursing beneath the skin. Indeed the whole tone of the picture is so life-like, that for the moment

found leisure from pressing avocations to peruse. The paper on 'Architecture in the United States' is from the pen of one who 'knows' whereof he writes; and he has not been sparing of deserved satire upon the sad and ridiculous mistakes of those among us who are miscalled architects. High praise is awarded to our 'Trinity Church, now in progress of erection. 'In size, in the delicacy and propriety of its decoration, and in the beauty of its general effect, it surpasses any church erected in England since the revival of the pointed style.' In a notice of the 'Writings of Miss BREMER,' MARY HOWITT 'suffers some,' on account of a certain hysteric preface of hers to a translation of one of the Swedish lady's productions, in which she complains of the American translations from this popular writer. Among the 'Critical Notices' which compose the last article in the Review, is a critique upon Mr. CORNELIUS MATHEWS's 'Writings,' including his poem on 'Man in his Various Aspects,' which embodies the opinions we have ourselves expressed in relation to them. Since the unfounded charge of being 'actuated by private pique,' which was brought against us by the author, cannot be assumed against the North American Review, we trust that our 'complainant' will not object that we fortify our own estimate of his literary merits by grave authority. The following is an extract:

'Mr. MATHEWS has shown a marvellous skill in failing, each failure being more complete than the last. His comedy of 'The Politicians' is 'the most lamentable comedy;' and the reader exclaims, with Hippolyta, 'This is the silliest stuff that ever I heard.' The 'Career of Puffer Hopkins' is an elaborately bad imitation of DICKENS; and must be ranked in fiction where 'The Politicians' stands in the drama. It aims at being comical, and satirical upon the times. The author studies hard to portray the motley characters which move before the observer in a large city; but he has not enough of the vision and the faculty divine, to make them more than melancholy ghosts of what they profess to be. The attempts at humor are inexpressibly dismal; the burlesque overpowers the most determined reader, by its leaden dullness. The style is ingeniously tasteless and feeble. He who has read it through can do or dare anything. Mr. MATHEWS suffers from several erroneous opinions. He seems to think that literary elegance consists in the very qualities which make elegance impossible. Simplicity and directness of language he abominates. When he has an idea to express, he aims, apparently, to convert it into a riddle, by inventing the most forced, unnatural, and distorted expressions. If the thing can be obscured, he is sure to obscure it. He seems to say to the reader, 'Can you guess? do you give it up?' But then, less obliging than the maker of charades, he leaves the puzzled victim without an explanation at last. He studies a singularity of phrase at once crabbed and finical, and overloads his pages with far-fetched epithets, that are at once harsh and unmeaning. He seems to have been told that he has wit and humor, and—strange delusion!—to believe it. He writes as if he imagined that he possessed the inventive power: never was a greater mistake. These qualities and these mistakes make his prose writings unreadable and intolerable, at least all the later ones. But when to the charms of his ordinary style are added the attractions of verse, then the same aches with the combined and heightened beauties. The present volume exaggerates all his literary vices. The plan of these poems is very well; if executed with taste and power, the volume would have been interesting. As it is, we have here and there a good line, a striking figure, or a bold expression. But most of the poems are deformed by harshness of versification, feebleness of thought, and every species of bad writing. Compounded words, never seen before, and impossible to be pronounced, epithets detailed on service for which they are wholly unfit, figures that illustrate nothing but their own absurdity, and rhymes that any common book would die of, astonish the reader on every page. Had the poet purposely aimed to twist the English language into every conceivable form of awkwardness; had he designed to illustrate, for the use of beginners, every possible defect and every positive fault of diction; his success in accomplishing the object could not have been more complete.'

We annex a few of the 'original' beauties which the reviewer has selected from Mr. MATHEWS's poem. Two or three of them, we perceive, are identical with those which we ourselves selected from that luminous effort of the mind and the imagination:

'We had marked many characteristic passages in the present volume, to illustrate the observations we have felt called on to make. But we have space only for a few lines. In the first poem, besides many other absurdities of thought as well as expression, occurs this line:

'Strides he the globe, or CANVASS-TEMS the sea.'

Who ever heard of the verb to *canvass-tem*? To *canvass-back* the sea would be much more rational.

In the second poem we find this luminous line:

'CLEAR AS THE OLEAN, round midnight at its full.'

which must be very clear indeed.

What can be the meaning of the following words in the 'Teacher'?

'Whose eyes cry light through all its dawning void.'

Again, in the 'Farmer':

'Fierce revolutions rush in wild-armed haste.'

In the 'Mechanic,' the following very intelligible direction is given to the architect:

'In the first Builder's gracious spirit work,
Through hall, through engineery, and STAMPESS MARK,
IN GRANDER TOWERED, OR LAPING BEAUTY-SLIER,
Let order and creative fitness shine.'

In the 'Merchant,' the poet affirms:

'Undimmed the man should through the trader shine,
And show the soul UNBARED by his craft.'

This can only mean, that the soul of the trader ought not to be supplied with babies by his craft.

The 'Sculptor' ends with this prediction:

'And up shall spring through all the broad-set land,
The FAIR WHITE PEOPLE of thy love unnumbered.'

In the 'Journalist,' we find the following directions to the printer:

'Hell not the quiet of a Chosen Land,
Thou grimy man over thine engine bending.'

Hell, as a common noun, is a sufficiently uncomfortable idea; but when converted into an active verb, it becomes positively alarming.

The poet thus advises 'The Muses':

'In vast assemblies calm, let order rule,
And every shout a cadence owning,
Make musical the vexed winds moaning,
AND BE AS LITTLE CHILDREN AT A SINGING-SCHOOL.'

And the 'Reformer' is told to

'Seize by its horns the shaggy Past,
Full of uncleanness.'

A PRACTICAL TREATISE ON MIDWIFERY. By M. CHAILLY, M. D., Professor of Midwifery, etc., etc. With two hundred and sixteen wood-cuts. Translated from the French, and edited by Dr. GUNNING S. BEDFORD, of the University of New-York. In one volume. pp. 530. HARPER AND BROTHERS.

THIS work comes to us under the fairest auspices. The author, M. CHAILLY, is a distinguished Parisian lecturer on Obstetrics, a pupil of the eminent PAUL DUBOIS, of the University of Paris, and generally recognized as the exponent of the views of that celebrated *accoucheur*. By all who are familiar (and who of the medical world is not?) with the high reputation of DUBOIS for sound medical philosophy and unbounded practical knowledge, it has been long regretted that the just opinions he so eloquently promulgates in the lecture-room have never assumed the diffusible shape of a printed book. M. CHAILLY, in the work before us, supplies us with that which has been so much desired, and which Prof. DUBOIS himself, from some cause not easily appreciated, has so long withheld from the world. The Parisian board of public instruction has moreover stamped the work of M. CHAILLY with their approbation, and fixed it as the standard text-book of the French medical schools. This is a promise of excellence which a diligent perusal of the work will fully confirm. Professor BEDFORD, the American translator, who has performed his duty as might be expected from his high character and prominent position, as Professor of the flourishing medical school of the University of New-York, felt the want of a good text-book for the student, and a sound practical guide for the physician, and has exhibited a sound judgment in this selection to supply that want. The work of VELPEAU, hitherto unquestionably the most popular book with the medical profession, is diffuse and speculative. The present work is direct, concise, and complete. Dr. BEDFORD has enriched the original with copious notes, the result of his own extensive experience and observation. The publishers have performed their duty well, in presenting the work in a handsome library form; and it is only the very extensive business facilities of the MESSRS. HARPERS that could afford so full and well illustrated a *scientific* book at so reasonable a price.

THE LITERARY REMAINS OF THE LATE WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK: including the 'OLLAPODIANA' papers, 'The Spirit of Life,' and a choice Selection from his Miscellaneous Prose and Poetical Writings. With a Memoir of the Author. Edited by LEWIS GAYLORD CLARK. Complete in five Numbers of ninety-six pages each. New-York: BURGESS, STRINGER AND COMPANY.

It does not become us, perhaps, to enlarge upon the merits of this work, the character of which is known to many of our readers. As there are *other* many of them, however, who may not be conversant with much of the prose which makes up a large portion of its contents—having become subscribers to this Magazine since the 'Ollapodiana' papers and the other prose miscellanies appeared in its pages—we shall venture to present a few extracts, and to preface them with the following remarks of the able Editor of the *United States Gazette*, of Philadelphia, upon the writer's merits; praise, we may add, which has been confirmed by the kindred commendation of almost every journal in the Union: 'Messrs. BURGESS, STRINGER AND COMPANY, of New-York, have commenced the publication, in a series of numbers, of the Literary Remains of WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK. The first number has been for some days upon our table, and after a biographical notice of the author, contains a portion of the 'Ollapodiana,' those admirable papers furnished for the KNICKERBOCKER. Almost every body, who read five years ago, knows the beauties of CLARK's composition. They are permanent beauties; beauties that always are to be found by those who ever had taste to admire them. They are not dependant upon a jingle of words for temporary popularity; they appeal from the heart to the heart, in language that knows no variation of time. They express sentiments that are permanent, feelings common to mankind; and those who would profit by a delicate delineation of the affections of the human heart, will love the poetry of CLARK. Those who would have a broader seal set upon manners, and the peculiarities of the mind set forth in pleasant grotesqueness, will smile at the 'Ollapodiana.' But all will profit by *all*; and we regard it as a literary obligation conferred upon the age, and carrying with it a moral obligation also, to multiply the copies of such writings as CLARK prepared. We express not our feelings, when we write of CLARK as an author. There are some of us who knew his heart better than he did, and who have never forgotten his worth. These monuments, that are erected to his fame from his own works, like the trophies of victory, moulded to a triumphal pillar, denote public respect. Individual feeling loves a silent flow, that is constant and hearty.'

If the reader has had the fortune to travel in a canal-*packet*, in the summer *solstice*, he will readily recognize the faithfulness of the following picture:

'At first, when you embark, all seems fair; the eleemosynary negro, who vexes his clarionet, and governs its tuneless ventages, to pay for his passage, seems a very Apollo to your ear; the appointments of the boat appear ample; a populous town slowly glides from your view, and you feel quite comfortable and contented. As yet, you have not gone below. 'Things above' attract your attention—some pretty point of landscape, or distant steeple, shining among the summer trees. Anon, the scenery becomes tame, and you descend. A feeling comes over you as you draw your first breath in the cabin, which impels to the holding of your nose. The cabin is full; you have hit your head twice against the ceiling thereof, and stumbled sundry times against the seats at the side. Babies, vociferous babies, are playing with their mothers' noses, or squalling in appalling concert. If you stir, your foot treads heavily upon the bulbous toes of some recumbent passenger; if you essay to sleep, the gabble of those around you, or the noisy gurgle of a lock, arouses you to consciousness; and then, if you are of that large class of persons in whom the old Adam is not entirely crucified, then you *sneer*. Have you any desire for literary entertainment? Approach the table. There shall you find sundry tracts; a copy of the Temperance Recorder; Goldsmith's Animated Nature, and Plutarch's Lives. By and by dinner approaches: and oh! how *awful* the suspense between the hours of preparation and realization! Slowly, and one by one, the dishes appear. At long intervals, or spaces of separation from each other—say five for the whole length of the boat—you behold tumbler arranged, with two forlorn radishes in each. The butter lies like gravy in the plate; the unadorned passengers of the masculine gender draw nigh to the scanty board; the captain comes near, to act his oft-repeated part, as President of the day. Oh, gracious! 'tis a scene of enormous cry and scanty wool. It mendicants description. . . . But the grand charm and scene of a canal packet is in the evening. You go below, and there you behold a hot and motley assemblage. A kind of stillness begins to reign around. It seems as if a protracted meeting were about to commence. Clergymen, capitalists, long-sided merchants, who have come from far, green-horns, taking their first experience of the wonders of the deep on the *canal*, all these are huddled together in wild and inexplicable confusion. By and by the captain takes his seat, and the roll of berths is called. Then, what confu-

sion! Layer upon layer of humanity is suddenly shelved for the night; and in the preparation, what a world of bustle is required! Boots are released from a hundred feet, and their owners deposit them wherever they can. There was one man, OLLARON beheld him, who pulled off the boots of another person, thinking the while — mistaken individual! — that he was disrobing his own shrunken legs of their leathern integuments, so thick were the limbs and feet that steamed and moved round about. Another tourist, fat, oily and round who had bribed the steward for two chairs placed by the side of his berth, whereon to rest his abdomen, amused the assembly by calling out; 'Here, waiter! bring me another pillow! I have got the ear-ache, and have put the first one into my ear!' Thus wore the hours away. Sleep, you cannot. Feeble moschetoës, residents in the boat, whose health suffers from the noisome airs they are nightly compelled to breathe, do their worst to annoy you; and then, Phœbus Apollo! how the sleepers snore! There is every variety of this music, from the low wheeze of the asthmatic, to the stentorian grunt of the corpulent and profound. Nose after nose lifts up its tuneful oratory, until the place is vocal. Some communicative free-thinkers talk in their sleep, and altogether, they make a concerto and a diapason equal to that which Milton speaks of, when through the sonorous organ 'from many a row of pipes, the sound-board breathes.' At last, morning dawns; you ascend into pure air, with hair unkempt, body and spirit unrefreshed, and show yourself to the people of some populous town into which you are entering, as you wash your face in canal water or deck, from a hand basin! It is a scene, I say again, take it for all in all, that throws description upon the parish, and makes you a pauper in words. 'Oke jam satis!'

Let the old bachelor, who 'longs but fears to marry,' perpend the annexed invitation to matrimony:

'SOME of my contemporaries have supposed that the estate of a Benedict forbiddeth the resident therein to disport himself as aforesaid, in the flowery fields of fancy, and to amble at random through the remembered groves of the academy, or the rich gardens of imaginative delight. Verily this is not so. To the right-minded man, all these enjoyments are increased; the ties that bind him to earth are strengthened and multiplied: he anticipates new affections and pleasures, which your cold individual, careering *solus* through a vale of tears, with no one to share with him his gouts of optical salt water, wots not of. As a beloved friend once said unto me: 'When a good man *veils*, as when he dies, angels lead his spirit into a quiet land, full of holiness and peace; full of all pleasant sights, and 'beautiful exceedingly.' One's dreams may not all be realized, for *dreams* never are; but the reality will differ from, and be a thousand fold sweeter, than any dreams; those shadowy and impalpable though gorgeous entities, that fit over the twilight of the soul, after the sun of judgment has set. I never hear of a friend having accomplished hymenization, without sending after him a world of good wishes and honest prayers. Amid the ambition, the selfishness, the heartless jostling with the world, which every son of Adam is obliged more or less to encounter, it is no common blessing to retire therefrom into the calm recesses of domestic existence, and to feel around your temples the airs that are wafted from fragrant wings of the Spirit of Peace, soft as the breath which curled the crystal light

——— of Zion's fountains,
When love, and hope, and joy were here,
And beautiful upon her mountains,
The feet of angel messengers.'

No common boon is it — we speak in the rich sentence of a German writer — to enjoy 'a look into a pure loving eye; a word without falseness, from a bride without guile; and close beside you in the still watches of the night, a soft-breathing breast, in which there is nothing but paradise, a sermon, and a midnight prayer!'

Here is a specimen of 'the show-man's trick,' which, as old MATTHEWS used to say, 'made a great laugh at the time:'

'It is diverting in the extreme to observe the pompous grandiloquence in the advertisements of the amusement-furnishing public, about Christmas and New-Year. Sublimity glares from the theatrical hand-bill, and the menagerie affiche. Curiosity, then, have a 'most magnanimous value.' I remember, not long ago, that I desired a lovely lady, a French countess, to accompany me to a Zoological Institute, to behold an *American Eagle*. I was pleased at the expressed wish which led me to make the invitation, and proud of the prospect of showing a living emblem of our country's insignia to one who felt an interest in the subject. The bills of the institute set forth, that 'the grand Columbia's Eagle was the monarch of its tribe, measuring an unprecedented length from the tip of one wing to the other, in full plumage and vigor.' The countess had never seen but one eagle, in the *Jardin des Plantes* at Paris, and that was a small one, and ungrown; so that her anticipations of novelty were as great as mine. We went, and with interesting expectancy, asked of the president of the institute, who was engaged in the noble pursuit of feeding a sick baboon with little slices of cold pork, to discover to us 'Columbia's eagle.' He marshalled us to the other end of the institute, past the cages of lions, bears, libbards, and other animals — among which was a singular *quadruped*, with six legs — to the cage of the eagle. 'There,' he exclaimed, with professional monotony, 'there is the proud bird of our country, that *was* caught in the West, and *has* been thought to have killed many animals in his life-time. He *was* five hours and twenty-three minutes in being put into the cage, so strong *was* his wings. Look at him *cluz*. He'll bear inspection. Jist observe the keen *trisk* of his eye.'

'An involuntary and hearty laugh from us both, followed the sight, and the announcement. It was a dismal looking bird, about the size of a goodly owl, with a crest-fallen aspect, the feathers of the tail and wings dwindled to a few ragged quills; and the shivering fowl, standing on one leg, looked with a vacant, spectral eye at his visitors. Nothing could be so perfectly burlesque, and we enjoyed it deeply and long. I shall never be deceived by show-bills again.'

The following must close our quotations. We venture to say that it describes a scene which many a reader has more than once witnessed :

'TALKING of a man's making a hero of himself, reminds me of an old friend of mine, who is fond of telling long stories about fights and quarrels that he has had in his day, and who always makes his hearer his opponent for the time, so as to give effect to what he is saying.' Not long ago I met him at 'Change, at a business hour, when all the commercing multitudes of the city were together, and you could scarcely turn, for the people. The old fellow fixed his eye on me; there was a fatal fascination in it. Getting off without recognition, would have been unpardonable disrespect. In a moment his finger was in my button-hole, and his rheumy optics glittering with the satisfaction of your true bore, when he has met with an unresisting subject. I listened to his common-places with the utmost apparent satisfaction. Directly, he began to speak of an altercation which he once had with an officer in the navy. He was relating the particulars. 'Some words,' said he, 'occurred between him and me. Now you know that he is a much younger man than I am; in fact, about your age. Well, he 'made use of an expression' which I did not exactly like. Says I to him, says I, 'What do you mean by that?' 'Why,' says he to me, says he, 'I mean just what I say.' Then I began to bawl. There was an impromptu elevation of my personal dandrift, which was unaccountable. I didn't waste words on him; I just took him in this way,' (here the old *spooney* suited the action to the word, by seizing the collar of my coat, before the assemblage,) 'and says I to him, says I, 'You infernal scoundrel, I will punish you for your insolence on the spot!' and the manner in which I shook him (just in this way) was really a warning to a person similarly situated.'

'I felt myself at this moment in a beautiful predicament; in the midst of a large congregation of business people; an old gray-headed man hanging, with an indignant look, at my coat-collar; and a host of persons looking on. The old fellow's face grew redder every minute; but perceiving that he was observed, he lowered his voice in the *detail*, while he lifted it in the worst places of his colloquy. 'You infernal scoundrel, and catiff, and villain,' says I, 'what do you mean, to insult an elderly person like myself, in a public place like this?' and then, said he, lowering his malsapropos voice, 'then I shook him, so.'

'Here he pushed me to and fro, with his septuagenarian gripe on my collar, as if instead of a patient much bored friend, I was his deadly enemy. When he let go, I found myself in a ring of spectators. 'Shame, shame! to insult an old man like him!' was the general cry. 'Young puppy!' said an elderly merchant, whose good opinion was my heart's desire, 'what excuse have you for your conduct?'

'Thus was I made a martyr to my good feelings. I have never recovered from the stigma of that interview. I have been pointed at in the street by persons who have said as I passed them, 'That's the young chap that insulted old General ———, at the Exchange!'

We should not omit to state that the publishers have done ample justice to the work. It is beautifully stereotyped and printed upon new type and fine white paper, and the numbers are enclosed in very neat and tasteful covers. The work we are glad to say meets with a liberal and constant sale.

ITALY AND THE ITALIANS. In a Series of Letters. By J. T. HEADLEY. In one volume. pp. 64. New-York: L. S. PLATT.

MR. PLATT has commenced a series of publications, at a moderate price, which should secure a liberal share of the public favor. These 'Letters,' which form the initial number, are replete with interest. Many of them appeared in the original foreign correspondence of the '*Tribune*' daily journal, where they excited the admiration of the press, and 'the people' whom the press represents; but a large portion now see the light for the first time. MR. HEADLEY has not given us, in tiresome detail, minute descriptions of galleries of art and public edifices; although his description of St. Peter's at Rome, (a 'nice building, with a dome handsomely scooped out,') is the most vivid picture of that world-renowned structure that we ever perused. He has wisely chosen rather to illustrate the people and country by things perhaps trifling in themselves, but which give to the reader a constant succession of 'sketches from Nature,' which are not only very pleasant to read, but which it is quite evident are exceedingly faithful. 'The condition of the people,' in short, 'occupies more space than the condition of art, simply because the latter is well known, while the former is almost wholly neglected.' Briefly, for 'brief must we be,' the book affords what MR. RAMSBOTTOM would call 'a supreme *coup-d'œil*' (coup d'œil) of 'Italy and the Italians,' and is presented in a dress worthy of its internal merits.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

OUR old friend and correspondent 'HARRY FRANCO' cometh late, but he can never arrive too late to be welcome. Let us hope only that he will not object to being placed as it were 'below the salt,' instead of being seated with his peers at the more conspicuous board of the 'regulars.' He has deftly touched a fruitful theme, at which we have more than once hinted in this department of the KNICKERBOCKER.

THE IMPUDENCE OF THE FRENCH.

KEEP your tempers, Messieurs; we shall not quarrel. There is a difference between Impudence and Impertinence. The two words are often used synonymously by the vulgar, but they are no more alike than any other two words that begin with an I. 'When we behold an angel, not to fear is to be IMPUDENT,' says DRYDEN: 'We should avoid the IMPERTINENCE of pedants,' says SWIFT. These two great masters of the English tongue have well defined the difference between the two words. There is always an air of confident greatness about impudence that wins respect, and not infrequently success. ALEXANDER was assuredly the most impudent man of his time; so was CÆSAR; so was LUTHER. Even now, when half the human race has grown impudent, we cannot but wonder at the impudence of that obscure monk. GALILEO, too, was a very impudent fellow until the well-bred 'Rev. and dear Sirs' of his time taught him modesty. And CROMWELL! what an Arch-Impudence was he! And NAPOLEON! he put Impudence itself to the blush. And have there been no Impudences among us? It cannot be denied that our Fourth-of-July-men made a very impudent declaration, to say the least of it. But these were all individual instances. The French are impudent as a nation. They have no sense of modesty. They insist that all the world shall eat French, drink French, talk French, dance French, and dress French. Did ever any traveller visit a city or town in any quarter of the globe in which a Frenchman had not set up a restaurant? FANNY ELLSLER was astonished when she landed at the American Hotel, to find that her dinner had been prepared by a Parisian cook; and yet she had come over here to show us her French steps. Simple Fanny! How did she think we could live without French cookery, if we could not live without French dancing? What traveller has ever visited a remote village that a French *modiste* had not visited before him? Is it possible to dine any where, without having a French bill of fare thrust into your hand, and some dish with an *à la* under your nose? Is there a living being in any part of the world willing to make oath to having visited a ball-room or a church without encountering a French dress or a French bonnet? The Quakers cannot; they would as soon wear scarlet ribbons as any other than French gloves and French muslins.

Untravelled New-Yorkers as they walk through Broadway, and see the names of *Mons. Grand-this* and *Mons. Grand-that* 'from Paris,' over every other shop-door, and see the French shoes, the French gloves, the French chocolate, the French clocks, the *liqueurs*, the *bon-bons*, the *bijouterie*, the *meringues*, the *pâtes-de-foi-gras*, in the windows, may think that the Gauls have marked us for their 'own peculiar;' but it is so in St. Petersburg, 'tis so in Constantinople, 'tis so in Lima, in the Banda Orientale, in Rio, in Mexico, in Montreal, in London, in Vienna, in Boston, in Philadelphia, in Grand Cairo — 'tis so all over the earth. The Sorbonne and the Louvre rule the world. Can any body be tired, or weary, or dumpyish? No. We must be *ennuyé*, or *blazé*, or *fatigué*, or something else ending in *é*. Does any lady ever give an evening party? No. Nothing but a *soirée*. Are there any more gatherings of friends? No; only *réunions*. Is it possible to dance a cotillion in English? Is there any body in New-York with sufficient moral courage to sleep upon anything short of a French bedstead? Is there a chamber-maid who will lie upon anything less than a *paliastre*? Are there any more fat, or plump, or round, or full people? No. Even Falstaff would be inclined to *embonpoint* if he were alive, in these days of Gallic supremacy. Well might VICTOR COUSIN and the rest of them declare that the French were not defeated at Waterloo. The allied armies entered Paris it is true, but they made their Exodus in slavery. The English, Germans and Russians went home from France manacled with French fashions, and not a soul of them has dared to assert his independence since.

We are by no means sure that French cookery has not done more to preserve the peace of Europe, during the last twenty years, than all other causes put together. It is impossible to think of a war with France. The mind staggers under the supposititious case of the nations of the earth deprived of French *bon-bons*. Imagine the commerce with France suspended! Who would perfume us? who feast us? who dress us? Where would our gloves come from? what should we do for slippers? how should we be off for soap? Would there be any more ribbons? any more brandy fruits? any more *meringues*? any more chocolate? Where should we look for another BLANCARD, another FAUVEL-GOURANT? Would there be any more dancing? any more fashions? any more anything? The *Mystères de Paris* nobody knows any thing about but the Parisians themselves, and they are too cunning to pronounce their open sesame loud enough to be heard by the rest of the world. How like gudgeons we all snapped at the bait of EUGENE SUE! But the *Mystères de Paris* are written in a kind of Parisian Coptic, which none but the Parisian can read.

The English eat, or at least a portion of them do, and they cook, but who ever heard of an English eating-house, or of an English cook? We have heard of DOLLY's chop-house, but its reputation was gained by the quality of its guests rather than the merit of its cook. For aught the world knows to the contrary, there is not an eating-house in any of the European capitals beside Paris. But every body knows the names, the situation, and even the *carte du jour* of at least a dozen restaurants in the French capital without ever having been there. The 'Rocher' is as well known as the Rock of Gibraltar, and Verry and Chénais have reputations as extended as those of Guizot and Thiers. Vatel is more famous than Vattel, and the cook will doubtless be remembered when the philosopher is forgotten: he will never die, at least, while the memory of Sevigné lives.

Not long since we saw on a sign-board, stuck up at the entrance of a cellar on the corner of Reade-street and Broadway, '*Au Rocher de Cancale*,' painted in very soup-maigish looking letters, with an attempt at the representation of an oyster-shell. Now look at the impudence of the thing; at the Frenchness of it! Here we are with our Prince's Bay, our York-rivers, our Mill-ponders, our Shrewsburies, and Blue pointers, a shilling's worth of either worth all the shell-fish that ever grew on the French coast; and this Parisian sets up his sign in the midst of these marine riches, with a '*ROCHER DE CANCALE*!' No other nation could have been guilty of such arrogance. No Englishman has ever had the temerity to insult us with an allusion to his dirty 'natives.'

What would be thought of an American who should have the presumption to open a

House of Refreshment in the Rue St. Jacques or the Palais Royale, and announce to the Parisians that he would serve up for them Prince's Bay oysters, fried, stewed, roasted or in the shell; clam soup, pumpkin-pies, waffles, hoe-cakes and slap-jacks, or mush-and-milk and buck-wheats? Would the most inquisitive or most vulgar man in France venture within the doors of a house where such barbarisms were perpetrated? But why not, Monsieur! Why not, as well as for us to crowd the *salons* of the Messieurs who tempt us with their equally outlandish *carte à manger*, or who exclaim to us when we enter:

'Mon salon est toujours gamé,
Et mon buffet bien assorti,
Ou vante mon chablis,
Mes huîtres, mes radis,
Ainsi que mes salmis
De perdrix :

Mes godiveaux au ris ;
Mes tourtes, mes hachis ;
Fameux pâlis, gros et petits ;
Bœuf au naturel, au coulis ;
Papillotes,
Gibelotes,
Matelotes,
Fines compotes,' etc., etc.

Why should not we send over some of our JENNINGSSES and STETSONS, our BERGALEWS and DOWNINGS, to repay our French friends for their many favors, and instruct them in the art of making pumpkin-pies and eating canvass-back ducks? The French at present know little more about us than that Doctor FRANKLIN made lightning-rods, and that COOPER writes Indian novels. They eat nothing that we raise, they wear nothing that we make, they adopt none of our fashions, they use none of our phrases. You would look in vain in the *carte* of any restaurateur in Paris for such delicacies as apple-dumplings or corn-bread, and you might call in a Parisian café until you were hoarse, for a 'cobbler' or a julep, without getting either. Yet our uppish people will eat nothing, drink nothing, wear nothing that is not French. We have been told of certain brokers in Wall-street who import even their *desserts* from Paris; not their *deserts*, my friend, for the guillotine is the only French thing which we don't imitate or import. No wine is fit for our tables without the prefix of a *chateau* something; every thing that is composed of wool is something *de laine*, and all our clothes are made of *drap de* this or *drap de* that.

But let us not paint our Gallic friends a shade darker than they deserve. They have taught us the use of napkins and silver forks; they give us the best perfumery in the world, and make the best gravies for our meats. What is the privilege of writing the songs of a nation, compared with the privilege of setting its fashions? The supremacy of the French in all matters of taste is not the effect of accident. Why do they rule the world by their elegancies? There is a philosophy in these things, as well as in every thing else, which is worthy of grave consideration.

The secret of French authority lies in the simple truth that they count every thing worthy of being well done which is worth doing at all. We have grades of usefulness. Not so with them. Whether they make a pâté or build a palace, it is a grave matter; and the consequence is, that their pâtés as well as their palaces excel those of the other kingdoms of Europe. The Louvre is as much superior to Buckingham Palace as a Charlotte-Rumée is to a Yorkshire pudding. Cookery and Architecture are the first arts practised by mankind, and the last in which they arrive at perfection. The French excel all other nations in both. The condition of one art might be ascertained with precision by examining the state of the other in any part of the world, or in any age. When cooks served up pastry with peacocks' tails sticking out of the top crust, architects built gothic churches and campanile towers. Penault and Vatel ornamented the same age. One built a palace and the other cooked a dinner, and they are both immortal. It would be no difficult matter to guess at the extravagance and unhealthiness of our kitchens, from a glance at our Ex-

change and Custom House. The ponderous marble and granite boulders in these senseless structures have their correspondents in many a lump of indigestible food; and the bazarreterie of the new Trinity Church have their correspondents in many a temple composed of macaronis and cocoanut candies.

We have grades of usefulness, but it is no easy matter to discover the principles upon which our scale of respect is graduated: money is not always the test of merit; it matters how you get it. If you earn it yourself, it will not entitle you to half the respect it would if your father or grandfather earned it for you. Any occupation which soils the hands or the clothes, is looked upon with disfavor by the upper classes. A broker who never does any thing that is either useful or ornamental, grows nothing, invents nothing, imagines nothing; who instructs nobody, amuses nobody, enriches nobody; who leaves the world in the same condition that he found it, may be called a gentleman, visit in the first circles, have those mysterious letters, *E. S. Q.*, written after his name, and if he is rich, will be elected a member of more societies than will be agreeable to him. But a wig-maker who has invented a new spring for a toupée, or a new dye for the hair, and thereby really done mankind a service, could no more get into the first circles with us than he could go to heaven, like Mahomet, on the back of an ass. Shoemakers' wives and bakers' daughters are people of whose acquaintance nobody ever speaks boastingly. I once knew the nephew of a barber who always blushed when his uncle was named in his hearing. But an attorney's lady, or a banker's daughter, are often paraded in an ostentatious manner before one by their friends, and I have never known the nephew of 'a' soldier-officer, whose business is to take people's lives, blush at the profession of his relative. It cannot be expected that men will labor in callings that gain them only the contempt of their neighbors; and therefore while it is accounted disgraceful among us to do any thing that is useful, we must be content to remain dependent upon any people who have more sense in regard to this matter than ourselves.

We are very well aware that shoemakers and pastry-cooks are not the kind of people who compose the French court; but there can be no denial of the fact that certain kinds of artisans are treated by the French people with a greater degree of respect than they are with us. Very different from the dogged surliness of an Englishman, or the who-cares-for-you manner of our own countrymen, is the air of conscious self-respect of certain classes of French tradesmen. In the present condition of our society, we hold it to be among the impossible things to make a decent pastry-cook out of an American citizen, or a decent citizen out of a pastry-cook. But is there any good reason why we should not! Do not pastry-cooks contribute as much toward human happiness as sugar-refiners or importers of molasses? Should you not feel as well disposed toward the individual who had made a meringue to your liking, as toward him who had imported the materials of which it was composed? The King of the French seats artists at his dinner-table, bestows the 'legion of honor' upon them; pays them liberally for their works, and settles pensions upon them. Artists with us, as artists, do not often find their way into our upper circles; if they are respectable in their habits and associates, they are rather countenanced for their respectability than noticed for their genius. We know a whiskey-distiller who refused his daughter to a portrait-painter, unless he would abandon his profession; simply because it was a low calling.

It is very common with us to call the French triflers; but it is one of the many bad habits which we have inherited from the English, and the sooner we free ourselves from it, the better will it be for us. We shall never be ambitious to excel a people whom we pretend to despise. If doing small things well be trifling, then the French are triflers. But what must we call them for their great works? There is no art, no science, no department of learning in which the English excel them. They are the best architects in Europe; the best physicians; the best chemists, the best astronomers. They have cut off the head of one king and banished another; what more have the English done? But they can afford to be called any thing: they set the fashions of the whole world. Queen VICTORIA is as

much a subject of LOUIS PHILIPPE in her dress as any lady in France. With all her immense territory, her great authority, she cannot change the fashion of a bonnet.

The difference between French and English art is as great as the difference between the Louvre and the National Gallery in Trafalgar Square; and about the same relative difference prevails with regard to us. At the last exhibition of the Louvre there were four thousand paintings offered; at the last exhibition of the National Academy there were about four hundred. This is not a very correct method of judging of the artistic excellence of a nation, but it is not far from correct in this case.

H. F.

A PICTURE BY MURILLO.—The time has yet to arrive when the march of empire westward will bring in its train our portion of those chef d'œuvres of painting and sculpture which adorn the princely palaces of Europe, and confer distinction upon the possessors of wealth and taste in humbler abodes. To us, who have never visited those miracles of art, the sight of one of them is too gratifying to be passed over without imparting a share of the pleasure to our less fortunate readers. For the first time in our lives, we have enjoyed the delight of seeing at the house of a friend one of the grand pictures of MURILLO, which was obtained by a distinguished connoisseur at Lima, in 1828, from the cloister of an old convent, where it had hung for countless years in ignoble seclusion. It had probably been brought from Spain during the life-time of the painter, as it is not described by any of his biographers, who have carefully enumerated the works of his pencil. This idea is strengthened by the fact of his having inscribed his name upon the picture, which is not to be found upon any of his master-pieces at Madrid and Seville. Although it has not escaped the injuries of time and ignorance, it appears to have had the rare good fortune never to have passed through the hands of a restorer or scourer: the whole effect of its magical colouring remains unobscured, except a few touches of the brush of some dauber, who has tried the experiment of adding freshness to the rose.

The subject of it is the Holy Family, of life-size. Saint Joseph is seen in the background, with the infant SAVIOUR in his arms, presenting him to his mother, who is kneeling with extended hands to receive the precious burthen of love. Like most of his great scriptural pictures, the composition is simple and natural, exhibiting a familiar scene in domestic life, elevated by expression, and ennobled by beauty. The Saint's face, which is of the true Andalusian type, is fraught with benignity, as he graciously inclines toward the mother, with the infant resting tenderly in his hands as if supported by a bed of down. Nothing can surpass the graceful figure and attitude of the mother, whose features are literally overflowing with maternal affection, while she caressingly holds out her hands to receive her son. But the charm of the picture is the infant DEITY himself, upon whom the painter has lavished his art, and poured forth the inspiration of his genius. His position forms the centre of the group, and instantly arrests the attention and commands the admiration of the spectator. He looks as if just awakened from a deep slumber; his eye-lids are tinged with red, and the motion of his limbs betokens the sudden consciousness of suspended existence; his playful smiling features are radiant with joy at recognizing his mother, toward whom his hands are invitingly opened. His figure is foreshortened, and to such a degree that his legs are out of the canvass, instinct with life and motion. His flesh has the plumpness and transparency of perfect health, flushed with roseate tints; his appearance denotes a child of nine or ten months old, but without that expression of premature intelligence by which the infant SAVIOUR is distinguished in the pictures of RAPHAEL. He is, in short, just one of those angelic creatures fresh from the hands of the CREATOR, oftener found in the cradles of peasants than of princes. The hands and feet of all the figures are painted with warmth, and with such sun-light transparency, that the ruddy current seems actually coursing beneath the skin. Indeed the whole tone of the picture is so life-like, that for the moment

we cease believing it to be an illusion of lights and shadows reflected upon canvas. All the draperies are large and flowing, and broadly touched: that of the infant is a luminous white; the saint's is sombre; the mother's is of that violet tint, said to be peculiar to MURILLO, styled by the French, *lie de vin*.

In the grand compositions of RAPHAEL, we often see the actors grouped into a pyramidal form. In this of MURILLO, they present a diagonal line; extending from the head of the Saint to that of the mother, and down to a panner in the corner of the picture, which contains her needle-work attached to a cushion in the Spanish fashion. At her feet a small dog is seated, of the Mexican race, which appears alive. Saint Joseph is painted in shadow, and forms the second plan of the picture. Behind him are suspended some of the implements of his humble trade.

The fame of MURILLO out of his native country, has risen within these last ten or fifteen years to the highest rank, and his historical pictures are now classed with those of the greatest masters of the Italian school: as a colorist he is admitted to stand without a rival. This sudden extension of his merits is in some degree owing to the cheap acquisition of eight of his finest works by Marshal SOULT, when he was NAPOLEON'S governor of Andalusia. These pictures have been seen and admired by all the world in Paris. Two of them, the Return of the Prodigal Son, and Abraham Receiving the Angels, have passed from the gallery of the illustrious Marshal to that of the Duke of Sutherland, for a consideration. The fine collection of pictures of the Spanish schools, purchased by Baron Taylor for Louis PHILIPPE, and now exhibited in the Louvre, has contributed to the same effect. It contains MURILLO'S Virgin de la Faxe, a perfect master-piece of coloring, which cost one hundred and thirty thousand francs.

None of his great compositions are taken from profane history or mythology. He was in a manner interdicted from using subjects derived from those copious sources, by a decree of the Holy Inquisition of Andalusia, which prohibited painters and sculptors, under the penalties of fine and excommunication, from displaying in their works any lascivious or naked images. His landscapes and flower-girls are painted in the highest style of beauty; and his beggars have never been excelled in all the loathsome attributes of misery and disease. The fact of his never having been out of his native country, disposed critics to believe that his works must be deficient in that highest order of merit which exclusively belongs to the classic schools of Italy: they would not admit that species of excellence which knew how to adapt the highest subjects of art to the unlearned. Yet such was MURILLO'S influence over the human heart, that his genius enabled him to embellish truth, and to present it with all its graces and attractions to the understandings of all those who are endowed with an innate love of the beautiful. His pictures, like Gray's *Elegy in a Country Church-yard*, may with equal truth be said 'to abound in images which find a mirror in every mind, and with sentiments to which every bosom returns an echo.'

It is true that there is nothing academic to be found in his groups; no mysterious allegory; no theatrical display of the passions; very little of what is more talked of than understood, the beau-ideal. Nevertheless, he is always original, and never vulgar; his drawing is nearly faultless; his compositions are instantly felt and understood by all who have read the Scriptures, because they convey to the mind more of the evangelical character and attributes of Christianity than those of any other painter. On this subject some very characteristic remarks are made by the late Sir David Wilkie, in his letters from Jerusalem.*

His Madonnas, his saints, and even his Saviours, have the Spanish cast; all his figures are probably portraits, and all his forms have a national peculiarity of air, habit, and countenance; and although he often adopts a beautiful expression of nature, there is generally a peasant-like simplicity in his ideas. He gives occasional instances of great sublimity of expression, but it is a sublimity which neither forces nor enlarges nature: truth and simplicity are never out of sight. It is what the painter sees, not what he conceives,

* SEE letter to WILLIAM COLLINS, Esq., Vol. 3., p. 424: ALLEN CUNNINGHAM'S *Life of Sir David Wilkie*.

which is presented to you. Herein he is distinguished from his preceptor VELASQUEZ. That great master, by his courtly habits of intercourse, contracted a more proud and swelling character, to which the simple and chaste pencil of MURILLO never sought to aspire. A plain and pensive cast, sweetly attuned by humility and benevolence, marks his canvass; and on other occasions, where he is necessarily impassioned or inflamed, it is the zeal of devotion, the influx of pious inspiration, and never the guilty passions which he exhibits. In short, from what he sees, he separates from what he feels, and has within himself the counter-types of almost every object he describes.'

If it be true, (says his biographer, BEAMUDEZ,) that painters put their own portraits in their works, that is to say, that they exhibit their own genius, their propensities, affections, and the dispositions of their minds in them, the pictures of MURILLO bear a great analogy to his virtues, and the gentleness of his character. He was distinguished above all others of his profession by the mildness with which he instructed his pupils; by the urbanity with which he treated his rivals; by the humility with which he excused himself from becoming the painter of the Camara to CHARLES the Second, which was offered to him by the court; and for the charity with which he distributed the most liberal alms to the poor, who afterward deplored his death. But those who were most affected by it were his beloved scholars, who, overwhelmed with grief and anguish, could find no consolation for the loss of a father who loved them most dearly; of a master who instructed them with the utmost kindness, and of a protector who encouraged them by giving to each such portions of employment as enabled them to maintain themselves. This affectionate tribute to the character of MURILLO, must recall to the minds of our readers that beautiful passage in the letter of BALDASSARE CASTIGLIONE to his brother, which is said to express the feelings of all the artists in Rome upon the death of his friend RAPHAEL: '*Ma non mi pare esser a Roma, perchè non vi è più il mio poveretto RAFFAELLO.*'

MURILLO was born at Magdalena, near Seville, on the first day of January, 1618, and died on the third of April, 1682. He was buried in the church of Santa Cruz at Seville. The immediate cause of his death, although he had long been worn out by the anguish of his infirmities, was a fall from a scaffold while he was painting the Marriage of Saint Catharine for the Convent of Capuchins at Cadiz. Notwithstanding the many pictures which he painted, he died possessed of only a few rials, and some property which he had acquired by his wife.

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS. — We would respectfully ask the reader's attention to the advertisement of the '*Knickerbocker Library*,' on the second page of the cover of the present number. 'Our best exertions shall not be wanting' to make the series all that the publishers hope for it. That the *matériel* is good, our readers, we think, need not be informed. The plan has been cordially welcomed by the press, with a single exception; and in that, the *quo animo* was so apparent as to neutralize the slur intended by the writer. We shall be enabled to secure the earliest literary rarities on both sides of the water for the '*Knickerbocker Library*,' and the style in which they will be presented will be unsurpassed. . . . We lament in the recent death of WILLIS GAYLORD, the loss of a beloved relative, who was our elder companion in childhood and youth, and our faithful friend and correspondent, to the close of his useful and honored life. Mr. GAYLORD died at his beautiful residence of Limerock Farm, Onondaga county, on the 27th ultimo, after a brief illness. 'Few men,' says the *Albany Argus*, 'were better known throughout the agricultural community than Mr. GAYLORD. He was for many years one of the editors of '*The Genesee Farmer*,' and since the death of Judge BUEL, has been the senior editor of '*The Cultivator*.' As an agricultural writer, it is not too much to say, that his equal is not left to mourn his loss. He was also favorably known by his contributions to

our literary and scientific journals. He was distinguished as a warm-hearted philanthropist, and few men have more largely benefitted the community by their labors. His social virtues endeared him warmly to all by whom he was known. In the pathetic language of one by whom the intelligence of his death is communicated, he was truly 'the friend of the farmer—the friend of humanity.' We have the proceedings of a meeting of the New-York Agricultural Society, held in the State-House at Albany, on receiving the intelligence of the death of Mr. GAYLORD. The President, JOHN P. BEEKMAN, Esq., of Columbia county, passed a high and deserved eulogium upon the character of the deceased. 'The judgment of every intelligent farmer in the State,' he observed, 'will respond to the assertion that to no man whatever, excepting perhaps Judge BUEL, is the agriculture of the State more indebted than to Mr. GAYLORD. For myself, I can declare in all sincerity that there is no man whose writings caused within me a greater desire to be honored with a personal acquaintance. The character of WILLIS GAYLORD was in all respects what might be expected from his writings; benevolent, enlightened, elevated; yet plain, practical, unassuming. Every day of his useful life was marked, not merely by the exercise of his versatile talents on the multifarious subjects embraced by agriculture and the domestic arts, but by the acquisition and promulgation of knowledge in the wide range of science.' He was cordially esteemed by all who knew him; he had not an enemy in the world. Hon. CALVIN HUBBARD, of the Legislature, offered resolutions in testimony of the deep regret which the death of Mr. GAYLORD had created in the public mind, copies of which were ordered to be transmitted to the relatives of the deceased; after which, as a token of respect to his memory, the meeting was adjourned. 'A scholar, a gentleman, a christian, a friend of man, Mr. GAYLORD lived universally beloved, and died universally lamented.' . . . It has been assumed lately by certain of the political and financial enemies of the late NICHOLAS BIDDLE, Esq.,—an accomplished gentleman and scholar, whose pen has often entertained and instructed the readers of this Magazine—that he had little power of style, and that his intellectual rôle was a limited one. Nothing could be farther from the truth. That point however we are not now to discuss. We merely wish to ask the reader's attention to the subjoined remarks of Mr. BIDDLE upon the besetting sin of our American style, oral as well as written: 'A crude abundance is the disease of our American style. On the commonest topic of business, a speech swells into a declamation—an official statement grows to a dissertation. A discourse about any thing must contain every thing. We will take nothing for granted. We must commence at the very commencement. An ejectionment for ten acres reproduces the whole discovery of America; a discussion about a tariff or a turnpike, summons from their remotest caves the adverse blasts of windy rhetoric; and on those great Serbonian bogs, known in political geography as constitutional questions, our ambitious fluency often begins with the general deluge, and ends with its own. It is thus that even the good sense and reason of some become wearisome, while the undisciplined fancy of others wanders into all the extravagances and the gaudy phraseology which distinguish our western orientalism.' A specimen of this 'orientalism' we gave in our last number. Here is another example of a somewhat kindred character. A western orator recently delivered himself of it from the summit of a sugar-maple stump at a political barbecue:

'WHAR, I say *whar*, is the individual who would give up the first foot, the first outside shadow of a foot of the great Oregon! There aint no such individual. Talk about treaty occupations to a country over which the great American eagle has flew! I scorn treaty occupation; d—n treaty occupation! Who wants a parcel of low-lying, 'outside barbarians,' to go in cahoot with us, and share alike a piece of land that always was and always will be ours? Nobody. Some people talk as though they were afraid of England. *Who's* afraid? Have n't we licked her twice, and can't we lick her again? Lick her! Yes! just as easy as a bear can slip down a fresh-peeled sapling! Some skerry folks talk about the navy of England; but who the h—ll cares for the navy! Others say that she is the *mistress* of the ocean. Supposin' she is? aint we the *masters* of it? Can't we cut a canal from the Mississippi to the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky, turn all the water into it, and dry up the d—d ocean in three weeks? Whar then would be the navy? It would be *no whar*! There never would *have been* any Atlantic ocean if it had n't been for the Mississippi, nor never will be, after we've turned the waters of that big drink into the Mammoth Cave! When that's done, you 'll see all their

steam-ships and their sail-ships they splurge so much about, lying high and dry, floundering like so many turtles left ashore at low tide. That's the way we'll fix 'em. *Who's afraid!*

WE have often thought, that if the various *similes* employed in the Scriptures were thoroughly understood, that their appositeness and beauty would be themes of increased admiration. Observe how the latent meanings of the following passage reveal themselves to the heart :

THE REFINER.

—
BY MONTGOMERY.
—

'He is like a refiner's fire, and like fuller's soap. And he shall sit as a refiner and purifier of silver: and he shall purify the sons of Levi, and purge them as gold and silver, that they may offer unto the Lord an offering in righteousness.'—MALACHI III. 2, 3.

A FEW ladies in Dublin, who often met together to read the Word of GOD, one day occupied their attention with the passage now before the eye of the reader. One of the ladies expressed her opinion that 'the fuller's soap and the refiner of silver' were only the *same* image to convey the same view of the sanctifying influence of the grace of CHRIST. 'No,' said another, 'they are not the same image; there is something remarkable in the expression, 'He shall *sit* as the refiner and purifier of silver.' On going into the town, this lady called on a silver-smith, and desired to know the process of refining silver, which he fully explained to her. 'But do you *sit*, Sir,' she asked, 'while you are refining?' 'Yes, Madam, I must sit with my eye steadily fixed on the furnace; since if the silver remain too long, it is sure to be injured.' She at once saw the beauty and comfort of the expression. CHRIST sees it needful to put his people into the furnace, but HE is seated by the side of it—His eye is steadily fixed on the work of purifying—and his wisdom and his love are both engaged to do all in the best manner for them. As the lady was returning to her friends, to tell them what she had heard, as she turned from the shop-door, the silver-smith called her back, and said, he had forgotten one thing, and that was, he only knew the process of refining to be complete by seeing his own image in the silver.

When CHRIST sees his own image in his people, the work of purifying is accomplished. It may be added, that the metal continues in a state of agitation, until all impurities are thrown off, and then it becomes quite still; a circumstance which heightens the analogy of the case; for how

'Sweet to be passive in His hand,
And know no will but His!'

Does 'M.' well to be angry? We 'referred publicly' to his query touching our choice of prose or poetry, *at his own request*, in a playful, but certainly not in an intentionally 'offensive' manner. And now, a 'good that was intended us' is clean gone forever! 'Very well—we must submit, with what grace we may.' 'My 'spected brethren,' said a venerable colored clergyman, on a recent occasion, 'blessed am dat man dat 'spects noth'n,' 'cause he an't gwine to be disappointed!' We solace ourselves with this scrap of Ethiopian philosophy. . . . THE experiments alluded to below, in the happiest vein of the amusing 'Charcoal-Sketcher' of Philadelphia, have been frequently tried in this city, we understand, but with very infrequent success. Pulling teeth while the patient is asleep is not 'practised to a very great extent in *this* community;' for no sooner is the glittering instrument of torture 'placed in communication' with the jaw, than it is found to 'disturb the Mesmeric function' to an extraordinary degree:

'MANY who would be valiant in battle, turn pale at sight of the dentist's chair. To stand up to be shot at in a duel is unpleasant to the nerves, and to storm a breach requires a considerable modicum of determination; but to pull the dentist's bell and not to run away; to walk boldly in and not to request a postponement, though it gains one no laurels and probably would not help to secure a political nomination on the score of heroism, is pure unadulterated valor; intrinsic—deriving no aid from association or example; nothing from the instinct of discipline or the thirst for glory. In encountering other dangers, there is a large hope, too, of impunity. An expectation of survival, a fond trust to be with the unhurt, always exists. But here, in that morocco throne, so grotesque, so mystical, so strange in all its aspects; your mouth wide open and your head thrown back—what hope can there be? To be hurt is an inevitable thing. We are in the clutches of a fate, and must realize our mortal frailty. To march to this with a whistle; neither to kick the smaller dogs on our route, nor to thrust little children aside spitefully; to take our usual interest in the occurrences of the street as we pass along to execution; to laugh, to jest, to talk of the weather with the identical man as he rattles his glittering instruments and smiles upon their brightness; to shake hands with him and to make a tolerable pretence of being glad to see him, is an effort, though we may have never encountered a war, equal to that which wears medals and puts pensions in its pocket. There is some comfort, however, to the afflicted in the fact that there have been of late symptoms of a combination of animal magnetism with dentistry, which affords a gleam of consolation. The exhibitors in New-York frequently have teeth extracted from mesmerized patients, to prove that in many cases they are insensible to pain—a thing which has been done very often in private in this city, and in many instances with

complete success. What a cause for rejoicing would it be then, if the proper degree of 'impressibility' were general with those who have failing and recalcitrant teeth, that the dentist and his magnetiser might be one and indivisible! Surgery in all its branches would be benefitted by the same concentration; but this strange physical condition is not an invariable concomitant of the mesmeric state; so that valor, such as that to which we have already alluded, cannot go completely out of use, even if it could be subjected to the nervous influence of the magnetiser.

'PHAZMA,' the cleverest of our western poets, who has written so many beautiful things for the New-Orleans '*Picayune*,' presents us lately with the subjoined tender sonnet. He has 'discharged' it as well as if he had previously read the directions of our eastern 'manufacturer of the article,' in our last issue:

M A T E R N A L T E N D E R N E S S .

A MOTHER bends above her weeping child,
Her bosom heaving with convulsive throes,
Her large eye lighted with expression wild,
That, ah! too plainly speaks maternal wo!
The tearful infant, lost in bitter grief,
Thrills forth its plaintive call for tender care;
While from a mother's trembling hand relief,
Alas! can answer no imploring pray'r.
Swift-falling tears! and piercing cries of pain!
Maternal passion kindling into glow!
Peace banished from its sweet domestic reign!
Stricken with grief!—ah! sad and cruel blow!
Behold the matron in a fury blue,
Beating her screaming Bobby with a shoe!

Our esteemed friend, JOHN SANDERSON, the distinguished 'American in Paris,' whom the readers of this Magazine have known so long, and regarded so highly, is no more! Set indeed is the task of recording the demise of a scholar so profound, a gentleman so accomplished, and a man so widely admired and beloved. SANDERSON was a delightful companion; and as we record this last tribute to his memory, we cannot help recalling the many pleasant passages, personal and epistolary, that we have had together. A correspondent of the *Philadelphie Gazette*, who knew him well, furnishes the following notice of the deceased, in the justice of which all who knew him will cordially concur:

'JOHN SANDERSON was a man of genius, a man of talent, a man of feeling. He was a Philadelphian, and by his life and writings he added to the good reputation of his country. To natural abilities of a high order, he added a calm, elastic scholarship, an intimate knowledge of mankind, a singularly amiable disposition, and a frank and high-bred courtesy. His departure is lamented not alone by those who enjoyed his society and his friendship; he is mourned by our republic of letters; America as well as our city, has lost one of her most accomplished sons. MR. SANDERSON has long been known as a writer. His first publication was the collection of *Memoirs of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence*, in nine octavo volumes; a work embracing a vast amount of original and authentic information; and his last, excepting contributions to the literary journals, was '*The American in Paris*.' He was a man of most excellent humor, blending happily the characteristics of RABELAIS and STERN; and LAMB. When with his chosen associates, we doubt whether even COLERIDGE was more entertaining or instructive. Turn to his Parisian letters, and see the union of wit and humor, of playful satire and nice observation which pervade them. Examine all the pleasant books of travel of which this age has been so prolific, and answer whether they have been surpassed. 'You know SANDERSON,' we said a few weeks since to a French Deputy who was travelling here. 'Know JOHN SANDERSON? I derived from him my knowledge of Paris.' 'But you are a Parisian?' '*Je ne sache pas qu'il y ait un Français qui ait plus connu Paris et son monde*.' In that home of the gay, the brilliant and the profound, of all that in life or art attracts the man of genius, or learning, or taste, MR. SANDERSON was the favored guest of the most celebrated savans and wits, many of whom since his return to the United States, have waited anxiously for his restoration to their circles. And he himself looked forward with happy anticipations to the renewal of his old friendships. In a few months he was to reoccupy his apartments in the Rue Rivoli. 'There,' he said to the writer of these recollections but a week ago, 'there with congenial spirits I shall spend the residue of my days.' How much those friends will sorrow when they learn that JOHN SANDERSON is no more!

He was a wit; he had a most delicate perception of the beautiful, and a keen sense of the ludicrous. But those who knew him can tell with what care he directed his powers. He never summoned a shadow to any face, or permitted a weight to lie on any heart. He was as amiable as he was brilliant. He was no man of the world. He knew society, its selfishness and its want of honor, but he looked upon it less in anger than in sadness. He was no cynic, no Heracitus; he deemed it wise to laugh at the follies of mankind. Through all his experience he lost none of his natural urbanity, his freshness of feeling, his earnestness and sincerity. The late THEODORE HOOK, the first humorist and most celebrated bon-vivant of our day, was employed by his publisher to edit MR. SANDERSON'S 'American in Paris.' He read it, adapted it as well as he could to the English market, and returned

it with the observation that 'there was never a book which suffered more from slightest change.' Had the author devoted the chief portion of his time to letters, he would have been little less distinguished in the same department than his famous friend. But he lived a quieter and happier life; he died a happier death, suddenly, but in a *home*, and with his friends about him.'

THE following '*Lines to a Bouquet of Flowers*,' are from the pen of the lamented Governor DICKINSON, whose melancholy suicide will be fresh in the minds of many of our readers. We learn from the friend through whom we derive them, that they were handed to him by the author, while sojourning for a short time in Albany:

EMBLEM of life and loveliness,
Welcome, sweet harbingers of Spring!
Clad in thy beauteous summer dress,
And wafted on Time's fairy wing.

Would thou wert fadeless as the sky,
All redolent of hope and gladness,
But soon, alas! thou 'lt lonely lie,
Emblem of Death, of Grief, of Sadness.

Emblem of Life! thing of an hour,
How soon thou 'lt hang thy sickly head,
And bow beneath the conqueror's power,
And lie among the sleeping dead!

Emblem of Life! beyond the tomb,
Thy flowers again shall form a wreath;
Shall germinate amid the gloom,
And triumph o'er the monster Death!

D. S. D.

WE have repeatedly in these pages 'borne testimony' in behalf of a more general cultivation of the fine arts, and especially in the department of architecture. We have had too much reason to concur with JEFFERSON in the opinion that 'the genius of architecture never yet condescended to visit the American Republic.' The Count RENAULT St. JEAN D'A — was wont to say, while residing among us, that 'more was to be learned by viewing Grace-Church in Broadway, touching the state of mental culture among us in the science of architecture, than by all the methods of reasoning which philosophy could furnish on any abstract point of knowledge;' and yet we believe the plan of this edifice was the result of a confederation of intellectual powers! Moreover, as our old friend, the late Gen. MORTON, was wont to say, we must bear in mind that beside the several recognized orders of architecture, we have also an *order by the corporation*! We may have more to say on this theme on another occasion. We have been led to these incidental remarks, by the recent death in this city of a man of rare genius, and unwearied effort in the promotion of a kindred branch of art — THOMAS HORNER, of England, the well-known draftsman and painter of the wonderful panorama of London, which constitutes the attraction of the great colosseum in that metropolis. The labor to affect this great work, the result of years of toil and severe exposure to the inclemencies of a noxious atmosphere, doubtless predisposed to that prolonged suffering which wasted his physical strength; while sad disappointments, and the precarious means of existence which he derived from his art in this country, may be justly regarded as concurring causes in hastening his final departure from among us. For a period of about fifteen years, he had devoted himself to the taking of sketches of numerous rural views and edifices in different parts of our northern states, and of the public buildings of our prominent cities. His delineation of the city of New-York is perhaps the most conspicuous of the efforts of his pencil. He died in this city on the morning of the 18th of March, aged about sixty years. It may be gratifying to his relatives and friends abroad to know, that there were not a few of our citizens who were ready at all times to aid him by their benefactions; and that in his illness he found in Dr. FRANCIS, whose name is a synonyme for considerate kindness, a constant friend and faithful medical adviser. His funeral was attended by some of our first citizens, among whom it was gratifying to observe Mr. FOWLER, the President of the St. George's Society, and other well-known coun-

trymen of the deceased. . . . Our correspondent, Mr. THOS. COPOUTT, has opened the present number with an admirable paper, compiled from CARLYLE, on the never-tiring theme of NAPOLEON. We always associate, and at once, with NAPOLEON's name, the dreadful scenes presented by his deserted battle-fields; such for example as marked the sanguinary contests of his Russian campaign. Here is a sketch of one, from the pen of an eye-witness: 'The battle-field presented a terrible picture of ruin and carnage, especially on the left and centre, where the greatest efforts had been made to take, maintain, and retake the redoubts. Corpses of the slain, broken arms, dead and dying horses, covered every elevation and filled every hollow, and plainly indicated the progress of the action. In the front of the redoubts lay the bodies of the French; behind the works, showing that they had been carried, lay the Russians. On many points the heaps of corpses told where squares of infantry had stood, and plainly pointed out the size of the closely formed masses. From the relative number of the slain, it was easy to perceive that the Russians had suffered more than the French.' And this is but one of hundreds of similar scenes! Yet, 'had these poor fellows any quarrel? Busy as the Devil is, not the smallest! Their *Governors* had fallen out!' If one could indulge a 'grim smile' at anything in relation to BONAPARTE, it would be at the potential *military* standard to which he reduced every thing. Do you remember his order on the appearance of the Mamelukes in Egypt? Form square; artillery to the angles; asses and savans to the centre! Characteristic; but complimentary that, to the 'learned savans!' . . . We have bestowed but little of our tediousness upon the reader in this department of the present number, whereat he may felicitate himself, since our excellent correspondence will be found a welcome substitute for much that we had written, and which 'lies over' until our next. The *Quod Correspondence* will arrest the attention of every reader. No two chapters of the entire series excel the present in power of delineation, or depth of interest. For 'Babyhood,' addressed to 'JULIAN'; 'Excelsior,' a parody upon LONGFELLOW; 'Punchiana, with clippings,' and various Gossip with Correspondents, whose favors were intended for the present number, we must refer all concerned to our next issue. . . . We have received the following works; and to such as we have found leisure to read, we shall here briefly advert: From the BROTHERS HARPER, the first two numbers of a 'pocket edition' of select (and *old*?) novels, containing 'The Yemassee,' by Mr. SIMMS, and 'Young Kate, or the Rescue:' of the 'Library of Select Novels,' three issues — 'The Heretic,' from the Russian; 'The Jew,' and 'The Grumbler,' by Miss PICKERING: From LEA AND BLANCHARD, HUGO's 'Hunchback of Notre-Dame:' From J. S. REDFIELD, Clinton Hall, 'NAPIER's History of the War in the Peninsula and the South of France:' From LEAVITT, TROW AND COMPANY, 'Poems by WILLIAM JAMES COLGAN:' From JOHN ALLEN, 139 Nassau-street, 'The Lady at Home, or Leaves from the Every-day Book of an American Woman:' and from LITTLE AND BROWN, Boston, Lives of PATRICK HENRY and LA SALLE, commencing the second series of SPARKS's 'American Biography.' Miss PICKERING's 'Grumbler' is one of the best and most interesting novels we have read for many a day; 'The Hunchback' of HUGO is too well known to our readers to require mention; and the same may be said of NAPIER's excellent history. 'The Lady at Home' will commend itself to all readers, for its truly admirable lessons to American women. COLGAN's poems deserve more space than we can devote to them. The writer has the true poetical *feeling*, and his execution is often very felicitous, and always creditable. . . . THE 'Nile Story' of our Boston correspondent; a notice of the Phreno-Mnemosotechny of Professor GOURAUD; of the Re-publication of English Magazines and Reviews; of New Music, and other late publications; are all *unavoidably* postponed, for reasons already stated, until our next number.

THE KNICKERBOCKER.

VOL. XXIII.

JUNE, 1844.

No. 6.

THE PLAGUE AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

BY AN EYE-WITNESS.

IN 1837 I was a resident in Galata, one of the faubourgs of Constantinople, sufficiently near the scenes of death caused by the ravages of the plague to be thoroughly acquainted with them, and yet to be separated from the Turkish part of the population of that immense city. It is not material to the present sketch to dwell upon the subject of my previous life, or the causes which had induced me to visit the capital of the East at such a period of mortality ; and I will therefore only add, that circumstances of a peculiarly painful nature obliged me to locate myself in Galata, where there were none to sympathize in my feelings, or any one with whom I could even exchange more than a word of conversation. I saw none but the widowed owner of the house in which I had a chamber, her daughter Aleukâ, and Petraki, her little son.

While the epidemic raged, we four endeavored to keep up a rigid quarantine. Each recommended to the other the strictest observance of our mutual agreement not to receive any thing from without doors, except the necessaries of life ; and whenever we left the house, which was to be as seldom as possible, not to come in contact with any one. Whenever I went out I invariably wore an oil-cloth cloak, and by the aid of my cane prevented the dogs of the streets, which are there so numerous, from rubbing against me. If I visited any one, which I seldom did, I always sat on a bench or chair to prevent conveying or receiving contagion ; and before even entering the house, I always underwent the preparation of being smoked in a box, which during the prevalence of the plague is placed near its entrance for that purpose. These boxes were some eight feet high by three square, the platform on which the feet rested elevated about a foot above the earth, so as to admit under it a dish containing the ingredients of the prophylactic, and a hole in the door to let the face out during the smoking of the clothes and body. We procured our daily supply of provisions from a *Bak-kal*, a retail grocer, whose shop was directly under our front window ; an itinerant *Ekmekjer*, or bread-man, brought our bread to the door ; our vegetables were procured from a gardner close by, and our water we drew from a

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cistern under the house : in fine, our food was either smoked or saturated before we touched it, and every possible precaution observed to cut our little family off from the dreadful scourge, 'the pestilence which walketh in darkness and the destruction which wasteth at noon day.' The mother and daughter throughout the day spun silk, knitted woolen suits, or embroidered kerchiefs for head dresses, called in Romaic *fakiolee*, and even to a late hour of the night they frequently continued the same employment, until the plague prevented the sale of their handiwork, and their materials were all used up. All day long they would sit upon the sofa of their little apartment, facing the street, and while their hands toiled for a subsistence, the widow's daughter hummed a plaintive air, or occasionally broke the silence by conversing with her mother. The son was yet too young to be of assistance to his desolate mother and sister, and except when he said his letters to them, spent the day in idleness. As to my own employment, the dull period of time passed with them was a blank in my existence ; and yet, such is the influence of past penury and pain, that I now recall them with pleasure.

The weather was generally very warm, and south-west breezes over the sea of Marmora prevailed. From our highest windows we could observe sluggish seamen lounging on the decks of their vessels in the port, afraid to land amid the pestilence. Here and there a vessel strove against the current of the Bosphorus to gain an anchorage ; or would slowly float down that stream into the open sea, on its way to healthier and happier Europe. The starving dogs at nightfall would howl dismally, bewailing the loss of the benevolent hands from which they usually received their food ; the gulls and cormorants floated languidly over our dwelling, overpowered by the heat ; and the dead silence, which in the afternoon and evenings prevailed, made a most melancholy and affecting impression on my mind.

The plague that summer, (I may limit the period to three months,) carried off more than fifty thousand persons. For some time the mortality amounted to a thousand *per diem*. The number of corpses which passed the limited range of my window daily increased ; and after witnessing the spectacle for some time, I always insensibly avoided the sight of the dead, and felt a cold shudder run over my frame whenever the voice of the priest accompanying the corpses struck my ear. So dreadful is the malady, so surely contagious, and so mortal, that so soon as attacked, the unfortunate being is deserted by relatives and friends, and when dead, two or four porters beside a priest were generally the only persons who attended the body to the grave. When the deceased is a Mussulman, he is more frequently attended during his illness, and after death to his tomb, than if a Christian. With the former, the plague is a visitation of Providence, from which it is both useless and a sin to escape, while with the latter not only is it deemed necessary to provide for one's own life, but even to do so at the sacrifice of the dearest friend. Often I noticed a dead body tied on a plank which a single porter carried on his back ; at other times the object would be concealed within a bag, and then the grave was a ditch common to all, into which the porter would shake off his load and return for another. No priest or Imam there presided over the funeral scene ; few or none were the prayers

that were said over the remains : he who but a short week before had been proud of his strength or condition, or she who in the same short space of time previous excelled in beauty and grace, there lay con-founded in one neglected, unhonored, and putrifying mass. The air became impregnated with the effluvia ; the houses around the Turkish cemeteries, which are mostly in the heart of the city, where the dead are interred, but some three feet beneath the surface, were soon deserted, their owners dead. The ever-green cypress trees under whose um-brageous quiet the beautiful children once played, now moaned over their little graves ; and in fine, every one in the deserted city walked with measured steps, apprehensive of threatening death : awe and con- sternation filled the minds of all.

The Sultan's own household was not free from the scourge. By some means it found access to his servants and carried off about fifty of them. Their bodies were cast into the Bosphorus, and the Sultan fled to another palace. The ministers of the Sublime Porte suffered severely in their families ; their wives and slaves died off in numbers ; and even the mi- nister of foreign affairs is said to have taken it and narrowly escaped. Few survived when once attacked, and the chances of recovery were scarcely worth calculating. And yet among the Mussulmans little or no precaution was taken ; for although by a government order all the principal offices were provided with fumigatory boxes, they were seldom used. The Mussulman Sheiks declared that the contagion came from Heaven, and could only be averted by Almighty power. Yet it was a well-known fact that cleanliness of habits went far toward preserving against the disease ; and frequent change of apparel, with ordinary pre- cautions, sufficed to preserve many who otherwise would doubtless have taken it.

But I think the reader will be able, from the preceding sketch, to form some idea of the nature and extent of the mortality of the plague in 1837. While it raged, every feeling approaching to a similarity with what is known to denote an attack, excites apprehension. A pimple, through the medium of the imagination, is transformed into a horrid *bubo* ; a cold or a simple head-ache, however trifling, are attributed to the dreaded malady ; and even the firmest mind at such times quails under trifling appearances. In some cases the scene of agony closes in a few hours — even minutes ; they fall down and almost immediately expire. Others linger for twenty-four or forty-eight hours, or several days elapse before death puts an end to their sufferings. Some again bear it in their systems for several days, and attend to their usual oc- cupations : at length it appears, they fall ill and expire, or recover. Few account for their being attacked ; they do not remember having touched any one suspected or exposed ; and again, the porters, whose duty it is to convey the attacked to the hospitals and the corpses to their graves, escape. The mother attends upon her dying child, sacrifices every ap- prehension to her affection, and yet escapes, or the child brings it to its parent, who dies, while the innocent cause survives. No cure has yet been found for it ; and Nature must be left to take her course. Extreme heat or cold have a favorable effect upon it ; but the temperate climate of Constantinople, with the frequent dearth of water, the dust, and other impurities, tend greatly to its dissemination.

It was therefore during this painful period that I resided in Galata; free, as I had hoped, from the contagion; and yet it found its way into our little family, accompanied by all its horrors.

One morning in the latter part of the month of October, invited by the clearness of the air and a fresh breeze which had scarcely strength sufficient to ruffle the water of the harbor, I left my humble apartment and ascended the steep hill of Pera. The view — from the small tuft of graves near the Galata tower, some of which were fresh; of the surrounding villages and the great city itself, where, although devastation had been and still was being carried on with horror, there seemed to reign the most perfect tranquility, resembling the calm bosom of the treacherous sea, quiet over the lifeless bodies of its victims and the wreck of the noble vessels which had furrowed its surface — relieved the monotony of my existence. I gazed longingly upon the many ships lying before me at anchor in the stream, which could in a few days bear me far away from the scenes of death and desolation that surrounded me; or I exchanged a word with any passing acquaintance who ventured from Pera to his counting-house in Galata. A longer walk gave rise to too many sad reflections. Farther on was the *Petit Champ des Morts*, a small Turkish cemetery, here and there spotted with new-made graves, over which more than one aged female mourned the loss of her life's companion, or perhaps it would be one of fewer years, who wept the fatal destiny of her young husband, brother, sister, or child.

After spending the best part of the day in walking about, I returned to the house of my residence. As usual, I found the door fastened; I knocked, but no one answered me. Again I knocked, and called repeatedly before my voice was heard. At length a low moan, and then a scream, issued from within. Petraki, the widow's son, opened the door, and with a pale and frightened countenance told me his mother had suddenly been taken very ill. There was no alternative. I entered her sitting-room, where in the company of the family I had spent many quiet hours. Now how changed! The mother lay upon the sofa, pale, and breathing with difficulty. Aleuka, the daughter, knelt by her side on the floor, though greatly agitated herself, and endeavoring to calm her mother's apprehensions. Without once reflecting on the possible consequences, I sat down on a chair beside the sufferer, felt her pulse, and as well as I could, made inquiries after her health. Her pulse was quick, her tongue white and thickly furred, and extreme lassitude was shown by her dejected countenance. Uncertain as to the nature of her disease, and unable to offer any alleviation of her sufferings, I retired to my apartment. There I *did* reflect on the danger which I had incurred, and the possibility of the widow having caught the plague.

Every hour she became worse; her sufferings were intensely painful; and to shorten the recital of the sad scene of that night, I will only add, that the horrid disease showed itself on her person before midnight, and at break of day her spirit fled. Of course my mind now prepared for death. I felt confident that I also should soon be a victim to the plague. Early in the morning I called a passing priest and had the widow's remains conveyed to their last abode — I knew not where. I had no place to fly to; every door would be closed against me; and I retired to my

apartment, feeling that I was stepping into my tomb while yet alive. There I was not long kept in suspense, for soon the plague attacked first Petraki then myself. When giddiness, the first symptom of the plague, seized me, and I could no longer stand, but fell despairingly on my bed, what were my feelings! But let me not recall them *now*; the mental agony which I suffered it is impossible to describe, and I shudder at the recollection. Aleukâ attended upon me and her brother with all the tenderness and care and forgetfulness of self which is so characteristic of the female character. I begged her to leave me to die alone, to place water by my side and depart, but she would not hear of it.

The first night after his attack Petraki expired, and on the following morning was borne away; and I have an indistinct recollection of being visited on the evening of the same day by the priest and porters. They endeavored to prevail upon Aleukâ to desert me, saying that in a few hours I would cease to exist. But she constantly refused, determined she replied, to remain by my side until my sufferings were ended.

For several days I was delirious. I remember I knew of nothing; nothing but water passed my lips. Sores broke out over my body, and those on my groins and arm-pits were not closed for some months. My neck however was free, and this no doubt saved my life. On the seventh day I regained my senses, and found myself in my apartment, the wasted figure of my guardian angel still watching over me. I remember, on perceiving in me a favorable change, how her countenance was lit up with joy! Oh, Friendship! how seldom are you found with the sincerity which I then beheld in an humble and uneducated girl! Just when I thought all my prospects in life were blighted; when I had keenly felt the unkindness of mankind, and despaired of ever again finding any thing in this world worth living for; when I had already bidden it farewell, and the other world was full in view; I found what alone can make life delightful even in poverty and misfortune—friendship and love. Soon the violence of the disease abated, and I was saved.

I must hastily pass over my long and painful convalescence. A month elapsed before I could venture to go beyond doors. Aleukâ attended upon me, and through her economy my purse yet held out. The plague had greatly subsided; the month of December set in with uncommon severity of cold, and checked its progress. Oh! the exquisite delight with which I left my hard and burning bed and close apartment, the scenes of all my sufferings, for the first time! With a prayer of thankfulness on my lips, I crossed the threshold of the humble dwelling, and once more slowly mounted the steep hill of Pera.

It was a bright, sunny, clear morning; the fresh, cool breeze from the Black Sea blew over me, infusing new strength and life into my shattered frame. The streets were again re-peopled, and business renewed. No one recognized me in my pale, haggard and swollen countenance; and when I presented myself at the door of a countryman in Pera, he drew back with an exclamation of surprise, as if he had beheld a spirit.

My short story is told. I have comprised in a few words the tale of many long days of agony and suffering, both mental and corporeal. I

fast regained my strength and vigor ; the hollow furrows of my forehead and cheeks soon gave way to the effects of a generous diet ; and I once more stood forth in health and full powers.

But you will ask, ' And where is she who watched over you during your moments of suffering ? — whom you called your guardian angel, and of whose friendship and love you spoke in such feeling terms ? ' I reply, that she sits even now at my side ; her handsome and intelligent countenance reading in my face the varied emotions to which the tracing of these lines give rise. Devoted Aleukâ is my loving and much-loved wife.

J. P. B.

A S O N G

BY JOHN WATERS.

TIME was I thought that precious name
 Less meet for Court than Alley ;
 But now, no thrilling sound hath Fame,
 No clarion note, like SALLY !

There seems at first, within the word,
 Some cause to smile, or rally ;
 But once by her sweet glance prefer'd,
 Ev'n Heaven itself loves SALLY !

The world moves round when move her Eyes,
 Grace o'er each step doth dally,
 The breath is lost in glad surprize ;
 There is no belle, like SALLY !

Old hearts grow young, off flies the gout,
 Time stops, his Glass to rally ;
 I hardly know what I'm about —
 When lost in thought on SALLY !

Sometimes she 's small, sometimes she 's tall,
 I can't tell how, vocally ;
 For there 's a spirit over all,
 That beams abroad from SALLY !

A spirit bright, a beam of light,
 Ah ! fear not that I rally —
 No man can Evil think in sight
 Of this pure-hearted SALLY !

And yet Time was, I thought the name
 For Court less fit, than Alley ;
 While now, no herald sound hath Fame,
 No clarion note, but SALLY !

REMINISCENCES OF A DARTMOOR PRISONER.

NUMBER THREE.

UNDER the circumstances related in my last number, it will readily be inferred that sleep was out of the question. The only alternative was to sit or lie down and meditate upon the next change which might befall us. There was but little disposition for merriment at such a time and place; yet there was one man, named John Young, but called by his companions 'Old John Young,' who in despite of empty stomach and aching limbs, amused himself and annoyed all others by singing a line of one and a verse of another, of all the old songs he could recollect from his earliest boyhood; dispensing his croaking melody with such untiring zeal as to keep the most weary awake had they been inclined to sleep.

At break of day we began to try to move about, and gradually straighten ourselves, which was something of an effort, stiffened and benumbed as we were with remaining in our wet clothing so many hours. We had now an opportunity of examining our habitation. It was a building of about four hundred feet long, by seventy-five or eighty wide, three stories high, and built of stone, with massive doors and strongly-grated windows, the floors being of stone or cement, and perfectly fire-proof. Each floor formed one entire room, except being divided by five rows of posts running the whole length of the building, by which the prisoners slung their hammocks. The prisoners were divided off in 'messes' or families of six or eight, each occupying room sufficient to sit around one of their chests, which usually served as a mess-table. One row or tier of these messes were ranged next to the walls on each side, and two rows down the centre, back to back, as it were, leaving two avenues, or thoroughfares, the whole length of the building. The entire arrangement resembled the stalls in a stable, more than any thing else I can compare it to.

There were seven of these prisons, all of about the same size and construction, one of which was not occupied. The whole was enclosed in a circular wall of about twenty feet high, and covering a space of from eight to ten acres of ground. This was divided in three parts by a wall similar to the outside one. The centre yard was occupied by No. 7, allotted to the colored prisoners, and the other two yards had three prisons in each. On the outside wall were platforms and sentry-boxes at short distances, for the guards. About fifteen feet within that wall was a high iron railing. In front of the main entrance was a large square, used for drilling soldiers and other purposes, and twice a week as a market for the country people; and on each side of this were the barracks and hospital, and in front of these were the officers' quarters. This dépôt was situated upon a hill, surrounded by a vast common of many miles in extent, without a bush or tree to relieve the dreary waste;

and from its elevated position it was generally shrouded by clouds, rendering it chilly and uncomfortable the greater part of the year.

The daily allowance of food consisted of a pound of beef, a pint of soup, and a pound of bread to each man; that is to say, at the rate of one hundred pounds of raw beef to an hundred men. The meat was cut up and put into large boilers, with sufficient barley to thicken it for soup. This was boiled until the meat would leave the bone, and the barley was well cooked; and when ready, was served up to the different messes. By the time each person got his beef it was almost too small to be seen, being shrunk up by long boiling; and the bone being taken out, it was no larger than a small-sized tea-cup. The pound of bread was not much larger: it was made of barley, slack-baked, and very dark, though sweet. Indeed it was good enough, what there was of it. On Fridays the fare was varied by the same amount in fish and potatoes.

As some require more nutriment than others, the same quantity of fare did not satisfy all the prisoners alike. I frequently saw many of them devour their day's allowance at one meal without appeasing their hunger; and before the next day's rations were served out, they would be almost frantic from starvation. Some became so exhausted that they were compelled to go to the hospital until they recovered strength. Those who possessed a little money fared somewhat better, as they could indulge in the luxury of bullock's liver, fried in water for the want of fat, or a hot pumgudgeon fried in the same material. This exquisite dish is not appreciated according to its merits. It commonly bears the undignified title of 'codfish-balls;' and is well known at the present day among our eastern brethren, though not held in the same veneration by them as clam-chowder. 'Dartmoor pippins,' or potatoes, were also held in high estimation with us.

Dartmoor prison was a world in miniature, with all its jealousies, envyings and strife. How shall I describe the scenes enacted within its walls? how portray the character of its inhabitants? If I but held the pen of DICKENS or the pencil of MOUNT, I might hope so to bring the objects before the mind's eye of the reader, that they would stand forth in full relief, inducing him almost to imagine that he stood in their midst. Though many years have rolled by since those events occurred, they still linger in my memory like the vivid scenes of a high-wrought drama; and often in the 'dead waste and middle of the night' do I revisit in my dreams scenes which I should be sorry to survey when awake.

I think it one of the greatest blessings granted by an all-wise and benevolent CREATOR, that He has bestowed upon man an intellectual and physical capacity, which enables him to pass in comparative happiness many a lonely hour. Many were the aerial maps and charts laid down for our future journeyings through life, and plans formed, which were never to be realized. And perhaps all was for the best; for we are all creatures of circumstance. Not one in a thousand follows out his plans through life. Half of our existence is imaginary; and wise-aces may scoff as much as they please at what they term 'castle-building,' I believe all mankind indulge in it more or less; and it is an innocent, harmless pastime, which injures no one. I consider it the 'un-

written poetry,' the romance of life, which all feel ; but many, like the dumb, strive in vain to give utterance to their thoughts.

Many of the prisoners busied themselves in making some trifling article, which, while it afforded amusement, aided in obtaining for them a little money, and thereby added to their comfort. Many of the most ingenious specimens of art I ever saw were made there ; some of which were models of vessels, of various classes, from the clipper-built brig to the line-of-battle ship ; made too of beef bones, obtained from the cook. They were built up precisely like a large vessel ; human hair twisted into ropes of suitable sizes being employed for rigging. When completed, they made a beautiful toy. Desks, work-boxes, etc., were also made here ; violins, some of which were of excellent tone, were likewise constructed. But it would be useless to enumerate the endless variety of queer things made at this multifarious manufactory. Some organized a music-society, with various instruments, and used occasionally to give concerts ; others got up a theatre, screening it off with bed covering. I recollect some pretty good performances among them. In short, all were employed in some way, to divert their minds from the contemplation of their miserable condition. Some would read while others listened ; some practice fencing ; some sing, some dance. Others would relate their adventures, many of which savored rather too strongly of the marvellous to be readily believed, while others partook in an equal degree of the ludicrous. One of these latter was related by ' Old John Young ' — a tale of his early courtship. In his youthful days he lived somewhere in Pennsylvania, where also resided an old farmer, with his wife and two daughters, one of whom, contrary to the old gentleman's wishes, he used to visit. One night while there, unknown to the old people, they having retired, a huge pot of mush was left boiling over the fire, getting ready for the next day. Late in the evening the old gentleman called out for the girls to go to bed ; and as they did not retire in time to suit him, he began to stir round, to see why his orders were not obeyed. Young, hearing him coming, took off his shoes to prevent a noise, and glided silently up a ladder into the loft above. The old farmer, having sent the girls to bed, lifted off the boiling pot, which by accident he placed at the foot of the ladder ; then putting out the light, and covering the fire, he retired again to bed. When all was still and quiet, Young, with shoes in hand, stole down the ladder, and landed in the pot ! Although badly burned, he escaped in some degree by having his stockings on. He left his tracks on the floor, but got out of the house unobserved. He had ' put his foot in it ' in good earnest ; and mounting his horse, he bade a final adieu to the old farmer and his family.

Winter was now pretty well advanced, and many suffered for the want of clothing. After considerable delay, however, a small portion was sparingly dealt out, but was accepted by those only who stood in the utmost need. The cause was, that the agent or contractor, having a quantity of garments on hand, over what had been a sufficient supply for some English convicts, who had been confined here at some former period, they were now offered to us, but were rejected by all who could do without them. Those who did receive them, cut a curious figure ! I can almost imagine one standing before me now, dressed in a jacket and

trowsers of bright yellow cloth ; and as they were served out indiscriminately, the consequence was, that large stalwart men were crammed into trowsers which looked more like breeches, and jackets with sleeves terminating at the elbows ; and small men with jackets, the sleeves of which dangled far below the hands, and an extra length of pantaloons turned up to the knees ; the whole figure surmounted by a knit-woollen cap, resembling an inverted wash-basin ; coarse brogans completed the costume. Just pause a moment, reader, and contemplate the figure !

What with starving and freezing, many became ill, and had to be removed to the hospital. This was what all dreaded ; and the consequence was, they were so far gone before they went, that they survived but a short time after getting there, although it was understood that the physician was a skilful and humane man, and did all in his power to alleviate their distress. I was taken very ill with the dysentery. I know of no disease which brings a man down more rapidly. Two or three days weakened me so much that I could scarcely move ; and with it came a despondency of mind that was almost insupportable. I had been for years a wayfarer in strange lands, but never, during the whole time, did I so forcibly feel the want of a home, and the solace and care of friends, as now. How did I long to be once more under my father's roof, with an affectionate mother and kind sister ! I had a sad forboding that I should soon be numbered among the multitude whose spirits had ascended from their prison-house, and whose bodies were deposited outside the walls, in the ground assigned for that purpose.

The small-pox had also appeared in our midst, spreading havoc on all sides ; and despair seemed to rule triumphant. Of those who left for the hospital, but few returned to their comrades. Among those taken ill, was a young man who had been brought up on a farm. Like many others, he had left home to 'go a-privateering,' and was taken prisoner. He never saw home again. He messed just opposite to me, and was I think one of the most exquisite amateur performers on the violin that I ever heard. For hours have I listened with rapture to his delightful music. He was absent a day, and his instrument was silent. The next day I enquired for him ; he had been taken suddenly ill, was removed to the hospital, and the second evening brought me tidings of his death. There was another one, who had been for weeks sullen and gloomy. Despair seemed to have thrown its pall over him. He conversed with none, but shunning his companions, spent the day muttering to himself. Early one morning he was discovered in a secluded part of the prison, cold and stiff. He had hung himself.

And was there no one to look after the spiritual or temporal welfare of this mass of isolated beings ? Was there none to soothe the troubled mind, to cheer the drooping spirit, nor to whisper hope in the ear of the desponding ? Was there none of God's 'messengers of glad tidings' to offer consolation to the dying, and a prayer for mercy on the departing spirit of his suffering fellow-being ? No ; not one minister of the gospel, of any denomination, did I see while I was there ; nor did I hear of any having been there, at any time ; nor was there any person to see that the prisoners had suitable beds and clothing, or that their food was wholesome, during the many months that I was there. I was told that

REUBEN G. BEASLY, who was appointed by our government, and who received its pay to see to American interests, had been there some months before, but had done nothing for them; and to the letters of remonstrance written to him, stating their wants, their insufficiency of food and clothing, etc., he turned a deaf ear. He did not deign a reply to them; and what more could be expected of a man who could be so base as to do what I will here state?

About three years ago I met an old ship-mate. We went to India in the same ship. He held a midshipman's warrant in the United States' navy, and went out on this voyage for practice in seamanship. He was made prisoner at the same time I was. In the shiftings and changes which took place, we were separated; and when I saw him, several years after, he stated that after parting with me he remained in London, endeavoring in vain to get employment on board some ship; that becoming destitute, he went to Mr. Beasly, (*Beasly* it should be,) to get advice and assistance, stating who and what he was; and that, in consequence of the unsettled mode of life in which he had been living, he had unfortunately lost his warrant; and urged him, as an act of humanity, to point out some method whereby he might help himself. He turned away from him with indifference, saying he could do nothing for him. After a lapse of several days, finding no hope of extricating himself from his embarrassed situation, as a last resource he went once more to Mr. Beasly, and asked assistance. The reply was: 'Be off! and if you trouble me again I will put you on board of an English man-of-war!' This gentleman* is now Lieutenant Commandant in our navy. He told me he had seen Mr. Beasly not long before, in his official capacity as consul at Havre, but did not make himself known to him. Is it not strange, that one who was so regardless of the duties of his office and the feelings of humanity should hold so lucrative and responsible a situation as the one which he enjoys to this day? There have been serious complaints made against him, within a year or two, by several respectable captains of vessels.

The number of prisoners on my arrival at the dépôt I understood to amount to about three thousand; notwithstanding the deaths had gradually increased, the number was kept good by detachments sent in from time to time, many of them from English ships of war, who had been impressed into the service; and although they had frequently asked for a discharge, they could not get it until the European war had ended, and there was but little farther use for them. But they obtained their dismissal, and with it the pay and prize-money due to them at the time.

Such occasions afforded a kind of jubilee, as the money they brought was soon put in circulation through the prisons, from whence it speedily evaporated, being spent in provisions, vegetables, and fruits, brought there by the country-people for sale, and for which an enormous price was paid. Many of the men thus delivered up, had spent several years of the prime of life in fighting the battles of a foreign nation, and were then dismissed with the most brutal treatment. As an instance: a man

* STEPHEN B. WILSON, Esq.

by the name of SLATER, a tall, robust man, just such an one as they like to get hold of, in the service where he had been several years, had made frequent but unavailing applications for a discharge. At length when the war broke out, he made more urgent solicitations for a release. The answer was, 'Yes, you shall have it; but we will first give you something to remember us by.' And tying him up, they gave him three dozen lashes, and sent him to Dartmoor. Such was the reward of his services!

THE SONG OF DEATH.

I.

SILENT and swift as the flight of Time,
I've come from a far and shadowy clime;
With brow serene and a cloudless eye,
Like the star that shines in the midnight sky;
I check the sigh, and I dry the tear;
Mortals! why turn from my path in fear?

II.

The fair flower smiled on my tireless way,
I paused to kiss it in summer's day,
That when the storm in its strength swept by
It might not be torn from its covert nigh;
I bear its hues on my shining wing,
Its fragrance and light around me cling.

III.

I passed the brow that had learned to wear
The crown of sorrow — the silver hair;
Weary and faint with the woes of life,
The tempest-breath and fever-strife,
The old man welcomed the gentle friend
Who bade the storm and the conflict end.

IV.

I looked where the fountains of gladness start,
On the love of the pure and trusting heart;
On the cheek like summer roses fair,
And the changeful light of the waving hair;
Earth had no cloud for her joyous eye,
But I saw the shade in the future's sky.

V.

I saw the depths of her spirit wrung,
The music fled, and the harp unstrung;
The love intense she had treasured there,
Like fragrance shed on the desert air:
I bore her to deathless love away;
Oh! why do ye mourn for the young to-day?

VI.

I paused by the couch where the poet lay,
Mid fancies bright on their soaring way;
The tide of song in his heaving breast
Flowed strong and free in its deep unrest;
His soul was thirsting for things divine —
I led him far to the sacred shrine.

VII.

The sage looked forth on the starry sky,
 With aspiring thoughts and visions high,
 He sought a gift and a lore sublime
 To raise the veil from the shores of Time,
 To pierce the clouds o'er the soul that lie;
 I bade him soar with a cherub's eye.

VIII.

And now, neath my folded wing I bear
 A spotless soul like the lily fair;
 The babe on its mother's bosom slept;
 Ere I bore it far, I paused and wept;
 'T was an angel strayed from its fairer home:
 Peace to the mourner! — I come! I come!

Shelter-Island.

MARY GARDINER.

MARY MAY: THE NEWFOUNDLAND INDIAN.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

THE tribe of aborigines to which MARY MAY, the heroine of our little sketch, belonged, has been named by the Newfoundlanders, 'Red Indians;' for what reason, I could never learn. This tribe, or probably the miserable remnant of it, since the English have settled the island has been regarded as altogether remarkable and undefinable. They have never, in a single instance, been induced to visit the white settler since British subjects have resided there. Little is known of their numbers, habits, or general spirit, although the most sedulous exertions have been made to bring about an amicable understanding and a reciprocal intercourse. They have chosen to remain isolated and insolated; keeping their history, their wisdom, and their deeds to themselves. They will hold no communion with others of their own race. There are the Esquimaux, very near their northern boundary; a people disposed to extend the rites of hospitality in peace, and a trading tribe; but these have no more knowledge of the 'Red Indian' than the white man; and they remain wrapt up in a historical mantle as dark as the shades of their own impenetrable complexion.

Much, of a marvellous character, has been said about the Red Indians. The fishermen of the island, as a mass, believe that these poor creatures are semi-human. They will tell you of their having been seen one moment cooking their venison, and composedly regaling themselves, and the next, upon learning the contiguity of the white man, they would vanish from sight, and not a trace could be found of their departure; that they descend far under ground in winter, and lead a kind of fairy life; that they have power to change themselves into birds and fishes, and to sustain life for hours together under water. But all this is of course unnatural and absurd. The Indians of Newfoundland are flesh and blood, and partake, in common with other races of rational beings, of properties holding them within 'delegated limits of power.' And in

my opinion, they are as much entitled to a character of consistency as the generality of tribes on our continent. The secret of their shyness, and their unsocial and vindictive disposition, may better be accounted for, from the probable fact that they were inhumanly treated by the early discoverers of the island, the Portuguese and Spaniards. These monsters without doubt butchered and made havock of these poor natives as they did the South American Indians, and indeed wherever their lawless adventures led them, in this new world.

Various governors have been appointed to the Newfoundland station since Great-Britain has possessed the island, and all have used more than ordinary means to reach the Red Indians, and reconcile them to the pale-faces, who have taken possession of the bays and harbors of their bold and rugged coast. The last, of any magnitude, that was made, was during the summer of 1830, and immediately preceding the administration of Sir Thomas Cochran. It consisted of a regular exploring expedition, numbering about fifty persons, a part of whom were regular soldiers, and a part volunteer citizens, which left St. John's, the capital of the island, with instructions to explore the interior, and traverse every portion of it in quest of the Indians, and to bring some back with them; but to use no cruelty, unless absolutely necessary. After traversing the internal wilds for some ten days, the expedition discovered smoke in the distance, and in a few hours came upon a party of Indians in their wigwams. The red men were greatly surprised, and appeared much alarmed. But upon being presented with some showy ornaments, accompanied by smiles, and other friendly indications, their fears somewhat subsided, and two of them became apparently willing to accompany the expedition into St. John's, on learning by signs that two of the white men would remain as guarantees of their good treatment and return. The white men left were supplied with a large quantity of ornaments and trinkets to distribute among other Indians whom they might find during the absence of their party, a period which was not to be prolonged beyond a month. The good-bye was given, and the expedition started on their return home. It had not travelled many hours before an uncontrollable disposition seized them to go back again to the spot of separation to see if all was well, for some declared that they had a presentiment that there had already been foul play. Back they went, and when they reached the spot where good wishes had just been interchanged, the first spectacle which met their eyes was the mutilated dead bodies of their faithful hostages! Without any consultation, or a moment's delay, the commander of the expedition ordered the two Indians in their keeping to be shot, and their bodies left exposed, as they had found those of their comrades. This order was promptly executed.

Soon after Sir Thomas Cochran was appointed governor of Newfoundland, he offered a reward of one hundred pounds for the harmless capture of a Red Indian, the person to be brought him at the capital. This reward was advertised in the summer of 1832; and the next spring a fisherman, at a distant, unfrequented part of the island, saw on a pleasant afternoon a young female Indian, laving at the edge of the water. She was alone, and unconscious of danger, and went through the offices of the bath with singular grace and activity. After watching

her for some time, he took his measures for her capture. He first cut off her retreat, then approached her carefully, and at the instant of surprise, obtained possession of her person. She made no resistance, but acted as one paralyzed by fear or wonder. He brought her to Sir Thomas, and received his reward. It being the month of May when she was captured, she was given the name of MARY MAY. She was apparently about eighteen years of age ; an angelic creature, tall, with perfect symmetry of proportion, agreeable features, good complexion, and as agile and graceful as a fawn. The governor and the officers of the garrison, and the élite of St. Johns, vied with each other in plans and devices for her gratification. She was taken to parties, to the theatre, to military reviews ; in short, she was flattered, caressed, and made the reigning belle. But the poor Indian showed an almost blank indifference to the various schemes devised for her pleasure. She was not *at home*. Every face, every habit, every object was new, and appeared strange to her. She undoubtedly pined to go back again into the dark wilds among her own people. Perhaps her heart, that wonderful controller of human destiny, was in the keeping of some extolled brave : at all events, it was not in the scenes that were passing before her ; and the efforts so generously put forth for her amusement and happiness were like the crystal droppings upon the hard insensible stone, falling in full profusion, but leaving no impress.

Mary was detained about a year, and was then given in charge of the fisherman who captured her, with express directions that she should be taken to the spot where he found her, and there be left to her own guidance. She was richly clad and profusely decorated before she was given her liberty, and was furnished with a large quantity of finery for distribution among the members of her tribe. It was hoped that this treatment, when communicated by one of their own blood, would cause a change of feeling among the Red Indians, and that gradually a reciprocity of confidence and intercourse would be established. But this experiment and this hope proved futile and delusive. In 1836 I left the island of Newfoundland, and up to that time not a glimpse of the red race had flitted across the vision of civilization since the dark captive was permitted again to bound over hill and dale without let or hindrance. Many idle reports and tales were circulated about Mary May, after meeting with her tribe ; but little reliance is placed upon them, as they are for the most part contradictory, and strongly savor of the marvellous. But I will give the reader one, which is as well authenticated as any, and quite as probable.

On the second day after Mary was liberated, she found a portion of her people ; and when they first saw her, they were much alarmed, judging from her fanciful, brilliant habiliments that she was some celestial visiter. But hearing their own language addressed to them, the parentage of the girl, and the cause of her absence, they became gradually calm, and curiosity took the place of fear, and this gave place to admiration, until the lost one was fairly constituted by acclamation a goddess, and to her surprise and grief, worshiped as such ! The daughter's return had been communicated to the father, with such exaggerations and extravagances as pertain to the grossly superstitious ; and he,

instead of falling upon his child's neck, and receiving her as the lost found, came bowing and doing reverence and worship. Mary was bewildered, and almost wished herself back again with the pale-faces.

But there was one link in the chain of her destiny yet to be proved: if *that* should be found true, she had not returned in vain. About a year previous to her capture, on a sunny afternoon, she had strayed a mile or two from her father's camp, invited partly by the romance of her own nature, and partly by the novelty of new scenery, opened up by a change of camping-ground. While hesitating concerning her return, and gracefully leaning against a young sapling, she heard a rustling of leaves near her; and quickly directing her eyes to the spot whence the alarm came, she saw with terror a full-grown panther steadily and cautiously approaching her. She had no weapon of defence, and Indian though she was, had never participated in blood and strife. She knew that flight would be vain, for what human being could outrun a hungry panther? She raised one alarm-whoop, and awaited her fate. At the loud, piercing cry, the fierce animal seemed alarmed in his turn, and paused in his progress. But after some five minutes, he recovered his courage, and was making ready for the fatal spring, when an arrow pierced his heart; and the next moment a young, athletic brave sprang from the thicket, and clasped the dark damsel to his breast. She remained an instant, passive and bewildered; the next, she sprang from the embrace of the stranger, and with Indian dignity thanked him for his kind and timely aid. She then turned her face toward her father's camp, and with the fleetness of an antelope passed the intervening space, and soon found herself safe in her changing habitation.

But notwithstanding the assumed dignity and apparent coldness with which she addressed the young stranger, Mary in that moment of rescue was awakened to a new and impassioned existence. The image of the stranger was before her by day and in her dreams by night. Six or eight months passed, when the chiefs of the tribe celebrated a great festival, to which all the members were invited. The ceremonies were to last a week; many did not arrive until after the first day, and the father of Mary, and his camp, were of this number. But toward the evening of the first day of the festivities, a tall, graceful young brave stalked into the assembly, and with cool solicitude scanned the faces of the female visitors; and not appearing satisfied, he folded his arms upon his breast, and leaning against a rude post, listlessly observed the sports. But a close observer would have seen his eye lit up with unwonted interest when any new arrival was announced. No one knew him; his dress was peculiar; still he spoke their language, and the old chiefs passed him by for a future examination.

On the second day of the gathering, toward noon, Mary May arrived, and with her father, mother and sisters, entered that enclosure of merry hearts. She hoped to see at the festival the youth who had so strongly impressed her; and the moment she entered the rude structure, her eyes eagerly ranged round the assembly until they rested upon the person of her rescuer, who as eagerly returned her significant glance. During the continuance of the feast and frolic, the lovers had many interviews; and before it closed, their faith and vows were exchanged.

They were to have been married the month after her capture ; and now, since her return and deification, she had not learned a word about her ' brave,' and had come to the determination if he proved false to destroy herself. Day after day passed without the presence of the only one who could drive the dark cloud from her mind, and it was becoming every day more dense and oppressive, until she gave way to utter despondency, and bitterly bewailed her fate. One afternoon, about two months after her return, while some of her kindred were bowing before her in heathenish worship, hasty steps were heard approaching ; the next moment the young brave appeared and clasped his lost treasure to his heart ; and taking advantage of the bewilderment of the worshippers, occasioned by his sudden appearance, the happy pair escaped to the sea-coast, and passing over a portion of the bay, found a secure retreat among the Mickmacks, to which tribe the young brave belonged.

And there may they rest. I sometimes, though quite infrequently, meet with some one from Newfoundland ; and among the first questions I ask is one touching the ' Red Indians ;' and although I have not heard any thing which went to confirm the hope that they may yet be brought to place confidence in the white man, yet I still trust that I shall ; and when this result is brought about, or any other thing of interest shall be learned of these strange mortals, I shall take much pleasure in communicating the information, for the benefit of the readers of the KNICKER-BOCKER.

B I R T H - D A Y M E D I T A T I O N S .

I STAND upon the wave that marks the round
Of Life's dark-heaving and revolving years ;
Still sweeping onward from Youth's sunny ground,
Still changed and chequered with my joys and fears,
And colored from the past, where Thought careers,
Shadowing the ashes in pale Memory's urn ;
Where perished buds were laid, with frequent tears,
That on the cheek of Disappointment burn,
As blessed hours roll on, that never may return.

What have they seen, those changed and vanish'd years ?
Uplifted, soaring thoughts, all quelled by fate ;
Affection, mournful in its gushing tears ;
And midst the crowd that at the funeral wait,
A widowed mother's heart made desolate
O'er a war-honor'd Sire's low place of rest ;
'These are the tales that Memory may relate :
They have a moral for the aspiring breast,
A lesson of Decay on earthliness impress'd.

Yet Hope still chaunts unto the listening ear
The witching music of her treacherous song ;
Still paints the Future eloquent and clear,
And sees the tide of Life roll calm along,
Where glittering phantoms rise, a luring throng ;
And voiceful Fame holds out the laurel bough :
Where rapturous applause is loud and long,
Frail guerdon for the heart ! — which lights the brow
With the ephemeral smile of Mind's triumphant glow.

THE HOUSEHOLDER.

BY JOHN WATERS.

'For the kingdom of Heaven is like unto a man that is an householder, which went out early in the morning to hire labourers into his vineyard. And when he had agreed with the labourers for a penny a day, he sent them into his vineyard. And he went out about the third hour, and saw others standing in the market-place, and said unto them: Go ye also into the vineyard, and whatsoever is right I will give you; and they went their way. Again he went out about the sixth and ninth hour, and did likewise. And about the eleventh hour he went out and found others standing idle, and saith unto them, Why stand ye here all the day idle? They say unto him, Because no man hath hired us. He saith unto them, Go ye also into the vineyard; and whatsoever is right that shall ye receive.'—*St. MATTHEW: XX. 1-7.*

O THOU blest Householder! the starry dawn,
The light crepuscular, the roseate morn,
Long since had melted into day!
Long since the glow of Youth's THIRD hour,
And the bird's song, and Fancy's magic power,
Long since have, traceless, pass'd away!

Ent'reth the sun into its zenith height!
Ent'reth the mortal into manhood's might!
Op'neth again the vineyard Gate
And Labourers are call'd! but Honour's dream
Entranc'd my soul, and made Religion seem
As nought, Glory was man's Estate!

The NINTH hour found me in the market place;
Fierce passion ruled my heart, care mark'd my face;
In vain, in vain, Thy blessed call!
To glitter, to achieve, to lose or gain,
Form'd every hope, or thought, delight, or pain:
The world, the world, was still my All!

The TENTH hour sounded in my startled ear!
Thy gracious Spirit touched my heart with fear!
The harvest ended with the day;
That thought imbued my mind — 'not saved? too late?'
I left the throng; I sought the Vineyard Gate;
'Twas shut — Death-struck, I turn'd away!

Low sank the Sun adown the Western Sky!
Each cherish'd hope had prov'd its vanity!
Now neither Earth, nor Heaven was mine.
Rejected, sad, abandon'd, and forlorn;
Of God it seem'd not lov'd; of Hell, the scorn!
No hope, or human or Divine,

Brighten'd my dark, cold, doubting, wretched mind;
The world, a wilderness; Heaven's self, unkind!
'Blackness of darkness' seem'd my way:
Slow struck the ELEVENTH! Thy light around me broke!
And deep, unto my soul, these words were spoke:
'Why stand ye idle all the day?'

'Enter and work through the waning hour! —
Lord of the Vineyard! grant Thy servant power
To labour, love Thee, and obey.
Let every thought, plan, word, deed, wish, be Thine!
Thine be all honour, glory, praise divine,
And let thy pardon close my day!

THE QUOD CORRESPONDENCE.

Harry Harson.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

On the day but one after Rust's death, Mr. Kornicker was very busy in his office. His coat was off; his hat was on a chair, and in it was his snuff-box, a black silk neckcloth, and a white handkerchief, not a little discolored by the presence of snuff and the absence of water. In one corner of the room lay a confused heap, consisting of bed, bedding, and various odds and ends of wearing apparel; and from these Mr. Kornicker, after due reflection and calculation as to the order in which to make his choice, selected article after article. First, he spread upon the floor his counterpane, then his blanket, then a sheet not a little akin in appearance to his handkerchief, and then his bed: upon these he piled his apparel, in a confused heap, and proceeded to roll the whole into a large ball, which he secured with a piece of rope. 'Now then, the 'moving's begun,' said he, opening the door and rolling the bundle into the entry. 'The premises are ready for the next tenant.'

Having brushed his knees with the palm of his hands, and then dusted his hands by knocking them together, he put on his neckcloth, coat, and hat; pocketed his snuff-box and handkerchief, walked into the entry, locked the door, put the key over it, as he had always been in the habit of doing; seated himself upon his bundle, with his back leaning against the wall; and immediately lapsed into a fit of deep abstraction, which he occasionally relieved by kicking his heels against the floor, shaking his head, in a sudden and emphatic manner, or inhaling his breath rapidly and violently, producing a sound blending the harmonious qualities of a snort and a whistle.

'So,' said he, after indulging in one of the last mentioned performances with so much energy as to arouse him from his abstraction, at the same time nodding his head at Rust's office, '*his* cake being dough, our bargain's up; and here am I, Edward Kornicker, Esquire, attorney and counsellor at law, a man of profound experience, severe knowledge of the world, of great capacity in various ways, though of small means—I think I may say of d——d small means—once more in the market; for sale to the highest bidder. Such a valuable commodity is not met with every day. If any gentleman,' continued he, raising his hand and looking round at an imaginary audience, 'is extremely desirous of securing the eminent talents of one of the most prominent young men of the day—not exactly new,' added he, running his eye over his rusty coat, 'but wonderfully serviceable; no cracks, nor flaws, no pieces broken off—here is an opportunity which will not occur again. This is only a scratch on the surface,' said he, as he thrust his finger into a

small hole in his coat-sleeve ; ' the article itself is warranted to be perfectly sound, and of the best quality. How much is bid ? — how much for the promising young man aforesaid ? How much ? One thousand dollars ? Five hundred ? Two fifty ? — one ? — fifty ? It wont do,' said he, in a melancholy tone ; ' strike him down to me. The gentleman's bought himself in ; there being no demand for the article in this market, he thinks of disposing of himself to some respectable widow lady with a small family and a large purse. He may alter his mind, but that's his present intention.'

Here Mr. Kornicker concluded his rather extraordinary soliloquy by plunging his hands in his pockets, and dropping into a subdued whistle ; in the course of which his thoughts seemed to have taken altogether a different channel ; for it was not long before he said, as if in continuance of some unuttered train of thought :

' Well, old fellow, I promised you to look after your girl, although you did n't seem much struck with the offer. But I'll stick to my promise ; although, to tell the truth, I do n't exactly know how to commence. But nothing will be done by sitting on this bundle. So I'll to my work at once.'

He rose up hastily, and was descending the stairs when he abruptly turned back, went up to his luggage, and after eyeing it for a minute, said :

' It's a hazardous business to leave you here. You can't be distrained on, nor levied on, because you're exempt by law. So you are safe from landlords and creditors ; the law makes you exempt from being stolen too ; but thieves consider themselves like members of parliament, out of the reach of law. There's the rub. You might be stolen ; and I very much regret to say, that the gentleman who should lay violent hands on you would walk off with all my goods, chattels, lands, tenements, and hereditaments ; but I've no where to take you, and as I expect to sleep in this entry, you must take your chance. So, good bye, old acquaintance, in case you and I should never meet again.'

Having in a very grave manner shaken one corner of the counterpane, as if it were the hand of an old friend, he gave his head a sudden jerk, to settle his hat in the right place, and descended the stairs.

The task which Kornicker had imposed upon himself was by no means easy ; but firm in his purpose of fulfilling his promise, he shut his eyes to all difficulties, and commenced his pursuit.

The first place to which he went was the prison, for he hoped that the keeper of it might know something about her, or that she might have left her address there, in case her father wished to see her when he was imprisoned. But he was disappointed. They could tell him nothing, except that Rust neither asked for her, nor mentioned her, and had always refused to see her. She had never succeeded in gaining admittance to him, except on the night of his death, when the jailer, a fellow unfit for his office, for he had some human feeling left, unable to resist her tears and entreaties, had let her in unannounced, as mentioned in the last chapter. She had left the cell abruptly, had hurried off, and had never returned. ' God help the poor child !' exclaimed the man, as he told the story. ' Such hearts as hers were made for heaven, not

for this world. I have a daughter of her age; and even if she had robbed a church, I could n't have treated her as that man treated his child.'

The man looked at Kornicker, as if to observe the effect of his last remark; but probably that gentleman viewed the robbing of a church in a less heinous light than the jailer, for he made no comment on it, but after a pause said:

'So that's all you know?'

The man nodded.

'Good morning to you, Sir,' said Kornicker; and he walked straight out of the building, and had crossed several streets before he had made up his mind what to do next. This however was soon settled, and he buttoned his coat tightly, pulled his hat firmly on his head, drew on a pair of shabby gloves, and performed a number of those little acts which in ancient times were known under the head of 'girding up the loins,' preparatory to setting out to his next point of destination, which was the girl's former home, the place where Rust had committed the murder. It was many miles off; and the distance which Rust, under the whip and spur of fierce passions, had traversed without trace of fatigue, drew from his clerk many a sigh, and many an expression of weariness.

When he got there he found the house deserted. He entered it, for there was no one there to hinder it, but the rooms were empty and dismantled. The house had been hired by Rust, and no sooner was he in the gripe of the law, than creditors innumerable, who like birds of prey were biding their time, kept in check by the unbending character of their debtor, came flitting in from every quarter; seized and sold the furniture, and left the house desolate. A single dark stain upon the library floor, where the murdered man had fallen, was all that was left to tell a tale of the past. The dust had gathered thickly on the walls, as if preparing to commence a slumber of years; and as Kornicker went out, the rats raced through the hall, startled at the tread of a stranger.

With a heart as heavy as his limbs, as he thought of the past life of the girl who had once tenanted this house, and then fancied what her present fate must be, Kornicker set out on his return. 'If it had been me,' said he, pausing to take a last look at the lonely house, 'if it had only been Edward Kornicker who was thus cast adrift, to kick his way through the world with empty pockets, and without a soul to say to him God speed, or 'I'm sorry for you,' it would have been right and proper, and no one would have any cause to grumble or find fault; but this being a girl, with no money, and consequently with no friends, no experience, as I have, it's a very hard case — a very hard case, indeed.'

Having arrived at this conclusion, Kornicker took off his hat, wiped his forehead, snuffed, and set out on his return.

Day after day for several weeks he prosecuted his inquiries without success; and just when he was in despair, chance led him to success. In the course of his rambles, he encountered a person who had been at Rust's trial, and happened to speak about him; for now that the criminal was dead and in his grave, when public opinion could be of no service to him, many who had hunted him down began to view less harshly

the crime which had led to his death ; and this man was one of the number. He said that, although he deserved punishment for his previous evil deeds, yet the best and purest act of his life had been that by which he had struck down the destroyer of his child.

‘Poor thing!’ said he, ‘she must have led a miserable life since her father’s death. I have met her several times since then in the street, but that was several weeks ago ; and then she was very feeble, scarcely able to walk : perhaps she’s dead now.’

Kornicker waited only long enough to ascertain that she lived in a certain out-of-the-way part of the town, which the man designated, and thither he directed his steps, and resumed his search ; and after several days spent in fruitless inquiries, he discovered her.

The house in which he found her was a small ruinous building, sagged and jutting forward, as if struggling to sustain itself against time and dilapidation. The windows were broken ; the doors and shutters unhung, except a solitary one of the latter, which creaked as it flapped to and fro in the wind ; and this was the home of Rust’s child.

Kornicker ascended the rickety stairs and paused at the door of a room, which a slipshod woman had pointed out as that of the ‘murderer’s daughter.’ He knocked, but there was no reply ; he knocked again, but all was silent. Then he opened the door and looked in.

It was a small dingy room, unfurnished, with the exception of a bed on the floor, and a single chair, on which stood a candle whose flaring light served only to add to the gloom of the room by revealing its wretchedness. The girl was in bed ; her hair lying in tangled masses about the pillow. Her cheeks were sunken and colorless, and her eyes deep-set and glowing, as if all that was left of life was concentrated in them.

Kornicker hesitated for a moment, and then pushed the door open and walked in. The girl looked listlessly up, but did not notice him ; for she turned her head away with a weary, restless motion, and did not speak. Kornicker went to the bed, got on his knees beside it, and took her hand in his. As he did so he observed that it was very thin and shrunken, and that the large veins stood out like cords. It was hot as fire. ‘You’re very ill,’ said he, in a low tone. ‘I’m afraid you’re very ill.’

‘I’m dying of thirst,’ said the girl, pointing to an empty pitcher, which stood on the floor. ‘Give me water ; the want of it is driving me mad. No one has been near me to-day. I tried to get it myself, but could not stand.’

Kornicker waited to hear no more, but seizing the pitcher, darted out to a pump, and in a very few minutes came back again with it filled to the brim. The girl’s eye grew even more lustrous than before, as she saw it, and she attempted to rise, but was unable.

‘You must excuse ceremony,’ said Kornicker, as he placed his arm under her back and supported her while he held the pitcher to her lips. ‘Nursing is n’t in my line.’

The girl swallowed the water greedily, and then sank back on the pillow exhausted.

‘Have you a doctor?’ inquired Kornicker, placing the pitcher on the floor.

'No,' answered she feebly; 'I have no money: the last went yesterday. I'm deserted by all now.'

'Not quite,' exclaimed Kornicker, slapping his hand earnestly on his knee, while he experienced a choking sensation about the throat; 'not while I'm left. I'm sorry I a'nt a woman, for your sake; but as I do n't happen to be, I hope you'll make no objections on that score; I'll look after you as if you were my own sister.'

It was the first word of kindness that the girl had heard for a long time, and the tears came in her eyes.

'There, there, do n't cry,' said Kornicker. It bothers me; I do n't know what to do when women cry. But you have n't a doctor; that will never do. Keep up your heart,' said he, rising; 'I'll return presently.' Saying this, and without waiting for a reply, he left the room.

Arriving in the street, his first impulse was not only to feel in his pockets, but with the utmost care to turn them inside out, and to examine them narrowly.

'Not a copper—pockets to let!' said he, restoring them to their former condition, after a long and unsuccessful search. 'But this girl must be looked after; that's settled. Now then,' said he, in a very meditative mood, 'who's able to do it and *will*?'

This seemed a question not easily answered, for he stood for more than a minute in profound thought, in endeavoring to solve it; but apparently making up his mind, he hurried along the street. The direction which he took was toward the upper part of the city, and he was some time in reaching his destination, which was no other than Harry Harson's house. He crossed the court-yard and knocked at the door, which was opened by Harson.

'I want a word with you,' said Kornicker, abruptly.

Harson told him to come in; led the way to his sitting-room, and pointing to a chair, told him to be seated.

'I have n't time,' said Kornicker, shaking his head. 'Do you know me?'

'I've seen you, but I can't recollect where.'

'Here,' said Kornicker, 'here, in this room. I breakfasted here. I'm Michael Rust's clerk.'

'Then you can scarcely expect a cordial reception from me,' said Harson, coldly.

'I do n't care what sort of a reception you give me,' replied Kornicker; 'you may kick me if it will be any comfort to you, provided you only do what I ask. Michael Rust is dead, and his daughter is now dying, with scarcely clothes to cover her, or a bed to lie in; without a cent to buy her food or medicine; without a soul to say a single word of comfort to her. I would n't have troubled you, old fellow,' continued he, with some warmth, at the same time turning out his pockets, 'if I had a cent to give her. The last I had I spent in getting a breakfast this morning; and although it's the only meal I've eaten to day, damme if I would have touched it if I had thought to have found her in such circumstances. But since you won't help her, you may let it alone; I'm not so hard run but that I can do something for her yet.'

Kornicker had worked himself up into such an excitement, owing to

Harson's cold reception of him, that he took it for granted his request was to be refused ; and having thus vented his feelings he turned on his heel to go, when the old man laid his hand on his shoulder.

'Nature puts noble hearts in very rough cases,' said Harson, his eyes glistening as he spoke. 'You're a good fellow, but rather hasty. I did n't say I would not assist the poor girl ; on the contrary, you shall see that I will. She has no doctor ?'

'No.'

'No nurse ?'

'No.'

Harson rang the bell. The house-keeper answered it.

'Martha, put on your things,' said Harson ; 'I want you to sit up with a sick person to-night. Bring a basket, and lights, and cups, and every thing that's necessary for one who has nothing. I'll return in five minutes ; you must be ready by that time. Now then, Sir, come along ; you shall see what I'll do next.'

He went into the street, and walked rapidly on, turning one or two corners, but without going far, and at last knocked at the door of a small house.

'A very excellent fellow lives here,' said he to Kornicker ; he's a doctor ; and if this girl can be saved he'll do it. Hark ! there he comes. I hear his step.'

The door was opened by the doctor himself, and a few words sufficed to explain matters to him.

'I'll be ready in a minute,' said he, darting in the room and as suddenly returning, struggling his way into the arms of a great-coat. 'Now then,' exclaimed he, buttoning a single button, and dashing into the street, 'which way ?'

'Where does she live ?' asked Harson. 'I'll go back and bring the nurse.'

Kornicker told him, and was hurrying off, when Harson touched his arm, and leading him a few steps aside, said in a low voice : 'You seem somewhat straitened for money, Mr. Kornicker ; I wish you would accept a loan from me.' He extended a bank-note to him.

Kornicker buttoned his pockets up very closely, not omitting a single button, and then replied coldly : 'I ask charity for others, not for myself.'

'Come, come,' said Harson, kindly, 'you must n't bear malice. I did not act well toward you at first ; you must forget it ; and to show that you do so, you must take this loan from me.'

'I do n't wish to borrow,' replied Kornicker.

'Well, I'm sorry for it,' said Harson, taking his hand ; 'but you're not angry ?'

'No no, old fellow ; it's not an easy matter to keep angry with you ; you're a trump !'

'Perhaps you'll sup with me when we return ?' said the old man, earnestly.

'I'll see how the girl is,' replied Kornicker ; 'good bye. We're losing time.'

Saying this, he shook hands with Harson, and joining the doctor, they set out at a rapid pace for the girl's abode.

They reached it without interruption, other than a short delay on the part of the doctor, who being of a beligerent disposition, was desirous of stopping to flog a man who had intentionally jostled him off the sidewalk. Kornicker, however, by urging upon him the situation of the girl, had induced him to postpone his purpose, not a little to the relief of the offender, who in insulting him had only intended to insult an inoffensive elderly person, who could not resent the affront.

‘Can it be possible that any thing human tenants such a den as this?’ said the doctor, looking at the half-hung door of the girl’s abode, and listening to the wind as it sighed through broken window-panes and along the entry.

‘Come on, and you’ll see,’ replied Kornicker; and siezing him by the arm, he led him half stumbling up the stairs, and finally paused at the girl’s room.

‘Look in there, if you want to see comfort,’ said he, with an irony that seemed almost savage, from the laugh which accompanied it. ‘Isn’t that a sweet death-chamber for one who all her life has had every thing that money could buy?’

The doctor glanced in the room, then at the fierce, excited face of his companion. ‘Come, come,’ said he, in a kind tone, taking Kornicker’s hand; ‘don’t give way to these feelings. She’ll be well taken care of now. Harry Harson never does a good action by halves. Come in.’

He pushed the door open very gently, and went to the bed. The girl seemed sleeping, for she did not move. He took the candle, and held it so that the light fell on her face. He then placed his hand gently upon her wrist. He kept it there for some moments, then held up the light again, and looked at her face; after which he placed it on the floor, rose up, and took a long survey of the room.

‘It’s a wretched place,’ said he, ‘speaking in a whisper. ‘She must have suffered terribly here.’

‘This is the way the poor live,’ said Kornicker, in a low, bitter tone; ‘this is the way *she* has lived; but we’ll save her from dying so.’

The doctor looked at him, and then turned away and bit his lip:

‘What are you going to do for her?’ demanded Kornicker, after a pause: ‘have you medicine with you?’

‘She requires nothing now,’ said the doctor, in a tone scarcely above a whisper. ‘She’s dead!’

Kornicker hastily took the light, and bent over her. He remained thus for a long time; and when he rose, his eyes were filled with tears.

‘I’m sorry I left her,’ said he, in a vain effort to speak in his usual tones. ‘It was very hard that she should die alone. I acted for the best; but d—n it, I’m always wrong!’

He dashed his fist across his face, walked to the window and looked out.

At that moment the door opened, and Harson entered, his face somewhat attempered in its joyous expression; and close behind followed the house-keeper with a large basket.

‘How is she?’ asked he, in a subdued tone.

Kornicker made no reply, but looked resolutely out of the window, and snuffed profusely. It would not have been manly to show that the large

tears were coursing down his cheeks. Harson threw an inquiring glance at the doctor, who answered by a shake of the head: 'She was dead when we got here.'

Harson went to the bed, and put back the long tresses from her face. There was much in that face to sadden the old man's heart. Had it been that of an old person, of one who had lived out her time, and had been gathered in, in due season, he would have thought less of it; but it was sad indeed to see one in the first blush of youth, scarcely more than a child, stricken down and dying in such a place, and so desolate.

'Was there no one with her — not a soul?' inquired Harson, earnestly, as he rose; 'not one human being, to breathe a word of comfort in her ear, or to whisper a kind word to cheer her on her long journey?'

The doctor shook his head: 'No one.' Harson's lips quivered, but he pressed them tightly together, and turning to Kornicker said:

'Come, my good fellow, you must struggle against your feelings; you must not be downcast about it. She's better off than if she had lived — much better off.'

'I'm not in the least downcast,' replied Kornicker, in a very resolute manner; 'I don't care a straw about it. She was nothing to me; only it's a little disagreeable to be living in this world without a soul to care for, or a soul that cares for you; and then there was some satisfaction in being of use to some one, and in feeling it was your duty to see that no one imposed on her, or ill treated her; but no matter; it's all over now. I suppose it's all right; and I feel quite cheerful, I assure you. But you'll look to her, will you? I can be of no farther use here, and I'd rather go.'

'I will,' said Harson.

'You won't let her be buried as a pauper, I hope?'

'No, upon my honor she shall not,' replied Harry.

'Very well — good night.'

Harson followed him down the stairs, and again endeavored to force a sum of money upon him; but Kornicker was resolute in his refusal, nor could he be induced to go home with Harson that evening. He said that he was not hungry.

After several ineffectual efforts, the old man permitted him to depart, with the internal resolution of keeping his eye on him, and of giving him a helping hand in the world; a resolution which we may as well mention that he carried out; so that in a few years Mr. Kornicker became a very vivacious gentleman, of independent property, who frequented a small ale-house in a retired corner of the city, where he snuffed prodigally, and became a perfect oracle, and of much reputed knowledge, from the sagacious manner in which he shook his head and winked on all subjects.

CHAPTER TWENTY-NINE.

It was a clear, cloudless night without, and the stars twinkled and glistened as if the sky were full of bright eyes, looking gladly down upon the world, and taking a share in all its gayety and happiness.

There was no moon, or rather the moon was a reveller, and kept late hours, and might be detected sneaking through the sky at about one or two in the morning, when she should have been a-bed; and in consequence of her neglect of duty the streets were dark, except where here and there the shop windows threw out bright streams of light, revealing now a wrinkled brow, now a fat, jolly face, and now a pair of bright sparkling eyes, glowing cheeks, and lips like a rose-bud, as the throng of people flitted past them; for an instant clear, distinct, with face, feature, and form plainly visible, and then lost in the darkness. Some paused to look in the windows, some to chat; and it might have been observed, that those who lingered longest in the light, were young, and such whose faces could bear both the test of light and scrutiny. But amid that crowd was a single man, who followed the same course as the rest; skulking in the dark corners, darting rapidly across the streams of light, with his head bent down and his hat slouched, as if he desired to avoid notice. When he reached those places which were comparatively less thronged, he paused and leaned against the iron railings of the houses, and more than once turned and retraced his steps, as if he had changed or mistaken his route. He was, as far as could be judged from the sudden and uncertain glimpses afforded of his person, tall and gaunt, with sunken eyes, long unshorn beard, and a face disfigured by a deep gash. He had the appearance of one broken down by ill health or suffering, and his panting breath, as he stopped, showed that he was taxing his strength by the pace at which he went. Although he paused often, and often turned back, yet in the end he resumed his journey, and finally reached the upper part of the city. There he struck into a dark cross-street. Once free from the crowd, and where few could observe him, his smothered feelings broke out; and muttering to himself, grating his teeth, blaspheming, now striking his clenched fists as if aiming a blow, he darted on. He did not pause until he came to the house of no less a person than Harry Harson. He crossed the door-yard hastily, as if he feared his resolution might give way; opened the front door, for Harry had no enemies, and his door was unbolted, and entered the outer room. The door communicating with the inner room was open, so that he could see within; and perhaps never was there a greater contrast than between the occupants of those two rooms. In one was a man eaten up by fierce passions, desperate and hardened, with all that is noble in the human soul burnt out as with a hot iron; in the other sat an old man whose benevolent features beamed with good will to all mankind. There was scarcely a wrinkle in the broad full brow; the hair was sprinkled with gray; but what of that? His eye was bright; his mouth teemed with good nature; and his heart—God bless thee, old Harry Harson! what need to speak of thy heart?

The intruder had come in so noiselessly, although his motions were rapid and bold, that Harson had not heard him, but sat reading a newspaper, and was not a little startled in looking over it to see a man seated within a few feet of him, and gazing at him with eyes as wild and bright as those of a maniac.

‘Who are you, in the name of heaven?’ ejaculated he, too surprised even to rise, and looking at the stranger as if he still doubted the reality of his being in that spot.

The man laughed, savagely : 'Look at me, my master ; look at me *well* ; you've seen me afore. Try and recollect it.'

Harson's embarrassment was not of long duration, and he examined the man from head to foot. A vague recollection of having met him somewhere, mingled with an indefinable feeling of suspicion and pain, crossed Harson's mind as he studied the sunken features which were submitted unshrinkingly to his scrutiny. He thought, and pondered, and wondered ; and still the man remained unmoved. He looked again ; the man changed his position, and the light fell upon him from another direction. Harson knew him at once. He started up : 'Murderer, I know you !'

The man was on his feet at the same moment.

'Down to your seat, Sir !' said he, in a loud, savage tone. 'You're right ; but you cannot take me alive, nor will mortal man. In that room,' said he, in a low tone, and pointing toward the dark stair-case which led to the upper part of the house, 'I killed Tim Craig—the only man that ever loved me. He's been after me ever since !' He leaned his face toward Harson, and looking stealthily over his shoulder said in a whisper : 'He's waiting for me at the door. He sat down on the stoop when I came in. I don't know why I came here, but he made me do it, and I must see where I killed him. It was n't me. It was Rust ; it was Rust. Hark !' He cast a hasty glance in the room behind him. 'I'm going, Tim, I'm going,' said he. 'Quick ! quick ! give me the light !'

Seizing the candle, before Harson could prevent him, he rushed out of the room, and sprang up the stairs two at a time. Harson followed ; but before he reached the door of the upper room, with a yell so loud and unearthly that it made the old man's heart stand still, the murderer darted out ; his face livid ; his hair bristling, his eyes starting with horror. With a single bound he cleared the stairs ; crossed the antechamber, the gate swung heavily to, and he was gone ! And this was the last that was ever known of Bill Jones. A few months afterward, the body of a man was found floating in one of the docks, and was supposed to be his ; but it was so mutilated and disfigured, that it was impossible to ascertain the fact with any certainty, and it was deposited in the earth with none to claim it or care for it, and with no mark to designate that the soil above it shrouded a heart which had once throbbed with all the hopes and fears and passions that were burning in the bosoms of those who were carelessly loitering above its resting place.

CHAPTER THIRTY.

NED SOMERS had followed Harson's advice in not making his visits to Rhoneland's too frequent. But whatever may have passed between him and Kate, and even if they did occasionally meet in the street and stop to speak, and sometimes to hold conversations which were neither short nor uninteresting to themselves, that is a matter between themselves with which we have nothing to do. Certain it is, however, that

as Ned cooled off in his intimacy with Rhoneland, he appeared to rise in the old man's estimation ; and he grew more cordial when they *did* meet. It may have been that the suspicions implanted by Rust were gradually giving way before the frank, honest nature of the young man ; or it may have been that gratitude for the assistance which Somers had lent, (and which Harson was very particular to give its full weight) in disentangling him from the toils of Rust ; or it may have been the secret influence of Harson, who ventured, whenever it could be done, to speak a good word for Ned ; or it may have been the drooping face of his child, which he was wont more than ever to study anxiously, that gradually softened his feelings ; but there is no doubt that, to Kate's surprise, he one day told her to get him pen, ink and paper, and to draw the table in front of him, as he was going to write a letter. And it must be confessed, that Kate's color heightened, and her heart beat fast when he had finished the letter, directed it to Mr. Edward Somers, and then asked if she knew the address of Somers, which of course she did ; although she hesitated and stammered as if it were a profound secret, and the answer the most difficult thing in the world.

But her surprise was scarcely greater than that of Ned himself, when a boy came to him with a letter which ran thus :

'MY DEAR EDWARD : Come to me as soon as you can ; I wish to see you on a matter of much importance to both of us.

Yours truly,

JACOB RHONELAND.'

Ned felt something bouncing about in a very queer manner directly under his ribs, as he read this note ; but the sensation was not so painful as to prevent his obeying it with a speed that was perfectly marvellous ; for to Rhoneland it seemed that the letter could scarcely have reached its destination before Ned was back with it in his hand.

'You got my note,' said he gravely, as Somers entered, his face flushed with the rapidity with which he had come.

'I have.'

'Do n't go, Kate,' said he to his daughter, who with an inkling of what was to follow, was stealing away. 'What I have to say relates to both of you.'

'Some time since,' said he, rising, and standing in front of Ned, 'I wronged you, by making charges against you which I am now convinced were false. My mind was poisoned by one who has gone to his long account, and whose evil deeds may sleep with him. For this,' said he, extending his hand, 'I ask your pardon ; much more frankly and freely than I did on the day when we met at Mr. Harson's.

Ned took the proffered hand ; at the same time pouring out a confusion of words, the sum and substance of which was intended to be, that he had taken no offence ; that he knew Jacob was misled by others ; that he was not only perfectly willing, but very happy, to make up the matter, and say no more about it ; which no doubt was very true, for within six feet of him stood Kate, with her soft eyes fixed on his face, and her little mouth dimpled with smiles, as she observed how swim-

mingly matters were going on. And could he be crusty and dogged? or could he cherish a grudge against *her* father? The thing was impossible. The extended hand was grasped, and grasped warmly.

'Another thing I have to speak of,' said Rhoneland, relaxing somewhat at the cordial tone of Ned's feelings. 'It is but a short time since I learnt the full extent of my obligations to you, for the part you took in unmasking the character of Rust, and in obtaining from him a disavowal of charges against me, which, false as they were, were hard indeed to bear, and were breaking me down. I have not finished,' said he, raising his hand to prevent the interruption which Somers was endeavoring to make; 'let me complete what I have to say, and you may speak as much as you like, afterward. I will not thank you, for thanks are but words, and too often mean nothing. Is there any thing that I can *do*, to lessen my indebtedness to you? — or is there any way in which I can pay it off altogether?'

He stopped, and looked earnestly in Ned's face. The red blood dashed up to Somers' very forehead, and he could scarcely breathe for the thumping of his heart, as the idea crossed him that now was the time to ask for Kate; nor was his agitation at all diminished by casting a glance at her, and seeing her cheeks crimson and her eyes downcast, as if she anticipated what was going on in his mind. It must be confessed, however, that had Rhoneland had no other clue to his wishes than that afforded by his words, he would have been very much in the dark; for although Ned attempted to speak out boldly, his lips trembled very much, and his voice was not as obedient as he could wish; and all that was distinctly audible was the girl's name.

'Why lad, what ails thee?' asked Rhoneland, unbending, as he observed the embarrassment of his guest. 'You used to be as bold as a lion. Come here Kate,' said he to his daughter; 'this young fellow has lost his voice; can *you* tell me what he wants?'

It was now Kate's turn to grow confused, and the color to deepen on her cheek; nor did she utter a word.

'Young man,' continued Rhoneland, in a grave tone, 'I did not send for you to trifle with your feelings. You love my daughter, and would ask for *her*, and you fear to do so lest the request should be refused. She is yours. Treat her kindly, and keep even a shadow of sorrow from falling upon her brow. If you do not, an old man's curse will rest upon you; and even though I be dead, and mouldering in my grave, where my voice cannot reach you, that silent curse will follow you.' He turned abruptly away, and left the room.

Ned Somers took Kate's hand in his; passed his arm about her waist, and drew her to him in so singular a manner, that their lips could not but meet; and not only once, but at least some half-a-dozen times.

'So you're mine at last, Kate!' said he, looking into her very eyes, whenever they were raised enough for him to do so. 'Did I not tell you to cheer up; and that all would be well? Did I not say so; and wasn't I right? And now, Kate,' said he, in a less confident tone, 'your father, though a most worthy old gentleman, is somewhat whimsical, and might change his mind; so when shall *it* be?'

Kate's reply was so very low, that it reached no ears except those of Ned ; but whatever it was, it is certain that on that day month they had been married a week, and were deep in preparations for a merry-making to be held on that very evening at Rhoneland's old house, which had been so furbished up and renovated, under the auspices of the young couple, that every thing in it seemed to shine again. A party at Jacob Rhoneland's ! It was a thing unheard of, and produced quite a sensation in the drowsy part of the town where he lived. Never had a household been in such a fluster as his was. What deep consultations were held to prevent the old man — who seemed to have grown quite cheerful and light-hearted, and chirruped about the house like some gay old old cricket — from meddling in every thing, and to throw dust in his eyes, so as to make him suppose that he was having every thing in his own way, when in fact he was having nothing. And then what a time it took, and what entreaties, to prevail on him to let the great wooden chest, studded with brass nails, which he never took his eye from, be removed to an upper-chamber, to make room for their guests. But Harry Harson, who was in the thick of all the doings, in and out a dozen times in an hour ; rubbing his hands and enjoying the bustle, giving advice, suggesting this thing and that, and setting every thing wrong ; managed to get the great chest out of the way, for he dragged it up stairs under Rhoneland's very nose, and in the teeth of his remonstrances ; and depositing it in a little out-of-the-way room, very difficult of access, by reason of the angles and turns in the entry, and the size of the chest, told Rhoneland that if he wanted it below he might take it there himself ; but that it was better where it was, and much more safe and out of the way ; in which opinion Rhoneland finally coincided.

Betimes Kate came down stairs to receive her guests, looking so charmingly, and her eyes flashing with such malicious brightness, that on meeting her in the entry Ned stopped to kiss her, and tell her that she was looking 'gloriously ;' a performance and observation by the way, which he had already repeated half-a-dozen times in the course of the last hour. By twos and threes the guests began to arrive, and went up stairs. There was a great clatter above, where they were taking off their things. It took a wonderful time to remove the hats and shawls ; for although for a long time up they went, none came down. There must have been thirty assembled above stairs. At last Harry Harson, who was in the room with Ned and Kate, dressed in his best black suit, and looking as young and merry as any of them, vowed that he would not stand it, and sallied up stairs and sent them down in a drove. How bright and cheerful they all were ! how the congratulations poured in upon Ned and Kate ; and hopes for his future happiness, and that he might have a large fortune, and a large family to help him take care of it.

A loud scraping and jingling announced that the music was there, and put a stop to such flummery as conversation. The young folks were going into the business of the evening. The little stunted black fiddler with rings in his ears, was mounted on one chair ; the big, fat fiddler, who fiddled with his eyes shut, was seated on another ; and the goggle-eyed negro, with a self-satisfied face, who simpered on every

body, and flourished the tambourine, was placed like an umbrella in the corner, to be out of the way.

The fat fiddler called out for the gentlemen to choose their partners for a quadrille. Then came the long premonitory screeching of the fiddle-bow across the cat-gut; then the slight, tremulous jingle of the tambourine, as if the goggle-eyed negro were dying to begin; then the bustling and hustling, and squeezing of the couples, until they had obtained their places in the dance. Then the scientific look of the fat fiddler, as he opened his eyes and surveyed the whole, to see that all was right; then the slight clearing of his throat, as he threw his head on one side, bellowed out 'right and left,' and forthwith plunged into the matter, might and main. Away he went, but fast and furious at his heels followed the little stunted fiddler; and loud above the din of both, rose the rattle of the tambourine. 'Right hand across! forward two; balancez; ladies chain; forward four; dos-à-dos; chassez to the right; cross over; all round; here, there, every where, and all over — he was up to it all. In vain the dancers fairly flew; the fat fiddler was equal to all emergencies; he never lagged; he was sometimes too fast, but never — no, not for a single instant — was he behind.

'Whew!' said he, as he gave the final flourish of his bow, and laying it aside, wiped his forehead on his coat-sleeve, and called for a tumbler of cold water. And thereupon the stunted fiddler and the tambourine made the same request; the latter suggesting that his glass might be tempered with a 'small spirt of gin,' without hurting his feelings.

In that dance, the lightest step and merriest voice was that of Harson, who led out the bride, and footed it there with the best of them; and who through the whole evening was bustling around the room, with a kind word for every one, and as much at home as if the house, and the company, and even the bride, belonged to him. And in fact, one or two of the guests — but they were unsophisticated people from the country — were for some time under the delusion that Harry was the bridegroom, instead of the quiet young fellow who was seen walking about the rooms, talking to the disagreeable old women, and getting partners for the ugly young ones, without their knowing it; but all in such an unobtrusive manner that he seemed quite a nobody when compared with Harson.

But there must be an end even to the merriest meetings; and when they had kept it up until the night had got among the small hours, they began to drop off. And here, amid the adieus of departing guests, we will take our leave of the young couple; for it is far pleasanter to bid farewell to those whose friendship we have cherished when hope is strong and bright, than when care or disappointment has flung its shadow over their hearts.

CHAPTER THE LAST.

A FEW weeks had elapsed, and a small group were gathered one evening at Harson's fireside. It was composed of three persons beside Harson. The first was a man of about fifty; he might have been younger; and the heavy wrinkles which were scored across his fore-

head may have been the fruit of trouble and care, for they were almost too deep for his years; his mouth was firmly compressed, like that of one in the habit of mastering strong feelings; and the whole character of his face would have been stern, but for his dark, gray eye, which at times brightened up almost to childish playfulness. This was Mr. Colton, the father of Harson's protégé, Annie. The child herself was seated on Harson's knee, sound asleep, with her head resting on his breast. The only other person in the group was the wife of Mr. Colton. She was quite young, and had once possessed great beauty—the beauty of youth and happiness; but that was gone, and in its place was the patient look of one who had suffered much, and in silence. She spoke seldom, and in a low tone, so soft and musical that one regretted when the voice ceased.

'Your letter,' said Mr. Colton, in continuation of a previous conversation, 'put an end to all my plans respecting my poor niece. I had hoped to assist her; for knowing her father's hostility to her, I feared that she might be in want. Her death was a very melancholy one.'

He looked in the fire in deep thought, and for a short time a silence ensued which no one seemed inclined to break.

'I never saw her,' said his wife, after some moments; 'I think you did.'

'Yes, once—at the trial,' replied he, uttering the last word with an effort, as if the subject were painful. 'She was very beautiful.'

'Did she resemble her father?' inquired Mrs. Colton.

'Perhaps I can settle that question more easily than any one,' said Harson, rising up, 'by letting you judge for yourself.'

He went to a small curtain which hung against the wall, and drawing it aside, disclosed a portrait of Rust's daughter—the same which Rust had brooded over with such mingled emotions on the night previous to the murder. The same childlike, innocent smile, played round the small, dimpled mouth; the same calm, thoughtful expression of intellect mingled with gentleness, shone out of the eyes. All was as it was when father and child last looked upon it—the criminal and her accuser. Every line was unaltered; but where were they? Dust! They had acted their part on earth; their love, their hate, their fears, their remorse, were past. The tide of time was hurrying on, bringing life and death, and hopes and fears to others, but sweeping from the earth all trace of their footsteps. To them forever, aye even until the last trump, time and thought, and care and feeling, had no existence!

Mrs. Colton's eyes filled with tears as she gazed upon the picture. 'She deserved a happier fate,' said she, in a subdued tone, as if she feared to disturb the spell which seemed to hang about it.

'It was ordained for the best,' replied Harson, in a grave tone, as he regarded the portrait with a kind of solemn interest. Then, after a moment, he added: 'That *was* her, before want and suffering had laid their iron finger upon her. When I saw her, she was dead. She was very beautiful even then; but in the short time that had elapsed since her father's imprisonment, the work of years had been performed; she seemed much older and thinner, and more care-worn.'

'How did you get this?' inquired Mr. Colton, pointing to the picture.

'A friend of mine, the person who aided the girl in her last moments, accidentally learned that it was for sale, and begged me to buy it. He was too poor to do it, and I was willing to gratify him; and so the picture became mine.'

Mr. Colton looked at him for a few moments, as if on the point of making some remark, and then walked to the other end of the room and took a seat without a word. He was aroused by the child climbing on his knee, and putting her arms about his neck.

'God protect you, my child!' said he, laying his hand affectionately on her head; 'may you never know the misery which has fallen upon that poor girl!'

The words were intended to be inaudible, but they reached the ear of his wife, who going up to him, and laying her hand on his arm, said in a low voice: 'Come, come, George, do not give way to these feelings. You must not be gloomy.'

He looked at her sadly, and then placing his finger on his heart, said: 'Is not what has been going on here, for years, enough to wither to the root every feeling of cheerfulness, so that it should never again put forth a blossom?'

'Hush! hush!' interrupted his wife, in a whisper; 'if you *have* suffered, you have gained at last what you have always prayed for; while *he*, the one who caused it all, has paid the penalty of his misdeeds. Remember what his fate was.' She pointed to the picture: 'Remember too, the fate of his only child. George, George! his punishment has been terrible, even in *this* world!'

'You are right, Mary — God forgive me! I'll think of it no more. He and I were nursed in the same arms, and watched by the same fond mother. From the bottom of my heart I forgive him. It would be sacrilege to her memory, for me to harbor an unkind feeling toward even a stranger, if she had loved him.'

He was silent for a moment, and then addressing Harson, enquired:

'Who is this Mr. Kornicker?'

'A poor fellow, with little to help him through the world but careless habits and a good heart.'

'What character does he bear?' inquired the other.

'Such as might be expected from his position,' replied Harson; 'full of flaws, but with a vein of gold running through it. Nature has given him fine feelings, and fortune, unluckily, has placed him in a situation where such feelings are impediments rather than otherwise. But he is a noble fellow for all that.'

'Where can he be found?' asked his guest.

Harson probably anticipated the object of this inquiry, for he said with a laugh:

'He has been taken care of; he has been placed where the means of livelihood and competence are in his grasp, if he will but work for them. And what is better yet, he seems disposed to do so, although not much can be expected of him at first. I do not think,' added he, 'that it contributes to the happiness of a young man, with a long life before him, to

be altogether idle. I will do all that I can to help him; but he must work. It will be more easy for him as he gets used to the traces.'

The stranger acquiesced in this remark, and then added: 'I will take his address, nevertheless, for I must see him when I return to the city, which will be very shortly; but you seem to have anticipated me in every thing. Even the lawyer, Mr. Holmes, declined to be paid for his services. He said that *this* was not strictly a business matter, and that what he had done was out of friendship for you, and that I had better pocket the fee and drop the subject; at the same time, he said he was going to dinner, and asked me to join him, which I did, and a very pleasant time we had of it.'

A good-natured laugh was indulged at the peculiarities of the old lawyer, and many stories told of him, and of others who have figured in this history. Nor was it until the little clock over the mantel-piece seemed to give a very vehement wag of its pendulum as it struck twelve, and Spite, who had been asleep in the corner, bounced up, alarmed at the lateness of the night, and barked vociferously, that they dreamed of going to bed.

The strangers were Harson's guests that night; and the old man, having escorted them to their room, and wished them good night, was himself soon in bed and asleep.

Bright and early the next morning, they were astir; for they were to leave the city, and Harson was up and ready to see them off. It was a fine morning; the trees were just beginning to put forth their spring leaves, and the grass in the public squares was looking quite fresh and green, as they drove down to the wharf, where the steamer lay, whizzing and puffing, and groaning as if in mortal pain, and tugging at its cable like some shackled sea-monster struggling to escape to its home in the deep. Early as it was, crowds were hurrying to and fro; carts driving up and unloading; porters staggering along with trunks and bales on their shoulders; carriages dashing up at a gallop, filled with people afraid of being too late, and going off more leisurely after the passengers were deposited on the wharf. People were bustling hither and thither, elbowing their way to one place, merely to find out where to elbow it to the next; friends were bidding each other adieu; and in particular, a stout lady from the country, in yellow ribbons, from the upper part of the boat was sending a confidential message to her family and friends by a gentleman who stood in the crowd some sixty yards off.

Through this throng the coach containing our friends drove, and just in good time, for as they stepped on board, the last bell rang.

'All aboard!' shouted the captain; 'take in the plank.'

Harson shook hands with his friends. 'God bless thee, my child!' said he, pressing Annie in his arms. The next moment he stepped on shore; and the boat glided from the dock, and shot out upon the green water.

'Ah, Annie!' said the old man, as he stopped waving his hand, and turned away from the river, 'I had hoped that you would have been mine own as long as I lived; but it's all right as it is. Your brother,' added he, 'I did not miss much, when his parents took him, but *you* had become a part of my home. Well, well!'

No doubt there was a great deal of hidden consolation in these last words; for Harson's face soon recovered its usual cheerful character, and he steadily trudged toward his home.

A few words respecting the other characters, and our task is ended.

Grosket was induced by Mr. Colton to remove to the country, where an intercourse with different and better men than those with whom he had hitherto associated tended in a great measure to soften his character, and temper his fierce passions—the offspring of persecution and suffering.

Mrs. Blossom, at first alarmed by the fear of the law, grew penitent and rigorous in the discharge of her moral obligations to society; but the Law being a notorious sleepy-head, and never appearing to have its eyes open, she gradually fell into her old habits, reopened her 'seminary for lambs;' and from the great quantity of her disciples which frequent the thoroughfares of the city at present, I should judge is getting along prosperously. Mr. Snork was extremely desirous of becoming a partner in the concern, and made several overtures to that effect, which might have been accepted by the lady, had he not objected to being deprived of his eye-sight, and seated at a corner to receive pennies from passers-by. It was in vain that the lady represented to him that this would be the making of their respective fortunes; that blind beggars, particularly if they were remarkably disgusting, as was the case with him, had been known to retire with handsome fortunes, and that some of them even bought snug little farms in the country, and kept a horse and 'shay.' Mr. Snork however, was obstinate; his proposals were accordingly rejected, and he returned disconsolately to his abode, which was now lonely, his wife having paid a visit to the penitentiary, for the benefit of the country air.

The widow, Mrs. Chowles, still lives in her quiet, blinking little house, as cheerful and contented as ever; as happy as ever to hear Harry's heavy step, and to see his honest face in his old corner in her parlor; and although he is no longer accompanied by Spite, who has grown old and rheumatic, so that he is unable to stir from the chimney-corner, where he passes his time in crabbed solitude, except when he turns up his dim eyes to his old master, as he hears his voice, and feels his caressing hand on his head; all else is as it was in that little household; and that it may long continue, is our warmest wish.

CONCLUSION.

Mr. STITES' manuscript was written at different times, and in different hands. The little man was evidently troubled with a defective memory, (although I would not tell him so for the world,) and has permitted many strange mistakes and anachronisms to creep into his tale, which inclines me to think that the whole matter is not so authentic as he pretends, but has been gleaned in various parcels from the regions of romance. But as he is not a little tetchy on the score of his veracity, I can only suggest that the tale be regarded by his good natured readers rather as a fiction than sober truth.

From beginning to end, strong disapprobation has been expressed by

Mr. Snagg, who says that 'that d — d dog is enough to kill any story, and that for his part, he does n't think much of Stites; never did, and never will; and that a single hair of Slaughter's tail was worth Stites' marrow, fat and kidneys, all done up together.'

It is useless to argue with him; and I find the most judicious mode of disposing of the matter is to let the question remain unanswered; by which means he soon comes round, begins to discover a few merits in the manuscript, and finally concludes with a warm panegyric upon Mr. STITES himself, always however with a reservation as to the dog, whom he swears 'he never shall be able to stomach.'

In all respects, my quiet old home remains as it was. The same mystery hangs about it as formerly. The interest which for a time was excited respecting it, when I gave an account of the murder which had left it shunned and tenantless, has died away; and with the exception of Mr. Snagg, Mr. Stites, and my dog, I have few visitors. Perhaps it is best that it should be so; for I have the spectres of no hard feelings nor bitter thoughts, nor painful recollections to haunt me, requiring excitement and bustle to drive them off; and old age demands time for solemn thought and serious meditation, to enable it to wean itself from the past, and look cheerfully forward to the future.

But no more of myself. My task is ended; and I now bid you farewell!

JOHN QUOD.

T H E P A S T .

I.

DESPAIR not, though thy course is drear,
The past has pleasures for us all;
Bright scenes and things to hearts most dear,
And those how fondly we recall.

II.

Such as some lovely girl we knew;
Such as some touching song we heard;
Such as some evening spent, when flew
The hours as swift as passing bird.

III.

Such as some well-tried friend we had;
Such as some acts of kindness done,
Yet rising up to make us glad,
And so will rise when years are gone.

IV.

Despair not! still be innocent;
Admire the beautiful, the good,
And when the cry of woe is sent,
Turn to relieve, in pitying mood.

V.

So shall the present, when 't is past,
Rich with harmonious scenes appear,
No gloomy shadows o'er it cast,
No spectres there, to make thee fear.

x. a.

T H E H E A R T H O F H O M E .

BY MARY E. HEWITT.

THE storm around my dwelling sweeps,
 And while the dry boughs fierce it reaps,
 My heart within a vigil keeps,
 The warm and cheering hearth beside ;
 And as I mark the kindling glow
 Brightly o'er all its radiance throw,
 Back to the years my memories flow,
 When Rome sat on her hills in pride ;
 When every stream and grove and tree
 And fountain had its deity.

The hearth was then, 'mong low and great,
 Unto the Lares consecrate :
 The youth arrived to man's estate
 There offered up his golden heart ;
 Thither, when overwhelmed with dread,
 The stranger still for refuge fled,
 Was kindly cheered, and warmed, and fed,
 Till he might fearless thence depart :
 And there the slave, a slave no more,
 Hung reverent up the chain he wore.

Full many a change the hearth hath known ;
 The Druid fire, the curfew's tone,
 The log that bright at yule-tide shone,
 The merry sports of Hallow-e'en ;
 Yet still where'er a home is found,
 Gather the warm affections round,
 And there the notes of mirth resound,
 The voice of wisdom heard between :
 And welcomed there with words of grace,
 The stranger finds a resting place.

Oh ! wheresoe'er our feet may roam,
 Still sacred is the hearth of home ;
 Whether beneath the princely dome,
 Or peasant's lowly roof it be,
 For home the wanderer ever yearns ;
 Backward to where its hearth-fire burns,
 Like to the wife of old, he turns
 Ever the eyes of memory.
 Back where his heart he offered first —
 Back where his fond young hopes he nursed.

My humble hearth though all disdain,
 Here may I cast aside the chain
 The world hath coldly on me lain ;
 Here to my LARES offer up
 The warm prayer of a grateful heart ;
 Thou that my household guardian art,
 That dost to me thine aid impart,
 And with thy mercy fill'st my cup ;
 Strengthen the hope within my soul,
 Till I in faith may reach the goal.

P R O F E S S O R S H A W .

A S K E T C H .

PLUTARCH SHAW, the naturalist, was lately in the stocks, which has been a matter of much talk among the virtuosi, and a good deal of malicious laughter on all hands. He cut a devil of a figure, rest assured, propped up in a straight jacket, his eye fiery with vengeance ; the innocent victim of 'circumstances,' and that very common error of putting the saddle on the wrong horse. A very little explanation will serve to place this matter in the right light, and show by what a fantastic adventure an honest man, who was alway given to roam over much territory, was suddenly placed upon the limits, and one of the most profound explorers of the curious became himself for the time being a curiosity.

Mr. Shaw is so much of an enthusiast, that it is very unpleasant to stand near him when he is talking about his bugs, or exhibiting his specimens, on account of being spattered all over with the spray of his eloquence. A bat shot down in the dusk of the evening is enough to set him half crazy, and make the saliva fly all over ; it rolls and surges against the bulwarks of his jagged teeth in a rabid foam, showers out with his descriptions, and makes him only tolerable at arm's length. The beetles and butterflies which he has transfixed are innumerable ; and he is perpetually syringing down the humming-birds, as stationary on vibrating wings, these beautiful creatures of the air plunge their beaks deep into the cups of flowers. With him pin-money is an item. If he marks any thing curious in the natural world, he 'sticks a pin there,' and keeps it for future reference ; any thing from a lady-bug ready to unfold suddenly the gauze upon its hard back, where you would think no wings existed, and fly away, to an offensive black beetle that snuffs the candle, or cracks its head against the wall, thence upward in the scale to the bird which Liberty loves as her sublimest emblem, the proudest of the proud, the bird of our own mountains, and the eagle of our own skies.

'I would not heedlessly set foot upon a worm,'

writes Cowper : not so however with the great Shaw, whose collection of worms is most disgusting ; exceeded only by his reptiles preserved in spirits, with all their sickening exhibition of claws. He has got some dragons that fall little short of the Devil himself in general hideousness and outrageous tails ; some noots brought from Nootka Sound ; some green monsters from Green Bay ; some devilish things from Van Diemon's land ; and finally, Plutarch is himself hideous, and ought to be put in a collection, which by the by, he lately *was*. It was a great era in his life time when he shot a wild-cat ; that however has nothing to do with the present story, and must be told shortly. He threw a stone at him, it seems, to frighten him out of the bushes, where by dint of

sneaking he discovered something with a white and black fur, moving about in a short compass. Breathless with excitement, standing on tip-toe, dodging his head among the brambles, all ready, and meaning to have a shot at him 'pretty soon,' he was whispering to himself, telling himself in a mysterious voice to 'hold fast,' not to budge, but wait for the next movement; when this *pole-cat*—there is a distinction, it is well known in the species, nor in the present instance was it a 'distinction without a difference'—opened the batteries with the precision of an artillery officer. 'O my eyes!' was the exclamation of Professor Shaw, 'my eyes! my eyes! my eyes!' It was a great era in his life time also when he shot a plover; *that* however has little to do with the present story, and must be told shortly. It was on the Big Plains, where not a tree nor shrub may be seen for miles around; where ambuscades are unknown, and it is very hard to steal a march upon the timid birds which are frightened at a very shadow; only they do not fear the flocks and herds which pasture upon the plains, but tamely pick up the worms beneath their feet. Professor Shaw hit upon an expedient to surprise them, which no other person would have thought of, than one of his extreme ingenuity: a big box, opened at both ends, into which he crawled with fowling-piece in hand. First, however, he procured an ox-hide at the stall of a neighboring farm, with all its apparatus of horns, and placed it over the box, to give it the appearance at a distance, of a *bond fide* ox. Sure enough, this scheme worked well. On came the plovers, hopping about with much unconcern. Shaw chuckled. He flattered himself that he should be the death of some of them, if his own life were only spared a few moments. While he hammered the flint of his fowling-piece with an old jack-knife, he heard a distant rumbling sound, which soon waxed terrible, and caused him to thrust out his head. Thunder and Mars! what should he do? If he ran, it was all up with him, and he was a dead man if he staid where he was. A wild bull of the prairies was cutting up shines at no great distance, tearing up the sod with hoofs and horns, and threatening to demolish that refuge of lies. Shaw poked out his head, and drew it in again, clutching his fowling-piece convulsively, and trembling in an agony of fear. Involuntarily he began to say his prayers. 'Our Father who art in heaven,' said he, with great fervor. The bull was now up, bellowing in a tumultuous passion, galloping round and round in circles which were diminishing with every turn, getting his horns ready to toss the whole fiction of an ox, box, hide, horns, Plutarch Shaw and all, into the air. 'Help! help!' shrieked the philosopher; 'I'll come out; I must, I must, I *must*!' And he *did* come out, by far the most sneaking object for miles around on the Big Plains. Some men who were hunting plover from a wagon, (which is the right way,) saw his fantastic position with mingled laughter and alarm. They drove to his assistance, but the horses shied off at the terrific conduct of the bull, whose onslaught was now made upon the box, which he attacked hoof and horn. Mr. Shaw had barely strength to reach the shelter of the wagon, into which he was taken, much chap-fallen, and resuscitated with brandy-and-water, which were luckily at hand.

He was an 'odd fish,' unanimously so styled, by those who knew him,

nor did his appearance belie him, as he started forth on a geological excursion in the month of May last, making poems and tuning pianos by the way. He strung up the old harpsicords to the satisfaction of the country girls, who thought he 'played on music' with great skill, but his eyes were the very wildest. Was Professor Shaw crazy? By no means. As a proof of it, he had written several poems as voluminous as the *Fredoniad*; which were unavailing for the present, but which he *did* hope that his 'country would not willingly let die;' added to this, some marches in double quick time, some intricate and inwoven harmonies in the transcendental style, stanzas set to music, thrown forth when the excitement was upon him, and fugitives from justice. Yet all these were nothing, to judge by dark and mysterious hints which were given out, of some GREAT WORK at which he was now laboring, which the world, (he said it with a presentiment of triumph) would be *compelled* to own. But, as I remarked, his appearance did not belie him. Whoever might doubt his metaphysics, his legs were unquestionably the very longest, by the assistance of which he had lately won a foot-race on the Union course for a hundred dollars, to enable him to pursue his studies for the ministry. 'Accoutred as he was,' on one fine day in the month of May, he had wandered to a distant part of the country with a walking-stick, furnished at the extremity with a small hammer. Absorbed in revery, and constructing verses by the way, he arrived at last in a romantic valley, where he was soon busily employed in cracking rocks, and collecting specimens for his cabinet.

The solitude and pleasant walks were eminently suited to the mind of Professor Shaw. The babbling of the rills which came down the hill sides and washed the pebbles at his feet, were soothing to the sense, and the birds sang sweetly on the trees, which were covered with the blossoms of the spring. Only a single dwelling was seen on one of those swelling hills which rose above each other, gently and far away, till their last undulating lines were limited by the horizon's blue verge. The eye wandered with pleasure over the diversified prospect, which included the boundaries of three sovereign states, with various rivers, valleys and fertile fields. On such a spot, where Nature reigned and developed herself in quiet beauty, whether in the voluptuous budding of the spring, or in the year's gorgeous decline, Charity had taken the hint and erected an asylum for the insane. Happy invocation of Nature, most kind and gentle saviour of the sick, who meeting her in her quiet haunts may touch her beautiful garments and be whole! In the exhilarating sunshine, in the fields garnished so exquisitely by our good God, in the religious woods, the circling hills, and the unbounded sky, there is a force of healing, when Art has consigned the victim to despair, and the soothing hand aggravates the deep-rooted sorrow. Nature gently re-conducts the lost mind through its labyrinth of error, speaking sweet consolation in the passing breeze, and a volume of beauty in each unclasping flower.

Professor Shaw was doubling up his grotesque figure over the stones, gathering garnets. With the intent look of a gold digger, or an alchymist prying into his crucible, he was seeking for treasures, cracking up rocks into the size of sugar-lumps, and Macadamizing all the place for

yards round. His shadow stalked with him with colossal strides, according to the declension of the sun, and the hammer in his shadowy arm fell on the projection of the shadowy rocks. But not farther off than where his grotesque head and slanting extremity were measured on the next wall, two clowns had gee'd their oxen under a tree, and left their basket of potatoes in the furrow, (*w-boy—gee, there—I tell yer to gee!*) for the sake of giving their undivided attention to the Professor. Geology they had never heard of, beyond its application to stone fence; so they considered the conduct of a man very queer indeed, who was muttering to himself, and filling his pocket full of stones. After a little silence, they nodded to each other with a knowing look, and said with one consent, 'He's as crazy as a coot.' They approached Mr. Shaw, dubiously. 'See his eyes!' said they; 'aint they wild? Mister?' said the elder clown.

Shaw made no reply.

'Mister, look a-here; aint you—aint you——?'

'Fel-spar,' said Shaw, cabalistically.

'Oh dear me! that's enough! My dear feller, we've got a duty to perform. I guess we know where you come from. Mister, aint you——?'

'Are you addressing me?' said Professor Shaw, mildly, looking up.

'Are you addressing your remarks to me, my friend?'

'Wonderful cunnin', but it wont do. 'T wont sarve you; I'm a-feard we shall have to——'

'Well, Sir, my name is Shaw.'

'What's that you got onto your cane? What you doin' in Queens c'tounty? Do tell, aint you——got loose from somewhar? Honor bright!'

The professor, lost in amazement, answered only by a broad stare. He then bethought him that two lunatics had escaped from yonder mansion. The idea satisfied his mind, and surprise gave way at once to a smile, full of benevolence and pity. 'My poor friends,' said he, 'do go back; you have surely wandered from home; do go up the hill—do go up the hill.' Then stamping his foot with an air of authority, he exclaimed, stretching out the hammer of his cane, 'Go back to the asylum, in—stan—taneously!'

'I guess the one in the loft will be long enough,' whispered the rustio; 'but fetch the longest of the two ropes, and make haste. Oh, he's stark!'

'Ah! how sad!' soliloquized Professor Shaw, as both of his new friends retreated, and one hurried out of sight, 'how sad a spectacle! the deluded, wandering mind, told by such unerring symptoms; the wild eye, strange words, and fantastic pleasantness; reason hurled from her own throne, and that steady light exchanged for the fitful flickering over decay! They mistake me for one of their melancholy fraternity, poor lunatics! whereas my lamp of life, and reason, it appears to me, never shone brighter. I shall yet work out something of which my country will be proud, and which shall inscribe on an enduring pedestal the name of SHAW.' The professor (with his hammer) split a rock. 'If those men come back, what had I better do with them? I will contem-

plate the remarkable phenomenon of the mind in ruins. Humanity suggests to me that I ought to coax them back with sophistry as far as the garden-gate, and then holler for help.' Shaw was the best hearted of men; he would not hurt a human being in the world, cruel as he was to bugs, and to centipedes an 'outer barbarian.' In the course of ten minutes he was at the base of a large rock, scooping out garnets, and thinking casually of that 'great work which his country would not willingly let die,' when a rope was let over his head and shoulders from above, and the professor was noosed. The countrymen jumped down, and began to drag him from the other end, squeezing his bowels, and winding him round and round, till coming to close quarters, they knocked his hat off, wrested his hammer out of his hand, and seizing him by the collar, almost throttled him with the knuckles of their immense fists.

SHAW. (Kicking violently.) Murder! murder! murder!

RUSTICS. It won't do no good; we got yer; you may as well come fust as last. You're crazy as a coot, and wuss now than when we fust see you. Your eyes shows it.

SHAW. I'll go with you, my friends, but don't kill me; oh! I beseech you don't kill me!

RUSTICS. No, we wont hurt you; only come along to the house. Come along.

SHAW. Take your knuckles out of my throat, please. *Aside.* Their hallucination is extreme; the symptoms of their disease have taken a form the most vindictive. Yes, my friends, conduct me safe. We shall soon reach the house; then all will be explained.

At this very hour an amusing scene was enacting among the lunatics in the large hall of the asylum. One who professed magnetism was trying his skill upon a subject, to the great entertainment of his fellows. He was making the passes after a singular fashion, upon a docile fellow who sat bolt upright in a chair with a face of the most stolid gravity. Standing at a distance, he would rush up with long strides, make a wavy flourish with his hands over the face of the subject, and retreat as rapidly. Then with eager, swelling eyes, aiming with the fore-finger of each hand, he would run up and point at some phrenological bump upon the cranium. But the patient sat immovable, and was neither to be soothed into slumber, nor coaxed into giving any indication that the organs were excited; as is the case with the well-drilled *protogés* of your itinerant lecturers.

Nearly all the inmates were witnesses of this scene, except a few who were restricted, and one fair girl who walked in the garden sobbing; and never did tears fall out of more beautiful eyes, or shed over such a sweet face the interest of sorrow. They gushed profusely on the rose-bud in her hand; fit emblem of herself; for she had not yet broke into the bloom of womanhood. Where tears flow, despair has been already softened to sorrow, and smiles may yet shine out of the darkness, as the bow of promise bridges only a firmament of cloud. This poor creature, frightened at a disturbance at the gate, fled like a fawn to her own apartment. The professor was lugged in by the head and ears, with unnecessary roughness. Appearances were much against him, as he always had a crazy look. His strange dress and equipments, his unsha-

ven beard, his long hair straggling over his forehead, his long nose and long legs, his much-abused and bunged-up hat, which yawned wide open at the crown and showed the lining, wore the external tokens of a mind ill at ease. Added to this, a sickly smile shed a yellow glare over his features, of which the effect was neither natural nor pleasant; and as the lunatics pressed around, and the clowns still clutched him by the throat, even that passed away, and left an expression of bewilderment and undisguised dismay. At that moment the physician arrived, and glancing at the new subject just brought to the establishment, and concluding that his present wildness would need some coercion at first, requested him to be brought into the nearest apartment. The four formed a singular group. 'Sit down,' said the doctor, nodding calmly to the professor, as he prepared to study the case. 'Ha! ha!' exclaimed Professor Shaw, dropping into a chair, and striving hard to be amused at his predicament, 'ha! ha! ha! My dear Sir, ha! ha! yes, I think I may say ha! ha! ha!'—and he laughed so obstreperously as to set the whole company in a roar. 'This excursion for scientific purposes; near coming to an unpleasant termination; some of your poor fellows, doctor,' casting a knowing look at the clowns, 'are strongly possessed they brought me here against my will.'

The doctor smiled.

'Let me explain all,' said Mr. Shaw, recovering breath, and speaking with preternatural calmness. 'Oblige me first by having those men removed. Their presence disturbs me. I pity them from my lowest soul; but they have—it is ridiculous—ha! ha! ha! yes, it is ridiculous—but they have hurt me very much and disturbed my equanimity. You should confine them more strictly, Sir, and not let them go at large to murder strangers by the way-side.'

The doctor smiled.

'In search of relaxation, during the intervals of a great work which I have in hand, having been made an honorary member of the Tinnecum Association, I came here for the prosecution of scientific purposes, and for the collection of botanical and mineralogical specimens, which I have at present in my breeches pocket.'

RUCTICS. He! he! he! that's enough—see his eyes!

SHAW. (*Smiling.*) Doctor, how long have these subjects been in your institution? Their insanity has not taken a very mild form. Will you oblige me by removing them from the room? Indeed it hurts me to see the immortal mind astray.

The doctor smiled.

SHAW. (*Enthusiastically.*) As I entered these doors, a most lovely being shot across my path. It was but an instant; a quick light, a momentary flash, and all was gone! But it was enough! I saw her! I never shall forget her. Who is she? That sweet girl has impressed her image on my soul!

DOCTOR. My friend, be calm.

SHAW. Oh, my dear Sir! understand me. I *am* calm, I *am* calm.

DOCTOR. Perhaps you will be so kind as to inform me where your friends reside, and when you left them upon this journey.

'My friends!' exclaimed the professor, with a bitter sneer; 'who are

my friends? Where have I found any whose friendship was other than a name? My books, my cabinet, my studies, the great work on which I am now laboring—these are my friends; it is only through these that I shall be raised to fame. *Sic itur ad astra.*'

DOCTOR. I am satisfied that we had better secure ——

SHAW. Do you want any assistance, Sir? I will willingly help you to get these poor fellows to their rooms.

RUSTICS. He's the cunningest we ever seen.

DOCTOR. Yes, he would deceive any one. Wait a minute my men.

SHAW. If you don't need me I'll bid you good day; I can't stay any longer.

DOCTOR. Oh no, we can't let you go, in common humanity, till we have communicated with your friends.

Professor Shaw, in the utmost alarm, attempted to plunge out of the room. He was laid violent hands on by all three; his indignation boiled over; he struggled most desperately, knocked down the doctor, and attempted to jump out of the window, but in the end was overcome, a straight-jacket put on him, the stones were taken out of his pocket, he was conducted to a separate apartment, and as the shades of night fell around him, he almost doubted himself whether he was in his sound mind. His wits seemed to be indeed scattered. In vain he tried to collect them, and to realize his present position, which was the most false and unfortunate one in which he had ever been placed. He charged the Devil with conspiracy. He had already sneered at the suggestion of having friends; how should he be the victim and laughter of his enemies! He imagined them holding their gaunt sides and shaking with a spectre-like malignity. Then he thought of the fair girl whom he had seen in the garden shedding tears on roses, and strove to weave a chaplet of verse which should be more unfading than flowers. What a strange destiny was his! The victim of untoward accidents, persecuted by some evil spirit, and leading an aimless, desultory life, which he yet feared would lead on to lunacy. What should he do in the present instance? Be patient? Yes, he would be calm, forgiving, philosophical as ever. Footsteps are approaching; the door of his cell opens; perhaps it is already the token of his release. Yes, one of his own townsmen enters. Alas! he owed the professor a grudge, and assured the doctor that he was cracked, and begged him to hold on to him by all means; he would go and inform his friends. 'Ha! ha! ha!' exclaimed Shaw, as the door closed; 'there it is again; in luck as usual; ha! ha! ha! — ha! ha! ha!'

As it grew dark, and he lay on his pallet, a crowd of thoughts and imaginations pursued him through a long sleep, and when he opened his eyes to the morning light, he gazed around the strange place with astonishment, and tried in vain to persuade himself that his present position was not a dream.

In three days he was released from limbo; retracing his steps, with all the bugs and specimens which he had collected. And, for those who feel an interest in Professor Shaw, it may be agreeable to know, that in his wanderings, having discovered in a green lane, on the margin of a duck-pond, a district school in want of a pedagogue, he forthwith assu-

med the birch, and may be now seen at almost any hour of the day, in the midst of his noisy populace, commanding silence, or dusting them on their least honorable parts. 'Tough, are you? I'll see if I can find a tender spot. Come, no bawling, or I'll flog you till you stop. Thomas Jones, take your book, and stick your nose in the c-o-rner. First division may go out. First class in geography ——'

F. W. S.

S T A N Z A S

TO THE SPIRITS OF MY THREE DEPARTED SISTERS.

WRITTEN AT MID-WINTER.

SWEET sisters ! ye have passed away,
 In solemn silence one by one,
 And left a brother here to stray,
 In doubt and darkness — and alone !
 For like three lamps of holy flame,
 Ye shone upon my weary way,
 Till a chill breath from heaven came,
 And quenched for aye the kindly ray.

Where are ye now ? — where are ye now ?
 Those loving hearts and spirits, where !
 O'er three new graves in grief I bow,
 But ye are gone — ye are not there !
 The winds that sigh while wandering by,
 Curl the bright snow in many a wreath,
 And sing in mournful melody,
 O'er the cold dust that sleeps beneath.

The birds that sang when ye were here,
 Are singing in another clime ;
 Have left the hedge and forest sere,
 And gone where all is summer-time.
 The frail bright flowers that bloom'd around,
 When ye were blooming bright as they,
 Lie crushed and withered on the ground,
 Their fragrance heavenward passed away.

And ye are gone where genial skies
 And radiant suns eternal shine,
 Where peaceful songs forever rise,
 From saintly tongues and lips divine.
 And like the flowers whose sweet perfume
 Has left the soil and risen above,
 Has risen from your silent tomb
 The holy fragrance of your love.

But often when the silver beams
 Of the pale stars are on my bed,
 Ye come among my sweetest dreams,
 And bend in silence o'er my head ;
 And throngs of bright imaginings
 Float round and o'er me till the dawn ;
 I hear the fluttering of wings !
 I start — I wake ! but ye are gone.

Oh ! I am sad ; yet still the thought
That when this tired though willing hand
Its earthly destiny hath wrought,
Ye wait me in that distant land,
And that ye long to have me there,
More that I pine your absence here,
Shall heal the touch of every care
And quench the sting of every fear.

No marble stands with towering shaft
To catch the stranger's curious eye ;
No tablet graved with flattering craft,
Tells where your silent ashes lie ;
But there is one secluded spot
In the deep shadows of my soul,
Where stranger foot intrudeth not,
Nor winter's wanton tempests roll.

And there in Friendship's burial-ground
The willow of remembrance bends,
And ye my sisters there have found
A home among my choicest friends ;
And modelled with ethereal grace,
The form of *Hope* with heavenward eyes,
Stands calmly on your burial-place,
And points her finger to the skies.

I. G. HOLLAND.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF THE PRAIRIE HERMIT.

EDITED BY PETER VON GEIST.

It happened on the twenty-seventh day of July, in the year of our LORD one thousand eight hundred and forty-two, that I, PETER VON GEIST, found myself, in the natural course of events, journeying on horse-back along the northern bank of the Ohio river, in the state of Illinois. The space between me and the house where I designed to stop, and the time between then and sun-down, were somewhat disproportionate ; so I pricked gallantly forward ; as gallantly at least as could be expected from a tired horse, and a knight whose recreant thoughts were intensely fixed on dollars and cents, supper, and other trifling affairs. By dint however of much patience in the steed, and much impatience in the rider, we got over the ground, and approached a house that had been in sight for some distance.

It was placed on the summit of a steep, conical hill ; there was no smoke from its chimney, or voices to be heard, or persons to be seen, or other signs of life, in its precincts. The grass grew high and green all around the hillock, and there was no road, not even a foot-path, visible on its side. Nevertheless, I dismounted, left my horse to improve the opportunity of snatching a light repast on the abundant herbage, and forced my way up to the top of the knoll.

The building was constructed in the rude fashion of the country ; but the chinking had fallen out from between the logs ; the chimney had

partly tumbled down ; tall weeds sprung up between the stones of the door-steps ; the door itself was fastened with a huge padlock ; the windows were nearly all beaten in, and every thing about it gave evidence that it had not been inhabited for several years. The summit of the hill was smooth and level. A few stumps grew around the edge ; and the ground seemed to have been, at some former time, a garden.

The situation was exceedingly fine, and the view on all sides very beautiful. The eminence commanded on one hand three or four miles of the river, and on the other an unlimited tract of prairie. At the particular moment when I first visited it, the level sun-light came glancing over the face of flood and field, tinging every thing that it touched with its own mellow hue, and casting gigantic and ill-defined shadows of the hill, the house, and myself, on the plain beyond. At the distance of a mile and a half below, stood a couple of one-story houses, the logs of which they were built newly hewed, evidently of recent construction. The inhabitants of this old building, then, must have stood where I am standing, and gazed over the vast extent of country that is spread out before me, without meeting a single habitation of man, or any thing having life, except perhaps a wolf or a buffalo. And it could not have been desire of wealth that induced a family of refinement and taste, such as the little decorations and ornaments show that this was, to select this solitude for their home ; for not more than an acre of land, at the foot of the hill, had ever been invaded by the plough.

There were several circumstances like these, that were unusual and unaccountable ; but not being in a mood just then to be much perplexed about it, I descended the knoll, remounted, and hurried on towards the more hospitable dwellings below.

Of course, the traveller was received with a welcome, and his bodily wants speedily and abundantly cared for. After this most important duty had been satisfactorily performed, and quietude of spirit consequent thereon was restored to my breast, it chanced that the host and his blue-eyed, golden-haired, neatly-dressed, smiling-faced, half-matron, and half-girlish young wife, who had lately set up business on their own account, and I, seated ourselves without the door, to feel the cool air of the evening. It chanced too that the door faced the east ; and the old house towered up darkly in the distance before us. In answer to my inquiries, they were able to give but little information concerning it, and that chiefly derived from others.

It appeared that there was on the other side of the river, and a little lower down, a small settlement. It had stood there from time immemorial ; at least, the memory of the tidy little wife did not run to the contrary, and she had received her birth and education there, and ought to know. She remembered, one of the first things that she could remember, a middle-aged gentleman, in a black hat and coat, who used to row over the river from the other shore in a small skiff, and walk into her father's store to make his purchases, with a grave, but not cold or forbidding face, and used to pat her on the head, with such a fatherly smile, and say a few words in such a kind tone, as to fill her little breast quite full with delight. She remembered more distinctly, a few years later, how this same gentleman used to come into the settlement as often as

once-a-week, and how glad every one appeared to meet him and shake hands with him. The villagers seemed to repose unlimited confidence in him. The moment he landed, half-a-dozen were ready to ask his advice, or to show him papers, to see if all were correctly done. He was the umpire in all differences and quarrels, and seldom failed to send away the disputants at peace with each other. If there was a wedding, he of course must be present. On May-day, when the boys and girls went out into the woods to romp, and afterward to sit down to a rustic pic-nic, he was sure to walk into their midst, just at the right moment, bearing in his hand a wreath of flowers, so beautiful, and so tastefully made, that all the girls cried when at length it fell to pieces; and he would place it on the head of the Queen of May with such a gentle, sweet little speech, that she would blush up to the tips of her ears, and all her subjects would clap their hands and laugh out with pleasure.

At Christmas parties his place was never empty; and while he was there, mirth never flagged. Perhaps their sports were not so boisterous as they would have been if he had not been a spectator; but they were quite as pleasant at the time, and a great deal pleasanter when looked back upon from the next day. He used to sit in one corner, by the huge, roaring fire, and look on, apparently as much interested as they themselves were. Nothing went amiss; and there was never wanting some slight, good-natured remark or act, to rectify mistakes and set them all going again.

But much as he was loved by the villagers, he was no less respected. They did not even know his name. Many would have been glad to, and wearied themselves by indirect methods to find it out. But as no one had courage to ask him, and as it never happened to fall from him incidentally, they remained in the dark about it. He was known and addressed however, by the appellation of 'the Lawyer,' as their conversation with him was chiefly asking his advice on points of law too knotty for them, which he freely gave. He affected no mystery or reserve; yet there was something in his bearing, affable and unaristocratic as it was, that caused those very men—who, if the governor of the state had come among them, would have slapped him on the back, and offered him a glass of liquor—to rise in his presence and approach him with respect.

My bright-eyed informant, with her musical voice, recollected, a good while ago, when she was about ten years old, and he had become gray and wrinkled—though he never needed a staff, nor was his eye dim—that he rowed over one spring afternoon, and requested the men to leave their work for a few minutes, and hear something that he had to say to them. Accordingly, they collected 'considerable of a little crowd' around her father's store. The lawyer stood in the door, while she made her way through the throng and sat down on the door-step, at his feet. She did not remember all that he said; only that he talked to them for about half an hour, in a calm, conversational tone, on the importance of building school-houses and educating their children. They seemed to be much pleased with what he said; and after another half hour's free discussion, the whole village turned out, and went to work felling trees and hewing timber; and in the course of a few days

a substantial school-house was erected. From that time forth, she and all her brothers and sisters, and all her play-mates, at stated hours and seasons, were rigidly imprisoned therein, and diligently instructed in the rudiments of science.

About this time, she and a brother who was about two years older embarked on a voyage of discovery. They pulled up the river, at least he did, for she only held the rudder, two miles, till they come in sight of the residence of the Great Unknown. There stood the old house, as she had often gazed at it with wondering eyes from the opposite bank, just as grim, and dark, and gloomy. It had been their intention to make an open descent upon it, and boldly beat up the premises. But now, the building was so silent, and deserted, and frowning, their hearts failed them, and they crept cautiously along up the southern shore till they were concealed by a bend in the river; then striking across, they floated down, by accident as it were, close under the northern bank. When they arrived under the hill, on the top of which the object of their curiosity was placed, they looked anxiously up at it; but every thing was as silent as the grave. Seeing it thus unguarded, they took courage, ran the skiff ashore, and prepared to land. But when on the point of stepping on the beach, the door of the house opened, the man himself walked out therefrom and advanced to the brow of the eminence. There he stood; black all over, except his face, which at that instant appeared to wear a peculiarly terrible and ferocious aspect. The children were frightened, and hastily shoved off their little cockle-boat. But the man came down to the edge of the water, and called them by name to return. She thought how far off home was, and no one near to afford assistance in case of need; and when she thought, she would have been glad to have retreated as fast as possible; but her brother was commander of the expedition, and without more words he pushed back to land.

They went ashore, neither of them altogether devoid of fear and trembling, and sat down on the grassy bank, by the side of their venerable friend. He soon talked away their timidity; and seemed so mild and affectionate, that in a few minutes they were chatting and laughing as merrily as ever children could. He showed them his garden, his trees, and flowers, and fruits. He gave them a little basket, which they filled with strawberries, some of which he squeezed between his fingers and rubbed on her cheeks, to see he said, if they could be made any redder. In fine, he amused them so much with his stories, and was so pleasant and kind, that they fell more than ever in love with him; and after promising a dozen times to come and see him every week while it was summer, they returned gaily home.

But the old man died at last. The children went up one sunshiny morning to pay him a visit, and found the house all still, and the door locked. They knocked and knocked, but no one answered. They peeped in at the window and saw him stretched at length on the bed, fully dressed, with a handkerchief over his face, and his gray hair lying dishevelled on the pillow. They called to him; but still there was no answer. Then they became alarmed, and hurried home. Some men came up, broke open the door, and found him dead. Without sickness, or premonition of any kind, he had calmly passed away.

They dug his grave by the side of the cottage, and laid him in it, with his feet to the east and his head to the west ; and left him to rest there, unknown and unnamed in death, as he had been in life. The whole village, men, and women, and children, mourned for him many days. But when the days of lamentation were ended, and they saw his face no more, though their grief abated, his memory did not, and has not yet passed from their hearts.

I observed the voice of my hostess to falter more than once, while telling this simple and dream-like story of her childhood. I could see by the night-lights too that her bright eyes sometimes became brighter and sometimes dimmer ; both of which circumstances made it only the more pleasant for me to sit and listen to her words.

'There were no letters,' she said, 'found in his possession from which they could learn his name. There were no writings of any kind, except a bundle of old papers, which she had looked into, but they seemed to be only disconnected thoughts and memoranda of events and feelings, and threw no light on his history. At my request she produced a lamp and spread out the papers on the table. I turned over the worn and time-stained manuscripts ; but the leaves were loose, unnumbered, and put together at random, and it was some time before I could find a place to begin at.

At length, however, I managed to bring a few sheets in juxtaposition, such, that with a little stretch of the imagination I could discern a slight connection between them. And thus, by dim lamp-light, alone, with the silence of night around, and the old house lifting up its dark and shadowy form in the distance, I read some of the old man's papers.

Those which I read I took the liberty of putting into my portmanteau, arguing that though they might be of no use to me, they certainly would be of none to their present possessors. Some of these papers having appeared in the *KNICKERBOCKER*, and met with 'acceptance bounteous,' I am induced to transcribe for the edification of the reader, a portion of the autobiography of the writer. It is contained in the last chapter, or sheet, and is written in a different and more aged hand than the rest ; and gives the 'moving why' of the old man, in isolating himself from his kind, in one of the great green deserts of the West, 'for which the speech of England hath no name.'

A D R E A M O F Y O U T H .

SIXTY years old ! Many sorrows, many storms encountered, both within and without, and much journeying along the road of life, have left their traces on my features and on my head ; but I am thankful that they have not touched my heart. I live alone, but not solitary ; for I hold daily communion with the absent and beloved ; communion also, sad but sweet, with the departed. The forms of those once hated too, are ready to rise up at my bidding ; but they are never summoned. For I wish all within me to be gentleness and repose ; and it ill becomes me on this my last failing foothold on the verge of the grave, to allow thoughts of hatred to stir up the turbid waters of bitterness which have been slumbering so many years in my heart.

So I stand up here calmly at the end of my journey, and look back on the path which I have trodden. And what a path! Far back it runs, growing fainter and narrower, till I lose sight of it, an indistinct line, in the distance. I shall not say how many steep hills it crosses, where it might better have kept in the plains; how many deviations it makes from a straight course, apparently for the sole purpose of wandering through difficult places; or how often it runs along over burning sandy deserts, parallel with, and but a few steps from, the verge of a cool and pleasant meadow. I shall say nothing of this; for of the million of paths that intersect this vast plain of Life, there is probably not one which, when the traveller looks back upon it, does not like mine seem marked out by the veriest caprice of chance. Each one gropes its way along, like the crooked track of a blind man; and when it would appear the easier and almost the only way to keep on up the gentle eminence, whereon might have been found renown and happiness, by that same constant fatality, it suddenly turns short off to one side, plunges down into the rocky ravine, and pants on, for many a weary mile. That man shapes not his own ends, is a truth which I felt long since, and which each day's experience brings home to me with the freshness of a new discovery. It is a truth which rises up and mocks us, when we sit down to calculate or plan for the future; and it almost staggers our confidence in the connection between human means and the desired result.

But what a path! Proceeding out of the darkness of morning, it struggles through a brief day, sometimes in sunshine, and sometimes in shade, and ends in the darkness of night. I glance along it, and the care-worn faces of the companions of my manhood rise up, on either side, and farther back, the speaking countenances of the friends of my youth. It is but a narrow space, the land of Youth, and soon passed; but pleasant, and full of images of beauty. The sun is not so bright and hot upon it as on some other parts of the path; but we do not expect happiness in the garish light of mid-day and reality. The mellowness of a summer evening sunset lays on it, and thereby it becomes a faëry land, a land of bliss and dreams. How throng up, as I gaze, the forms of those early and best-loved friends! How distinct and life-like, even at this distance, are their characters and features! They are all there; not one name has been erased, and not one picture dimmed, on the tablet of memory. The same warm smile of kindling pleasure greets me; the same hands are thrown out, as if to touch my own; and those bright eyes grow brighter as they are turned toward me.

It is with such companions that I spend the last days of my earthly pilgrimage; and thus, as I said before, though alone I am not solitary. Is not such companionship sweet? When they visit me, I throw off old age, as a garment. Smiling thoughts come gently over me, and life and happiness, as of wont, course like the mad blood of fever through my veins. I feel over again those old feelings, repass through those same scenes, and my heart beats faster or grows pale in the same places and in the same manner as it once did. The old fields and houses and roads come up too, clothed at my command, in the snows of winter, or in the beauty of summer. Old scenes, but still fresh and young; and

I am sometimes tempted to believe that the intervening years have been the illusion of a dream, and that I am awakening in their midst.

All this, some will say, is the weakness of age. It seems to me to be rather its strength. The future in life is nothing; and what is the bare present to any one? The past, then, alone is left me. And if by living in it I can keep my affections alive, instead of letting their fires, according to the course of nature, or rather of custom, die down into cold ashes, I do not call myself weak if I do as much as possible forget the present.

I had, when I was young, many dreams; such as I dare say all have. They seem such to me now, only not at all shadowy. On the contrary, they become more and more like reality as my distance from them increases, while their hues are as well marked and distinct as ever. Many and bright; but the brightest of all, the dream of my youth, is that which flashes across my recollection, when there comes into my heart the thought of my cousin Jane!

My cousin JANE! Her form comes up before me, light and elastic and joyous, as though summoned for the first time, and as though it had not been my daily visitor for many a long year. Time writes no wrinkle on thy snowy brow, my first love! That glad smile knows no weariness, and I know no weariness in gazing on it. Those deep eyes, full of feeling; those soft words that thrill; I see and hear and feel them now, as I saw and heard and felt them first. Wilt thou never be tired of looking up to me, with that sweet, timid, confiding, tearful glance? Will the rising flush of thy cheek and thy subdued smile, be always fresh as now, and as in that hour when first we met? Thou hast been my companion, my un murmuring, ever-present, unchanging companion, through many a dark time and stormy scene; and thou and the heart in which thou livest will die together.

We met, my cousin Jane and I, when she was just putting on womanhood; had begun to find out the depths of her own heart, to doubt whether those depths ever could be filled, and to feel that unless they were, life would be but a blank. Not that there were not many willing enough to love her and be loved; the beauty of her form and character drew around her a crowd of admirers. But among them all, her nice perception saw that there was not one, of whom the exterior did not form by far the largest part of the man. Her admirers were good, honorable men; she respected and esteemed them; but still, gentle and timid and humble as she was, without knowing why, she felt that there was an impassable gulf between her and them. Their thoughts were not like her thoughts. Her social disposition led her much into their way, and though she tried to avoid it, she was told more than once, that the happiness or misery of her devoted lover depended on her smiles. It was a painful situation for one of her retiring and benevolent disposition, to be sure; and it is doubtful to which of the two, the lover or the mistress, every such rejection caused the keenest pang.

But this was not the end of it. Malice soon prefixed to her name the epithet scornful; and among her school-girl friends there were some who always passed by on the other side. Poor girl! She wept bitter tears over these sneers and slights, for she had not studied the

ven beard, his long hair straggling over his forehead, his long nose and long legs, his much-abused and bunged-up hat, which yawned wide open at the crown and showed the lining, wore the external tokens of a mind ill at ease. Added to this, a sickly smile shed a yellow glare over his features, of which the effect was neither natural nor pleasant; and as the lunatics pressed around, and the clowns still clutched him by the throat, even that passed away, and left an expression of bewilderment and undisguised dismay. At that moment the physician arrived, and glancing at the new subject just brought to the establishment, and concluding that his present wildness would need some coercion at first, requested him to be brought into the nearest apartment. The four formed a singular group. 'Sit down,' said the doctor, nodding calmly to the professor, as he prepared to study the case. 'Ha! ha!' exclaimed Professor Shaw, dropping into a chair, and striving hard to be amused at his predicament, 'ha! ha! ha! My dear Sir, ha! ha! yes, I think I may say ha! ha! ha!' — and he laughed so obstreperously as to set the whole company in a roar. 'This excursion for scientific purposes; near coming to an unpleasant termination; some of your poor fellows, doctor,' casting a knowing look at the clowns, 'are strongly possessed they brought me here against my will.'

The doctor smiled.

'Let me explain all,' said Mr. Shaw, recovering breath, and speaking with preternatural calmness. 'Oblige me first by having those men removed. Their presence disturbs me. I pity them from my lowest soul; but they have — it is ridiculous — ha! ha! ha! yes, it is ridiculous — but they have hurt me very much and disturbed my equanimity. You should confine them more strictly, Sir, and not let them go at large to murder strangers by the way-side.'

The doctor smiled.

'In search of relaxation, during the intervals of a great work which I have in hand, having been made an honorary member of the Tinnecum Association, I came here for the prosecution of scientific purposes, and for the collection of botanical and mineralogical specimens, which I have at present in my breeches pocket.'

RUCTICS. He! he! he! that's enough — see his eyes!

SHAW. (*Smiling.*) Doctor, how long have these subjects been in your institution? Their insanity has not taken a very mild form. Will you oblige me by removing them from the room? Indeed it hurts me to see the immortal mind astray.

The doctor smiled.

SHAW. (*Enthusiastically.*) As I entered these doors, a most lovely being shot across my path. It was but an instant; a quick light, a momentary flash, and all was gone! But it was enough! I saw her! I never shall forget her. Who is she? That sweet girl has impressed her image on my soul!

DOCTOR. My friend, be calm.

SHAW. Oh, my dear Sir! understand me. I *am* calm, I *am* calm.

DOCTOR. Perhaps you will be so kind as to inform me where your friends reside, and when you left them upon this journey.

'My friends!' exclaimed the professor, with a bitter sneer; 'who are

And yet, as I said before, I was not unhappy. If there was no happiness, there was at least no unhappiness, in sitting down for hours, and brooding over my own idiosyncracies. It made me proud, to see and despise the weakness of others; and it gave me stern joy, to walk about and feel that there was a kind of armed neutrality between them and me. By degrees there arose, also, a gloomy pleasure in dwelling on, and picturing in deeper colors, the failings and baseness of my neighbors. Humble and weak as I knew myself to be, I exulted in my strength, because there were some still more weak and humble. Far back as my recollection ran, there had never been any thing in the world that seemed to me worthy of very much exertion or toil to obtain; but now I first learned to despise others for possessing feeble energies, as well as for directing them to the attainment of little objects. I am afraid, if left to myself, I should have hardened into a genuine hater; but I was not left to myself.

I have mentioned my uncle's kindness; his whole family were not less kind. My cousin Jane, especially, saw that I was silent, and fancied that I was unhappy, and tried, by a thousand little devices and arts, to lull me into forgetfulness of myself, and entice me into a more sociable frame of mind. I will not say that I was insensible to her enticements; I rather liked her, she was so gentle and mild and considerate. There was an air of truth and simplicity about her; she would sit herself down so cheerfully to amuse me, and there was such a sparkle in her blue eyes when, as she said, I condescended to interest myself in her little affairs, that I began, at length, to love to be with her. But proud as I was, when I viewed mankind at a distance, I no sooner came in contact with any one, who was not immeasurably beneath me, than I felt myself sinking immeasurably beneath him; and so, like a fool as I was, I fancied that all my cousin's kindness was the result of her sense of duty to her relation; or, what was worse, of pity for his moroseness. This faint suspicion became, in a little while, a strong certainty; and I confined myself more closely to my books, and looked into my cousin's guileless, enthusiastic face, with coldness.

I had known her now a year, and yet I hardly knew her at all; for I had seen her scarcely ever, except when it was impossible to avoid it, and those occasions were not frequent or long enough to enable me to learn perfectly her mind and character. From every such meeting, I went away resolved to see her no more in future; which resolution was sure to be overruled by second and more bitter thoughts. How I lived during that year, I scarcely know; or how it was that I grew uneasy away from her, and frequently surprised myself courting her society. But as time rolled on, so it was. There was a fascination about her, the magic of which was, that it charmed to sleep my vigilant suspicion. I did not perceive any change in myself, when night after night I was with her, talking to her about poetry, beauty, love, and the thousand themes that interest the unrestrained youthful heart; or that I was different from what I used to be, when I listened to her, with a gush of pleasure, as she spoke at once with lips and eyes, and in speaking, disclosed the unimagined riches of her mind and heart. So gradual was the change, that I was wholly unaware of it.

But of one thing I was aware ; the face of nature and of man underwent a strange and sudden change in appearance. I looked into the face of my neighbor, and lo, he was my brother ! The fire of benevolence and sympathy warmed every vein, and a new life animated every nerve within me. I felt no longer that I was alone, but that indissoluble cords bound me to the whole human family, to every being in whose nostrils was the breath of life ; and that for his good, as well as for my own, it was my business to labor. New motives of action, (or rather motives of action, for there were none before,) were set before me ; and I felt light of heart and wing ; eager to bound forward and lend the strength of my arm to the cause of the race. The face of nature too was altered. Every part that came within the range of my vision, her seasons, her vestments in winter and summer, her sunshine and clouds, each one was a melody, and all together made harmony. Still, I was scarcely sensible that I was different from what I was a year ago ; for at each period I felt that I was in my natural and proper state of mind. So slight are the influences necessary to turn the young heart into the permanent channel of selfishness, hatred and unhappiness, or into that of love and peace !

It was not long before I found out that I loved my cousin Jane. How I first discovered it I do not remember ; but I do remember a firm and abiding resolution, even then, that I would not love her. I sat down by her side, I listened to her music, with that distinct impression. I would not for the world have had any body suspect my feelings, because I was ashamed of the weakness. I had persuaded myself, and could not convince myself to the contrary, that there was no hope of her returning my passion. And yet, with the words on my lips, 'This is folly—I will not !' I yielded myself to the delicious current, forgot all the world and myself, and in the intoxication of the hour, saw visions and dreamed dreams.

But there came a shock ; one which awoke me from a trance like that of the Opium-eater. It was when I saw that my cousin's smiles and attentions were not all devoted to me. There was another, a young man of promise and expectations, a year or two my senior, and far beyond me in the graces and polish of society, who had lately become intimate in my uncle's family. Engaged in the same pursuits, and being much with him, I had rather liked him ; in fact I liked him very much. He had seen, admired, and in less than six months, *loved* my Cousin Jane : this I knew, for jealousy is keen-eyed. You will not wonder then that I hated him ; not on his own account — alter his feelings toward her, and I should have felt toward him as before ; but on account of his love — hated him with a deadly hatred.

It would be useless to tell how often I have sat down and watched them, when my cousin's sensitive countenance would brighten at his bright thoughts, or burst forth into a merry laugh at his brilliant wit and ready repartee ; or how often the iron has entered into my soul when I have seen her hang on his arm, and listen in breathless attention to his lightest word, and testify in a thousand ways her pleasure at his coming, and in his presence. And *he*, he looked on me with the most immovable indifference. He did not seem to consider me worthy of his

attention; even as a rival. He went straight forward, calmly and quietly, as though I had not existed; and if he ever glanced at my pretensions, it was perhaps with a smile of confident success. I knew he loved her; I fancied that she loved him, and I hated them both for it.

I went into my office one day — if it were not part of the dream I would not tell it — in a state of partial insanity. I knew, saw, heard, felt nothing but one unalterable purpose of revenge. There happened to be a small pistol lying in the back room; I took it up, and carefully loaded it; loaded it without the tremor of a single muscle, for my heart was lead. I put it into my pocket, and walked the streets up and down, an hour or two, or it may have been four hours. I did not take count of the time. The heavens reeled above me, and the earth reeled beneath. At last he came. A thrill, the first that day, a thrill of triumph ran through my whole frame. When we met I stopped and took hold of the pistol in my pocket, but had not power to draw my hand out again; the strings of volition seemed broken. He stopped also; looked at me in some surprise; made a remark that I 'did not appear to be well,' and passed on. I looked after him, sick at heart with revenge deferred, and cursed my own pusillanimity.

Well, well, we will let that pass. I had yielded my soul to the Author of Hatred for a time; but we will let it pass, and strive to forget it; I have been trying to ever since; I hope I shall succeed better in future. It is pleasant if we can think that the results of our evil passions do not extend beyond ourselves; and to me, it is pleasant to think that I did not break my gentle cousin's heart, by letting her know that she had nearly driven me mad.

It was a month after this. How the intervening time had been spent, in what thoughts, and hopes, and fears, it would not be profitable to tell, or to recollect. I was sitting one evening by my cousin's side; it was growing late, and we were alone. I had been heated, as though with wine, and had probably talked incoherently. The conversation turned on that never-failing theme, love. She delighted to hear me speak on that subject; she said I spoke eloquently. If eloquence consists in earnestness, no doubt I did. It began in sportiveness, but before long became deeply serious and interesting.

'And you do not believe, my grave cousin,' said she, in her own half-jesting, wholly earnest way, 'that a woman can love as deeply and long as the man who loves her?'

'Bah!' said I, bitterly, 'women sometimes, like men, are revengeful, proud, or ambitious, but it is on a smaller scale. Every thing about them, every feeling and impulse is on a small scale. Very good objects they make for men to love; because, when one *will* be such a fool, it does n't much matter where he places his affection.'

The poor girl looked grieved, but responded with a semblance of gaiety nevertheless: 'Ah, you think so now, but you will be just such a fool yourself, one of these days; and then you will find out that it is necessary for a woman to have a soul; and more than that — that she has one.'

'Much obliged for your flattering opinion,' said I. 'But see here,

my bonny Jane, did it never enter into your innocent little heart to think how *you* would love ?

‘Oh yes,’ she answered quickly ; ‘but that is all guess-work. I do n’t know, because I have n’t yet found a man to my taste.’

Of course I knew that I could not be to her taste ; but a plain man does not like to be told that he is ugly, though he may be perfectly conscious of the fact. And so this avowal, which was made with the most unthinking honesty and simplicity, while it added weight to my despair, by a very usual consequence, made me desperate.

‘You are certain,’ I asked, after a pause, ‘that you do not know what love is by experience ?’

‘Perfectly,’ she answered, half laughing.

‘And that you mean to know, some time ?’

‘To be sure,’ said she, ‘when the right man and the right time come.’

‘I do not know,’ said I, beginning slowly and calmly ; but before the sentence was half completed, my voice and thoughts had escaped from under my control ; ‘I do not know who the right man for you may be, but I—I love you—love you—love you !’

She looked at me for a few seconds, with a countenance filled with astonishment, not unmingled with alarm. She would have thought it a jest ; but my manner probably convinced her that I was far from jesting. She tried to smile, but it was a painful effort, and she found it much easier to conceal her face in her hands and weep.

My recollection of the subsequent events of that evening is extremely dim. There was a confused crowd of flying thoughts ; many tears and much friendship on one side, and much love on the other. She had received me as I knew she would, and though by the confession there was a great weight removed from my breast, the anguish was not less intense. One thing, however, among the hurried occurrences of that hour, I did not lose sight of, and that was pride. She did not suspect at the time how much of my heart, not to say existence, was bound up in her, or how greatly both were affected by her answer.

The closing scene of the interview is the one which I most love to remember. We were standing at the door, her hand in mine, a mournful smile on her lips, and a tear in her eye. That bright, gentle face was pale with sorrow, and pity, and pain, and above all with fear. I gazed on it a moment, but in that moment the picture was graven indelibly on my memory. The ‘good night’ was spoken ; and that is the last time I ever saw my cousin Jane.

The next morning I sat down at an inn by the way-side, several miles distant from home, and sent back a few lines of farewell :

‘My only beloved ! You must pardon me for this note. The adieu of last evening was only for the night ; I wish to say good bye this morning, for a longer time. Your answer to my suit was not unexpected ; in fact, I knew it would be as it was ; and it was only a fatality, a blind impulse, that drove me to make that disclosure. I fear that it has given you pain, and I beg you to forgive my thoughtlessness. And in turn, you may rest assured that I forgive you for all the anguish and sickness of spirit that I have suffered on your account. There is nothing to be forgiven ; I know that you would not cause unhappiness to any one, and it has been my own folly and madness. But I promise

not to lay it up in my heart against you. I promise that in future years, wherever my lot may be cast, you shall be in my memory, only my pure, sweet, innocent cousin. And so, blessings be on your head! I go forth a vagabond and a wanderer on the face of the earth. It is probable that you will never hear from me again; and I pray you to forget our last interview, that your thoughts may be only peace. I would live in your remembrance as I was when we first met. And do not think, because long years of silence and wide lands and many mountains divide us, that your cousin has forgotten you. Your image lives in his heart and can never die!

STANZAS WRITTEN IN INDISPOSITION.

BY THE LATE WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK.

I.

THE Spring is fair, when early flowers
 Unfold them to the golden sun;
 When, singing to the gladsome hours,
 Blue streams through vernal meadows run;
 When from the woods and from the sky
 The birds their joyous anthems pour;
 And Ocean, filled with melody,
 Sends his glad billows to the shore.

II.

The Spring is sweet: its balmy breath
 Is rapture to the wearied breast,
 When vines with roses fondly wreath,
 Fann'd by soft breezes from the West;
 When, opening by the cottage eave,
 The earliest buds invite the bee;
 And brooks their icy bondage leave,
 To dance in music toward the sea.

III.

The Spring is gay: but to my heart
 The glorious hues she used to wear,
 As sunset clouds in gloom depart,
 Have vanish'd in the empty air:
 They move not now my spirit's wing,
 As in the stainless days of yore:
 The happy dreams they used to bring
 Have pass'd — and they will come no more.

IV.

Not that those dreams have lost their sway —
 Not that my heart hath lost its chords;
 Still with affection tuned, they play,
 And leap at friendship's kindly words;
 But 't is that to my languid eye
 A newness from life's scene hath flown,
 Which once upon the open sky,
 And o'er the teeming earth, was thrown.

v.
 Yes! there is *something*, which no more
 In Nature's gorgeous round I find;
 Something that charm'd in days of yore,
 And filled with Sabbath peace my mind;
 Which added lustre to the flower,
 And verdure to the field and tree,
 And wings to every sunny hour,
 While roseate health remained with me!

vi.
 But Time's stern wave hath roll'd along,
 And now on Manhood's waste I stand,
 And mourn young Fancy's faded throng
 Of radiant hopes and visions bland;
 Yet, kindling o'er my onward way,
 The light of love divine I see,
 And hear a voice which seems to say:
 'Pilgrim! in Heaven there's rest for thee!'

May, 1832.

DISGUISED DERIVATIVE WORDS IN ENGLISH.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

DERIVATIVE words in English, as in other languages, are usually formed on regular principles. Some few of them, however, especially those derived from foreign languages, and coming into extensive use, are so corrupted or disguised, as greatly to obscure the derivation.

The following are examples:

1. CHURCH and KIRK: (Anglo-Sax. *circ* and *cyrlic*, Germ. *kirche*, old Germ. *chirihha*, Gr. *κυριακόν*, as if *the Lord's house*, derived from *κύριος*, *the Lord*, and this from *κῆρος*, *power, authority*;) a Christian temple.

2. CLOWN: (Lat. *colonus*, from the root *col*, to cultivate;) a rustic. Compare Germ. *Köln* from Lat. *Colonia Agrippina*; also Lat. *patrōnus* from *pater*.

3. DROPSY: (Fr. *hydropisie*, Portug. and Span. *hidropesia*, Ital. *idropisia*, Lat. *hydrops* and *hydropisis*, Gr. *ἵδρωψ*, derived from *ἵδωρ*, *water*;) a corruption of *hydropsy*, an unnatural collection of water in the body.

4. PARCHMENT: (Fr. *parchemin*, Portug. *pergaminho*, Span. *pergamino*, Ital. *pergamena*; also Germ. and Dutch *pergament*; Lat. *pergamena*, scil. *charta*, Gr. *Περγαμηνή*, scil. *Χαῖτη*, from *Pergamus*, a city of Asia Minor;) skin prepared for writing.

5. PERIWIG and PERUKE: (Fr. *perruque*, Span. *peluca*, Ital. *parruca*; also Germ. *perrucke*, Dutch *parruik*, Swed. *peruk*, Dan. *perryk*, Tr. *percabhaic*, Gael. *pior-bhuic*; from Lat. *pilus*;) an artificial cap of hair.

6. PRIEST: (Anglo-Sax. *priost*, *preost*, Germ. and Dutch *priester*, Iceland *prestr*, Dan. and Swed. *präst*; also old Fr. *prestre*, Fr. *prêtre*, Portug. *presbytero*, Span. *presbitero*, Ital. *prete*, Latin *presbyter*, Gr. *πρεσβύτερος*, comparative of *πρεσβύς*, old;) one who officiates in sacred offices.

7. RICKETS: (Fr. *rachitis*, Portug. *rachitis*, Span. *raquitis*, Lat. *rachitis*, Gr. *ῥαχίτις*, from *ῥάχις*, the back or spine;) a disease of children.

8. SCIATICA: (Fr. *sciaticque*, Portug. *sciatica*, *ciatica*, Span. *ciatica*, Ital. *sciatica*, Lat. *ischias*, gen. *adis*, Gr. *ισχιάς*, gen. *άδος*, from *ισχλον*, the hip;) the hip-gout.

9. SUCH: (Anglo-Sax. *swilc*, Meso-Goth. *swaleiks*, old Germ. *solih*, Germ. *solcher*; composed of *swa* or *so*, the ancient modal case of the demonstrative pronoun, and the ancient form of Eng. *like*;) a demonstrative adjective of quality, denoting of *that kind* or *sort*.

10. WHICH: (Anglo-Sax. *hwic*, *hwylc*, *hwilc*, *hwelc*, Meso-Goth. *hweleiks*, or *hwileiks*, old Germ. *huelih*, Germ. *welcher*; composed of *hwe* or *hwin*, the ancient modal case of the interrogative pronoun, and the ancient form of Eng. *like*; properly an interrogative adjective of quality, denoting of *what kind* or *sort*? but in use an interrogative participative adjective.

11. WIG: a mutilation of the word *periwig*; see *periwig* above.

NEW-ENGLAND'S SABBATH BELLS.

I.

How sweet upon the morning air, the chime of Sabbath-bells,
As full and clear upon the ear the solemn music swells!
From many a church in sunny vale, and on the green hill side,
The jewels of New-England's crown, her glory and her pride.

II.

The busy hum of busy men, this morn forgets to wake,
In quiet deep the hushed winds sleep, as fearful they shall break
The holy silence which o'erspreads all nature like a spell,
With which in music sweet accords the Sabbath-morning bell.

III.

Those Sabbath-bells — they call us not to piles of mossy stone,
Temples of yore, with age now hoar, and ivy overgrown,
Through whose stained windows softly creeps a dim religious light,
Seeming as it were sanctified unto the Christian's sight.

IV.

Nor do they tell of royal courts, in which to worship God,
Where nobles gay in bright array bend to their monarch's nod;
No costly paintings please the eye, nor trappings rich and rare,
To draw the humble Christian's heart from sacred praise and prayer.

V.

But to the simple, hallowed fane, we turn our willing feet,
Where, rank unknown, the free alone in humble worship meet;
While 'Holiness unto the LORD' upon the walls we read,
No other ornament than this, no other record need.

A P A S S A G E

FROM A LEGEND OF THE SUBJUGATION OF SPAIN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE SKETCH-BOOK.

WHILE the veteran Taric was making his wide circuit through the land, an expedition under Magued the renegado proceeded against the city of Cordova. The inhabitants of that ancient place had beheld the great army of Don Roderick spreading like an inundation over the plain of the Guadalquivir, and had felt confident that it must sweep the infidel invaders from the land. What then was their dismay, when scattered fugitives, wild with horror and affright, brought them tidings of the entire overthrow of that mighty host, and the disappearance of the king? In the midst of their consternation, the Gothic noble, Pelistes, arrived at their gates, haggard with fatigue of body and anguish of mind, and leading a remnant of his devoted cavaliers, who had survived the dreadful battle of the Guadalete. The people of Cordova knew the valiant and steadfast spirit of Pelistes, and rallied round him as a last hope. 'Roderick is fallen,' cried they, 'and we have neither king nor captain: be unto us as a sovereign; take command of our city, and protect us in this hour of peril!'

The heart of Pelistes was free from ambition, and was too much broken by grief to be flattered by the offer of command; but he felt above every thing for the woes of his country, and was ready to assume any desperate service in her cause. 'Your city,' said he, 'is surrounded by walls and towers, and may yet check the progress of the foe. Promise to stand by me to the last, and I will undertake your defence.' The inhabitants all promised implicit obedience and devoted zeal: for what will not the inhabitants of a wealthy city promise and profess in a moment of alarm? The instant, however, that they heard of the approach of the Moslem troops, the wealthier citizens packed up their effects and fled to the mountains, or to the distant city of Toledo. Even the monks collected the riches of their convents and churches, and fled. Pelistes, though he saw himself thus deserted by those who had the greatest interest in the safety of the city, yet determined not to abandon its defence. He had still his faithful though scanty band of cavaliers, and a number of fugitives of the army; in all amounting to about four hundred men. He stationed guards, therefore, at the gates and in the towers, and made every preparation for a desperate resistance.

In the mean time, the army of Moslems and apostate Christians advanced, under the command of the Greek renegado, Magued, and guided by the traitor Julian. While they were yet at some distance from the city, their scouts brought to them a shepherd, whom they had surprised on the banks of the Guadalquivir. The trembling hind was an inhabi-

tant of Cordova, and revealed to them the state of the place, and the weakness of its garrison.

'And the walls and gates,' said Magued, 'are they strong and well guarded?'

'The walls are high, and of wondrous strength,' replied the shepherd; 'and soldiers hold watch at the gates by day and night. But there is one place where the city may be secretly entered. In a part of the wall, not far from the bridge, the battlements are broken, and there is a breach at some height from the ground. Hard by stands a fig tree, by the aid of which the wall may easily be scaled.'

Having received this information, Magued halted with his army, and sent forward several renegado Christians, partizans of Count Julian, who entered Cordova as if flying before the enemy. On a dark and tempestuous night, the Moslems approached to the end of the bridge which crosses the Guadalquivir, and remained in ambush. Magued took a small party of chosen men, and, guided by the shepherd, forded the stream, and groped silently along the wall to the place where stood the fig tree. The traitors, who had fraudulently entered the city, were ready on the wall to render assistance. Magued ordered his followers to make use of the long folds of their turbans instead of cords, and succeeded without difficulty in clambering into the breach.

Drawing their scimetars, they now hastened to the gate which opened toward the bridge; the guards, suspecting no assault from within, were taken by surprise, and easily overpowered; the gate was thrown open, and the army that had remained in ambush rushed over the bridge, and entered without opposition.

The alarm had by this time spread throughout the city; but already a torrent of armed men was pouring through the streets. Pelistes sallied forth with his cavaliers and such of the soldiery as he could collect, and endeavored to repel the foe; but every effort was in vain. The Christians were slowly driven from street to street, and square to square, disputing every inch of ground; until, finding another body of the enemy approaching to attack them in the rear, they took refuge in a convent, and succeeded in throwing to and barring the ponderous doors. The Moors attempted to force the gates, but were assailed with such showers of missiles from the windows and battlements that they were obliged to retire. Pelistes examined the convent, and found it admirably calculated for defence. It was of great extent, with spacious courts and cloisters. The gates were massive, and secured with bolts and bars; the walls were of great thickness; the windows high and grated; there was a great tank or cistern of water, and the friars, who had fled from the city, had left behind a good supply of provisions. Here, then, Pelistes proposed to make a stand, and to endeavor to hold out until succor should arrive from some other city. His proposition was received with shouts by his loyal cavaliers; not one of whom but was ready to lay down his life in the service of his commander.

For three long and anxious months did the good knight Pelistes and his cavaliers defend their sacred asylum against the repeated assaults of the infidels. The standard of the true faith was constantly displayed from the loftiest tower, and a fire blazed there throughout the night, as

signals of distress to the surrounding country. The watchman from his turret kept a wary look out over the land, hoping in every cloud of dust to descry the glittering helms of Christian warriors. The country, however, was forlorn and abandoned, or if perchance a human being was perceived, it was some Arab horseman, careering the plain of the Guadalquivir as fearlessly as if it were his native desert.

By degrees the provisions of the convent were consumed, and the cavaliers had to slay their horses, one by one, for food. They suffered the wasting miseries of famine without a murmur, and always met their commander with a smile. Pelistes, however, read their sufferings in their wan and emaciated countenances, and felt more for them than for himself. He was grieved at heart that such loyalty and valor should only lead to slavery or death, and resolved to make one desperate attempt for their deliverance. Assembling them one day in the court of the convent, he disclosed to them his purpose.

‘Comrades and brothers in arms,’ said he, ‘it is needless to conceal danger from brave men. Our case is desperate: our countrymen either know not or heed not our situation, or have not the means to help us. There is but one chance of escape; it is full of peril, and, as your leader, I claim the right to brave it. To-morrow at break of day I will sally forth and make for the city gates at the moment of their being opened; no one will suspect a solitary horseman; I shall be taken for one of those recreant Christians who have basely mingled with the enemy. If I succeed in getting out of the city, I will hasten to Toledo for assistance. In all events I shall be back in less than twenty days. Keep a vigilant look out toward the nearest mountain. If you behold five lights blazing upon its summit, be assured I am at hand with succor, and prepare yourselves to sally forth upon the city as I attack the gates. Should I fail in obtaining aid, I will return to die with you.’

When he had finished, his warriors would fain have severally undertaken the enterprise, and they remonstrated against his exposing himself to such peril; but he was not to be shaken from his purpose. On the following morning, ere the break of day, his horse was led forth, caparisoned, into the court of the convent, and Pelistes appeared in complete armor. Assembling his cavaliers in the chapel, he prayed with them for some time before the altar of the holy Virgin. Then rising, and standing in the midst of them, ‘God knows, my companions,’ said he, ‘whether we have any longer a country; if not, better were we in our graves. Loyal and true have ye been to me, and loyal have ye been to my son, even to the hour of his death; and grieved am I that I have no other means of proving my love for you, than by adventuring my worthless life for your deliverance. All I ask of you before I go, is a solemn promise to defend yourselves to the last like brave men and Christian cavaliers, and never to renounce your faith, or throw yourselves on the mercy of the renegado Magued, or the traitor Julian.’ They all pledged their words, and took a solemn oath to the same effect before the altar.

Pelistes then embraced them one by one, and gave them his benediction, and as he did so his heart yearned over them, for he felt towards them, not merely as a companion in arms and as a commander, but as

a father ; and he took leave of them as if he had been going to his death. The warriors, on their part, crowded round him in silence, kissing his hands and the hem of his surcoat, and many of the sternest shed tears.

The gray of the dawning had just streaked the east, when Pelistes took lance in hand, hung his shield about his neck, and, mounting his steed, issued quietly forth from a postern of the convent. He paced slowly through the vacant streets, and the tramp of his steed echoed afar in that silent hour ; but no one suspected a warrior, moving thus singly and tranquilly in an armed city, to be an enemy. He arrived at the gate just at the hour of opening ; a foraging party was entering with cattle and with beasts of burthen, and he passed unheeded through the throng. As soon as he was out of sight of the soldiers who guarded the gate, he quickened his pace, and at length, galloping at full speed, succeeded in gaining the mountains. Here he paused, and alighted at a solitary farm-house to breathe his panting steed ; but had scarce put foot to ground when he heard the distant sound of pursuit, and beheld a horseman spurring up the mountain.

Throwing himself again upon his steed, he abandoned the road and galloped across the rugged heights. The deep dry channel of a torrent checked his career, and his horse, stumbling upon the margin, rolled with his rider to the bottom. Pelistes was sorely bruised by the fall, and his whole visage was bathed in blood. His horse, too, was maimed and unable to stand, so that there was no hope of escape. The enemy drew near, and proved to be no other than Magued, the renegado general, who had perceived him as he issued forth from the city, and had followed singly in pursuit. ' Well met, señor alcaide ! ' exclaimed he, ' and overtaken in good time. Surrender yourself my prisoner.'

Pelistes made no other reply than by drawing his sword, bracing his shield, and preparing for defence. Magued, though an apostate, and a fierce warrior, possessed some sparks of knightly magnanimity. Seeing his adversary dismounted, he disdained to take him at a disadvantage, but alighting, tied his horse to a tree.

The conflict that ensued was desperate and doubtful, for seldom had two warriors met so well matched or of equal prowess. Their shields were hacked to pieces, the ground was strewed with fragments of their armor, and stained with their blood. They paused repeatedly to take breath ; regarding each other with wonder and admiration. Pelistes, however, had been previously injured by his fall, and fought to great disadvantage. The renegado perceived it, and sought not to slay him, but to take him alive. Shifting his ground continually, he wearied his antagonist, who was growing weaker and weaker from the loss of blood. At length Pelistes seemed to summon up all his remaining strength to make a signal blow ; it was skilfully parried and he fell prostrate upon the ground. The renegado ran up, and, putting his foot upon his sword, and the point of his scimitar to his throat, called upon him to ask his life ; but Pelistes lay without sense, and as one dead. Magued then unlaced the helmet of his vanquished enemy, and seated himself on a rock beside him, to recover breath. In this situation the warriors were

found by certain Moorish cavaliers, who marvelled much at the traces of that stern and bloody combat.

Finding there was yet life in the Christian knight, they laid him upon one of their horses, and, aiding Magued to remount his steed, proceeded slowly to the city. As the convoy passed by the convent, the cavaliers looked forth and beheld their commander borne along bleeding and a captive. Furious at the sight, they sallied forth to the rescue, but were repulsed by a superior force, and driven back to the great portal of the church. The enemy entered pell mell with them, fighting from aisle to aisle, from altar to altar, and in the courts and cloisters of the convent. The greater part of the cavaliers died bravely, sword in hand; the rest were disabled with wounds and made prisoners. The convent, which was lately their castle, was now made their prison, and in after-times, in commemoration of this event, was consecrated by the name of St. George of the Captives.

The loyalty and the prowess of the good knight Pelistes had gained him the reverence even of his enemies. He was for a long time disabled by his wounds, during which he was kindly treated by the Arab chieftains, who strove by every courteous means to cheer his sadness and make him forget that he was a captive. When he was recovered from his wounds they gave him a magnificent banquet to testify their admiration of his virtues.

Pelistes appeared at the banquet clad in sable armor, and with a countenance pale and dejected; for the ills of his country evermore preyed upon his heart. Among the assembled guests was Count Julian, who held a high command in the Moslem army, and was arrayed in garments of mingled Christian and Morisco fashion. Pelistes had been a close and bosom friend of Julian in former times, and had served with him in the wars in Africa; but when the count advanced to accost him with his wonted amity, he turned away in silence, and deigned not to notice him; neither during the whole of the repast did he address to him ever a word, but treated him as one unknown.

When the banquet was nearly at a close, the discourse turned upon the events of the war; and the Moslem chieftains, in great courtesy, dwelt upon the merits of many of the Christian cavaliers who had fallen in battle, and all extolled the valor of those who had recently perished in the defence of the convent. Pelistes remained silent for a time, and checked the grief which swelled within his bosom as he thought of his devoted cavaliers. At length, lifting up his voice, 'Happy are the dead,' said he, 'for they rest in peace, and are gone to receive the reward of their piety and valor! I could mourn over the loss of my companions in arms, but they have fallen with honor, and are spared the wretchedness I feel in witnessing the thraldom of my country. I have seen my only son, the pride and hope of my age, cut down at my side; I have beheld kindred friends and followers falling one by one around me, and have become so seasoned to those losses that I have ceased to weep. Yet there is one man over whose loss I will never cease to grieve. He was the loved companion of my youth, and the steadfast associate of my graver years. He was one of the most loyal of Christian knights. As a friend he was loving and sincere; as a warrior his

achievements were above all praise. What has become of him, alas! I know not. If fallen in battle, and I knew where his bones were laid, whether bleaching on the plains of Xeres, or buried in the waters of the Gaudalete, I would seek them out and enshrine them as the relics of a sainted patriot. Or if, like many of his companions in arms, he should be driven to wander in foreign lands, I would join him in his hapless exile, and we would mourn together over the desolation of our country!

Even the hearts of the Arab warriors were touched by the lament of the good Pelistes, and they said: 'Who was this peerless friend, in whose praise thou art so fervent?'

'His name,' replied Pelistes, 'was Count Julian.'

The Moslem warriors stared with surprise. 'Noble cavalier,' exclaimed they, 'has grief disordered thy senses? Behold thy friend, living and standing before thee, and yet thou dost not know him! This, this is Count Julian!'

Upon this, Pelistes turned his eyes upon the count, and regarded him for a time, with a lofty and stern demeanor; and the countenance of Julian darkened, and was troubled, and his eye sank beneath the regard of that loyal and honorable cavalier. And Pelistes said, 'In the name of God, I charge thee, man unknown! to answer. Dost thou presume to call thyself Count Julian?'

The count reddened with anger at these words. 'Pelistes,' said he, 'what means this mockery?' Thou knowest me well; thou knowest me for Count Julian?'

'I know thee for a base imposter!' cried Pelistes. 'Count Julian was a noble Gothic knight; but thou appearest in mongrel Moorish garb. Count Julian was a Christian, faithful and devout; but I behold in thee a renegado and an infidel. Count Julian was ever loyal to his king, and foremost in his country's cause: were he living, he would be the first to put shield on neck and lance in rest, to clear the land of her invaders: but thou art a hoary traitor! thy hands are stained with the royal blood of the Goths, and thou hast betrayed thy country and thy God. Therefore, I again repeat, man unknown! if thou sayest thou art Count Julian, thou liest! My friend, alas! is dead; and thou art some fiend from hell, which has taken possession of his body to dishonor his memory and render him an abhorrence among men!' So saying, Pelistes turned his back upon the traitor, and went forth from the banquet; leaving Count Julian overwhelmed with confusion, and an object of scorn to all the Moslem cavaliers.

ON SEEING A LADY WEEP OVER A NOSEGAY.

Though plucked from off the parent stems,
The flow'rs forget to die,
When Beauty all their leaves begems
With tears from her sweet eye.

There is a heart which throb'd to-day
To see thee weep alone,
And longed to wipe those drops away,
Or make that grief its own.

PLUTARCH SHAW: 1844.

LITERARY NOTICES.

LITERARY REMAINS OF THE LATE WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK. Parts Three and Four. New-York: BURGESS, STRINGER AND COMPANY.

THE reception given to our notice of this serial work in our last number, has emboldened us to refer to the issues which have since appeared, containing a copious variety of matter which will be new to great numbers of our readers. One of the best evidences of the *naturalness* and ease of our author's writings, is to be found in the ready appreciation of them by all classes of readers. Whether the vein be a serious one, or the theme turn upon the humorous or the burlesque, it is not too much, we think, to say that the writer takes always with him the heart or the fancy of the reader. Without however pausing to characterize productions which bid fair to become very widely and favorably known, we shall venture, under favor of the reader, to present a few more extracts, 'which it is hoped may please.' The following illustration of a night-scene at the Kaatskill Mountain-House, on the evening of the Fourth of July, we can aver to be a faithful Daguerreotype sketch, for we saw it with the writer:

'TAKE my arm, and step forth with me from the piazza of the Mountain-House. It is night. A few stars are peering from a dim azure field of western sky; the high-soaring breeze, the breath of heaven, makes a still music in the neighboring pines; the meek crest of Dian rolls along the blue depths of ether, tinting with silver lines the half dun, half fleecy clouds; they who are in the parlors make 'considerable' noise; there is an individual at the end of the portico discussing his quadruple julep, and another devotedly sucking the end of a cane, as if it were full of mother's milk; he hummeth also an air from *Il Pirata*, and wonders, in the simplicity of his heart, 'why the devil that there steam-boat from Albany does n't begin to show its lights down on the Hudson.' His companion of the glass, however, is intent on the renewal thereof. Calling to him the chief "help" of the place, he says: 'Is that other antfogmatic ready?'

'No, Sir.'

'Well, now, person, what's the reason? What was my last observation? Says I to you, says I, 'Make me a fourth of them beverages;' and moreover, I added, 'Just you keep doing so; be constantly making them, till the order is countermanded.' Give us another; go! vanish!—'disappear and appear!'

'The obsequious servant went; and returning with the desired draught, observed, probably for the thousandth time: 'There! that's what I call the true currency; them's the *ginseng* mint-drops; HA—ha—ha!'—these separate divisions of his laughter coming out of his mouth at intervals of about half a minute each.

'THERE is a bench near the verge of the Platform, where, when you sit at evening, the hollow-sounding air comes up from the vast vale below, like the restless murmurs of the ocean. Anchor yourself here for a while, reader, with me. It being the evening of the national anniversary, a few patriotic individuals are extremely busy in piling up a huge pyramid of dried pine branches, barrels covered with tar, and kegs of spirits, to a height of some fifteen or twenty feet—perhaps higher. A bonfire is premeditated. You shall see anon, how the flames will rise. The preparations are completed; the fire is applied. Hear how it crackles and hisses! Slowly but spitefully it mounts from limb to limb, and from one combustible to another, until the whole welkin is a-blaze, and shaking as with thunder! It is a beautiful sight. The gush of unwonted radiance rolls in effulgent surges adown the vale. How the owl hoots with surprise at the interrupting light! Bird of wisdom, it is the Fourth! and you may well add your voice to swell the choral honors of the time. How the tall old pines, withered by the biting scathe of Eld, rise to the view, afar and near; white shafts, bottomed in darkness, and standing like the serried spears of an innumerable army! The groups around the beacon are gathered together, but are forced to enlarge the circle of their acquaintance, by the growing intensity of the increasing blaze. Some of them, being ladies, their white robes waving in the moun-

tain breeze, and the light shining full upon them, present, you observe, a beautiful appearance. The pale pillars of the portico flash fitfully into view, now seen and gone, like columns of mist. The swarthy African who kindled the fire regards it with perspiring face and grinning ivories; and lo! the man who hath mastered the quintupled glass of metamorphosed *eau-de-vie*, standing by the towering pile of flame, and, reaching his hand on high, he smiteth therewith his sinister pap, with a most hollow sound; the knell, as it were of his departing reason. In short, he is making an oration!

'Listen to those voiceful currents of air, traversing the vast profound below the Platform! What a mighty circumference do they sweep! Over how many towns, and dwellings, and streams, and incommunicable woods! Murmurs of the dark, sources and awakeners of sublime imagination, swell from afar. You have thoughts of eternity and power here, which shall haunt you evermore. But we must be early stirrers in the morning. Let us to bed.

'You can lie on your pillow at the Kaatskill House, and see the god of day look upon you from behind the pinnacles of the White Mountains in New Hampshire, hundreds of miles away. Noble prospect! As the great orb heaves up in ineffable grandeur, he seems rising from beneath you, and you fancy that you have attained an elevation where may be seen the *motion of the world*. No intervening land to limit the view, you seem suspended in mid-air, without one obstacle to check the eye. The scene is indescribable. The chequered and interminable vale, sprinkled with groves, and lakes, and towns, and streams; the mountains afar off, swelling tumultuously heavenward, like waves of the ocean, some incarnadined with radiance, others purpled in shade; all these, to use the language of an auctioneer's advertisement, 'are too tedious to mention, but may be seen on the premises.' I know of but one picture which will give the reader an idea of this ethereal spot. It was the view which the angel Michael was polite enough, one summer morning, to point out to Adam, from the highest hill of Paradise.'

Many and many a young father will recognize, in the following, his own emotions, as he looks in moments of thoughtfulness upon the little 'olive-branches' around him, in whom he lives over again his own earliest years:

'To those who are disposed to glean philosophy from the mayhap less noticeable objects of this busy world, there are few sights more lovely than childhood. The little cherub who now sits at my knee, and tries, with tiny effort, to clutch the quill with which I am playing for you, good reader; whose capricious taste, varying from ink-stand to paper, and from that to books, and every other portable thing—all 'moveables' that I could tell you of"—he has in his little person those elements which constitute both the freshness of our sublunary mortality, and that glorious immortality which the mortal shall yet put on. Gazing upon his fair young brow, his peach-like cheek, and the depths of those violet eyes, I feel myself rejuvenated. That which bothered Nicodemus, is no marvel to me. I feel that I have a new existence; nor can I dispel the illusion. It is harder, indeed, to believe that he will ever be what I am, than that I am otherwise than he is now. I can not imagine that he will ever become a pilous adult, with harvests for the razor on that downy chin. Will those golden locks become the brown auburn? Will that forehead rise as a varied and shade-changing record of pleasure or care? Will the classic little lips, now colored as by the radiance of a ruby, ever be fitfully bitten in the glow of literary composition!—and will those sun-bright locks, which hang about his temples like the soft lining of a summer cloud, become meshes where hurried fingers shall thread themselves in play? By the mass, I can not tell. But this I know. That which hath been, shall be: the lot of manhood, if he live, will be upon him; the charm, the obstacle, the triumphant fever; the glory, the success, the far-reaching thoughts,

'That make them eagle wings
To pierce the unborn years.'

The 'Ollapodiana' papers are concluded in the third number, and a portion of the issue is devoted to the commencement of the 'Miscellaneous Prose Papers' of the writer, which are both numerous and various. 'A Chapter on Cats' records an amusing story, replete with incident, which turns upon the deplorable consequences, in one sad instance at least, of cat-killing. An illustrative although not satisfactory passage is subjoined:

'I AM subject, in summer, to restlessness. Thick-coming fancies mar my rest, and my ear is peculiarly sensitive to the least inappropriate sound. One sultry evening in July, I returned home later than usual, from an arbitration, wherein I lost a cause on which I had counted certainly to win. I suspect I bored the arbitrators with too long a plea, and too voluminous quotations of precedents; for when I finished, two were asleep, and most of the others yawning. They decided against my client, and I came home mad with chagrin, and crept into bed, longing for speedy oblivion in the arms of Sleep.

'But that calm sister of Death would not be won to my embrace. I lay tossing for a long time in 'restless ecstasy,' until vexed and overwearied nature at last sunk to repose. I could not have slumbered over ten minutes, before I was awakened by the most outrageous caterwauling that ever stung the human ear. I arose in a fury, and looked out of the window. All was still. The cause for outcry appeared to have ceased. Now and then there was a low guttural wail, between a suppressed grunt and a squeal; but it was so faint that nothing could have lived 'twixt that and silence. After a listening probation of a few minutes, I slunk back into my sheets.

'I had scarcely dozed a quarter of an hour, when the obnoxious vociferations arose again. They were fierce, ill-natured, and shrill. I arose again, vexed beyond endurance. All was quiet in a moment. I am not given to profanity; I deem it foolish and wicked; but on this occasion, after stretch-

ing my body like a sheeted ghost, half out of the window, and gazing into the shadows of the garden to discover the object of my annoyance, I exclaimed in a loud and spiteful voice, which expressed my concentrated hate:

— "D—n that cat!"

"Young gentleman," said a passing guardian of the night, from the street, "you had better pop your head in and stop your noise. If you don't, you will rue it; now mind-I-tell-ye."

"Look here, old Charley," said I, in return, "don't be impertinent. It is your business to preserve the peace, and to obviate every evil that looks disgraceful in the city's eye. You guard the slumbers of her citizens; and if you expect a dollar from me at Christmas, for the poetry in your next annual address, you will perform what I now request, and what it is your solemn and bounden duty to do. Spring your rattle; comprehend that vagrom cat, and take her to the watch-house. I will appear as plaintiff against the quadruped, before the mayor, in the morning. Her character is bad—her habits are scandalous."

"Oh, pahaw!" said the watchman, and went clattering up the street, singing "N'hav p-a-et dwelve o'clock, and a glowdee morn."

I reverted to my pillow, and fell into a train of conjectures touching the grimalkin. Possibly it might be the darling old friend of Miss Dillon. Then I thought of others—then I slept.

I cannot declare to a second how long my fitful slumber lasted, before I was startled from my bed by a yell, which proceeded apparently from a cat in my room. I had just been dreaming of a great mouser, with ears like a jackass, and claws, armed with long 'pickers and stingers,' sitting on my bosom, and sucking away my breath. I sprang at once into the middle of the room. I searched every where—nothing was in the apartment. Then there rushed toward the zenith one universal cat-shriek, which went echoing off on the night-wind like the reverberation of a sharp thunder-peal.

My blood was now up for vengeance. One hungry and fiery wish to destroy that diabolical cater-wauler, took possession of my soul. At that instant the clock struck one. It was the death knell of the feline vocalist. I looked out of the window, and in the light of a stray lot of moonshine, streaming through the tall chimneys to the south-east, I saw Miss Dillon's romantic favorite, alternately cooing and fighting with a large mouser of the neighborhood, that I had seen for several afternoons previous, walking leisurely along the garden wall, as if absorbed in deep meditation, and forming some libertine resolve. In fine, they each seemed saturate with the spirit of the Gnome king, Umbriel, in the drama, when he

— "stalked abroad
Urging the wolf to tear the buffalo."

'The death of one of these noisy belligerents being determined on, I looked round my room for the tools of retribution. Not a moveable thing, however, could I discover, save a new pitcher, which had been sent home that very day, and to which my name and address were appended on a bit of card. I clutched it with desperate fury, and pouring into my bowl the water contained in it, I poised it in my hand for the deadly heave. I had been a member of a quail club in the country, and the principles of a clever throw were familiar to me. I resolved to make the vessel describe what is called in philosophy a *parabolic curve*, so that while it knocked out the brains of one combatant, it should effectually admonish the survivor of the iniquity of his doings. I approached the window—balanced the pitcher—and then drove it home. Its reception was acknowledged by a loud, choking squall—a faint yell of agony, and then a respectful silence. Satisfied that my pitcher had been broken at the fountain of life, and that the silent tabby would not soon tune her pipes again, I retired to bed, and slept with the serenity and comfort of one who is conscious of having performed a virtuous action.

In the morning, the cat was found 'kneeling up' on a bed of pinks, with her head broken in, and her ancient and venerable whiskers dabbled in blood. The shattered pitcher lay by her side. The vessel had done its worst—so had my victim.'

The story proper, upon the consecutive incidents of which we shall not touch, closes with the annexed whimsical anecdote:

'An anonymous wag not long ago, placed an advertisement in each of our city journals, signed by an eminent house on the Delaware wharf, and stating that FIVE HUNDRED CATS were wanted immediately by the firm. The said firm in the meantime knew nothing of the matter.

'On visiting their counting-house the next morning, the partners found the streets literally blocked up with enterprising cat-sellers. Huge negroes were there, each with ten or fifteen sage, grave tabbies tied together with a string. Old market-women had brought thither whole families of the feline genus, from the superannuated *Tow*, to the blind kitten. The air resounded with the squallings of the quadrupedal multitude. New vendors, with their noisy property, were seen thronging to the place from every avenue.

'What'll you give me for this 'ere lot?' said a tall shad-woman, pressing up toward the counting-room. 'The newspapers says you allows liberal prices. I axes a dollar a piece for the old 'uns, and five levys for the kittens.'

'You have been fooled,' said the chief partner, who appeared with a look of dismay at the door, and was obliged to speak as loud amid the din as a sea-captain in a storm. 'I want no cats. I have no use for them. I could not eat them. I could n't sell them. I never advertised for them.'

'A decided mendicant, a member of the great family of loafers, with a red, *bulgy* nose, and bloated cheeks, who had three cats tied to a string in his hand, now mounted a cotton bale, and producing a newspaper, spelt the advertisement through as audibly as he could under the circumstances, demanding of the assembly as he closed, "if that there advertisement was n't a true bill!" An unanimous "Sarting!" echoed through the crowd. Encouraged by the electric response, the loafer proceeded to make a short speech. He touched upon the rights of trade, the liberty of the press, the importance of fair dealing, and the benefits of printing; and concluded by advising his hearers to go the death for their rights, and 'not to stand no humbug.' Such was the effect of his eloquence, that the firm

against which he wielded his oratorical thunder found it necessary to compromise matters by treating the entire concourse to a hoghead of wine. 'The company separated at an early hour,' consoled for the loss of their bargains and the emptiness of their pockets by the lightness of their heads and hearts.'

Let us hope that our readers will find, in the entire work from which we quote, ample reasons for the favor which it is receiving at the hands of the public.

MENTAL HYGIENE: OR AN EXAMINATION OF THE INTELLECT AND PASSIONS. Designed to illustrate their Influence on Health and the Duration of Life. By WILLIAM SWEETSER, M. D. In one volume. pp. 270. New-York: J. AND H. G. LANGLEY.

THIS is a work destined, as we can easily foresee, to produce great good. Its leading design, as its title implies, and as is stated indeed by the author in his preface, is to elucidate the influence of intellect and passion upon the health and endurance of the human organization; an influence which has been but imperfectly understood and appreciated in its character and importance, by mankind at large. The volume under notice is divided into two parts. Under the first are considered the intellectual operations in respect to their influence on the general functions of the body; under the second is embraced a view of the moral feelings or passions, in the relation which they also sustain to our physical nature. Of these a concise definition is offered, with such classification as is necessary to the leading design of the work. Their effects upon the different functions of the animal economy are next noticed; and a description is given of a few of the most important passions belonging to each of the three great classes; namely, pleasurable, painful and mixed, into which they are separated; their physical phenomena and individual influence on the well-being of the human mechanism being closely examined. A forcible exposition is also given of the evil consequences resulting from an ill-regulated imagination (acting through the instrumentality of the passions, morbidly excited by its licentious operation,) to the firmness of the nervous system, and the integrity of the general health. The volume is not addressed to any particular class of readers, and being free from technical expressions, is rendered plain and comprehensive to all. We commend this volume of Mr. SWEETSER cordially to our readers, firmly impressed with the belief that the principles which it advances may be rendered subservient both to the physical and moral welfare of our countrymen.

LIFE IN THE NEW WORLD, BY SEATSFIELD: translated from the German by GUSTAVUS C. HESSE, LL. D., and JAMES MACKAY, M. A. New-York: J. WINCHESTER, 'New World' Press.

THE fourth number of this very remarkable work has been published; and we have had a fair opportunity of testing the merits of the mysterious author. The circumstances must now be generally known, under which these works appear before the public. It appears that MUNDT, a German scholar, who is publishing a continuation of SCHLEGEL's *History of Literature*, has in his delineations of character given almost unbounded praise to an American named SEATSFIELD. Among the various works attributed to him are 'Life in the New World,' 'Sea Sketches,' 'South and North,' 'Virey,' the 'Legitimate,' and others, which are to be issued in rapid succession from the press of WINCHESTER, 'the indefatigable,' as he may well be called; for the rapidity with which he sends out to the world the literary novelties of the day is a theme of public marvel. The German, in which these volumes are written, is said by competent judges, to be very pure and powerful: and indeed we may rest assured that if the case were otherwise, a critic of such high reputation as MUNDT would never have spoken of SEATSFIELD in such enthusiastic terms. The publisher, we understand, obtained several of the works from the library of Columbia College, through the politeness of Professor TELLEKAMPT.

The opinion, which some have expressed, that SEATSFIELD'S books are made up of stolen selections from different American writers, is unfounded. We cannot recognize in his style or thought familiar passages; and beside, there does not appear to be any rational inducement for this species of plagiarism. It is evident that the writings are indeed what they appear to be, the genuine productions of an able man. The descriptions of natural scenery are very graphic. 'The first trip on the Red River,' and the description of the trappers, is one of the most animated sketches we have ever read. Our mountains, rivers, cataracts, ocean-lakes, and forests, are described with the most remarkable spirit and truth.' The translation, we are informed by the best judges, is extremely faithful.

POETRY AND HISTORY OF WYOMING. By WILLIAM L. STONE, Esq. Second edition, enlarged. New-York: MARK H. NEWMAN.

THIS indefatigable laborer in the mine of Indian history continues to throw off from time to time works upon that subject, which bear the marks of great industry, patient research, and extensive information, and which have deservedly given him a high literary reputation as an historical writer. What has yet appeared we believe is only the beginning of a series of works relating to Indian annals, which are to be completed as soon as the author's health, and the duties of an arduous profession, will allow. From a late honor conferred upon him by one of the remnants of the Six Nations, in electing him one of their chiefs, by the name of SA-GO-SEN-O-TA, it seems plain that they highly approve of his efforts to preserve their history; and it may be considered as endorsing the accuracy of his investigations. In this light, the honor conferred, though coming from those whom civilization is crushing beneath its superior intelligence and power, is valuable and important. The present book takes the poetical share of its title from the fact that the author has prefixed CAMPBELL'S celebrated poem, preceded by a sketch of his life, furnished by WASHINGTON IRVING. 'Gertrude of Wyoming,' though beautiful, and seeming to be a narrative of real incidents in a poetical dress, is nevertheless a fiction, albeit founded upon an actual tragedy, whose horrors can hardly be exaggerated by any pen. It has been the design of our author to record the real history of the section of country which was stained by this tragedy, and which for this reason, has a melancholy interest thrown over its natural charms.

The history of Wyoming does not commence, as many suppose, with the war of the American revolution. Long before, the conflict of human passions in the breast of savage and civilized man had discolored its soil with blood. During this antecedent period, its aboriginal annals are replete with incidents, which were greatly multiplied after the civil wars which disturbed the repose of that secluded valley had begun to be waged between the rival claimants to the territory from Connecticut and Pennsylvania, and which for twelve or thirteen years prior to the revolutionary war present a series of the most stirring events. The author, therefore, in order to render the history complete, has taken it up before the first known visit of the white men; of whom, among the earliest, were the Moravian missionaries. To the honor of these men, be it recorded, that in this instance, as in others, they plunged into the depths of the forest, and labored among the savages with a christian zeal and enterprize which have never been surpassed. The scenes of the revolution, embracing not only the great massacre in July, 1778, with its frightful horrors, but also a number of other bloody forays of the Indians upon the white men, are moreover faithfully described. But after all, perhaps the most interesting portion of the volume is formed of the narrative of the services and sufferings of individuals and families. These latter records are full of those wild and romantic incidents which are peculiar to border warfare; where the steady courage and determined bravery of the European appears in deadly conflict with the wiliness, cunning, and sleepless vengeance of the savage. To say that all this is narrated by the author in the spirit of accurate history, would be far below the mood

of praise that is due. He has executed this part of the work in a style of animated and lively description, and with that flowing and finished diction, which can only be attained when the mind of a writer is perfectly familiar with the events, and when, by the force of imagination, he becomes himself as it were an actor instead of a spectator of the scenes which he narrates.

Additional interest is given to this spot, from the fact, which probably is not generally known, except to the professed historian, that the distinguished patriot TIMOTHY PICKERING took up his abode in the valley of Wyoming, attracted no doubt by its unrivalled beauties, to which he was first introduced during a military campaign, but which he afterward contemplated, on the return of peace, with an eye capable of being charmed by the picturesque in nature. The concluding chapter of the book is devoted mainly to a spirited account of the abduction of that gentleman, and his confinement in the wilderness by a gang of ruffians, who, after trying in vain to bend his soldier-like mind to a compliance with their violent designs, gave him an ungracious release, and allowed him to return to his family. Among the papers in the appendix, now first introduced to the public, will be found a deed of purchase, made from the Indians ninety years ago, by the Connecticut Land Company, containing the names of some six hundred of the most wealthy and distinguished people of that State. It is important as a means of showing the valuation of land at that period, and a proof that it was acquired by honest purchase. This edition has been enlarged to the amount of more than one hundred pages of letter-press; an addition found necessary by the discovery of increased materials by the author since the publication of the first edition.

In concluding this brief notice of a work written with decided talent, and designed to fill an important niche in the early history of this country, we are bound to thank the author, and to express the hope that he will be able to finish the historical design which he has sketched, pertaining to that interesting race, of whom it may be truly said, that 'the hour of their destiny has already struck.' This volume shows us, that in our own country may be found topics for literary effort, worthy of employing the gifted pens of America, without going abroad in quest of subjects, in the discussion of which we shall long be surpassed by foreigners, on account of their superior facilities and larger sources of information. As a book entirely American, we commend it to the reading public, confident that it will be received with favor wherever it is read, and be considered a valuable addition to the historical department of every gentleman's library.

A NEW SPIRIT OF THE AGE. By R. H. HORNE. In one volume. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

THE MR. HORNE who stands sponsor for this 'child of many fathers' must not be confounded with Mr. HARTWELL HORNE, who in a literary point of view is quite another person. The author of the volume before us, however, with the aid of sundry fellow *littérateurs* 'of the secondary formation,' as CARLYLE phrases it, has collected together quite a variety of materials, the whole being intended to form a sort of sequel to HAZLITT's 'Spirit of the Age,' a brilliant work, to which the present bears slight resemblance. We quite agree with a contemporary, that it manifests little or no independence of judgment or originality of thought. 'It is the result of the labor of many hands, and those not the most skilful or experienced. It consequently wants that homogeneity of style which one would expect in a professed imitation of so excellent a model. The highest degree of merit that can be accorded to it is that of a collection of magazine articles of second rate merit. It is likely to prove popular with the generality of readers who do not trouble themselves to dip beneath the surface of things; but we must caution those who would form a just estimate of the characters and merits of the distinguished writers whose works are analyzed in it, that its premises are not always correct nor its deductions sound.'

EDITOR'S TABLE.

A DAY WITH THE GREAT SEATSFIELD. — The Boston Daily Advertiser recently divulged, with a most curious air of bewilderment, the name of a new, and as it seems hitherto unheard-of, ornament to American literature — the illustrious SEATSFIELD. Illustrious, however, only upon the other side of the water; for it appears that we Yankee cotton-raisers have somewhat else to do than to busy our brains about any letters except letters of credit, or any fame that is not reverberated from abroad. No one, of course, at all conversant with modern German literature, not even the slightest skimmer of their late periodical publications, or the most occasional peruser of the *Allgemeine Zeitung* or *Dresden Blutbad-staglich*, can have failed to notice with patriotic pride the gradual but gigantic progress of this new VOLTAIRE to the highest pinnacle of popular renown. But, sooth to say, our western world is so overrun with pretenders; there are so many young gentlemen annually spawned by Yale and Cambridge, who affect to read German without being able to construe the advertisement of a Leipzig bookseller; so numerous are the blue-spectacled nymphs who quote JEAN PAUL betwixt their blanc-mange and oysters, without comprehending even the outermost rind of its in-meaning; so utterly ignorant are our so-called literati of any subject beyond the scope of a newspaper, that the name of SEATSFIELD sounded as strangely in American ears as if he had lately arrived from Herschel or Georgium Sidus in a balloon. It is true that some two or three of our eminent scholars, a few travellers, men of taste, who had wandered by the Rhine, were acquainted with his reputation, and in some degree with his productions. EMERSON doubtless must have been aware of his renown; Professor FELTON of course had read him as often as he has HOMER; JONES, WILKINS, and F. SMITH had studied him with delight. The 'Dial,' a journal of much repute, had even spoken openly, we are told, of his success in Europe. Mr. W. E. CHANNING, the poet, had evidently but perhaps unconsciously imitated his peculiar viscosity of style, and (if we may use such an expression,) extreme flakiness of thought. But in spite of these few exceptions to the general indifference, let it stand recorded, that when the name of SEATSFIELD returned to his own shore, it was an alien and unmeaning word. His own country, so deeply indebted to his powerful pen, absolutely knew him not. The literati stared, and the Boston Advertiser was struck aghast with wonder. What a comment upon the state of letters in America! 'Literary Emporium,' forsooth! 'Western Athens!' Medici of Manhattan! how grossly we Yankees do misapply titles! It was the very 'Literary Emporium' itself that was most astounded at the newly-discovered mine. SEATSFIELD's name had overspread civilized Europe; his productions had been dramatized at Munich and Bucharest; they had been translated into Russian and Turkish; the Maltese mariner had learned to solace himself with his 'Twilight Helmsman's Hymn,' and the merchants of Syra and Beyrout adorned their mansions with his bust; yet Boston, New-York, and Philadelphia had never heard his name! In the lack of more minute information with regard to this remarkable man, perhaps the following page or two from a

traveller's journal may prove acceptable to the public. The absolutely total obscurity of the subject in America, may also, it is hoped, serve as an apology for the openness of detail and apparent breach of etiquette in regard to private intercourse.

'It has been my fortune to spend a day in company with the man who of all men has done the most to illustrate our manners and character; yet who, strange to say, is less known than 'Professor' INGRAHAM. As it was then my fortune to speak with him; I now consider it my duty to speak of him, and to do what little I am able, to extend his name among his compatriots.

'In the spring of the year previous to this, or to be exact, in April, 1843, I found myself at Berlin. My friend, Mr. CARLYLE, of London, had given me a letter to THEODORE MUNDT, and I had learned soon after my arrival that this distinguished man was in town. I had consequently looked over my letters, after dinner, and had selected the one addressed to MUNDT, and laid it under a little plaster bust of SCHILLER that stood just over the stove, in the room where I dined. In the evening I walked into the *Ermschlagg Buchzimmer*.* Several students were making annotations from huge volumes, and many grave, pale gentlemen were turning over the reviews and periodicals of the day. Among these I recognized an Englishman whom I had fallen in with at Cologne but parted with at Heidelberg. He had been in Berlin three days before me, and I was truly glad to meet with an acquaintance even of so recent a date, to whom I could apply for information or advice as to the best way of seeing the lions. While I was whispering to him, a grim-visaged old Teuton looked up at us with a stern frown, and my friend observed, 'We must retire into the *Sprechensaal*, or conversation-room.' As soon as we had entered this adjoining apartment, to the evident satisfaction of the aforesaid grim Teuton, I observed a tall, thin man, of angular and wiry aspect, see-sawing his body in front of the stove, toward which he had turned his back, as he stood in apparently deep cogitation. 'You do n't know who that is,' quoth my friend; 'there is *one* of the lions, to begin with. I found out his name this morning: that is THEODORE MUNDT.' Struck as I was with the stranger's aspect, which appeared to me altogether American, I stared at him till he suddenly raised his dark eyes, and fixed them on mine. To disembarraas myself from my seeming rudeness as politely as possible, I bowed to his gaze, and said inquiringly: 'I have the honor to address Mr. MUNDT?'

'You have the *luck*,' he said, 'but the honor is *his*.'

'Honors are even, then,' said I, as brusquely as I dared; and of all animals a traveller is the most impudent. 'I have in my pocket,' I continued, 'a letter for you from my friend CARLYLE.' At the name of CARLYLE he raised his hands in surprise, then rubbed them with delight, and began to eulogise his friend.

'All this while I was fumbling in my pocket for my letter, when suddenly it flashed over me that I had put it under the bust in the tavern. I grew confused for a moment, and then as Mynheer MUNDT held out his hand for the letter, I burst into a laugh, and confessed that I had left my letter at home. MUNDT looked very serious, and quoted from Othello, 'That is a fault;' and then from Macbeth, 'To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow.' I thought there was a little affectation in this; perhaps it was merely complimentary; but the immediate result of our imperfect acquaintance was, that I made bold to introduce my friend to MUNDT, who invited us both to his rooms to supper. On our way thither, as we passed the *Brunsvik Gasthaus*, where I lodged, I stepped in to procure my letter, and MUNDT appeared rejoiced to hear directly from his 'very *fine* friend' CARLYLE, as he queerly styled him.

'I should feel that I was venturing on forbidden ground were I to reveal more of what passed between us that evening. There was some drawing of corks and some puffing of Hamburg-made Cheroots, which MUNDT declared to be genuine Oriental; there was a ham of Westphalia, and a bit of La Gruyere. But with all this we have nothing to do. I fear that I have already made my preface too long. Enough be it then to say, that MUNDT

* A new public library and reading-room in Berlin.

first revealed to me on this occasion (I am ashamed to own it) the name and talents of our countryman SEATSFIELD. How enthusiastic he was I will not describe; but his enthusiasm could only be equalled by his surprise that I was not familiar with his writings.

On the next day MUNDT gave me a letter to SEATSFIELD, directed to him at Bâle, in Switzerland, near which he owns a beautiful villa. I did not find him at Bâle, however, and I proceeded to Milan without delivering my letter. On my return from Italy, I happened to learn that SEATSFIELD was at Graffenburg in Silesia; and although it was forty leagues from my purposed route I encountered the delay, out of mere curiosity of seeing so distinguished a man. This time I was not disappointed. One day only I spent at Graffenburg, but that day was sufficient to fill me with a truly German (I wish I could say American) admiration of my countryman. Graffenburg, it should be remarked, is the famous scene of Doctor PRINGSMEYER's wonderful hydropathic cures. Being there only for a single day, I did not think it best to submit in all points to the cold water treatment; neither did SEATSFIELD, for I noticed that he mixed two table-spoonfuls of gin with every gill of cold water. SEATSFIELD is a man of about middle-age, with a penetrating eye, and rather a good form, though not unusually muscular. His face bears a remarkable resemblance to the pictures of NUMA POMPILIUS; the benign smile of each is the same. His chin is round and full, although partially concealed by a slight beard; his nose, which is of a truly German outline, is marked by the 'dilated nostril of genius;' and his whole aspect is that of a thorough man of the world. I will continue my reminiscence by extracting verbatim a page or so from my imperfect, though as far as it goes, authentic diary. I am convinced however that his remarks will lose much from the want of his pointed manner of enunciation. His English was faultless, and he spoke as well as if he had never been out of America. Very few Americans indeed, and no British-Islanders, talk so correct and chaste a dialect.

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EXTRACT FROM MY JOURNAL.

Graffenburg, July 4, 1844.

'I WAS very fortunate, they tell me, to find SEATSFIELD in so companionable a mood. He appeared in high spirits, and was exceedingly conversible. The glorious return of our national anniversary had a visible effect upon him. I presented my letter to him last evening, but he was weary, and retired early. When I first met him in the Upper Bath-room Walk, this morning, he congratulated me upon the brightness and brilliancy of the day. 'You have much to be thankful for, Sir,' he observed; 'the day is perfectly American. Just such a sun as this is now dawning upon Broadway and the Battery. The sound of India-crackers and the pleasant smell of lobsters is already perceptible to the senses of the awakening Manhattanese.'

'Boston, too, my native city,' I observed, 'is also alive to the holiday influences. Boston Common I dare say is already white with tents, and the fragrant commerce of the booths is just commencing on the Mall.'

SEATSFIELD: 'Yes, Sir; but Boston and Philadelphia both fail in developing the true character-stamp-work (*character-stampfen-werk*) of the day. To see the Fourth of July in its glory, one should visit New-York. To my senses, which are uncommonly acute, there is a peculiar smell about the Fourth of July in New-York, which differs in toto from that of any other holiday.'

'In Boston we also have the perfume of lobsters and egg-pop blended with that of orange-peel and pine-apple —'

SEATSFIELD: 'That, Sir, is but a feeble rationale of the New-York savor. I have often, in a jocose mood, amused myself with analyzing this odor. I have resolved it into the following elements: lobsters, gunpowder, trampled-grass, wheel-grease, and cigars. It is mainly to these ingredients, grafted upon the other ordinary city smells, that I attribute the Fourth of July smell.'

'There is one that you have failed to detect; namely, a faint whiff of barn-yards, owing I presume to the strong prevalence of farmers and other rustics from the surrounding coun-

try.' SEATSFIELD smiled at this, and acknowledged, in a laughing way, an occasional intimation of manure. 'Graffenburg,' I observed, 'is remarkably free from all strong odors; it is a very clean village.'

SEATSFIELD: 'That, Sir, is owing to the water: depend upon it, wherever water prevails neatness will ensue. Temperance and cleanliness go hand in hand. The ancients were a filthy race, and they were great wine-bibbers. What a condition of personal and mental nastiness is divulged by HORACE in his 'Iter ad Brundisium;' yet HORACE was a choice specimen of a Roman gentleman.'

'Have you had any poets among you here? or is the hydropathic system too repugnant to their art?'

SEATSFIELD: 'Our countryman, LONGFELLOW, was here not long since. I sat at table with him frequently; but I never introduced myself to him.'

'Do you think highly of his powers?'

SEATSFIELD: 'As a prolific generator of novel life-images, no; but as a vivid delineator of the inner-thought principle, as an artistical displayer of the higher subjective mood, he is of the very first class. I honor LONGFELLOW.'

'He is perhaps our smoothest versifier, next to HALLECK.'

SEATSFIELD: 'Nay, he is the only one among us who can combine extreme polish and the utmost facility of flow with deep-seated reflection.' SEATSFIELD then quoted, with a sublime energy, from the celebrated 'Psalm of Life:'

'Not enjoyment and not sorrow
Is our destined end or way,
But to act, that each to-morrow
Find us farther than to-day.

'In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of life,
Be not like dumb driven cattle,
Be a hero in the strife.

'Trust no Future, how'er pleasant,
Let the dead Past, bury its dead;
Act, act in the glorious Present,
Heart within and God o'er head.'

'You give the poet a great advantage,' I said, 'in quoting his very finest production, and picking out the choicest stanzas. Beside, his theme here is one of so general a nature, and so familiar to philosophy, that it would be hard for any one to moralize upon it in verse without accidentally hitting upon some sublimity. The commonest intellect has lofty and awful thoughts whenever it gives way to serious meditation upon our mortality.'

SEATSFIELD: 'That is partly true; but LONGFELLOW is not only great upon that ground. His realm is very extensive. No man has the power (had he only the will) of depicting the simplicity of every-day life and objects with more grace or comprehensiveness. There are some touches in his 'Village Blacksmith' inexpressibly beautiful, and worthy of BURNS' 'Cotter's Saturday Night:'

'His hair is crisp and black and long,
His face is like the tan;
His brow is wet with honest sweat,
He earns whate'er he can,' etc.

And then again:

'He goes on Sunday to the Church,
And sits among the boys;
He hears the parson pray and preach,
He hears his daughter's voice
Singing in the gallery,
And it makes his heart rejoice.'

SEATSFIELD repeated these verses with much emotion; and I observed that a tear stood upon his lids. I therefore turned the conversation upon hydropathy, and introduced a quotation from PINDAR: *απὸ τοῦ πρὸς ἑδωπ, etc.*

SEATSFIELD: 'PINDAR, Sir, has expressed a great truth; but I think that PIERPONT has expressed it better. In his exquisite 'Ode on the Opening of the Marlborough Temperance-House' how beautifully he says, after speaking in regard to the virtues of cold water:

'Oh! had EVE's hair
Been dressed in gin,
Would she have been
Reflected fair!'

'And then, after describing the beauty of Eden, with its rills and pellucid brooks bubbling through the fresh meads, he goes on:

'Are not pure springs
And chrystal wells
The very things
For our Hotels!'

'That, Sir, is excellent, and the somewhat homely imagery only enhances in my mind the truth of the sentiment. PIERPONT, Sir, is a very great man.'

'As great as LONGFELLOW!'

SEATSFIELD: 'No, Sir, perhaps not; there is a considerable difference of calibre between them. I should say now that LONGFELLOW was a first-rate artist with a second-rate imagination, and that PIERPONT was only a second-rate artist with a first-rate fancy. There is no mistake in PIERPONT.'

I smiled at SEATSFIELD's affectation of Americanisms, as if out of compliment to myself, or in honor of the day; and I rejoined: 'There may be no mistake in PIERPONT, but there is one or two in LONGFELLOW.'

SEATSFIELD: 'Grammatical or prosodical?'

'Neither; but in the beginning of his 'Psalm of Life,' he says:

'TELL me not in mournful numbers
Life is but an empty dream;
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.'

'Here he evidently meant things *are* what they seem; for in the next stanza he goes on to say:

'LIFE is real, life is earnest,
And the grave is not its goal;
'Dust thou art, to dust returnest,'
Was not written of the soul.'

Consequently, if life is real and earnest, and the soul is incapable of mortality, things *must* be what they seem, and the soul *cannot* be dead that slumbers. And if the soul is dead that slumbers, and things are *not* really what they seem to be, life is indeed an empty dream.' SEATSFIELD looked puzzled at this.

SEATSFIELD: 'You are somewhat hypercritical. Great thoughts must not be trimmed to the exact dialect of business-men. LONGFELLOW reveals important truths; he utters what is pent within him from the impulse of utterance: he tells us that 'Art is long and Time is fleeting;' now some arts are not long, and time often drags heavily. It will not do to be too precise in poetry.'

'But is that sentiment original? Does not one of the ancients say, '*Ars longa, vita brevis*'? and does not that come pretty near to LONGFELLOW's idea?'

SEATSFIELD: 'Yes, Sir, but that is a little criticism which picks out words. LONGFELLOW, or yourself, or any other man, would have arrived at the same conclusion, even had the ancient author never written it.'

—
'WE were here interrupted by a call to luncheon; and I take advantage of the break in my journal, to bring this article to a close. More of the SEATSFIELDIANA I reserve for another number, provided the public are not already gluttoned.'

MAGAZINE WRITING.—WE know not how we can better evince our appreciation of the kind and flattering comments of a Southern correspondent, who will at once recognize our allusion, than by citing the somewhat kindred remarks of an old and favorite contributor, now passed away from earth. It was a pleasing matter, he said, to sit down with the proper afflatus stirring within him, to write an article for a Magazine. 'If the work has a general prevalence; if its fame is rife on good men's tongues, the inspiration is the stronger. One says to himself, how many friends of mine will overlook these very lucubrations, perceive my initials, and recognize my name? How many pleasing associations will thus be awakened, and peradventure commendatory remarks expressed, concerning my powers? What a *quid pro quo* for wakeful nights, emendations of phrases, the choosing of words, and toilsome revision! The other day,' he continues, 'while reading the proof-sheet of my article in the last *KNICKERBOCKER*, I fell into a train of reflection upon the large amount of care and labor which must be entailed upon the publisher and editor of an original Magazine. Some one has observed, that when we listen to an exquisite opera, or any elaborate and intricate piece of music, we think not how vast were the pains and attention bestowed upon every note and cadence; what efforts for perfection in a solo, what panting for a warble, what travail for a trill! Taken separately, and at rehearsals, in disjointed fragments of sound, how different are they from that volume of sweet concords which is produced when they are all breathed forth in order, to the accompaniment of flutes and recorders, in one full gush of melody! This is just like a Magazine. How many minds does it engage! Cherished thoughts and cherished feelings, polished or sublimated, there find utterance, and demand that honor and deference to which they are entitled. In his beautiful Introduction to the *Harleian Miscellany*, JOHNSON sets forth the necessity and benefit of similar writings, with reasons as conclusive as the language in which they are expressed is chaste and strong. In a country like ours, where the vast population move by common impulse; think promptly, are enlightened with ease, and turn to the best account that knowledge which is received with the greatest facility; are inspired with sacred and patriotic feelings from the bar, the senate, the pulpit, and the press; it is important and just that the readiest methods and means of instructive moral amusement should be the most esteemed and the best supported. I confess I never look into a Magazine, that I do not liken it to a large and pure reservoir of refreshing waters; derived from many streams, and pranked around its borders with the flowers and garniture of poesy; possessing qualities agreeable to every taste—the grave, the solid, the scientific, the light, the gay. It is a map of the higher moods of life. It conveys a sustenance with the relish of pleasure. All who favor it with their productions have different tastes and faculties of mind. Each one endeavors to do the best with his theme. He ornaments it in diction, or tasks his fancy, or explores the secrets of science, or illustrates the events and scenes of his country: he excites broad-mouthed laughter, by salutary jest and pun; he expatiates in pathetic sentences, or murmurs in the mellow cadence of song; or arouses interest by the embellishments wherewith history is refined, and which shed a light over the dim annals of the past, making them to smile,

——— 'even as the radiant glow,
Kindling rich woods, whereon the ethereal bow
Sleeps lovingly awhile.'

'Now what I thought beside, while looking over my proof, was this: that a 'circulating medium,' through which so many minds communicated their thoughts, produced and clothed with befitting language in solitary labor; smoothed, strengthened, or harmonized by revision, and rendered impressive by those helps and researches of which every *readable* writer must avail himself; such a medium, I say, merits the esteem and respect of all. It deserves not to be taken up for judgment, at a momentary glance, by the undiscerning eye of careless inquiry. It should be read impartially, and spoken of, in all worthy points, with praise; in faulty ones, with tenderness. Our literature, I take it, is not yet a suffi-

ciently flowery pursuit, to enable any of its votaries to sow its walks with brambles. By its influence, *the country* is to be mentally illustrated; the planking shackles of transatlantic humbug are to be thrown off; and the establishment of wholesome feelings, and reliance upon our own intellectual resources, firmly effected. I love to see the general press engaged now and then in cheering onward the laborers in the more unfrequented and toilsome avenues of our literary vineyard. It sends a God-speed to the bosoms of those whose travails are more for their country than themselves; and who are content, in anonymous pride, to believe, that it heralds that bright day of mental refinement which will ere long, among the freest and noblest confederacy of nations on earth, irradiate the utmost borders of that holy circumference,

‘Our Native Land!’

A THRUST WITH A TWO-EDGED WEAPON. — We rather incline to the opinion that the ‘complainant below’ is infringing the law which forbids the use of concealed weapons; that are not the less to be guarded against, certainly, when as in the present case they cut both ways. But our readers shall judge: ‘DEAR EDITOR: The country, strange as it may appear, has peculiar and permanent inhabitants; neither dressing in skins, nor wearing their own feathers, but habited after the glimpses of fashion which reach them through their trees. As we have never yet met with a man who was so fortunate as to have no relations, we take it for granted that all city-zens, yourself among the rest, have country-cousins. Think of the countless multitudes that turn their longing eyes in the direction of a metropolis like this, yearning for a visit, and sending off by frequent *Opportunities*, never by mail, those remarkable epistolary compounds of hopes and wants which no other race of beings can compose in perfection: ‘Hope JOHN is well, and BETSEY will come and see us next summer; and want’ — LAWSON and STEWART! what do they *not* want! Every thing; from twenty yards of silk down to a penny’s-worth of tape. The letters run somewhat in this guise, though less poetically:

‘COUSIN JOHN, please to send down to-morrow,
At eight, by the Scarborough mail,
‘Claudine, or the Victim of Sorrow,’
Don Juan, two mops, and a pail;
Six ounces of Bohes from TWINING’S,
A peg-top, a Parmesan cheese,
Some rose-colored sarcenet, for linings,
A stew-pan, and STEVENSON’S Glees;
A song ending ‘Hey-noni-noni,’
A chair with a cover of chintz,
A mummy dug up by BELZONI,
A skein of white worsted from FLINT’S.’

Half the things that are sent for, they might buy at their own doors. Again and again we have known them put in commission and procure from an oppressed relative the identical productions of a manufactory within a mile of them. A singular virtue seems to abide in all that comes from the sunny side of Broadway.

‘You perhaps may not know what an OPPORTUNITY is. In love affairs you have undoubtedly experienced that it is every thing; but in rural affairs it is more. It is the common-carrier of a village. So soon as an inhabitant has expressed his intention of going to town, he becomes an Opportunity, and like a Chinese, liable to pains and penalties for leaving his native place. From every quarter pour in letters, bundles, and packages, which are to be carried with care and delivered with despatch. No thanks for his trouble, if they should reach their destination, and a general liability for the uncertain value of their contents if they should chance to be lost. So that an Opportunity’s advent in town ought to be announced in this way: ‘Arrived, HIRAM DOOLITTLE, from Connecticut, with m’dse to

LEGION AND COMPANY.* The Opportunity not only transports, but acts as General Agent. Commissions are given him for a return freight. Hats, coats, dresses, are much wanted, which he is expected to select with taste, and to purchase cheap. Even the labyrinth of houses does not protect him from the Argus eyes of his consignees. They seek him out and insist upon his turning himself into a United States' mail and a HARNDEN'S express. It is not a week since we heard a consignee's friend's friend request an Opportunity to carry home a loaf of sugar to his country correspondent.

'Perhaps, Friend KNICK., we are wounding your feelings all this time, tender by reason of many cousins and commissions; but we can assure you that we have an infinite respect for all relationship, and are rather blessed than bored by the requisitions of our own rural branches. We trust, however, that your rustic kith and kin do not come upon your house in the spring, in shoals like the shad. Unhappy editor, if it be so; for until the day predicted by ALPHONSE KARR, when connexions shall be cooked and *côtelettes d'oncle à la Béchamel* and *têtes de cousin en tortue* shall smoke lovingly upon the table, there is nothing for you but to submit to your Fates, or to give up your house-keeping. But with country cozens, those provincials who are not bone of your bone, and who nevertheless at every visit to town call upon you with an eager look and covetous smile, as if to say, 'Ask us to dinner, we once invited you to tea,' there is but one method to pursue; the cut—the firm, unwavering, direct cut. Do not pretend not to see them, or to look fixedly in another direction, but give them the vacant, absent stare, as if you saw around them, and through them, and the image before you excited neither attention nor recollection. There are no terms to be kept with them. Their Shibboleth is not yours.

'In the 'Absentee,' a London fashionable lady, Mrs. DAZEVILLE, goes to Ireland, and is hospitably received by Lady CLONBRONY, stays a month at her country-house, and is as intimate with Lady CLONBRONY and her niece Miss NUGENT, as possible; and yet when Lady CLONBRONY comes to London, never takes the least notice of her. At length, meeting at the house of a common friend, Mrs. DAZEVILLE cannot avoid recognizing her, but does it in the least civil manner possible: 'Ah, Lady CLONBRONY! Did not know you were in England! How long shall you stay in town? Hope before you leave England you will give us a day.' Lady CLONBRONY is so astonished at this ingratitude, that she remains silent; but Miss NUGENT answers quite coolly, and with a smile: 'A day? certainly, to you who gave us a month.' Miss EDGEWORTH evidently considers this a capital story; and we have no doubt that many stupid people who have read it consider it an excellent hit; but we can assure them that they know nothing of the woods and fields. It is a great favor to make people in the country a visit. It relieves them from the tiresome monotony of their rose-bushes and chickens; and by the active exertions in planning breakfasts and dinners, and making the one ride through the valley last for three afternoons, infuses if possible a certain degree of mental activity into their lives, which must be far from disagreeable to them. A cit too is in a certain degree a lion. The oldest town-jokes are as new in the country as last year's ribbons; and the neighbors gather together to view with delight a face that they have not seen every Sunday for the last fifty-two weeks, and are only too happy to engage the Novelty at a 'Tea.' But when they come to town, what can you do with them? Who the devil wants to see them? Your friends care little enough for you, still less for your agricultural acquaintances. You cannot bring yourself to go to PEALE'S Museum, or to see the talking-machine; and tickets at the opera are dear, unless you stand up. As we said before, you must cut them, or

'If you are a little man,
Not big enough for that,'

you must try to have them arrested as soon as they arrive, as disturbers of domestic peace, and confined in the Tombs during the whole of their intended stay. If the Legislature sat in New-York instead of in a country city, they would pass some law similar to the South Carolina free-black law, confining all rural visitors, or at least making those liable to an indictment for false pretences, who claim acquaintance with the 'people of the whirlpool.'

'If it were only for once, one might ask all his *râtes des champs* to meet one another at a Tea. This might be amusing, if the jest did not grow painful by repetition. There is no reciprocity in your dealings with such invitees. You will probably never again reach their Siberian settlement, whereas they come to town three times a year! It is not fair. It is a base cheat. How can they be so ungenerous and illiberal as to accuse you of neglect and ingratitude for not cultivating them when in the city? They might as well abuse you for not having a green-house! This doctrine of ours is so clearly reasonable, that all people of any breeding admit its truth, and act accordingly. You may stay a week at a country-seat, and need make no acknowledgments of any kind to the owner thereof in his town-house; whereas a dinner in the city is a debt of honor, which must be paid. This is a well settled law. Not that your obligation is by any means cancelled. It is not dead, but dormant. Next summer you will feel deep gratitude for the kindness you received during the last; but no such indebtedness is payable in urbanity. GEORGE SELWYN met in St. James-street, London, a man whom he had known very well in Bath, and passed steadily by him without a look of recognition. His acquaintance followed him, and said: 'Sir, you knew me very well in Bath.' 'Well, Sir,' replied SELWYN, 'in Bath I may possibly know you again.' Farewell.

ANOTHER 'PELLET' FROM JULIAN.—Not a word is necessary by way of introduction to the ensuing passages from an epistle lately received from our esteemed friend and correspondent JULIAN. Happy husband of a happy wife and happier mother! Happy father! may his joy never be less: 'We are in the country! When you write this way, say 'To the care of ———, Esq.', for we are designedly three miles from post-offices and newsboys. I have given warning that if any of the latter come within my grounds with his French things, I will souse him in the river, and hold him there till he shall be thoroughly chilled into a dislike of these parts. You will readily imagine why we are here. The excitements and distractions of city life for the last few months were too much for us, and there are some things that can only be enjoyed apart from the world. Here, we subside gradually and gracefully from that high and tense delirium from which I at least made my aërials, always coming back, however, to young JULIAN; who, by the way, is another occasion for country life, as I have great faith in first impressions, and I wish his to be bright and beautiful. Heaven preserve him from all darker colors; from the doubts, the glooms, the moral mistiness of your city atmosphere! Let no fog come between him and the bright sky, till he has well discovered that there is a heaven beyond, where there is neither cloud nor shadow, and up to which not one grain of all this dust and filth of the earth's whirling shall ever reach. It is quite enough that we are in sight and hearing of your great Babels; the jarring of their daily strife and the smoke of their torments. A lively and dashing river rolls between us, going off at a hand-gallop among rocky islands, over which we see their spires pointing up like electric-rods to avert the wrath that might otherwise descend upon them; and mingling with the dash of waters, we hear now and then their petty alarms, their steamers and fire-bells, and the dozen other occasions upon which they see fit to make a great noise in the world; but the travelled sound has a courtliness that is rather pleasant than otherwise; and as a key-note to our mocking-birds, it is quite worthy of the sweet south that brings it up. Whenever there is any sudden ebullition that cannot be pared down to the common air, we are made aware of it by a cannonading that is doubtless very considerable down there, but for any thing so ambitiously meant, it sounds here very miserable; a wretched attempt at notoriety, of which the most noticeable is the smoke of their powder. And so with all their sky-flourishing and rocketing, which we look at as at a falling star; pretty, no doubt, but not in our way. Every morning a railroad train starts out, and approaching within a mile, disappears among the hills with a slight buzzing and squibbing, like the fly on the window; and then after it has gone, as we sup-

pose, there is another squib, very smart and snappish, and we hear nothing more of it till the train comes down, frets a little again as it passes by, and goes on to discharge its contents in the great city. To all these things we say, 'Pass on!' the world is various, and must be amused; but for us, we respectfully withdraw. We have had enough of the intense; we now welcome the trifling, appropriating however as much of the serious as we care to admit in our still life. When the Sabbath comes round, there are seven bells that reach us, each with its separate voice; and these, with falling waters, and the morning incense going up from the hill-sides, are as much of 'mass' as we care to have in our worship. But we have a ready ear for all sweet sounds, and need no glasses to appreciate the beautiful. Sunrise and sunset; the grouping of clouds; the blue haze that now and then lies on the landscape, all one with my cigar-smoke; and the storms and lightnings of the young summer, so spitefully beautiful; all these, with whatever of glory there may be in the still watches of the night, find their place in our picture-gallery; but we leave them as God made them, and add no tint to their coloring.

'You are aware that the sun rises as per almanac. This is common; and so common, so much an every-day affair, that he gets very little credit therefor; and yet, that he will rise with great exactness, aside from all human calculation, and go on traversing the sky with a wonderful regularity that nothing can stop, is a very pleasant fact touching the prospect of to-morrow; and so also, that every thing in nature will be wrought with marvellous beauty and harmonies of sound; and oh! most satisfactory of all, there will still be an air that properly inhaled fills the heart as well as the lungs. It is from a calm consideration of this fact, that we have done with the *eugerness* of pleasure. No daily counting of hours to see that all have been properly brimmed; no grasping at a dozen things at once; no draining of the very dregs, lest that may be the last bottle, and we die to-morrow. But thankful as we are for to-morrow, and especially grateful for to-day, we don't care for noon-marks. We have kept no count lately, and for aught we know, Time may have stopped, but probably not. He is doubtless somewhere about, but we take no particular notice. Our watches have run down, and we care not to wind them again. The hours, if there are any, are all golden, and we have no occasion to note the passage one to the other; or if we start them, just to see the motion, they run on diamonds of the purest water; but mostly, whether it be morn, or mid-day, or the starry night, Sabbath or week-day, it is all one—all beautiful. Does it rain? It is quite proper. The earth needs it, no doubt, and it will look the more grateful therefor. Does it shine? Why then the birds will sing, and if they will come a little nearer, we will teach them that charming air from the last opera. Does a new star come out in heaven, or an old one disappear? The one will be an added glory, and the other not much missed; but they will little concern our astronomy. Expect no more rhapsodies, my friend, unless it be upon the wonderful ease with which every thing can be done without them. That we find all things pleasant, is the extent of our poetry. It is pleasant to wake; it is pleasant to sleep; it is pleasant to wake and sleep again; pleasant to watch the opening lid, and pleasant the smile that follows it; pleasant are kind words and tones, the touch of hands, and the touch of lips; the breath of flowers and those that love them; pleasant are the thousand infinitesimals, like the motes of the sun-beam, not less bright because of their minuteness; and pleasant the thought that sufficient as this heaven may be, there is another one above. And doubtless it is pleasant to breathe as usual, and feel the heart send round its currents with a touch of joy; but oh, pleasanter than all, to have no sigh or throb, to remind you that that breath must one day stop, and that warm blood turn cold. Oh! in the 'time' that is set apart 'for all things,' may heaven look kindly on and count these trifling hours!

'Shall we ever leave this charming retreat? Certainly not, while these things last; but it is not impossible that we may return with the cold weather. Meanwhile, I have made a chalk-mark about the grounds, and as yet nothing with a bite or sting has passed over it. Mrs. JULIAN, as she now insists upon being called, has become highly contemplative; and if I did not know that she was never so happy before, I should think her sometimes a little

sad; she is so quiet, so demure, and so eternally bewitched with that boy! Why Sir, she will sit for half a day over the fellow, amusing herself and him with I know not what varieties and wonders of invention; with lullabies and ditties and homœopathies of language; and if he condescend to sleep for a few moments, how divinely still must every thing be! What infinite care is there in pinning the screen; what fortifications are built round about him; and what a world of protection in every movement! And then, when all is complete, she must still sit there, with that strange upward look which she has acquired lately, seeming to reach quite beyond the stars. She is a strange woman! Yesterday, having dined rather late, I happened to forget myself for a few moments on the lounge; and on waking, I found her kneeling before me, and looking up in my face with an expression that to me is peculiarly embarrassing; not the quick, joyous look, followed as quickly by the touch of lips; not that, but something quite indescribable. Perhaps I am not as considerate as I ought to be on such occasions, for doubtless she knows what she would be at, but I confess I do not. Indeed, she is constantly bringing out new points and flourishes, which to me are all vowels of the Hebrew; no doubt very sweet and musical, and certainly very necessary to the sense of the reading, but they are past all finding out. When she dazzles me with these brilliants, I sometimes reply in the Tartar, and so we are quits.

‘Young JULIAN develops slowly. He has smiled once or twice, but in a manner so precocious, that it would be alarming, if he were at all delicate. Fortunately he is not. His utterance as yet is quite unintelligible, though no doubt he has his meaning. To Mrs. JULIAN it is all poetry. ‘*Poeta nascitur*’ may be quite true, but if he rhymes, which is quite possible to her ear, I am constrained to think that it is entirely accidental. I hope, at least, that he is not so viciously gifted. . . . HAVE I told you that she refuses a nurse, and that too pretty sharply? Well, that is not all; I can hardly touch the boy myself. She is so afraid I shall crush it! My raptures, she says, are not becoming; she even says that I ‘frighten the child!’ But she is the strangest of women! Last night, happening to wake some time in the small hours, I heard a slight noise in the room, and emerging from a dream, in which I remembered to have heard a good deal of crying and hushing, I listened intently for some moments, but could n’t for my life guess what it could be. There was nothing moving in the room, and the sound appeared to arise from some slow and uniform movement, so that it could n’t be the wind on the shutters; and if the mocking-birds had been sufficiently awake to swing, as they sometimes do, they would certainly have dropped a word or two, for they are great talkers. Now I often hear bells, fire-arms, and exclamations, and very often hear my name called, and questions asked, to which I reply in due form, all which I *know* at the time to be imaginary; but this sound, though it seemed to be familiar, I could n’t make out. I was so drowsy, however, that I had half a mind to consider it a dream; but then what if any thing should happen? I should be responsible. Rising, therefore, very carefully, not to disturb Mrs. J., I discovered by the shaded light on the table that she was quite sound asleep; but what was wonderful, her right arm, outside the bed, was moving up and down with the regularity of a pendulum! What the deuce was all that? Well, Sir, I bent over breathlessly, and found she was pulling at a string! And what, O EDITOR! who ought to know every thing, what do you think she was pulling? Why, Sir, she was pulling at young JULIAN’s cradle. She was rocking the baby in her sleep! Oh!’

APPROPOS of ‘the baby’: an agreeable correspondent, from whom we shall be happy to hear ‘frequently if not oftener,’ intimates to us that our friend JULIAN, when the ‘lactiferous animalcule’ whose advent into this breathing world he lately described in such glowing terms, shall have reached a more mature babyhood, may find occasion to ‘change the paternal note;’ and he cites for us the following passage, from an essay by a sometime contributor to the KNICKERBOCKER, ‘in justification of his fears:’

‘In my bachelor visitations to my married friends, I have often chuckled over the bashfulness, contending with love, which distinguishes the YOUNG FATHER. In the pride of his heart, perhaps,

when his little man has first given evidence of that degree of mental exertion called 'taking notice,' he clasps the crowing baby in his arms; he rests its lily feet upon his knees; he endures with philosophic patience all the 'gouging,' and pulling, and kicking, with which the young hero may testify his triumph; and while the young mother stands by, her eyes beaming with mingled love and pride, he becomes warmer in his romps; makes faces, as the nerveless fingers of the little one seek, with more earnestness, his eyes, or pull with a greater effort at his lips; and amid screams of laughter, he chases the flying hours, until at length a 'pale cast of thought' flits over the baby's face, like a cloud in a summer sky. This is the signal for immediate seriousness. The father grows grave—then frightened. He raises him gently from his lap, and with a single exclamation of 'Take him mother!' consigns the precious charge to her arms, and darting a hasty glance at his 'pants' he walks in silence from the room. Nor do we bachelor's always escape with impunity. Anxious to win a smile from some fond mother, more than one of us may have dared to approach, with a kiss, the hallowed lips of her darling. But mark the quick wing of vengeance! Darting from its lurking place in the mouth, out flies the little doubled fist, and slams a well-beslabbered biscuit into the face of the intruder. He recoils, with his 'reeking honors fresh upon him,' and the little squab coos in triumph at his failure.

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.—The growing interest felt in relation to the Fine Arts in this country, and the influence which the NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN has had in producing that interest, make it imperative upon us to notice the pictures which are annually sent to this exhibition. In passing through the Academy with this object in view, we have been at some loss to know where to begin. Finding however by chance at the end of the catalogue an alphabetical arrangement of the exhibitors' names, we have adopted this as the best method of laying the merits of the several pictures before our readers. We therefore begin with:

V. G. AUDUBON, A. — Mr. AUDUBON exhibits four pictures this season: of these, No. 133, 'Grove of Palm-trees' in the Island of Cuba, we prefer. This picture appears to be a faithful representation of the scene, and is handled with a free and firm pencil. The trees are perhaps a little too literally represented, to be agreeable to the eye, consisting as they do of so many equally straight and unpicturesque lines. No. 237, 'Moon-light Squall coming up,' is a pleasing representation of one of Nature's poetical moments. The light is clear and silvery, and the water transparent and truthful. The whole scene is interesting, and there is but little to find fault with; although perhaps parts would admit of more warmth of color.

J. D. BLONDELL has six pictures, the majority portraits. No. 80, 'Portrait of a Lady,' half-length, is a pleasing picture; warm in color and carefully painted, and gives evidence of rising talent. The head is perhaps slightly deficient in careful drawing; but few artists are competent to paint a lady's portrait; and this gentleman should not feel discouraged, though his work be found slightly deficient in that grace which is so difficult of attainment.

BODDINGTON, (London,) exhibits three landscapes, all in a style peculiarly belonging to the English school. They possess great charms; facility of execution, and delicacy of handling.

BONFIELD. — No. 168 is perhaps the best of his productions. If it were not for the pinky hue of the sky, this would indeed be a charming picture.

F. BAYLE. — No. 25; 'Picture-Dealer.' A deep-toned, carefully-painted picture, and evincing much promise in so young an artist. We are glad to perceive that it is purchased by the American Art-Union.

G. L. BROWN. — No. 400; 'View of the Tiber.' Too much of an imitation of old pictures. In seeking this quality, the artist has lost sight of the truth and freshness of nature.

CHAPMAN, N. A. — Mr. CHAPMAN presents nine pictures this season, and all in his usual brilliant style. No. 116, 'Peasant Girl of Albano,' is exceedingly rich in color, and forcible in effect: a few cool tints about the head-dress would give perhaps still greater value to the warm tones. No. 189, 'Hebrew Women,' is this artist's gem of the year. Well composed, pleasing in color, and carefully finished, it expresses the occurrence with fidelity and truth. No. 204, 'Boy in Indian Costume,' is an attractive picture; but No. 213, 'On the Fence,' is more to our liking. The story is well told; the city beau is carefully and

truly represented; and the dogs are admirable. No. 263, portrait of **DOCTOR ANDERSON**, the father of wood-engraving in this country, is capital. No. 266, '**Lazy Fisherman**,' is Laziness personified. No. 341, '**Sketch from Nature**,' in water-colors, is an exemplification of this gentleman's versatility of talent.

J. G. CLONNEY, A., has two pictures in the exhibition, Nos. 7 and 160. No. 7, '**The New-Year's Call**,' is decidedly the best. The negro is well painted. **MR. CLONNEY's** works generally evince great observation of nature in this class of subjects.

T. COLE, N. A.—**MR. COLE** exhibits but one picture, and that comparatively a small one. It possesses however many of the admirable characteristics of his works, particularly his early ones. It would be difficult to find a middle-ground and distance surpassing those of this picture.

T. CRAWFORD, (Rome.)—**MR. CRAWFORD** gives us two full-length statues, in which the charm of the marble is strongly apparent. **MR. CRAWFORD**, we grieve to say, is evidently too impatient in the finish of his works to produce that correctness which is essential to a high effort of art.

J. F. CROSEY.—No. 68, '**View in Orange County**,' is a careful representation of nature, and has the appearance to our eyes of having been painted on the spot; a practice very rarely to be found in young artists. A continuance in this course will place this artist in a prominent position as a landscape-painter. The sky is faulty in color, being too purple to meet our views of nature; and there is a lack of delicacy in the more receding portions of the work. But the fore-ground is carefully painted, and full of truth.

CUMMINGS, N. A.—**MR. CUMMINGS** has but one picture. It possesses however the careful finish, gentlemanly character, and general truthfulness, so characteristic of this fine artist.

T. CUMMINGS, JR., a young artist. No. 149, '**The Ball**,' is his best work. In thus attempting a subject of great difficulty of execution, he evinces promise of future ability. The picture has many pleasing points, marked however with some errors, which time and practice, let us hope, will correct.

C. CURTIS.—**MR. CURTIS** has two pictures in the exhibition, and both of merit. No. 196 is among the best heads in the collection.

J. W. DODGE, A.—'**Miniature Portraits**.' Those of **HENRY CLAY** and **Gen. JACKSON** are the most prominent. The likenesses are good, and the pictures carefully finished; a merit in works of this character frequently unattended to. There is, however, a want of dignity sometimes to be found in **MR. DODGE's** portraits, which we could wish to see remedied: it would give an elevation to his paintings which they at present lack.

PAUL P. DUGGAN.—'**John the Baptist**' is a model in plaster, which displays greater knowledge of anatomy than we are in the habit of finding in the works of even older artists. In this respect it possesses great merit. We understand it is his first effort in modelling. As such, it is truly a work of the highest promise.

DURAND, N. A.—**MR. DURAND** has contributed largely to the present exhibition, in every sense of the word. His most prominent production is No. 36, '**The Solitary Oak**.' For an exhibition-picture, perhaps it is not so striking as some of his previous works; yet it will bear examination better. Without any effort at warmth of color, it has that glow of sunlight which it is so difficult to express. A veteran tree, standing alone upon a gentle eminence, stretching forth its giant arms, that have withstood the storms of centuries, is truly a noble subject for an artist of **MR. DURAND's** reputation; and most truly has he depicted it. The distance is beautiful, and the introduction of cattle seeking their evening shelter gives an interest seldom to be found in works of this class. Should we attempt to find a fault, it would be the want of a little more warmth and clearness in the dark parts of the fore-ground. No. 134, another charming landscape; true to nature, of a silvery tone, and most exquisite sweetness of color and delicacy of touch. Nos. 181 and 258 are two careful studies from nature, wherein special care has been given to the trunks of trees, a feature in landscape-painting upon which sufficient attention is rarely bestowed. No. 244, '**Emigrant Family**,' is full of interest. The travelling family are encamped under the shade of

the trees, and the kettle hung over the fire shows that they are evidently preparing to refresh themselves for farther toil and journeying. The foliage of the trees is elaborately executed; the distance is well preserved; and the whole possesses great truth to nature; perhaps however, like all 'green' pictures, it is less attractive in an exhibition than works of a warmer color. No. 163, 'Portrait of a Gentleman,' has great force, and shows the artist's versatility of genius.

F. W. EDMONDS, N. A. — No. 105, 'Beggar's Petition,' is a spirited and faithful representation of the cold indifference to the wants of others, displayed in the miser's disposition. The figures are of life-size, and well drawn. The female supplicating in behalf of the distressed, is graceful in attitude, and admirably contrasted with the hoarding miser. No. 205, 'The Image Pedler,' is an effort of a higher order; for the artist has attempted, and successfully too, to elevate the class of works to which it belongs. In short, he has invested a humble subject with a moral dignity, which we hope our younger artists, who paint in this department, will not lose sight of. An independent farmer has his family around him, apparently immediately after dinner, and a strolling pedler appears among them, to dispose of his wares; and this gives interest to the whole group. The grandmother drops her peeling-knife, and the mother takes her infant from the cradle, to gaze at the sights in the pedler's basket. The husband, who has been reading in the cool breeze of the window, turns to participate in the sport; while the grandfather takes a bust of WASHINGTON, places it on the table, and commences an earnest elucidation of the character of the 'Father of his Country' to the little children around him. All the figures are intelligent, and the whole scene conveys to the mind a *happy family*. In color, light and shade, and composition, it is masterly; and we see in it that minuteness of detail and careful finish are not incompatible with a broad and luminous effect.

C. L. ELLIOTT has five portraits in the exhibition. His 'Full-length of Gov. SEWARD' is a prominent one, although not his most agreeable picture. No. 61 is we think the best, and is a well-managed portrait, both in drawing and color.

G. W. FLAGG, II. — No. 63, 'Half-length of a Lady,' has considerable merit. It is rich and mellow in color, and better we think than many of Mr. FLAGG's recent works. No. 208, 'The Widow,' is a popular picture; pleasing in expression, and possessing more refinement of character than is observable in many of his other portraits. No. 102, 'Bianca Visconti,' we do not admire.

G. FREEMAN. — Miniature portraits, generally large, and highly finished. This gentleman has lately arrived from Europe, and is we believe a popular artist; yet we do not like his productions.

J. FROTHINGHAM, N. A. — Nos. 38 and 35: portraits exhibiting Mr. FROTHINGHAM's usual bold and free style in this department of art; remarkably fine likenesses; true in color, and of pleasing general effect.

H. P. GRAY, N. A. — Mr. GRAY exhibits a number of his works this season. He seems to us to sacrifice every thing to color; and his color is not such as is generally seen in nature, but rather what he has seen in pictures. This we think a mistake, and one which we must be permitted to hope he will rectify. In the pictures which he formerly painted, a much closer attention to nature is observable. Mr. GRAY has all the feeling of an artist, with no ordinary talent; and we regret to find that he wanders from the direct path. We were among the first, if not the very first, to call public attention to his merits, and it is with reluctance that we perform the duty involved in these animadversions. 'Comparisons,' DOGBERRY tells us, 'are odorous;' we cannot help remarking, however, that Mr. GRAY's old fellow-student, HUNTINGTON, is (*longa intervallo*) in the advance. We prefer, of our artist's present efforts, the picture of 'His Wife.' It has a pleasing effect, and is more finished than usual, and more natural in tone than his 'Magdalen.'

J. T. HARRIS, A., has two pictures, and both portraits. No. 19 is the best. It exhibits

a broad, free touch, and correct drawing, and is withal an excellent likeness. But we never look at Mr. HARRIS' works without being impressed with the idea that they are not finished. They seem to us, to borrow an artistical expression, as if they were in a capital state for 'glazing and toning up.' Otherwise, they are above the ordinary run of portraits.

G. P. A. HEALY, H. — Mr. HEALY is a resident of Paris, but an American. He is a favorite at the French court, and has by this means a reputation to which his works generally do not entitle him. We are bound in justice to say of his present effort, however, that it is an exceedingly fine picture. It is boldly and masterly executed; forcibly drawn, beautifully colored, and well expressed. There is too about it a freedom from all the usual tricks of the profession, such as a red chair, velvet collar, and fantastic background, which we particularly recommend to the attention of young artists.

THOMAS HICKS, A., has eight pictures in the collection, but none, excepting his portraits, which equal his former productions. No. 364, 'The Mother's Grave,' is an old-fashioned subject, and should not be attempted unless the artist is able to treat it with entire originality. There are good points about it, but none sufficiently attractive to warrant particular notice.

INGHAM, N. A., as usual has a fine collection of female portraits, all excellent for their careful drawing, lady-like expression, and high finish. The drapery and accessories of Mr. INGHAM's portraits are always wonderfully exact to nature; and this greatly enhances the value of portraits of this description; for aside from their merit as likenesses, they will always be valuable as pictures. His male portrait, No. 113, of T. S. CUMMINGS, Esq., is a most admirable likeness, as well as a highly-wrought and masterly-painted picture. No. 239, 'Portrait of a Lady,' with a fan in her hand, is our favorite among his female heads. There is a sweetness and modesty in the expression, not only in the countenance but in the whole figure, which makes it peculiarly attractive.

H. INMAN, N. A. — No. 62, 'Portrait of the late Bishop MOORE, of Virginia,' is the admiration of all who behold it. In color it surpasses any thing of Mr. INMAN's we have seen in many a day. Clear and luminous, with great breadth of light, and a mild, pleasing expression. We of course mean this to apply to the head. The hand and part of the drapery are not, in our judgment, so well done. No. 104, 'Lady with a Mask,' we do not altogether like; yet it is remarkable for being foreshortened in every part, and possesses that singular charm of light and shadow, and accidental effect, which are the characteristics of our artist's pencil. No. 314, a Landscape, although small, is delicately handled, and 'brushed in' with great neatness and accuracy. In effect it is attractive, and in color pleasing. The figure in the fore-ground equals in care and minuteness of finish the manner of WATTEAU.

N. JOCELYN. — No. 57, 'Portrait of Professor SILLIMAN,' a faithful likeness, and carefully-painted portrait of a distinguished individual. No. 2, 'Portrait of a Child,' is another finished picture by this artist; clear and pearly in color and infantile in expression.

ALFRED JONES. — No. 301, an engraving from MOORE's picture of 'Nooning,' for the American Art-Union, is one of the largest line-engravings ever published in this country, and a work of high order. This style of engraving has heretofore received so little encouragement, that until the Art-Union started it, no one except Mr. DURAND had ever before dared to attempt it. This effort of Mr. JONES does him great credit.

M. LIVINGSTON, A., has several works in the exhibition, but we cannot rank them among the higher class of landscapes. They lack the poetry of landscape-painting; but as amateur productions, they are very good.

E. D. MARCHANT, A. — All portraits, but none of high merit. Mr. MARCHANT is a persevering artist, who paints good likenesses and pleasing pictures; and so far, is doubtless popular with those who employ him.

JOHN MEADREY has two portraits, and those far surpassing his former works. They are carefully painted, without an effort at any thing beyond the subject before the artist.

We shall resume and conclude our remarks upon the exhibition in our next number.

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.—We are about to enter upon the TWENTY-FOURTH volume of the KNICKERBOCKER, for the advertisement of which, please note the second and third pages of the cover of the present number. We have nothing farther to add, than that 'what *has been*, is that which *shall be*,' in our onward progress. This Magazine, much the oldest in the United States, has been established, by the ever-unabated favor of the public, upon a basis of unshaken permanence. Its subscription-list fluctuates only in advance; it has the *affection* of its readers, and all concerned in its production and promulgation, to a degree wholly unexampled; and it is designed not only to maintain, but continually to enhance, its just claims upon the liberal patronage of American readers. The arrangements for the next volume, if they do not 'preclude competition,' will be found, it is confidently believed, to preclude any thing like successful rivalry, on the part of any of our contemporaries. On this point, however, we choose as heretofore to be judged by the public. . . . We gave in a recent issue two or three extracts from a lecture on '*The Inner Life of Man*,' delivered by Mr. CHARLES HOOVER, at Newark, New-Jersey. This admirable performance has since been repeated to a highly gratified audience in this city; and from it we derive the following beautiful passage, which we commend to the heart of every lover of his kind: 'It is a maxim of patriotism never to despair of the republic. Let it be the motto of our philanthropy never to despair of our sinning, sorrowing brother, till his last lingering look upon life has been taken, and all avenues by which angels approach the stricken heart are closed and silent forever. And in such a crisis, let no counsel be taken of narrow, niggard sentiment. When in a sea-storm some human being is seen in the distant surf, clinging to a plank, that is sometimes driven nearer to the shore, and sometimes carried farther off; sometimes buried in the surge, and then rising again, as if itself struggling like the almost hopeless sufferer it supports, who looks sadly to the shore as he rises from every wave, and battling with the billow, mingles his cry for help with the wild, mournful scream of the sea-bird; nature in every bosom on the shore is instinct with anxious pity for his fate, and darts her sympathies to him over the laboring waters. The child drops his play-things, and old age grasps its crutch and hurries to the spot; and the hand that cannot fling a rope is lifted to heaven for help. What though the sufferer be a stranger, a foreigner, an enemy even? Nature in trouble, in consternation, shrieks '*He is a man!*' and every heart and hand is prompt to the rescue.' 'To a high office and ministry, to a life of beneficence, pity and love, each man should deem himself called by a divine vocation, by the appointment of nature; and otherwise living, should judge himself to be an abortion, a mistake, without signification or use in a world like ours. And the beauty, the glory of such a life, is not to be reckoned among ideal things heard out of heaven but never encountered by the eye. This world has had its CHRIST, its FENELONS, its HOWARDS, as well as its CALIGULAS and NEROS. Love hath been at times a manifestation as well as a principle; and the train of its glory swept far below the stars, and its brightness has fallen in mitigated and mellowed rays from the faces of men. As the ambiguous stranger-star of Bethlem had its interpreting angel-song to the herdsmen of the plains, so loving men in all ages have given glimpses and interpretations of the love of God, and of the pity that is felt for the miserable and the guilty in the palace and presence-chamber of JEHOVAH. What glory within the scope of human imitation and attainment is comparable to that of the beneficent, the sympathising lover of his race? What more elevated, pure, and beautiful is possible among the achievements of an endless progression in heaven itself? MILTON represents the profoundest emotions of joy and wonder among the celestial hosts as occasioned by the first anticipative disclosures of divine pity toward sinning man; and a greater than MILTON assures us that the transport and festival of angelic joy occurs when Pity lifts the penitent from his prostration and forgives his folly.' . . . EMBELLISHMENT would seem to be the literary order of the day, in more ways than one. It has come to be the mode to express the most simple thought in the most magniloquent phrase. This pro-

pensity to lingual *Euphuism* has given rise to sundry illustrations, in embellished maxims, which are particularly amusing. They are of the sort so finely satirized by 'OLLAROD,' on one occasion, two or three examples of which we annex. The common phrase of 'Tis an ill wind that blows nobody any good' was transformed into 'That gale is truly diseased which puffeth benefactions to nonentity;' 'Let well enough alone,' into 'Suffer a healthy sufficiency to remain in solitude;' and 'What is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander,' into 'The culinary adornments which suffice for the female of the race *Asser*, may be relished also with the masculine adult of the same species.' Some London wag, in a kindred spirit, has illustrated the cockney song, 'If I had a donkey as would n't go, do you think I'd wallop him?' etc., as follows: 'The herbaceous boon and the bland recommendation to advance, are more operative on the assinine quadruped than the stern imprecation and the oaken cudgel:

'HAD I an ass averse to speed,
I ne'er would strike him; no indeed!
I'd give him hay, and cry 'Proceed,'
And 'Go on EDWARD!'

The same species of satire is now and then visited upon the 'Troubadour Songs,' which have become so afflictively common of late years. Some of these we have already given; and we find them on the increase in England. We have before us, from the London press of TILT AND BOGUE, 'SIR WHYSTLETON MUGGES, a Metrical Romaunte, in three Fyttes,' with copious notes. A stanza or two will suffice as a specimen. The knightly hero, it needs only to premise, has been jilted by his fair 'ladye-love,' who retires to her boudoir, while the knight walks off in despair:

'Hys herte beat high and quycke;
Forth to his tygers he did call,
'Bring me my palfrey from his stall,
For I moste cotte my stycke!'

'Ye stede was brought, ye knyghte jumped up,
He woulde not even stay to sup,
But swyft he rode away;
Still grounyng as he went along,
And vowing yet to come out stronge,
Upon some future day.

'Alack for poore Syr WHYSTLETON,
In love and warre so bold!
Ye Ladye BLANCHE hym browne hath doue,
He is completely solde!

'Completely solde alack he is,
Alack and wel-a-day;
Mort DIEU! a bitterre fate is hys
Whose trewe love sayth him nay!'

'Thus endeth 'Fytte ye First.' We learn from the preface that the 'Rhime of the Manne whose Mothre did not Know he was Out,' and 'Ye Lodgements of Maistre FERGISOUNE,' are also in the editor's possession, but owing to the imperfect state of the MSS., it is doubtful whether they will ever be published. They have however been submitted to the inspection of 'The PERCY Society!' . . . We are well pleased to learn that Sir EDWARD LYTTON BULWER, the distinguished author, is soon to visit the United States. That he will be warmly welcomed and cordially received, we cannot doubt; but we have good reason to believe that in the present instance at least our admiration of true genius will be tempered by all proper self-respect. Mr. BULWER has for many years entertained a desire to visit America. In one of his letters to the late WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK, now lying before us, he writes: 'I have long felt a peculiar admiration for your great and rising country; and it gives me a pleasure far beyond that arising from a vulgar notoriety, to think that I am not unknown to its inhabitants. Some time or other I hope to visit you, and suffer my

present prepossessions to be confirmed by actual experience.' . . . We have received and perused with gratification the last report of the '*New-York Asylum for Deaf Mutes.*' The institution is in the most flourishing condition, and its usefulness greatly increased. We are sorry to perceive, by the following 'specimen of composition' of a pupil in the eighth class, that the 'Orphic Sayings' of Mr. A. BRONSON ALCOTT are taken as literary models by the deaf and dumb students. The ensuing is certainly much better, internally, than any thing from the transcendental 'seer;' but the manner too nearly resembles his, for both to be original. There is the same didactic condensation, the same Orphic 'oneness,' which distinguishes all *Alcottism* proper. It is entitled 'Story of Hog:'

'I WALKED on the road. I stood near the water. I undressed my feet. I went in the water. I stood under the bridge. I sat on the log. I washed my feet with hands. I looked at large water came. I ran in the water. I ran out the water. The large water floated fast. I afraid. I wiped feet with stockings. I dressed my feet with stockings and shoes. I went on the ground. I stood on the ground. I seen at the hog ate grass. The hog seen at me. I went on the ground. I ran. The hog heard. The hog looked at me. It ran and jumped. The hog ran under the fence and got his head under the fence and want to ran out the fence! I caught ears its hog. The hog shout. I pulled the hog out the fence. I struck a hog with hand. I riden on the hog ran and jumped fast. The hog ran fell on near the water. I riden off a hog. I stood. I held one ear its hog. The hog slept lies on near the water. I waited. I leaved. I went from the hog. The hog awoke. It rose. It saw not me. It ran and jumped. The hog went from the water. The hog went in the mud and water. The hog wallowed in the mud and water became very dirty. It slept. I went. I went into the house.'

THE EKKALAEON is the name given to an establishment opposite the Washington Hotel, in Broadway, where the formation of chickens, *ab initio*, is 'practised to a great extent.' And really, it is in some respects an awful exhibition, to a reflecting mind. It is as it were a visible exposition of the source of life. You see the pulse of existence throbbing in the yet unformed mass, which assumes, day after day, the image of its kind; until at length the little creature knocks for admittance into this breathing world; steps forth from the shell in which it had been so long 'cabined, cribbed, confined, bound in;' and straitway walks abroad, 'regenerated, disenthralled,' and ready for its 'grub.' By all means, reader, go and see this interesting and instructive exhibition. It is provocative of much reflection, aside from the mere contemplation of it as a matter of curiosity. . . . THE correspondent who sends us the following, writes upon the envelope containing it: 'I have endeavored to preserve the measure of the original, and at the same time to present a literal translation.' It will be conceded, we think, that he has been successful in his endeavor. Perhaps in some lines (as in '*Pertransivit gladius*') the translation is a little too literal:

S T A B A T M A T E R .

I.

STABAT mater dolorosa,
Juxta crucem lacrymosa,
Dum pendebat filius:
Cujus animam gementem,
Contristantem et dolentem,
Pertransivit gladius.

II.

O quam tristis et afflicta
Fuit illa benedicta,
Mater unigeniti:
Que morebat, et dolebat,
Et tremebat, cum videbat
Nati pœnas incliti.

III.

Quis est homo qui non fletet,
Christi matrem si videret
In tanto supplicio?
Quis posset non contristari,
Piam matrem contemplari,
Dolentem cum filio?

I.

NEAR the cross the Mother weeping
Stood, her watch in sorrow keeping
While was hanging there her SON:
Through her soul in anguish groaning,
O most sad, His fate bemoaning,
Through and through that sword was run.

II.

Oh how sad with woe oppressed,
Was she then, the Mother blessed,
Who the sole-begotten bore:
As she saw his pain and anguish,
She did tremble, she did languish,
Weep her holy Son before.

III.

Who is he his tears concealing,
Could have seen such anguish stealing
Through the Saviour-mother's breast?
Who his deepest groans could smother,
Had he seen the holy Mother
By her Son with grief oppressed!

IV.

Pro peccatis sue gentis
Vidit Jesum in tormentis,
Et flagellis subditum;
Vidit suum dulcem natum
Morientem, desolatum,
Dum emisit spiritum.

V.

Eja mater, fons amoris,
Me sentire vim doloris
Fac, ut tecum lugeam.
Fac ut ardeat cor meum,
In amando Christum Deum,
Ut sibi complaceam.

VI.

Sancta mater, istud agas,
Crucifixi figo plagas
Cordi meo valide:
Tui nati vulnerati,
Jam dignati pro me pati,
Poenas mecum divide.

VII.

Fac me vere tecum flere,
Crucifixi condolere,
Donec ego vixero:
Juxta crucem tecum stare,
To libenter sociare
In planctu desidero.

VIII.

Virgo virginum praeclara,
Mihî jam non sis amara
Fac me tecum plangere;
Fadut portem Christi mortem,
Passionis ejus sortem,
Et plagas recoloro.

IX.

Fac me plagis vulnerari,
Cruce hac inebriari,
Oh amorem filii:
Indignatus et accensus
Per te, virgo, sim defensus
In die judicii.

X.

Fac me cruce custodiri,
Morte Christi praeiuviri,
Confoveri gratia:
Quando corpus morietur,
Fac ut animae donetur
Paradisi gloria.

St. Paul's College.

IX.

CHRIST for Israel's transgression
Saw she suffer thus oppression,
Torment, and the cruel blow:
Saw HIM desolate and dying;
HIM she loved, beheld HIM sighing
Forth His soul in deepest woe.

V.

Source of love, thy grief, O Mother,
Grant with thee to share another —
Grant that I with thee may weep:
May my heart with love be glowing,
All on CHRIST my GOD bestowing,
In His favor ever keep.

VI.

This, oh holy Mother! granting,
In my heart the wounds implanting
Of His cross, oh let me bear:
Pangs with which thy Son when wounded
Deigned for me to be surrounded,
Grant, oh grant that I may share.

VII.

Be my eyes with tears o'erflowing,
For the crucified bestowing,
Till my eyes shall close in death:
Ever by that cross be standing,
Willingly with thee demanding
But to share each mournful breath.

VIII.

Thou of virgins blest forever,
Oh deny I pray thee never
That I may lament with thee:
Be my soul His death enduring,
And His passion—thus securing
Of His pains the memory.

IX.

With those blows may I be smitten,
In my heart that cross be written,
For thy Son's dear love alway:
Glowing, burning with affection,
Grant me, Virgin! thy protection,
In the dreaded judgment-day.

X.

May that cross its aid extend me,
May the death of CHRIST defend me,
With its saving grace surround;
And when life's last link is riven,
To my soul be glory given,
That in Paradise is found.

G. E. E.

OUR Pine-street correspondent, who addresses us upon the 'Fashionable Society in New-York,' writes from the promptings of an honest-hearted frankness, *that is quite clear*; but he has not yet acquired that sort of useful information which is conveyed by the term, 'knowing the world.' The 'fashionable circles' *par excellence*, whose breeding and bearing he impugns, are of the BEAUVOIR school; persons who 'are of your *gens de couleur*; your people of the real 'caste' and 'tone;' that is, your people who singly would be set down as nought in society, but who, as a 'set,' have managed to make their joint-stock impudence imposing.' Our correspondent, we suspect, has one important lesson to learn in his intercourse with such persons; and it is a lesson which has been felicitously set forth by a late English essayist. There is a recipe in some old book, he says, 'How to avoid

being tossed by a bull;' and the instruction is, '*Toss him.*' Try the experiment upon the first coxcomb who fancies that you are his inferior; charge first, and give him to understand at once that he is yours. Be coldly supercilious with all 'important' catiffs, and most punctual be your attention to any matter in debate; but let no temptation prevail with you to touch on any earthly point beyond it. In the case alluded to, a pompous old baronet comes down stairs loaded to the very muzzle to repress 'familiarity' on the part of a young man, who from an estate of dependence has recently mounted by inheritance to a princely fortune; but the cool, quiet young gentleman finds the old baronet guilty of 'familiarity' himself, and makes him bear the penalty of it, before six sentences are exchanged between them. The secret of the whole thing was, a quiet look directly in the eye, and the preservation of a deliberate silence; the true way to dissolve your pompous gentleman or affected 'fashionable' lady. The baronet's long pauses the young heir did not move to interrupt. His mere *listening* drew the old aristocrat gradually out; his auditor replied monosyllabically, and made him pull him all the way. It was pitiful to see the old buzzard, who thought himself high and mighty, compelled to communicate with one who would have no notion of any body's being high and mighty at all; getting gradually out of patience at the obstinate formality he was compelled to encounter, which he was sure any direct overture toward intimacy on his part would remove; and at last, in the midst of his doubts whether he should be familiar with the young man, being struck with a stronger doubt whether such familiarity would be reciprocated; it was a rich scene altogether, and worthy of being remembered by our correspondent. . . . THE May issue of the '*Cultivator*' agricultural Magazine, which under the supervision of the late WILLIS GAYLORD reached a circulation of between forty and fifty thousand copies, contains an elaborate notice of its lamented editor, in which we find (in a letter from H. S. RANDALL, Esq.,) the following passage:

'His reading was literally boundless. He was as familiar with the natural sciences, history, poetry, and belles-lettres, as with agriculture, and nearly if not quite as well qualified to discuss them. It was difficult to start any literary topic which you did not at once perceive had been examined by him with the eye of a scholar and critic. In one of my letters, half sportively, yet in a serious tone, I asked him 'what he thought of the German Philosophy?' In his answer, KANT and FICHTE, and I think SCHELLING and JACOBI, were discussed with as much familiarity as most scholars would find themselves qualified to make use of in speaking of LOCKE, or STEWART, or BACON. In commenting on the report of mine, (on Common School Libraries,) alluded to by him in the last *Cultivator*, he betrays an extensive knowledge of the literature of nearly every nation in Europe. As a writer, the public have long been acquainted with Mr. GAYLORD. He wrote on nearly every class of topics connected with human improvement; in papers, magazines, and not unfrequently in books. But it is as an agricultural writer that he is best known. Here, taken all in all, he stands unrivalled. There are many agricultural writers in our country who are as well or better qualified to discuss a single topic, than he was. But I deem it not disrespectful to say, that for acquaintance with and ability to discuss clearly and correctly every department of agricultural science, he has not, he never has had, an equal in this State. He was every way fitted for an editor. Placable and forgiving in his temper; modest, disinterested, unprejudiced; never evincing a foolish credulity; above deception, despising quackery; with an honesty of motive that was never suspected.'

No one who knew intimately our lamented relative and friend, but will confirm the justice of this encomium. We trust that a collection of WILLIS GAYLORD's writings, literary, scientific, and agricultural, will be made by some competent hand. They are demanded, we perceive, by various public journals throughout the country. . . . PROFESSOR GOURAUD's extraordinary exposition of *Phreno-Mnemonotechny* seems to be winning him 'fame and fortune' wherever he goes. He was in Philadelphia at the last advices, where his success was to the full as signal as in this city. It is obvious, we think, that the advantages of this great system will hereafter be chiefly enjoyed by the rising generation, who will thus be enabled to attain in six months an amount of information which in the ordinary way could scarcely be mastered in as many years. Still, the science has already been studied by hundreds of highly-endowed men, persons eminent in their own peculiar walks, who have cheerfully yielded their tributes of admiration to its vast resources. Several excellent articles upon this theme have from time to time appeared in the columns of the '*New World*' weekly journal, from the pen of Mr. MACKAY, one of the editors; who, being himself a pupil of Mr. GOURAUD, writes from personal experience of the mat-

ter in question. 'A thousand dollars,' he avers, "would not be a fair equivalent for the great advantages obtainable by Phreno-Mnemonotechny;" and in this opinion there is a general concurrence of Professor GOURAUD's pupils in this city. . . . WHAT a power there is in much of the occasional music one hears, to stir the heart! Perhaps you never heard BROUGH, to the 'instrumentation' of that fine composer and most facile performer, 'FRANK BROWN,' sing BARRY CORNWALL'S 'King Death,' or 'The Admiral and the Shark?' No? Then never let the opportunity to do so slip, if you should ever be so fortunate as to enjoy it. Listen to the words of the first-named:

I.
KING DEATH was a rare old fellow,
 He sat where no sun could shine;
 And he lifted his hand so yellow,
 And poured out his coal-black wine!

II.
 There came to him many a maiden,
 Whose eyes had forgot to shine,
 And widows with grief o'er laden,
 For a draught of his sleepy wine.

III.
 The scholar left all his learning,
 The poet his fancied woes;
 And the beauty her bloom returning
 Like life to the fading rose.

IV.
 All came to the rare old fellow,
 Who laughed till his eyes dropped brine,
 As he gave them his hand so yellow,
 And pledged them in **DEATH'S** black wine.

WE should reluct at consorting with any citizen who could hear this song executed, in the manner of BROUGH, without feeling the electric fluid coursing up his vertebra, and passing off at the points of his hair, as the hollow tones waver down the chromatic, or wail in low and spondaic monotonies. 'F. B.' was 'rich' in 'Over There,' a song which, like the numerous platitudes of the 'Brigadier-General,' is indebted to its music for its popularity. There ensues a verse that is very striking:

'Oh! I wish I was a geese,
 Over there! over there!
 Oh! I wish I was a geese,
 Over there!

'Oh I wish I was a geese,
 'Cause they lives and dies in peace,
 And accumulates much grease,
 Over there!"

Nothing by the author of THOMAS CAMPBELL'S 'Woodman Spare that Beechen-Tree' amended, equals the foregoing in the melody of its language or 'breadth of effect.' Speaking of songs: what can be more delightful than those of our fair correspondent Mrs. HEWITT? Her translations are excellent; and the words she has written for the use of that great musical genius, WALLACE, in his romance of 'Le Réve,' are 'beautiful exceedingly.' Mrs. BAILEY, a most pleasing *artiste*, well remembered here, has recently produced them at her concerts in Baltimore, with great *clat*. . . . THE 'SPIRIT OF THE TIMES,' with its numerous and ample pages, filled to overflowing with a variety which always seems to embrace 'every thing that's going;' whether relating to all sorts of matters interesting to all sorts of sportsmen, or to literature, the drama, agricultural science, and the fine arts; this same widely popular journal is now afforded at FIVE DOLLARS A YEAR! 'Ask that gentleman to sit down; he's said enough!' . . . EVERY-BODY must remember the 'Boots' who figures in one of DICKENS' stories, who was wont to designate all the lodgers by the names of their different kinds of boots, shoes, slippers, etc. The author of 'The Two Patrons,' a capital tale in the last number of BLACKWOOD'S Magazine, has a serving-man of a similar kind, who in commenting upon the visitors at his master's house, compares them to diverse dishes, as shadowing forth the relative degrees of aristocracy. He establishes some one supereminent article of food as a high ideal, to which all other kinds of edibles are to be referred; and the farther removed from this imaginary point of perfection any dish appears, the more vulgar and common-place it becomes: 'They are low, uncommon low; reg'lar b'iled mutton and turnips. They may be rich, but they a'nt genteel. Nothink won't do but to be at it from the very beginning; fight after it as much as they like; wear the best of gowinds, and go to the fastest of boarding-schools; though they plays ever so well on the piando, and talks Italian like a reg'lar Frenchman, nothink won't do; there's

the b'iled mutton and turnips sticking out still. Lady CHARLOTTE, now, is a werry different affair; quite the roast fowl and bl'mange; how unlike *our* young ladies!—b'iled veals and parsley and butters—shocking vulgarity! And look at the father: I never see no gentleman with so broad a back, except p'raps a prize-ox.' There is another very amusing character in the same story; one of those stupid matter-of-fact persons, who can never appreciate a figure of speech, or understand the simplest jest. A 'benign cerulean,' enthusiastic for the 'rights of the sex,' remarks that woman's rights and duties are becoming every day more widely appreciated. 'The old-fashioned scale must be readjusted; and woman, noble, elevating, surprising woman, ascend to the loftiest eminence, and sit superior on the topmost branch of the social tree.' The ear of the matter-of-fact man catches the last simile, and he ventures to say: 'Uncommon bad climbers, for the most part in general, is women. Their clothes isn't adapted to it. I minds once I seen a woman climb a pole after a leg of mutting!' If looks could have killed the mal-apropos speaker, he would not have survived the reception which this ridiculous remark encountered from every guest at the table. He was himself struck with the mournful silence that followed his observation, and added, by way of explanation: 'That was a thing as happing'd on a pole; in coors it would be werry different on a tree, because of the branches.' At length, however, the theme of woman is renewed by the former advocate: 'Woman has not yet received her full development. The time will come when her influence shall be universal; when, softened, subdued, and elevated, the animal now called Man will be unknown. You will be all women: can the world look for a higher destiny?' 'In coors,' observed the old spoon, 'if we are all turned into woming, the world will come to an end. For 'spose a case; 'spose it had been my sister as married my wife, instead of me; it's probable there would 'nt have been no great fambly; wich in coors, if there was no population——' What the fearful result of this supposed case would have been, was not permitted to transpire. The feminine 'b'iled veals and parsley and butters' immediately rose and left the table, and the matter-of-fact man to the ridicule of the male guests. . . . If our metropolitan friend 'S.,' who has disappointed us in a paper intended for the present number, 'by reason of that contemptible disorder, dyspepsia,' will take our advice, he will not be likely to fail us again, from a similar cause. Let him walk, as we do, some six or eight miles every day; and above all, pay frequent visits to our old friend Dr. RABINEAU's spacious and delightful *Salt-Water Swimming Bath*, near Castle-Garden; always remembering to make free use of his 'crash towels.' Dyspepsia never made a call upon us; and it 'does n't associate with any body' that keeps company with that public benefactor, Dr. RABINEAU. . . . We should be reluctant to introduce the annexed profane story to our readers, but that it forcibly illustrates a characteristic vice of the wandering natives of a little island across the water, who are never at a loss for 'themes of disgust' in relation to America, and the 'revolting habits' of American citizens. On the continent, an Englishman is universally known by the *soubriquet* of 'Signor GODDAM; and many of our readers will remember BYRON's anecdote of the pompous Italian in London, who was desirous of imitating the English style in the British metropolis. 'Bring me,' said he, with an imperious tone, 'bring me some wine! Why do n't you bring him?' The servant answered: 'I will, Sir.' 'You *will*?' rejoined the Italian; 'you *will*, eh?' GODDAM, you MUSHT! And this settled the question. But to the story 'under notice,' which was picked up by our correspondent at Cairo, in Egypt:

'An impetuous Englishman, unacquainted with any language but his own, was desirous of seeing Egypt, and satisfying himself by ocular demonstration of the truth of the many wonders which he had heard of that celebrated land. To get to Alexandria was easy enough; and some acquaintances whom he had picked up on the way, kindly facilitated his journey to the Nile, and saw him fairly afloat in his *cangea* for Cairo. But here, left with an Arab captain, and five swarthy Egyptians, his difficulties commenced, and without knowing a single word of Arabic, he had to depend on his own resources. The boats on the Nile are very ticklish flat-bottomed affairs, wretchedly handled. Before the wind they rush up like steamers, but on a wind, go to lee-ward like feathers; while in consequence of the Nile being full of shifting sand-banks, with a daily varying depth of water, they are continually running aground in the middle of the river. To this add the laziness of the captain and

crew, to whom time was of no consequence; to-day, to-morrow, the next day, or a week hence, was all the same to them; they had no preference to look forward to, no release from labor but death; and wisely enough, perhaps, exerted themselves as little as they could. 'Inshallah! God was great, and the sea was hot! Why should they weary themselves?' And so they took every opportunity to rest, cook their miserable fare, and dawdle the listless hours away. Of these dilatory habits of the sailors the Englishman had been warned, and that whenever it happened, he was to prevent them from stopping, and force them to go on.

The opportunity was not long wanting. Without any reason sufficiently apparent to him, the large stone fastened to a coir cable, and doing duty for an anchor, was dropped overboard, and the crew betook themselves to sleep. What was to be done? Of Arabic he had not a word to tell them to proceed; but he had plenty of English; so by dint of shaking his stick at the captain, and a somewhat boisterous 'G—d—d—your eyes!' roared out in a tone sufficiently indicative of his wishes, the primitive 'anchor' was got up, and onward they proceeded. Delighted to find his most British remonstrances succeed, he did not let it rest for want of practice; but every time the lazy crew attempted to 'bring to,' the stamp, the roar, and the shake of the stick, with the never-failing injunction, were resorted to, and invariably with the same results. The passage up to Cairo averages three days, but vessels have been known to be as many as nine. Seven, eight, nine days past; twelve, fourteen; yet as if by magic, Grand Cairo seemed to recede before them. No time had been lost by him, for the wind had been strong in their favor, and he scarcely allowed the crew to take the necessary rest. It was very odd how greatly he had been misinformed in the distance! The very maps too seemed leagued against him; his manifold measurements and calculations were of no apparent avail. At last, at rising on the morning of the fifteenth day, he found himself at anchor off a strange tumble-down-looking town, which by signs the captain gave him to understand was the place of his destination. Could that be 'Grand Cairo?' How odd! But then he was in a country of oddities; and on stepping ashore, he encountered a sun-burnt English-looking man gazing earnestly at the new arrival.

'Is this Grand Cairo, Sir?' inquired the astonished novice.

'Grand Cairo, Sir! Good God, no! This is Kenneh, a thousand miles beyond! Why, how the devil did you manage to get up here without knowing it? Do you speak Arabic?'

'Not a word!'

'Ungh! What language then did you speak?'

'No other than English; but when they stopped, I d—d their eyes soundly, and they seemed to understand very well what that meant, for they were up anchor and off in a jiffy!'

The stranger, who spoke Arabic fluently, sought an explanation of the native captain, and the mystery was quickly solved.

'How did you contrive to get up here, Ry's, instead of stopping at Cairo?'

'Why, Effendin, the Frank was the most impatient man in the world; no sooner did we stop to cook, to rest, or for the wind, than stick in hand, and roaring with passion, he stamped on the deck, and with a gesture too impetuous to be mistaken, shouted the only Arabic sentence which he seemed to know, which was 'God-dam Ry's!'—and 'Inshallah!' we got no rest, but were forced to work like devils. We passed Bourac (Cairo) in the night, and Allah Kherim! here we are at a town which none of you Christians pass without stopping.'

'God-dam' is very good Arabic for 'go on'; and 'Ry-d-a,' means 'captain.' G—d—d—a good eyes! however thoroughly English it may seem to cockneys, is very tolerable Arabic for 'Go on, captain!' (en avant.)

'A Story of Sorrow and Crime' is an affecting monitory sketch, devoid of that mawkishness which is sometimes the characteristic of kindred performances. The writer's reflections upon the career of his hero, remind us of that beautiful passage in one of BLAKE's essays: 'Life is short: the poor pittance of seventy years is not worth being a villain for. What matters it if your neighbor lies in a splendid tomb? Sleep you with innocence! Look behind you through the track of time; a vast desert lies open in the retrospect; through this desert have your fathers journeyed on, until wearied with years and sorrow, they sunk from the walks of men. You must leave them where they fell, and you are to go a little farther, where you will find eternal rest. Whatever you may have to encounter between the cradle and the grave, every moment is big with innumerable events, which come not in slow succession, but bursting forcibly from a revolving and unknown cause. Fly over this orb with diversified influence.' . . . F. P.'s 'Western Adventures' have good points about them, but if published entire, would we think disappoint himself perhaps as much as his readers. Here is an anecdote, however, which is worth 'putting down' in its types: 'I met not long after in New-York a man who had just been indicted to rent the very hotel in Kentucky which was the scene of the reverses I have been describing. Aware that I had at one time kept the establishment, he was anxious to know my opinion of its pecuniary promise. 'I do n't expect to make much the first year,' said he; 'I shall be satisfied if I 'realize' all expenses. But do you think I shall clear myself the first year?' 'I hav n't the slightest doubt of it,' I replied; 'I cleared myself before the first six months were up, and was d—d glad to get off so; and I rather guess that you 'll be too, in about half that time.' And he was! . . . COULD there be a more affecting picture than that of a fond mother learning for the first time from the tell-tale prattle of her little ones that

she is 'given over to darkness and the worm' by her friends, who had disguised from her the fatal truth! Such is the scene depicted in these pathetic lines:

'HE speaketh now: Oh, mother dear!
Murmurs the little child:
And there is trouble in his eyes,
Those large blue eyes so mild:

'Oh, mother dear! they say that soon,
When here I seek for thee
I shall not find thee—nor out there,
Under the old oak-tree;

'Nor up stairs in the nursery,
Nor any where, they say:
Where wilt thou go to, mother dear!
Oh, do not go away!"

There was long silence, a deep hush,
And then the child's low sob:
Her quivering eyelids close: one hand
Keeps down the heart's quick throb.

And the lips move, though sound is none,
That inward voice is prayer.
And hark! 'THY will, O LORD, be done!'
And tears are trickling there—

Down that pale cheek, on that young head:
And round her neck he clings;
And child and mother murmur out
Unutterable things.

He half unconscious, *she* deep-struck
With sudden, solemn truth,
That number'd are her days on earth—
Her shroud prepared in youth:

That all in life her heart holds dear
God calls her to resign:
She hears, feels, trembles—but looks up,
And sighs 'THY will be mine!"

'I CAME down from Albany the other evening,' writes a correspondent, 'in that floating palace, the KNICKERBOCKER steamer; I slept in your KNICKERBOCKER state-room; arrived in town, I took after dinner a KNICKERBOCKER omnibus, and rode up to the 'Westminster Abbey Bowling Saloon,' named of KNICKERBOCKER; I called on you with my article for the KNICKERBOCKER Magazine; and on my way down, enjoyed a delightful ablution at the KNICKERBOCKER Bath; stepped into the KNICKERBOCKER Theatre, and 'laughed consumedly' over an amusing play; and finally, closed with a cup of delicious tea, green and black, and anchovy-toast, at KNICKERBOCKER Hall. Every thing, I was glad to see, *was* KNICKERBOCKER.' Very flattering; yet we dare say our friend was not aware that this Magazine was the pioneer in the use of this popular name in Gotham, and that its example has suggested, one after another, the namesakes to which he has alluded. Such, howbeit, is the undeniable fact. . . . We remarked the example of *catacresis* to which 'L' alludes, and laughed at it, we venture to say, as heartily as himself. It was not quite so glaring however as the confused images of a celebrated Irish advocate: 'I smell a rat; I see it brewing in the storm; and I will crush it in the bud!' . . . We find several things to admire in our Detroit friend's 'Tale of Border Warfare;' but he can't 'talk Indian'—that is very clear. The 'abrogynes' are not in the habit of making interminable speeches: they leave that to white members of Congress, who pump up a *feeling* in a day's speech 'for Buncombe.' Do you remember what HALLECK says of RED-JACKET?

'THE spell of eloquence is thine, that reaches
The heart, and makes the wisest head its sport;
And there's one rare, strange virtue in thy speeches,
The secret of their mastery—they are short.'

Not one man in a thousand can talk or write the true 'Indian.' Our friend SA-GO-SEN-OTA, formerly known as Col. WILLIAM L. STONE, is one of the best Indian writers in this country. His late letter 'To the Sachems, Chiefs, and Warriors of the Seneca Indians, acknowledging the honor they had done him in electing him a chief, is a perfect thing in its kind. May it be long before the 'MASTER OF BREATH' shall call him to 'the fair hunting-grounds, through clouds bright as fleeces of gold, upon a ladder as beautiful as the rainbow!' . . . Our entertaining 'Dartmoor Prisoner' has a pleasant story of a fellow-captive who on one occasion performed that 'cautionary' experiment which is sometimes denominated 'putting your foot in it.' The term is of legitimate origin, it should seem. According to the *Asiatic Researches*, a very curious mode of trying the title to land is practised in Hindostan. Two holes are dug in the disputed spot, in each of which the lawyers on either side put one of their legs, and remain there until one of them is tired, or

complains of being stung by the insects, in which case his client is defeated. In this country it is the client and not the lawyer who 'puts his foot into it!' . . . We have commenced in the present, and shall conclude in our next number, a '*Legend of the Conquest of Spain*,' by WASHINGTON IRVING. We derive it from the same source whence we received the '*Legend of Don RODERICK*,' lately published in these pages. We commend its graphically-linnings and stirring incidents to the admiration of our readers. . . . A FRIEND and correspondent in a sister city dashes in with a rich brush, in one of his familiar letters to us, a sketch of a boss-painter, who was renovating the writer's house with sundry pots of paint; a conceited, half-informed prig, who having grown rich, talks of 'going to Europe in the steam-boat,' and has a huge fancy for seeing Italy. 'Yes,' said the house-and-sign R. PHAEL, 'I must see Rome and Athens; them Romans allers made a great impression on me; the land of APPELLES and XERXES; ah! that must be worth travelling for.' 'Would you not rather run over England?' I asked; but the ass *pooled* at England, and on the strength of his daubing our house-blinds, claimed an interest in the Fine Arts abroad: 'No, Sir, give me Italy—the Loover and the Vattykin; them's the places for my money! God! how I should like to runnage over them old-masters! They beat us all hollow—that's a fact. I'll give in to them. There never was such painters before, nor never will be. I want to study 'em.' 'Yes,' I rejoined; 'it would interest you, doubtless; and after having studied the great painters in Italy, you might return by way of Switzerland, and scrape acquaintance with the *glaciers*.' The booby did not *take*, but only stared and said: 'Oh, they're famous for glass-work there, be they?' This lover of the Fine Arts had a counterpart in the man who having 'made as much money as he wanted by tradin' in Boston,' went 'a-travelling abroad;' and while in Florence, called on POWERS the sculptor, with a design to 'patronize' him a little. After looking at his 'Greek Slave,' his 'Eve,' and other gems of art, he remarked that he 'thought they'd look a good 'eal better if they had some clothes on. I'm pretty well off,' he continued, 'and ha'n't a chick nor child in the world; and I thought I'd price a *statfy* or two. What's the damage, now, for that one you're peekin' at?' 'It should be worth from four to five thousand dollars, I think,' answered POWERS. 'What! five thousand dollars for *that 'are*! I cal'lated to buy me a piece of *statfury* before I went home, but *that's* out of the question! *Has n't statfury* lately?' 'How's paintin's here now?' . . . Just complaints are made by our city contemporaries of the exorbitant rates of postage upon weekly periodicals. Mr. WILLIS complains, in the '*New-Mirror*' weekly journal, that country postmasters charge so much postage on that periodical by mail, that in many cases it would make the work cost to its country subscribers something like ten dollars a year! All postage in this country is at too high a rate; and so long as it remains so, the law will continue to be evaded. 'Cheating UNCLE SAM' is not considered a very heinous offence. There is nothing one robs with so little compunction as one's country. It is at the very worst robbing only eighteen millions of people. . . . THE lines sent us in rejoinder to the stanzas of 'C. W. D.,' in a late issue, would not be *original* in our pages; nor could we hope to have many *new* readers for them, after they have appeared in, and of course been copied from, that exceedingly pleasant and well-edited daily journal, the *Boston Evening Transcript*. . . . HAUFFMAN, the German poet, was recently expelled the Prussian dominions, and all his works proscribed thenceforth. 'Served him right;' for in one of his works appears the 'word following, to wit:—"*Steuer-erweigerungs-verfassungsmässigerechtigt!*"—meaning a man who is exempt by the constitution from the payment of taxes. 'Mysebeeves thick' must needs follow such terrific words. 'We have heard,' says a London critic, in allusion to this jaw-breaker, 'of a gentleman, a member of the *Marionettenschauspielhausengesellschaft*, who was said to be an excellent performer on the "*Constantinopolitanische-tudelsackpfeife!*"' . . . We owe a word of apology to our friends the publishers, for the omission of notices which we had prepared of their publications, and which are crowded out by our title-page and index, that were forgotten until the last moment. We shall 'bring up arrears' in our next.

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